IUST GOSSIP ABOUT PEOPLE

Doings of Woman's Club-Nancy Wynne Gives Bits of News From Newport and Cape May-Youngsters Raise Money for Y. M. C. A.

YOU know the Woman's Club of Ger- McFadden. The marriage will take place on Saturday, August 31. mantown, with headquarters in the Old Johnson House, has a tea for its members every Monday afternoon. There are about members, and as a little relaxation from the war work they do almost every other day in the week they have an informal entertainment for themselves. Next week they are going to entertain in honor of Commander Neal, U. S. N. Mrs. John McArthur Harris was chairman of the supper committee this week, when the sailors went out from the Naval Home, They go out every Tuesday, you know, and arrangements have been made for the Motor Messengers to take them out.

By the way, I heard of a conversation the other day which shows the general spirit of the women of the times. One of the Motor Messengers, who always goes away for the whole summer, was discovered in town on one of those boiling days last week. Some one said to her. "Why. I thought you didn't approve of Philadelphia in the summertime?" She said, "I don't. I think it's awful, and I've never been here before in August. But I'm a Motor Messenger and there is work here for me to do, and I felt that if I were needed I ought to be here. So I came home." And there she was, and I saw her later driving an officer down Chestnut street and smiling as cheerily as if she were riding down Bellevue avenue on a cool day. It's the spirit of today and they

UP IN Newport, summer people are catering, for the Red Cross. There was a dinner at the teahouse on the polo field last night for the Red Cross, and several members of the committee had part of the food cooked at their own homes and taken to the teahouse to be served. So, you know, that was a good dinner. There were movies afterward to make it thoroughly exciting. Mrs. Craig Biddle was on the entertainment committee, also Mrs. W. Goadby Loew, Mrs. Reginald Vanderbilt, Mrs. Herbert Harrisan, Mrs. E. S. Reynal, Mrs. J. Frederick Pierson, Jr., Miss Ruth Twombly and Mrs. William A. M. Burden, of New York; Mrs. Oliver Perin, of Baltimore, and several others. Mrs. Biddle gave a luncheon on Tuesday at her home and Mrs. James B. Duke, of New York, gave a children's party for her young daughter. Dorris, the same day. They had music and games on the lawn and then supper. There were about twenty young guests. I hear that Mideliff, the beautiful place that Mrs. Alexander J. Cassatt is occupying this season, has been bought by the T. Suffern Tailers, of New York. They already own Honeysuckle Lodge, which is next to Mid-

Speaking of Newport, did you know that Clarence W. Dolan is going abroad in the interest of the Red Cross? The Dolans are up there for the summer, you know, and Mrs. Dolan is going to stay on after Mr. Dolan sails. Rose has been in France for about a year driving an ambulance, and Alexandra is training to be a nurse

TN THESE days of strenuous activity. when each one is trying to do something toward winning the war, it is rather fine to see how the children are working. And when you think about it seriously it makes it more gratifying that they are not expected to work, doesn't it? I heard the other day of a group of very young girls in a place that is surrounded by farming country who are helping along in a novel way. Some time ago they put a basket in a large store in this town where they are spending the summer, with the request that every farmer who came in would put two eggs each week in the basket. When the basket was full the eggs were to be sold and the proceeds to be given to some war relief fund. The farmers read the little note, put in their nice fresh eggs and every week these youngsters sell the eggs like hot cakesfor who wouldn't buy wonderful big eggs like that, especially for war relief? And also every week they send a surprisingly big check to the Y. M. C. A. fund. I think they deserve a lot of credit, in the first place, for thinking of such a scheme and for using the clever bit of resourcefulness for such a good cause.

THERE'S to be a house-party over the week-end in Cape May. Mrs. W. Wallace Atterbury, of Radnor, is the hostess, and the guests will be Miss Mabel Sullivan and her brother, Captain William B. Sullivan, U. S. M. C., who are living in Mrs. Moncure Robinson's house this summer; Major Allen E. Simmons and Mr. and Mrs. George D. Rosengarten. Mrs. Atterbury will give an informal dinner tomorrow evening for her guests. Her husband, who is a brigadier general, is in France. NANCY WYNNE.

Social Activities

Mr. and Mrs. Albert Kennedy, of Knoll House, Ardmore, are at Narragansett Pier, R. I., and will remain until August 26.

Miss H. Frances Merrick, of Mount Airy, is spending two months in Mahomet, Mass., and will return the first week in October.

Mrs. W. H. Andrews has gone to Bretton Woods, N. H., where she will remain until September 22.

Mrs. Morris Hacker, of 311 South Thir-teenth street, is spending this month in At-lantic City.

Mr. Gordon McCouch is at Dixville Notch, N. H., for this month and will return after

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick V. Bonaffon, of Germantown, will return on August 23 from Casco Bay, Me., where they have been spend-

Mr. Joseph Sill Clark will return from Inawa, Me., where he has been for several weeks, the latter part of this month.

Word has been received of the safe arrival overseas of Lieutenant Richard S.

in Lillian Roberts McFadden, of 2410 alten avenue, is visiting her grand-er, Mrs. John McFadden, of 187 West

Mr. and Mrs. Geoffrey Gilmour, of the Cresheim Valley Apartments, Germantown, are at the Hotel Dennis, Atlantic City, for the months of August and September.

The Rev. H. Ridgely Robinson, D. D., and daughter, Mrs. H. M. Treen, of Pitman, N. J., are spending several weeks at the Hotel Southland, Norfolk, Va. Mr. Treen is now stationed at the Quartermasters' School, U. S. Naval Operating Base, Hampton Roads, Va.

Mr. and Mrs. I. C. Monach, of Palmyra. N. J., have announced the engagements of their daughters, Miss Emma I. Monach, to Mr. Charles E. Welkel, of Olney, Pa., and of Miss J. Edna Monach to Mr. W. Raymond Beecher, of Riverside, N. J.

MORE FOOD CONSERVED BY MAIN LINE WOMEN

War Garden Surplus Turned to Good Use by Efficient Methods

The astonishingly effective work in food conservation of the women of the Main Line has been especially commended by authorities in Washington, Women of Bryn Mawr, Villanova, Haverford and other towns have been engaged steadily in the great work of saving food. They are at present perfecting plans

to prevent waste in the many war gardens.
The gardens have been very successful, and it is through the work organized by Mrs. Andrew Wright Crawford, of Bryn Mawr, that there has been virtually no wast. of the abundant produce. Her plan, developed through the National War Garden Commission, will soon become the nationally recognized method of dealing with surplus produce. Mrs. Crawford has already organized a committee, of which she is chairman, for collection and distribution of surplus produce.

This committee is made up chiefly of vol-unteer helpers. A division of them is detailed to pick the fruit and vegetables in the war That which the owners themselve: need is left, while the surp'us is taken to the Bryn Mawr Hospital, the Home of the Good Shepherd and the Fruit and Flower Mission at Haverford and shipped every Wednesday to the College Settlement or the Visiting Nurse Society in Philadelphia.

A community canning club run by volun-

Line.

Among those on the Main Line who have given extra land for cultivation are Mrs. T. De Witt Cuyler, who turned over the entire surplus of the White Horse Farm at Paoli; Mrs. C. B. Clyde of Bryn Mawr; Mrs. Stanly Flagg, Jr., Miss C. A. Warden, Haverford; Mrs. Isaac Clothier, Jr., Radnor; Mrs. Thomas G. Ashton, Wynnewood, and Mrs. J. K. Mitchell, 3d, of Rosemont, and Frank Thompson, of Devon.

FLIER FROM HERE CARTOONIST

Edward Scowcroft Makes First Sky Trip His Subject

Through with their drilling and flying instructions. American youths in the aviation schools of the signal corps find time for lighter things than frisking with death and

From Gerstner Field comes a car'oon produced in idle moments by a former Philadel-phia boy, now a cadet at the field. He is Edward Scoweroft.

The flying cartoon! I selected his first flight

and the attendant ceremonies as the subject for his p'ctures. The result of his initial flight, as pictured by himself, was sent to C. W. Beck, Jr., pre-ident of the Beck Engraving Company. Cadet Scoweroft was a color etcher with the Beck Company before graving Company

He joined the aviation section more than a year ago, when his employer posted a notice that men enlisting would be assured positions when they returned from the front. Scowcroft and five other men in the company de-cided to get a flying start toward victory, so quit and entered the air service. Cadet Scowcroft is a member of the Forty-fifth Air Squadron.

WILL BENEFITS ORPHANS

St. Vincent Asylum and Catholic Church Get Bequests

In disposing of an estate valued at \$3450, the will of Joseph F. Bilhartz, 2225 Pratt street, leaves \$100 each to St. Vincent's Orphan Asylum and All Saints' Roman Catholic Church, Bridesburg The remainder goes to relatives.

Other wills probated today were those of Jean B. Burt, 220 West Rittenhouse square, which, in private bequests, disposes of property valued at \$135,000; William S. McKinley, 1619 Green street, \$35,000; John H. Zepp. 3154 North Ninth street, \$3100, and Harry Flower, 3600 Powelton avenue, \$3000.





MR. AND MRS. HENNY W. LAUMAN

TO BE MARRIED THIS MONTH



MISS AIMEE MARIE BRIGNARD Daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Albert Brignard, of Oak Lane, formerly of New York, whose engagement to Ensign James Martin Pratt, U. S. N., has been announced The wedding will take place on August 24

MRS. MARTIN HOPEFUL IN DRIVE FOR NURSES

Be Made, Despite Poor Beginning

In spite of the fact that the drive for ecruiting student nurses has so far fallen ar short of the quota of 440, Mrs. J. Willis Martin, chairman of the Pennsylvania com-mittee of the woman's division of the Coun-cil for National Defense, is optimistic in her elief that the women of Philadelphia will not fail.

"I felt very bitterly at first to think the Philadelphia women should turn a deaf ear to the first call the Government made on them to show the sort of stuff that was in them," said Mrs. Martin. "I had felt so sure we would fill our quota in a short time, for it had seemed to me that women all about them," said Mrs. Martin. were clamoring to help somehow. The first week we did nothing. That was partly be-cause much of the literature for heralding the drive did not arrive on time from Wash-Ington. The second week things went little better.

"What troubles me is that we have not yet filled our quota and that Philadelphia is almost alone in this part of the State to bear that humiliating distinction. I could not believe that Philadelphia women living an atmosphere of that patriotism which brothers and sweethearts answer with such eagerness and gallantry. "I do not believe, however, that we shall

go long without our quota filled. The spirit of those women who have answered has been enough to inspire one with faith in all women."

RESORT BANKS ACCEPT

WAR CHEST PAYMENTS

Subscribers on Vacations Permitted to Pay in Monthly Installments

Banking institutions at seashore and mountain resorts are aiding the soldlers and sailors by accepting monthly payments on War Chest pledges from subscribers to the \$20,000,000 fund. The payments are being made by vacationists.

Before payments on pledges became due arrangements were made with all the Philadelphia banks and trust companies to accept payments and to hold the cash to the credit of Drevel & Co. treasurer, until beneficiaries called for funds. The War Chest committee did not anticipate that the out-of-town insti-tutions would voluntarily do likewise.

"This is only one of the many instances of co-operation we have found," was the comment of E. T. Stotesbury, president of the War Welfare Council, when he saw returns coming in from the banks at watering places. "Thousands of our subscribers have left the city for their holidays, but they haven't forgotten their duty to the boys who are facing death in France."

HONOR SERVICE MEN

Merion Avenue Residents Raise Flags for Boys at the Front

Twenty-two young men in the country's service from the block on Merion avenue between Fifty-fourth and Fifty-fifth streets. one of whom has already been killed in the community with flag-raising exercises at Fifty-fourth street and Merion avenue.

David Whiteside enlisted in the engineer corps six mouths ago and was killed in the fighting in the Soissons sector. Others who have gone to the front are Charles A. Bey-Joseph C. Biggs, Walter Buchanan, Caldwell, Morton E. Carlisle, George Dietrich, Albert G. Pottes, Harvey P. Flizgerald, James N. Gallagher, William Mackert, Oscar Hamilton, John T. Hannum, Edward Kel-ler, John W. Lezenby, Horace K. Price, George Rennard, George Tracy, James P. Walsh, Augustus White, Percy Wickersham, David Woodside and Earle Young.

LAUDS RED CROSS WORKERS

French General Praises Bryn Mawr Girl's Canteens

Appreciation of the work done by the American Red Cross representatives in France is expressed in a communication from General Gourand, commander of the Fourth French Army, received here today. Fourth French Army, received here today.
General Gourand makes special mention of
canteens conducted by Miss H. B. Ely, of
Bryn Mawr. Pa.. and of another American
woman, Miss Notts, whose home address is
not known at Red Cross headquarters here.

\$1571 IN ICE-CREAM FUND FOR TUBERCULAR PATIENTS

Forty Dollars More Received in Public Contributions by Director Wilmer Krusen

Dr. Wilmer Krusen, director of the De-partment of Health and Charities, acknowlpartment of Health and Charities, acknowledges the receipt of additional contributions of \$40, making a total of \$1571.25, to the ice cream fund for tubercular patients in the Philadelphia General Hospital.

The additional subscriptions follow:

Mrs. Catherine Tay
Or Cartride M. Nichol
Gertrude M. Nichol
James Balvish

G. A. Line Catherine Common Balvish

Mrs. Charles F. M. Morris.

James John H. Madelline Catherine Cather

ICE CREAM FAMINE SPREADS OVER CITY

Leader Says Quota of 440 Will Scarcity of Labor and Ice Puts an End to Bulk-Lot Sales

> Housewives who dangle empty pails or fishes as they feartically rush from one ice ream empofium to another just five minutes before dessert time; freekled-faced lads jingling penules in their packets as they meditate on the sadness of wartines; small girls, who have more quickly learned the new ropes" and carry their own saucers and poons with them-these are a few of rbs of Philadelphia

> And it is quite probable that when manuictured ice cream is in be the dinner dessert reafter the members of the family will have to file into the nearest drug store of the cream parlor and cat from the marble opped tables.

> o sell ice cream in plut and quart lets and are either selling it by the dish or asking heir customers to cat it in the store. It is and time for an ic cream shortage eal is claim the shortage of ice and of labor responsible

Manufacturers have on down their proincline to per cent in the last two weeks. Consequently they are taking on no new customers and they are giving their old customers only a small percentage of the amount demanded.

Restaurants and hotels have not stopped e-ving he luxury, has it is a case of "first some, first served," and the late comers are

PRISONER IN GERMANY, **BOY LONGS FOR HOME**

Writes to Mother He's Only Shadow of Former Self-Cap. tured at Verdun

Cresson, Pa., Aug. 16.—From across the seas comes a letter written by Russell P. Dodson, now a prisoner in the big German brison camp at Darmstadt. Although other prison camp at Darmstaut. Although other Cambria County love are languishing in German prison pens the letter from Dodson is the first news that has come direct from

these youths.

The letter was sent to Mrs. Catherine Rosner, the soldier's foster mother, and tells in the simple and straightforward language of a soldier that he long; for home and the freedom of America.

Dodson was unable to tell the real story of the camp, for the German censor was on the job. Despite the activities of that offi-cer, the Cresson youth managed to impart the information that he is broken in health and only the shadow of his former self. He writes as follows: He writes as follows:

"Dear mother and all the family-Just a "Dear mother and all the family—Just a few lines to let you know that I am still living, and I hope that you are all enjoying the best of health and getting along well. Mother, I suppose you thought I was dead, since I have not written for so long. I wrote to Mary and told her to send you my address. "I suppose you know that I am a prisoner was in Germany by this time. I was

of war in Germany by this time. I was captured on the Verdun front on the 14th of April. I guess you saw my name among the

missing "I certainly long for Cresson today. But it is hard to tell if I will ever get to see Cresson again or not. But I will live on in hopes that I will.

"I guess you will be picking berries when you receive this," the lad writes as he pic-tures the old berry patch near Cresson. Reviewing from memory the pleasant scene back home evidently created an appetite, fo he continues with:

"I wrote to Mary and told her to send me something to eat, but I don't think she has got the letter get. I have not received any mail now for three months and I am anxious know how everybody is.
"Tell Martha, Lillian, Elizabeth, John,

Bertha, Nettle and every one else that I said 'Hello,' and that I often think of them. Tell Rachel I send her my best wishes and hope she is well and living happily." After remembering the friends back home he began to think of himself and of

they would think of him if they saw him in his plight, for he broke off with: "Mother, when you see me the next time "Mother, when you see me the "Mother, when you see me the land in when I come back I am going to stay at home for good. No more roaming around for me. I have paid for all I have seen with

my health, for I am not the same big husky any more. All I have had has been hardships. "Well, mother, as I am not feeling any well, mother, as I am not leening any too well, I will close for this time," he adds. "I am closing with all my love and best wishes and will write soon again. I remain as ever, your son Russell. My address is on the first page in that black square. Tell me

all the news when you write. Good-by

Experts Specialize on Corn Drying Today at the Dehydration Exhibit, 708
Walnut street, the demonstration will specialize on corn preservation. Miss Henderson,
of the Drexel Institute, who is now superintendent at the Wayne Canning Center, will
demonstrate with Miss Bensinger.

Great demand for the EVENING PUBLIC LEDGER may cause you to mise an installment of this very interesting story. You had better, therefore, tulephone or units to the Circulation bepartment to take your newsdealer this alternative between the EVENING PUBLIC Transfer to the Principle of the Public Public

"DREAMLAND ADVENTURES"

By DADDY THE SOLDIER BIRDS A complete were adventure each week, begin-ning Monday and ending Saturday.

CHAPTER V The Battle With the Rats

(Billy Belgium and Peggy, recruiting a a pigeon corps for messenger service in the American army, visit the Steeple Pigeons, but find them must be the American army, visit the Steeple Pigeons, but find them pucifists. Blue Peter, a Belgian Pigeon, comes to urge American Pigeons to tight. In the midst of vectuiting efforts, Rats invade the

BILLY BELGIUM, grasping his file, rushed to the end of the beam at which the Rats were aiming. Blue Peter, Bronze Beauty, Carrie and Homer Pigeon followed. Pegay turned her attention to the baby Pigeons She urged their mothers to gather them in he center of the beam, where they would be out of the way of Billy and the other de

She couldn't get to the baby Pigeons the ledges, but they seemed fairly safe for the present.

Leading the Rats was a big gray fellow whom the others called Sneaker. He climbed so fast that he was at the top of the post by the time Billy Belgium got there. Up he came, right over the beam, his nose wrinkling up in an evil grin and his whisters bristling But as his nose came over the top,

Belgium met it with a bang from the file. Sheaker gave a squeal of pain and ducked his head out of sight. His claws were still clutching the top of the beam, however, "Whang!" Billy Belgium brought the file down on one of them. With another pained squeal, Sneaker let go and would have fallen but for the other Rats crowding up behind

The Rats hesitated only a moment before resuming the attack. Up came another nose "Whang!" down came Billy's file right on the soft tip of it, and the nose disappeared in a hurry. Up came a third and then a fourth, while a lifth appeared on the side of the beam behind Billy. "Whang!" Whang!" went the file and "Squ-eek! Squ-eek!" came burt and angry exclamations from the third

and fourth Rats

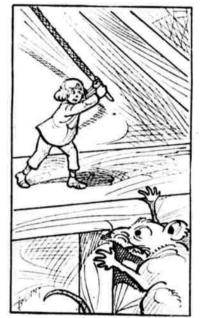
The fifth Rat seemed to have a chance to gain the top while Billy was busy with the others, but Blue Peter and Homer Pigeon attacked him furiously with their sharp beaks and drove him back, The Lats fell back to plan a new attack.

Billy Belgami needed the rest, for the file was as heavy as a crowbar to a boy of his

'Suddenly there came an alarm from the other side of the chamber. Peggy looke Siddlenly there came an alarm from the other sade of the chamber. Peggy looked around to find that a big Rat had crawled up unnoticed to a ledge a little above the hearn On this ledge were several nests, each with eggs in it. In a trice the Rat gobbled up the eggs and then the leading to the mests to pieces.

"My nest," My mate's eggs," cried Airy Debter 12th, page 12th,

Pouter. 'Oh, you brute.'
The Rit heard this and turned his wicked eyes loward the beam. He measured the short distance he would have to jump and then baped. His forepass caught the edge of the benn, and his hody swung below. Teggy had no weapon to meet him. But scooping up a handful of dust—which was thick on the beam—she threw it right into the Rat's eyes. As the blinded rodent



Sneaker gave a squeal of pain and ducked his head out of sight

clawed frantically at the beam, Airy Pouter clawed frantically at the beam, Airy Pouler, wild with rage at the destruction of his nest, furiously attacked him, pecking his nose and feet so fiercely that the Rat let go and numbled to the floor.

Meanwhile other Rats, abandoning the at-

tack on the beam, were climbing up toward the ledges. It seemed that the baby Pigeom in the nests there were doomed to a hor rible death

But Billy Bigium had a plan. The chalin which Carrie and Homer Pigeon had car-ried him was made of a fish line. This he was now unwinding and cutting into long engths, using the sharp edge of the file to

He was tying these strings to palls that stuck out in the beam.
"Help me, Peggy," he shouted, and Peggy

like a good soldier, obeyed without askin the reason. In the opposite ends of the strings, Billy made slip nooses. He quickle explained his plan to the fighting Pigeons. explained his plan to the fighting Pigeons.
"Slip these nooses over the tails of the
Rats as they are busy climbing up." he
ordered. "Then grab hold and pull. You
pac fists can help," he said to the Steeple

It seemed a risky business, but Blue Peter and the others never hesitated. Before the Rats knew what they were about, nooses were slipped over four snaky tails. The Rats looked around in surprise, and then grinned. It would be easy to snap the

strings in two.
"Pull!" shouted Billy, and the pacifist "Pull!" shouled Billy, and the pacifist Pigeons pulled with such a will that the Rats found themselves clawing madly to cling to the lattice. Another pull and they were dangling by their tails far below the beam. The four other Rats—for the one that had fallen had returned to the attack—were disposed of just as quickly. In a minute they were dangling with their fellows and madly leaving at each other.

were dangling with their fellows and madly clawing at each other.

Just then a loud rasping noise came from below. The great wheel beside the bell be-gan to revolve. The bell swung to and fro, gan to revolve. The bell swung to and fro, and suddenly a terrific clangor filled the chamber. Billy and Peggy grabbed their ears and cowered down low on the beam. The very air seemed to be rocking and swaying. Peggy wondered if a cyclone had struck the

(Tomorrow will be told how the Rats meet their finish.)

COMBATING TUBERCULOSIS Hygiene and Sanitation Themes of Lectures Tonight

Health crusade work will be continued

tonight at 2127 West Indiana avenue for the benefit of residents in the immediate vicin-ity. A motion-picture film, "The Great Truth," dealing with the care and prevention Truth," dealing with the care and prevention of tuberculosis, will be exhibited and lectures will be given on sanitation and hygiene.

The affair is being held in furtherance of an educational campaign started by the Philadelphia tuberculosis committee, and was acrossed by "M. P. Knapp and Miss Helen Pees. (the Philadelphia committee) the Cart Manager Ca

OH, MONEY! MONEY! By Eleanor H. Porter Author of "Pollyanna"

Copyright, 1918, by Elemen H. Porter and by the By Permission of Honolden Millin Co. All rights reversed.

Satisfied little wriggle with which a born news-lover always prefaces her choicest bit of information. "Frank has sold his grocery stores—both of 'em."

CHAPTER XV (Continued) "What isn't the matter with Hillerton?"

on?" laughed the daughter again. "But I thought we-we would have lovely auto frips," stammered her mother apolo-getically. "Take them from here, you know, and stay overnight at hotels around. I've always wanted to do that; and we can now. "Auto trips! Pooh!" shrugged Elizabeth

"Why, munsey, were going to the shore for July, and to the mountains for August. You and daddy and I. And Fred's going, too he'll be at the (laylord camp in the Adiron-dacks part of the time." "Is that true, Fred?" James Blaisdell's

ever, fixed on his son, were half wistful, half Fred stirred restlessly

"Well, I sort of had to governor." he pologized "Honest, I did. There are some things a man has to do? Gaylord asked me and—Hang it all, I don't see why you have to look at me as if I were committing rime dad "

"You aren't, dear, you aren't." fluttere Fred's mother hurriedly; "and I'm sure it's lovely you've got the chance to go to the Gaylerds' camp. And it's right, quite right, that we should travel this summer, as Bessie er Elizabeth suggests. I never thought; but, of course, you young people don't want to be hived up in Hillerton all summer."

"Bet your life we don't, mother," shrugged Fred, carefully avoiding his father's eyes, "after all that grind."

"Yep, we're all goin' away for all sum mer." he repeated, after he had told the destination of most of the family. "I don't think ma wants to; much, but she's goin' a account of Bess. Resides, she says every body who is anymoly always goes away o vacations, of course So we've got to. They're good to the beach first, and I'm goin' to a boys camp up th Vermont Mellicent, she's goin' to a girls' camp. Did you know that?"

Mr. Smith shook his head "Well, she is," nedded Benny. "She tries to get Bess to go-Gussie Pennock's goin' But Bess'—my, you should see her now go up in the air.' She said she wa'n't goin where she had to wear great coarse shoe an' horrit middy-blouses all day, an' build fires an' walk miles an' cat bugs an' grass-

"Is Miss Mellicent going to do all that?" "Is Miss Mellicent going to no an indi-emiled Mr. Smith.
"Bess says she is—I mean, Elizabeth Did you know? We have to call her that now, when we don't forget it. I forget it, mostly, Have you seen her since she came back?"

"She's swingin' an awful lot of style... Hee is. She makes dad dress up in his swallow tall every night for dinner. An she makes him and Fred an' me stand up the minute she comes into the room, no matter if there's forty other chairs in sight; an' we have to stay standin' till she sits down—an' sometimes she stands up a-purpose, just to keep us standing. I know she does. She says a gentleman never sits when a lady is standin' up in his presence. An she's lecturin' us all the time on the way to eat an' talk an' act. Why, we can't even walk natural any long-er. An' the says the way Katy serves our meals is a disgrace to any civilized family."

"How does Katy like that?" "Like it." She got mad an gave notice on the spot. An that made ma most have hysterics—she did have one of her headaches -cause good hired girls are awful scarce, he says. But Bess says, Pooh! we'll get ome from the city next time that know their business, an' we're go'n' away all summer, anyway, an' won't ma please call them malds, as she ought to, an' not that plebefan 'h red girls.' Bess loves that word. Everythings 'pichelan' with Bess now. Oh, we're havin' great times at our house since Bess-Elizabeth—came?" grinned Benny, tossing his cap in the air, and dancing down the walk much as he had danced the first night

Mr. Smith saw him a year before.

Miss Flora was locking very well in a soft gray and white summer silk. Her forehead had lost its lines of care, and her eyes were no longer peering for wrinkles. Miss Flora was actually almost pretty. "How nice you look! exclaimed Miss Mag-

up the steps and sank into one of the porch chairs.

"Indeed, you do!" exclaimed Mr. Smith

dmiringly

admiringly. Mr. Smith was putting trellis for Miss Maggie's new rosebush. was working faithfully, but not with th skill of accustomedness.
"I'm so glad you like it." Miss Flora settled back into her chair and smoothed out

the ruffles across her lap. "It isn't too gay is it? You know the six months are more than up now."
"Not a bit!" exclaimed Mr. Smith. "I hoped it wasn't," sighed Miss Flora appily. "Well, I'm all packed but my happily.

"Why, I thought you weren't going 'til Monday," said Miss Maggle.

"Oh. I'm not."
"But—it's only Friday now."

Miss Flora laughed shamefacedly Yes, I know. I suppose I am a little ahead of time. But you see, I ain't used to packing —not a big trunk—so—and I was so afraid I wouldn't get it done in time. I was going to just my dresses in, but Mis' Moore said they'd winkle awfully, if I did, and, of course, they would, when you come to think of it. So I shan't put those in till Sunday night. I'm so glad Mis' Moore's going. It'll be so nice to have somehody along that I know,"

"Yes, indeed," smiled Miss Maggle.

"And she knows everything—all about tickers and checking the haves

ickets and checking the baggage, and all that. You know we're only going to be per-sonally conducted to Niagara. After that we're going to New York and stay two weeks at some nice hotel. I want to see Grant's Tomb and the Aquarium, and Mis' Moore wants to go to Coney Island just as I do to

"ingara"
"I'm glad you can take her." said Miss Maggie heartily.

Yes, and she's so pleased. You know, even if she is such a nice family, and all, she

hasn't much money, and she's been awful to me lately. I used to think she didn't like me, too. But I must have been mistaken, of course. And 'twas so with Mis' Benson and Mis' Pennock, too. But now they've invited me there and have come to see me, and are so interested in my trip and all. Why, I never knew I had so many friends, Maggie. Truly, I didn't!

"And they're all so kind and interested about the money, too," went on Miss Flora, gently rocking to and fro. "Bert Benson ells stocks and invests money for folks, you know, and Mis' Benson said he'd got some splendid-payin' ones, and he'd let me have some, and—"
"Flo, you didn't take any of that Benson gold-mine stock!" interrupted Miss Maggle

sharply.

Mr. Smith's hammer stopped, suspended in

midair.
"No; oh, no! I asked Mr. Chalmers, and he said I better not. So I didn't." Miss Maggie relaxed in her chair and Mr. Smith's hammer fell with a gentle tap on the nalihead. "But I felt real bad about it—when Mis' Benson I felt real bad about it—when Mis Benson had been so kind to offer it, you know. It looked sort of—of ungrateful, so." "Ungrateful!" Miss Maggie's voice vibrated

with indignant scorn. "Flora, you won't—
you won't invest your money without asking
Mr. Chalmers's advice first, will you."
"But I tell you I didn't," retorted Miss Flora, with unusual sharpness, for her. "But it was good stock, and it pays splendidly. Jane took some. She took a lot." Jane took some. She took a lot."
"Jane!—but I thought Frank wouldn't let "Oh, Frank said all right, if she wanted to,

"He says he wants a rest. That he's worked hard all his life, and it's time he took some comfort. He says he doesn't take a minute of comfort now 'cause Jane's hounding him all the time to get more money, to get more money. She's crazy to see the interest mount up, you know—Jane is. But he says he don't want any more money. He wants to spend money for a while. And he's going to spend it. He's going to retire from business and enjoy himself."

"Why, I can't believe it!" Miss Maggie

"Sold them! Why, I should as soon think

"Well, they ain't—because he's separated n." Miss Flora was rocking a little faster

"But why?" demanded Miss Maggle.

of his—his selling himself," cried Mr. Smith.
"I thought they were inseparable."

fell back with a puzzled frown.

"Well," ejaculated Mr. Smith, "this is a

piece of news, indeed!"
"I should say it was," cried Miss Maggie, still almost incredulous, "How does Jane take it?"

Oh, she's turribly fussed up over it, as ou'd know she would be. Such a good diance wasted, she thinks, when he might be making all that money earn more. You know Jane wants to turn everything into money now. Honestly, Maggie, I don't be-eve Jane can look at the moon nowadays athout wishing it was really gold, and she "Oh, Flora!" remonstrated Miss Maggie

Well, it's so," maintained Miss Flora. t ain't any wonder, of course, that she's

pset over this. That's why Frank give in o her, I think, and let her buy that Benson tock. Besides, he's feeting especially flush, secause he's got the cash the stores brought. on. So he told her to go ahead. 'I'm sorry about that stock," frowned Miss

Maggie,
"Ob, it's perfectly safe. Miss Benson said was, comforted Miss Flora. "You needn't corry about that. And 't will pay splendid." "When did this happen—the sale of the tore, I mean?" asked Mr. Smith. Mr. Smith

was not even pretending to work now,
"Yesterday—the finish of it. I'm waiting rece Hattle. She'll be tickled to death, he's always hated it that Frank had a recery store, you know; and since the grocery store, you know; and since the money's come, and she's been going with the Gaylords and the Pennocks, and all that crowd, she's felt worse than ever. She was saying to me only last week how ashamed she was to think that her friends might see her own brother-in-law any day wearing that horrid white coat, and selling molasses over the counter. My, but Hattie'll be tickled all right—or 'Harriet,' I suppose I should eny, but I never can remember it." "But what is Frank going to—to do with

imself?" demanded Miss Maggie. Flora, he'll be lost without that grocery 'Oh, he's going to travel, first. He says e always wanted to, and he's got a chance

now, and he's going to. They're going to the Yellowstone Park and the Garden of the lods and to California. And that's another thing that worries Jane-spending all that oney for them just to ride in the cars."
"Is she going, too," queried Mr. Smith.

Oh, yes, she's going, too. She says she's got to go to keep Frank from spending every cent he's got," Inughed Miss Flora, "I was over there last night, and they told me all about it. "When do they go?"
"Just as soon as they can get ready.
Frank's got to help Donovan, the man that's bought the store, a week till be gets the run of things, he says. Then he's going. You wait till you see him." Miss Flora got to her feet, and smoothed out the folds of her skirt. "He's as tickled as a boy with a new

turrible hard worker all his life. I'm glad e's going to take some comfort, same as I

ackknife. And I'm glad. Frank has been



MARKET

NORMA FALMADGE

PALACE 10 A. M. TO 11:15 P. M. CLARA KIMBALL YOUNG THE

Next Week-DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS R C A D I A A D I A A D I A A D I W GRIFFITH'S

"THE GREAT LOVE" VICTORIA LAST 2 DAYS

TO HELL WITH THE KAISER" Next Week-Wm. Parnum in "A Soldier's Oath" REGENT MARKET ST. Below 177H
Francis X. Bushman-Beverte
Bayne—"A Pair of Cupids"

MARKET STREET

11 A. M. to 11 P. M.

CONTINUOUS

VAUDEVILLE WESTERN FRONT or 'No Land' A PATRIOTIC DRAMATIC SKETCH

CROSS KEYS MARKET ST. Below 60TH "GARDEN BELLES" MUSICAL COMEDY

Garrick

HEARTS OF THE WORLD NOW 2:15-5:15 DAILY MATS. 25c to \$1.00 EVGS. 4 SAT. MAT. D. W SECURE SEATS IN ADVANCE FORREST—NOW TWICE DAILY 2:15 and 3:15

DAILY

AMERICA'S ANSWER Released by Division of Films
Committee on Public information
PRICES, 250 and 50c. NO WAR TAX

WILLOW GROVE PARK WASSILI LEPS AND HIS

SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA TODAY 2.30. "Faust" Fantasy and War Songs 4.30. William Schmidt, 'Cello Solo 7.45. Emit F. Schmidt, Violin William O. Miller, Baritone HUSSIAN PROGRAM with HENRI SCOTT, Easso

Sat. Aug. 17. "MARTHA" and "THE B. F. KEITH'S THEATRE
E D D I E F O Y
AND SEVEN TOUNGER FOUR
AMES & WINTHROP
HELEN TRIX & SISTER
PRIVEN WROE'S BUDS: BERT SWOR;
O' INN & CAVERLY and Other Features

STRAND GERMANTOWN AT VENANCE BAST OF BROAD DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS

"Oh, Frank said all right, it she wanted to, she might. I suspect he got tired of her teasing, and it did pay splendidly. Why, it will pay 25 per cent, probably, this year, Mis' Benson says. So Frank give in. You see, he felt he'd got to pacify Jane, some way, I sposs, she's so cut up about "Selling out?" exclaimed

"THE SAFETY CURTAIN' Next Week-Mae Marsh in "Money Mad"