JUST GOSSIP ABOUT PEOPLE

Nancy Wynne Is Interested in Engagement of Miss Chapin and Rear Admiral Goodrich's Nephew-She Attends Taylor-Meirs Nuptials-Avery-Potter Wedding

service.

Hill Falls.

DON'T you think that this war has | invalided home last year after doing splenhad a decided broadening effect upon did work at the front. Ensign Ludlow us all? In this, that it takes us out of our regular orbit? We in Philadelphia especially, and it interests us very much in other people, other cities and other countries, and, you know, we are bound to acknowledge that we were a bit narrow. Now if we see a familiar name in another city's paper we follow it up and see if there is any relationship to any one of

that name here. This morning I heard of the engagement of Lydia Chapin, of Washington, to Lieutenant Alan Goodrich Kirk, U. S. N., of Beverly, N. J. The name Goodrich attracted my atten-

tion, and I realized that it was the nephew of Rear Admiral Caspar F. Goodrich, that delightful gentleman whom Sallie Hays married about two years ago after he had retired from the service.

Of course, since the war he has gone back into the service, and is in charge of some important office. I remember the wedding was shrouded in a good deal of sadness at the time, as Sallie's mother, Mrs. Minis Hays, died only a few weeks before it took place. Lydia Chapin's father was Captain Frederick L. Chapin, of the United States navy, who died some time since. The wedding will take place next month at the home of the bride's grandmother, Mrs. John C. Selden, in Erie, Pa.

TROM the fact that Mr. Logan Bullitt has received letters from Dick which were dated three and four days later than the day on which the official report announced his death in action to have taken place, his family and friends feel a spark of hope that there may be some mistake in the first news received from the Government. The International Red Cross and the Government are looking into the report, and meanwhile we can hope and pray that he is safe. The last letter received was written on the 23d of July, four days after the 19th, which is the official date given in the telegram the family, received.

It's a terrible thing this uncertainty. and there's going to be so much of it before this horrible war is over. It can't be otherwise, with the enormous lists that have to be handled. With the best will in the world there may be some great mistakes. I only hope this proves to be true and young Lieutenant Bullitt will be found among the living and well. His letter said that he was in good health, but as is the case with most of the letters from our men gave no particulars, save that he and his company (K of the 110th Regiment) had been "in the thick of the worst of it."

TOLD you I was sure there'd be another wedding in the Taylor family soon, because there seemed to be no reason why Anne Meirs and Captain Taylor should wait, especially with the troops going over as they have been in such numbers each week. And so they were married yesterday at Holy Trinity Church by Doctor Tomkins, who returned recently from Rye Beach. It was touching, I think, to see Doctor Tibbits, rector of the Hoosic School, in New York, where Newbold Taylor and his brother Bill were educated, assisting at the ceremony,

Bill married Pauline Maynard, of Knoxville, Tenn., you know, out in Chestnut Hill at the home of her aunt, Miss Mary Vanuxem, last month. These are marrying times, aren't they?

nne looked simply IN THE GARDEN



Photo by Photo-Crafters MISS HENRIETTA SCHMIDT Daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Schmidt, of Juniper Hall, Radnor

like.



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CHAPTER XVI (Continued)

WHERE'S Mr. Smith?" demanded Jane, without preamble, glancing at the acant chair by the table in the corner. Miss Maggie, to her disgust, could feel the

Smith's keeper, Jane."

Mrs. Jane tartly. "What do you mean?" "I mean he's been hanging around Mellicent Ilmost every day for a week." Miss Maggie blushed painfully. "Nonsense, Jane! He's more than twice

"Nonsense !" scorned Miss Maggie again. "Mr. Smith has always been fond of Mellicent, and—and interested in her. But I don't believe he cares for her—that way."

take her auto riding, and hang around her every minute he gets a chance?" snapped Jane. "I know how he acts at the house,

Martin girls brought it home as current gos-sip. Jane was highly exercised over it, and even Harriet had exclaimed over the "shameful filrtation Mellicent was carrying on with hat man old enough to be her father there was no mistake. Besides, did she no see with her own even that Mr. Smith way gone every day and evening, and that, when he was at home at mealtime, he was silent and preoccupied, and not like himself at all?

And it was such a pity-she had thought so much of Mr. Smith! It really made her feel quite ill.

And Miss Maggie looked ill on the last evening of the holiday week when, at 9 o'clock, Mr. Smith found her sitting idlehanded before the stove in the living roo "Why, Miss Maggie, what's the m

with you?" cried the man, in very evident oncern. "You don't look like yourself to night !"

Miss Maggie pulled herself up hastily

"Nonsense: I-I'm perfectly well. I'm just tired, I guess. You're home early, Mr. Smith." In spite of herself Miss Maggie's voice carried a tinge of something not quite olensant

Mr. Smith, however, did not appear to

rotice it. "Yes, I'm home early for once, thank heaven!" he half groaned, as he dropped himself into a chair.

"It has been a strenuous week for you hasn't it?" Again the tinge of something not quite so pleasant in Miss Maggle's voice.

"Yes, but it's been worth it. "Of course.

Mr. Smith turned deliberately and incked at Miss Maggle. There was a tague ques-tioning in his eyes. Obtaining, apparently,

no satisfactory answer from Miss Maggie's placid countenance, he turned away and began speaking again.

"Well, anyway, I've accomplished what I set out to do." "You-you've already accomplished it?

fattered Miss Margie. She was gazing at him now with startied, half-frightened eyes. "Yes. Why, Miss Margie, what's the matter? What makes you look so-so

queer "Queer? Nonsense! Why, nothing-noth-

ing at all." laughed Miss Maggie, nervously but very gally. "I may have been a little -surprised, for a moment, but I'm very glad -very. "Clind?"

Why, yes, for-for you. Isn't one always

glad when-when a love affair is-is all settled? "Oh, then you suspected it " Mr. Smith

smiled pleasantly, but without embarrass ment. "It doesn't matter, of course, onlyment. well, I had hoped it wasn't too conspicuous.

"Oh, but you couldn't expect to hide a thing like that, Mr. Smith." retorted Miss Maggie, with what was very evidently intended for an arch smile. "I heard it every where-everywhere.

"The mischlef you did !" frowned Mr. Smith, looking slightly annoyed. "Well, I suppose I couldn't expect to keep a thing like that entirely in the dark. Still, I don't believe the parties themselves-quite understood. Of couse, Pennock and Gaylord knew that they were kept effectually away, but I don't believe they realized just how systematically it was done. Of course, Gray understood from the first." 'Poor Mr. Gray! I-I can't help being

sorry for him. "Sorry for him !"

"Certainly; and I should think you might give him a little sympathy," rejoined Miss Maggie spiritedly, "You know how much he cared for Mellicent."

(TO BE CONTINUED TOMORROW)

SNAPPY SHOW AT CASINC

Mollie Williams and Other Favorites in New Songs and Sketches -there were so many, many features

Mollie Williams has long been a favorite with patrons of burlesque, but never did she appear in a better show than that presented at the Casino last night.

So far as scenery costumes and pretty girls are concerned this year's burlesque ofcigarettes. She did not like Bessie's showy low-cut dress nor her supercillous airs. She did not like the look in Fred's eyes nor the did not like the look in Fred's eyes nor the way he drank the champagne. She did not like Jane's maneuvers to bring Mellicent and Hibbard Gaylord into each other's com-pany—nor the way Mr. Smith maneuvered to get Mellicent for himself. Of all these, except the very last, Miss Maggie talked with Mr. Smith on the way home—yet it was the very last that was uppermost in her mind, except, perhaps. Fred. She did not speak of Fred, but be-cause that, too, was so much to her, she waited until the last before she spoke of it. "You saw Fred, of course," she began then, of Miss Williams compares quite favorably with the average hig musical show. And if you consider high-class then you must admit that few musical shows Ted Burns, Emil Casper, Frank Lucy, Ruth Hastings, Eveleen Ramsay, Frankle Burns,

who appears in many gorgeous costumes and sings a bunch of new dittles. "Wee, Wee Marie," and "Mary Brown" proved to be the most popular hits at last night's per-formance. The chorus is shapely and extends creditable assistance to Miss Williams

MAE MARSH STARS SINGERS IN SHIPYARD WIN KEITH AUDIENCE

ing Act of Unusual Merit.

Novel Sketch

Something unusual in musical acts was of-

fered at Keith's last night in "The Master-

singers at Fore River." Twelve men garbed

as shipwrights made melody on a stage set

to represent a shipyard. To the many among

the audience who had visited Hog Island the

towering structural steel work and the half-

finished vessels, glowing with red lead, proved

a familiar sight and won approval for the number even before the singers voiced a

The troupe offered several novelties in-

cluding a patriotic song to the music of the March Triumphale from Aida and a base scio, in which A. Cameron reached a low C (hat brought theorous applause from his

hearers. Cameron's new war song, "We're Building a Bridge to Berlin," was sung and whistled by the audience at his invitation

Dancing of a character seldom witnessed in vaudeville constituted the act of Miss Catherine Powell. She added a touch of

ovelty by changing her costume in full view

of the audience. Toe steps of rather a star-ting kind were exhibited in her "American"

dance, and in her imitation of Paylown's "Death of the Swan" she was exceptionally

to the program's promise of "juggling non-sense" They performed a number of tricks not seen here before. Adion is a genuine

make Bernard and Terminita

Otto Adlon and company amply lived up

median. Nimble fingers and nimble feet combined

ancing turn one of much sprightliness and

Emma Stephens, soprano, in an un-to-date

ong revue, used her pleasing voice to the est possible advantage. Marshall Montgomery, who is an old favor-

te with Kelth patrons, repeated his remark

able feats of ventriloquy while eating and drinking. His usual admixture of humor

Pathos and humor were interwoven in a

departure

which

one-act comedy entitled "Maggie Taylor, Waitress," presented by Jean Adair and com-

George W. Barbier-Nixon Grand

who was unappreciated by her hust saved his business from destruction is

also in the support of numerous legiti

The story of how a progressive woman who was unappreciated by her husband,

in the sketch, "Clubs Are Trumps," which is presented at the Nixon Grand by George

W Barbler, Carrie Thatcher and Company, Both Mr. Barbler, Carrie Thatcher and Company, Both Mr. Barbler and Miss Thatcher are Philadelphis favorites, having appeared at the head of several stock companies and

stars. The sketch overflows with laughs and made a decided hit. The cast is much above the average seen in vaudeville.

Planoville, a musical act with novel set-

tings, also won warm approval. It is well presented and has a pleasing line of comedy.

Others who appeared to advantage in good

acts were Armstrong and James in up-to-the-

ccentric comedienne, and Goul and Lewis

Surprises and thrills are given in the

minute comedy, the Bandys, Carrie

autemobile salestoom, and Miss Adair's cellent character acting made it a depar

from the general run of sketches,

Scout partner, Billy W. Weston

with much gusto.

graceful

drinking.

them go

dancers.

photoplay attraction

cas not omifted

Catherine Powell Presents Danc-Billie Burke in Breezy Comedy at Arcadia-Harcourt Play Is **Regent's Feature**

STANLEY-"Money Mad," with Mas Marsh, Di-rected by Hubart Henley. Written by Loss Zeilner, Goldwyn play.

IN "MONEY MAD"

"Money Mad" is a slow-moving melodra "Money Mad" is a slow-moving melodrame which lacks interest and could have been told in half the time it takes to unfold the story. What it does do, however, is to bring to the screen an intelligent conception of a Hindu in the acting of Maccy Harlam, who appeared in a similar character in "Eyes of Youth" and as a messenger in the original cast of "The Wanderer."

The substitution of drugs causes the death the wife of a man who is "money mad." of the wife of a man who is "money m who believes he will inherit the estate. his machinations he is aided by a Hind, There is a daughter, however, to whom the bulk of the money will go. A paramour of the father seeks the family pearls and she kills him, blaming it upon the sweetheart of his machinations he is aided by a His the daughter. As in the popular melodrams, the "fadeout" shows the villains caught and

the lovers embracing. Mac Marsh as the daughter gives a charac Mac Marsh as the daughter gives a charac-ter study of a young giri that Lillian dish might profitably emulate. Macey Harlam is excellent as the Hindu, while John Sain-polis makes a thoroughly villainous husband. Corinne Barker, Florida Kingsley and Alec B. Francis have small parts. Rod La Rocque is a leading man who is to be heard from in the future, for his work is convincing and original.

ARCADIA-"In Pursuit of Poliy," with Billio Hurke, Scenario by Eve Unseil, Directed by Chet Whitey, Paramount play,

In furnishing the plot of this story Isola Forrester and Mann Page -have supplied Billie Burke with the right kind of material for the display of her characteristic charming and mannorless. The result is a good but very light comedy with an added thrill by the introduction of German spice. A girl promises to marry the first man who catches

her after a race which is started between hree suitors. An amateur detective, not in the race, is the winner of the girl. Billio Burke makes a winsome girl of the debutante type. Frank Losee is her father and A. J. Herbert, Alfred Hickman and William Davidson are the suitors. Thomas Meighan plays the role of the Secret Service

Its rather extraordinary setting, an agent who captures the girl and the spy-Benjamin Deely gives an interesting study of the plotter. The settings are artistic and the direction up to the Paramount standard. Gilbert and Friedland, authors of numerous song hits, gave new tunes and old of their making until the audience was loth to let The bill was closed by a distinct novelty in the form of a walking race, performed on treadmills by George Brown and his Boy

RECIENT-"'A Pair of Silk Stockings," with Con-stance Talmades. Directed by Walter Ed-wards. Cyril Harcourt, author. Select play.

This is a delightful comedy and will be welcomed on the screen as it was when pre-sented on the spoken stage in this city some time ago. It is light and intimate, if such a thing is possible on the screen. While the play depended upon its spoken witty lines to "get it over." the movie scenario by Edith M. Kennedy is successful because of its continuity.

Again, there is a part which suits Con-stance Talmadge as if it had been written for her and she gives to the role of a wife who cannot agree with her husband, even to the style of automobile wanted, a feeling of naturalness. Harrison Ford is the husband who is mistaken for a burglar and is bound with a pair of his wife's silk stockings, while Louis Willoughby is the man whose room is taken by the wife while a guest at a house party, Sylvia Ashton, Wanda Hawley, Rob-ert Gordon and Florence Carpenter are in the east. Walter Edwards's direction left nothing to be desired.

Revivals are again in force and "A Sol-dier's Oath" brings William Farnum to the screen of the Victoria. "Bound in Morocco" has Douglas Fairbanks as the star of the Palace, Strand and Locust programs.

"America's Answer," the Government was iriffith's "Hearts of the World" remains as the attraction at the Carrick.



PALACE ALL THIS WEEK 10 A. M. to HILLS F. M. DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS

in "BOUND IN MOROCCO"



and other principals.

Monte Carlo-Trocadero

"DREAMLAND **ADVENTURES**" THE HARVEST CARNIVAL complete new adventure each week, beginning Monday and ending Saturday. CHAPTER II The Witch of the Night

(Peggy is invited to the Birds' Harvest Carnival and goes disguised as a Parrot, having been made tiny by fairy ring

grass.) AFTER the Bats had flown away, badly scared by Peggy's Parrot disguise, the Night Birds bore the aerial charlot swiftly to the golf links, where the Harvest carnival was to be held. The birds chuckled and giggled among themselves at the way in which Peggy had frightened them. "The Witch of the Night. That's a fine

Wray, U. S. N., was to have been one of

the ushers, but he is away on active

Social Activities

Devon, is at Tannersville, Pa., where she

visiting her sister-in-law, Mrs. Daniel M. Batas, at MacMahan Island, Me., for this month.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry H. Elilson, of Rose-mont, who are at York Harbor, Me., will leave there on Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. F. C. Durant, Jr., of Ard-more, are at Raquette Lake, N. Y., where they will remain until early in September.

Mrs. Robert Glendinning, of Chestnut Hill, is spending the summer at Hawthorne Inn, East Gloucester, Mass.

Mrs. M. F. Posey, of the Bellevue-Strat-ford, is at the Greenbrier, White Sulphur Springs, W. Va., to remain until the middle of October.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Haines, of German-

town, spent the week-end in Cape May as the guests of Mrs. T. Mitchell Hastings at

Mrs. Maurice E. Burton, also of German-

town, has returned from a short visit to Buck

By DADDY

will remain until September 15.

Miss Anne Thomson, of Brookmead Farm,

Mrs. Richard H. Day, of Germantown, is

NANCY WYNNE.

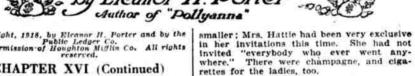
joke!" cried a Whip-Poor-Will. "Let's keep it a joke." answered Peggy. "I'll be the Witch of the Night at the carnival. Please don't tell any one who I really "We'll keep your secret," promised the

birds. The chariot sailed over the broad, beautiful green where the crowd was gathering for the carnival, and came gently to earth behind a patch of shrubbery. Peggy dis-mounted and the Night Birds flew away

to put on their costumes for the fun. Peggy was delighted when she peeked around the shrubbery. The broad green car-pet was covered with gaily decked birds who made a fantastic picture in the bright moon-light. The green itself was set on the side of a partly wooded hill. Below it was a tiny lake, which sparkled brilliantly as the waves played under the gentle urging of the

evening breeze. Peggy didn't see a familiar bird in the





As before, Mr. Smith and Miss Maggie went together. Miss Maggie, who had not attended any social gathering since Father Duff died, yielded to Mr. Smith's urgings and said that she would go to this. But Miss Maggie wished afterward that she had

color burning in her checks, but she managed to smile as if amused. "I don't know, I'm sure. I'm not Mr.

"Well, if you were, I should ask you to keep him away from Mellicent," returned Mrs. Jane tartly.

"Nonsense, Jane! He's more than twice her age. Mr. Smith is fifty if he's a day." "I'm not saying he isn't," snifted Jane, her pose uptilted. "But I do say, 'No fool like an old fool."

and "Then why does he come to see her

and I hear he scarcely left her side at the tennis match the other day." "Yes, I----" Miss Maggle did not finish

dainty and pretty and has such a charming manner. She walked up the aisle with her brother, but Mrs. Meirs gave her in marriage. Genette Farles, her first cousin, was her maid of honor and Marian Taylor and Patty Borie were bridesmaids. Marion is Newbold's sister, you know, and Patty is his first cousin.

Francis Taylor, his brother, was best man, and John Newbold, an uncle, and William Weightman Meirs, Anne's brother, were ushers. It isn't easy to get ushers these days, so they had but two. It was all very quiet because the Meirs are in deep mourning for Mr. Meirs, and so only the families and a very, very few intimates went to the house afterward to congratulate the happy couple.

MAPE MAY was certainly gay on Saturday. So many naval officers and submarine scares and everything. I tell you there's plenty of excitement for all. The Avery-Potter wedding on Saturday, which took place at the Church of the Advent late in the afternoon, was lovely. It was very informal. No invitations were issued, but the little church was crowded, as nearly every one in Cape May was there.

Just a few moments before the ceremony, when most of the guests were assembled and the usual expectant "hush" had fallen upon the church, small George Earle, 4th, Huberta's two-yean-old son, startled every one by running down the aisle looking for "Muddy and Aunt Kitty." The youngster went right inside the chancel and up the altar steps, then turned around and laughed at every one in general in the most delightful manner! He was caught, however, and taken to the back of the church, where he remained only upon condition that he would "be good until it was all over." Huberta, by the way, did not attend as matron of honor. The bride had no attendants.

Among those whom I noticed at the church were Mrs. Horace Eugene Smith and Edith and Mary, Mrs. Theodore Mitchell Hastings, Mrs. Edwin Fitier, Mrs. D. Webster Dougherty and Marion, Anita and Estelle Sanders and Pansy Scott, Mrs. George Harding, Mrs. Clayton French Banks, Mrs. Harry Kennedy and Betty Kennedy, Mrs. Charles N. Davis, Mrs. Adrien Kolff and Mrs. Sajous and Captain and Mrs. Frederic Gardiner.

The ceremony was performed by the Rev. Paul Sturtevant Howe, rector of the church, and the bride was given in marriage by her stepfather, Jonathan Bailey Browder. Hemsley had Henry Merritt as, his best man and the ushers were George Earle, 3d, ensign U. S. N.; J. M. Monarch, U. S. N. R. F., and Price McQuillen and Wayne Vetterisin, who wore their uniforms of the Norton-Harjes unit of the American Ambulance. Both of them warw



de on your guard. There are spies among us

gathering. All were in carnival disguise. Wouldn't it be fun to mingle among them without knowing who they were and without their knowing her! 'Squawk! Squawk!" went her antomobile

horn. "Oh ! oh ! oh !" shricked the startled birds.

"Oh! oh! oh!" snrieked the startled birds, hudding to one side of the green. Peggy stalked grandly forward. Blue Heron, whose legs were so long that he couldn't possibly disguise himself, even though he did try to make himself appear like aff Owl on stillts, was acting as master of coromonics.

"Who, who are you?" he stammered in his

croaky voice. "Squawk! Squawk !" replied the automobile horn. "I am the Witch of the Night, come to make merry at your revels," added Peggy in hollow voice. "The Witch of the Night!" whispered the

birds in an awed tone. "Fear not." Peggy hastened to say. "I come in good will. This night is for fun; let no evil mar our joy." "Hurrah for the Witch of the Night!"

cried the birds, forgetting their fright. Peggy found herself received with open arms and quickly became a lively part of the jolly, quickly became a livery part of the jolly, gathering crowds. Every one was busy showing off his own costume and trying to guess who the others were. The disguises were so good that Blue Heron was the only one she could recognize, until a funny-looking Turkey Gobbler came up and boomed a queer

complaint : "O Witch of the Night, so charming are you,

My heart is beating a lively tattoo; If you'll but have me I'll wed on the spot; For a batch like me that's saying a lot."

Peggy giggled. Judge Owl might disguise is looks but he could never disguise his "That's very pretty, Judge Owl," she whis-

pered, "but this is not my wedding day. I'll have to think it over."

have to think it over." Judge Owl was much fussed to find that she had guesséd who he was. "Surely you are a witch to learn my se-cret." he answered. "The best way to keep a secret is to put a lock on your lips." she whispered teasingly, as she lost herself in the crowd. "Cock-a-doodie-doo!" came a harsh cry from the sheubhery.

"Cock-a-adoute bery. "Oh, it's a rooster come to our carnival," rejoiced the birds. "We'll give him such a good time that he will forget to call the sun in the morning." The Rooster, a dashing looking young fel-

The Rooster, a dashing looking young fel-low, stalked out on the green and in an in-stant was surrounded by the excited group of girl birds. Every one wanted to meet the handsome stranger. Peggy thought that she would like to firt a bit with him herself and she wondered who he could be. The young Rooster presently made his way through the crowd around him and came straight to her. "Fair Witch of the Night, I lay my heart at your feet," he said, grandly. Then he whispered a strange warning: "Be on your guard. Keep eyes and ears open. There are spice among us tonight."

(Tomarrow will be teld more about the

her sentence. A slow change came to countenance. The flush receded, leaving her face a bit white. "I wonder if the man really thinks he

stands any chance," spluttered Jane, ignor-ing Miss Maggie's unfinished sentence. "Why, he's worse than that Donald Gray. He not only hasn't got the money, but he's

old, as well." "Yes, we're all-getting old. Jane," Miss Maggia tossed the words off lightly, and smiled as she uttered them. But after Mrs. Jane had gone she went to the little mirror above the mantel and gazed at herself long

above the mantel and gated at herein tons and fixedly. "Well, what if he does? It's nothing to you, Maggie Duff!" she muttered under her breath. Then resolutely she turned away, were here and fall to saying yer.

breath. Then resolutely she turned away, picked up her work, and fell to sewing very tast. Two days later Mellicent went back to

school. Bessie went, too. Fred and Benny had already gone. To Miss Maggie things seemed to settle back into their old ways again then. With Mr. Smith she took drives and motor rides, enjoying the crisp October air and the dancing sunlight on the reds and browns and yellows of the autumnal follage. True, she used to wonder sometimes if the end always justified the means-it seemed

an expensive business to hire an automobile to take them fifty miles and back, and all to verify a single date. And she could not help noticing that Mr.

And she could not help noticing that Mr. Smith appeared to have many dates that needed verifying—dates that were located in very diverse parts of the surrounding country-Miss Maggie also could not help noticing that Miss Maggie also could not nelp notening that Mr. Smith was getting very little new ma-terial for his Blaisdell book these days, though he still worked industriously over the old, retabulating and recopying. She knew this, because she helped him do it—though she was careful never to let him know that she recognized the names and dates as of

acquaintances. To tell the truth, Miss Maggie did not like

To tell the truth, Miss Maggle did not like acquaintances. To tell the truth, Miss Maggle did not like to admit, even to herself, that Mr. Smith must be nearing the end of his task. She did not like to think of the house—after Mr. Smith should have gone. She told herself that he was just the sort of homey boarder that she liked, and she wished she might keep him indefinitely. The thought so all the more when the long evenings of November brought a new perging home books to read aloud; and she enjoyed that very much. They had long there was an old man who fell in love with a young girl, and married her. Miss Maggle her breath, and stole furtive glances into Mr. Smith's face. When it was finished she ontrived to question with careful casualness, as to his opinion of such a marriage. Mr. Smith's answer was prompt and un-equivocal. He said he did not believe that happiness. Marriage should be between per-sons of similar sge, tastes and habits, hes aid very decidedly. And Miss Maggle blushed and said yes, yes, indeed ! And that night, when Miss Maggie Sazed at herself in the giase, she looked so happy—that she ap-peared to be almost as young as Mellicent herself ! CHAPTER XVII

herself CHAPTER XVII An Ambassador of Cupid's

CHRISTMAS again brought all the young Christman are a stand brought all the young one of the holidays. It brought also a Christmas party at Jamee Blaisdell's home. It was a very different party, how-ever, from the house-warming of a year be-

bests with, the attendance was po

saw him-drinking then?

"You saw Fred, of course," she began then, "Yes." Short as the word was, it carried a volume of meaning to Miss Maggle's fear-

ful ears. She turned to him quickly.

"I'm afraid it is.

"Mr. Smith, it-it isn't true, is it?"

bout that party that Miss Maggie did not

She did not like the champagne nor th

"Yes, I saw some, and I heard-more. It's just as I feared. He's got in with Gay-lord and the rest of his set at college, and they're a bad lot-drinking, gambling, no

good. "But Fred wouldn't-gamble, Mr. Smith Oh, Fred wouldn't do that. And he's so ambitious to get ahead! Surely he'd know he couldn't get anywhere in his studies ifdrank and gambled."

"It he drank and gambed. "It would seem so." "Did you see his father? I saw him only a minute at the first, and he didn't look well a bit to me." "Yes, saw him. I found him in his den just as I did last year. He didn't look well to me. either."

yist as I did hast year. He that t bok well to me, either." "Did he say anything about—Fred?" "Not a word—and that's what worries me the more. Last year he talked a lot about him and was so proud and happy in his coming success. This time he never mentioned him; but he looked—bad." "What did he talk about?"

"What did he talk about?" "Oh, books, business-nothing in par-ticular! And he wasn't interested in what he did say. He was very different from last year.

last year." "Yes, I know. He is different," sighed Maggie. "He's talked with me quite a lot about—about the way they're living. He doesn't like—so much fuss and show and society. Mr. Smith frowned.

"But I thought-Mrs. Hattle would get over all that by this time, after the newness of the money was worn off." "I hoped she would. But-she doesn't. It's

worse, if anything," sighed Miss Maggie, as they ascended the steps at her own door.

Mr. Smith frowned again. "And Miss Bessie-" he began disap-provingly, then stopped. "Now, Miss Melli-cent-" he resumed, in a very different voice.

voice. But Miss Maggie was not apparently listening. With a rather loud rattling of the doorknob she was pushing open the door. "Why, how hot it is! Did I leave that damper open?" she cried, hurrying into the living room. And Mr. Smith, hurrying after, evidently forred to finish the contents.

And all, smith, nurrying after, evidently forgot to finish his sentence. Miss Maggie did not attend any more of the merrymakings of that holiday week. But Mr. Smith did. It seemed to Miss Maggie, indeed, that Mr. Smith was away mariy every minute of that long week-and it was a long week to Miss Maggie. Even the Martin girls were away many of the evenings. Miss Margie told herself that that was why the house seemed so

But though Miss Maggie did not partici pate in the gay doings, she heard of them. She heard of them on all sides, except from Mr. Smith-and on all sides she heard of the devotion of Mr. Smith to Miss Mellicer She concluded that this was the reason why Mr. Smith himself was so silent. Miss Maggie was shocked and distressed.

She was also very much puzzled. She had supposed that Mr. Smith undertood that Melsupposed that Mr. Smith undertood that Mei-licent and young Gray cared for each other, and she had thought that Mr. Smith even approved of the affair between them. Now, to push himself on the scene in this absurd fashion, and try "to cut everybody out," as it was vulgarly termed-she never would have believed it of Mr. Smith in the world if was vulgarly termed—she never would have believed it of Mr. Smith in the world. And she was disappointed, too. She liked Mr. Smith very much. She had considered him to be a man of good sense and good judgment. And had he not himself said, not so long ago, that he believed lovers should be of the same age, tastes and habits? And yet here now he was— And there could he no mistake about it. Everybody was saying the same thing. The

Patrons at the Trocadero Theatre last night were amused with "The Monte Carlo Girls," who appeared in nine special scenes embrading two acts. Their costumes were well suited to the scenes portrayed and the narts were cleverly taken. Charley headed the cast and was ably assisted by Sarah Hyatt, Kitty Warren and John Mud-gins. The show abounded in comedy from start to finish.

Ruzzle Dazzle Girls-Gayety

Pretty girls and lively comedians make the Razzle Dazzle Girls, who are holding forth at the Gayety, a highly entertaining show. The two burlettas are up to the minute and overflow with laughs. There is the usual number of patriotic songs which when the show up to the minute. Harry keep the show up to the minute. Steppe and Grace Fletcher portray the prin-cipal roles.

La Croha Family-Colonial

Acrobatic stunts of novel and thrilling character were exhibited by the La Croha family in the headline act of the bill which the provide at Nirow's Colonial Theaopened last night at Nixon's Colonial Theatre. Germantown. The audience cagerly cepted the numerous chances to laugh orded by Martha Hamilton in "The Installment Collectors"; the mind-reading dog; Regan and Renard, singers; Robert Swan and the photoplay, "Madam Sphinx," comand the photoplay. "Madam Sphinx, con-plete the unusually interesting program.

WILSON'S HEALTH IMPROVED

President Carefully Guarded During Vacation at Manchester, Mass.

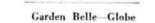
Manchester, Mass., Aug. 20-President Wilson's outing has done him a world of good. Except for the first day, when the brupt change from a temperature of 100 degrees or more at Washington to a daily average of 65 degrees here was felt by the whole party, the improvement in the President's condition has been steady and pro-

While the President and Mrs. Wilson drove along the shore or strolled on the beach or n the woods they were accompanied, as usual, by secret service men. Less noticeable and observed by but few was the part played by the navy, three branches of which kept gilant watch.

Marines picketed the grounds that he oc-cupled. Two hydro-airplanes persistently searched adjacent waters; at a little distance off the coast two destroyers and a fleet of submarine chasers made sure that no unwelcome craft ventured in. This watch over the sea was taken because of some uncasiness due to the selection for the vacation of the President and Mrs. Wilson of a house standing almost at the edge of a promontory that commands a wide view of the sea and which, in turn can be plainly seen from listance out

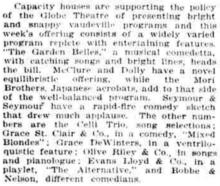
Wilmington Pioneer Dies

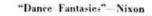
Wilmington Pioneer Dies Wilmington, Del., Aug. 20. - Philemma Chandler, ninety years old, one of the best-known citizens in this county, died at his home near Claymont today. He was born in this county and until a few days ago was in excellent health. He was a builder in early life and for a time was a farmer. He was a member of the Legislature, the Levy Court, the City Council and Board of Edu-cation of Wilmington, building inspector of Wilmington and Comptroller of the county. Dr. Swithin Chandler, of Philadelphia, and Liburne Chandler, a lawyer of Wilmington, are his sons.



will meet with popular approval.

The first chapter of "Hands Up" was pre-sented as the plotoplay attraction, and judging from the interest aroused, the plcture





"Dance Fantasies," which headlines the bill at the Nixon, is one of the most artistic dancing acts seen here in some time. It is staged with taste and set to entrancing m which is at all times appropriate. There is a reason for every number and the act gen-erally is marked for its consistency.

Many laughs greeted Martha Hamilton in "The Installment Collector," a true to life sketch, Other good acts included the mindreading dog. Regan and Henard. "The Claws of the Hun," the photoplay attraction, was in keeping with the reports of the German atrocities.

Dancing Dolls-Cross Keys

The Dancing Dolls in a very novel act met with warm approval at the Cross Keys, Many new members are introduced by the children who present the act and there is also an abundance of patriotic music. The costumes are all that could be desired, and it in well with the general theme.

Fox and Ingraham entertained with comedy and good acts were also offered by Cape and Hutton Lonne Naesse, comedian, and Marlettes Manikins. An intensely dramatic story is unfolded n the photoplay, "A Fight for Millions."



