JUST GOSSIP ABOUT PEOPLE

Marriage of Miss Patterson and Lieutenant Crocker-Wounded Soldier Writes to Red Cross—Miss Henrietta Ely Highly Commended by General Gourand

BECKY PATTERSON was married last Pennsylvania troops are doing? I'm proud evening at Blackledge, her home in Wirginia, to Lieutenant Joseph Crocker, F. A. R. D. The ceremony took place at 9 o'clock and her brother, the Rev. R. Otis Patterson, who was ordained this summer, performed the ceremony. I do not doubt that Becky looked perfectly sweet, she has such an open, pure face and lovely

I suppose Lieutenant Crocker will be bailing soon and then Becky will go back to her mother and father, who must be pretty lonely these days with all their children gone and the youngest son in the army. I heard a perfect story about that youngest boy, by the way. It appears he wanted to get into the cavalry, because he has the greatest love for horses. So, if I remember the story rightly, he appeared before one of the officers one day and begged to be transferred to the cavalry. The officer laughed and said, "Why, you know nothing of horses." But young Patterson simply, remarked, "Try me." Well, they sent for a horse that had not been broken and was known to be an absolute terror. Up he got and up stood Mr. Horse with a backward toss, but bless you he did not toss our young friend off. On the contrary, the more he carried on the more the boy held on. Even the head officers yelled to him he'd better jump at the first possible opportunity, but the young fellow held on and finally brought that horse in conquered. And now he is in the cavalry all right and is most highly thought of, I can tell you.

TSN'T it nice that Roddy and Katharine Page's baby is a boy and is named after his big soldier-father, Louis Rodman Page, 3d? You know he has a grandfather Louis Rodman Page, too, so this is the third man in the family to bear the name. Major Page is already in France, has been there about two months, but I doubt not the cabled news made him a happy man when he heard of his small son's arrival on August 17. Mrs. Page was Katherine Kremer, a sister of Mrs. William Drayton Grange and Mrs. Robert Martin Williams.

DOESN'T it seem strange how close France and England and Italy seem to us these days? It's simply because so many of our men are over there and we are getting letters more frequently than we did at first. And, do you know, I think it's a great help to us who knit for the Red Cross or make up the comfort bags for the boys and all the other things the Red Cross does to hear some of the letters of appreciation from the boys over there.

The Independence Square Auxiliary of the Red Cross received this week a letter from one of the boys who had been wounded in the first days of the July drive, in which he spoke of one of the comfort kits. In fact, I think I'll quote quite a bit from that letter, for it will certainly encourage some of the weary workers to keep on and at it in spite of summer weather and that awful tired feeling that comes from the recent heat.

He says: "It will interest you, I'm sure, to know that I'm at this moment comfortably wearing Red Cross slippers, pajamas sthrobe: that I shaved this morn ing with a Red Cross razor, combed my hair with a Red Cross comb, refreshed my mouth with a Red Cross toothbrush and powder and sent my first letter home from here in a Red Cross envelope and on Red Cross paper, and, oh! yes, cabled mother after coming here through the kindness of one of the Red Cross visitors.

"Pretty nice work! The Red Cross bag which each of us received here contained exactly the things we needed, and needed badly at the moment. This little trip down through the Evacuation Hospital and here in the wonderfully complete hospital train (an overnight trip by rail) has given me an opportunity to see at least some work of the American Red Cross and to better appreciate it. That Red Cross bag and its contents coming to me when I was wondering how and when and where I would get those very things has certainly made the A. R. C. look even more useful than ever to the humble soldier. It's the same with the others here, too. Once more I say, 'FINE WORK.'"

AND from abroad comes the news that Henrietta Ely has been doing such wonderful work at her canteen at St. Remy-sur-Bussy. General Gourand, commander of the Fourth French Army, has expressed his appreciation of her work in a communication which has just been made public. The General says: "The battle affords me the opportunity of extending to you my deep appreciation of the great services rendered by the American canteen in my Fourth Army. No small share of the success of our arms is due to the comfort, moral and material, they have brought our soldiers. I refer not only to the canteen for permissionaires at Chalons, but also to Miss Ely's canteen at St. Remy-sur-Bussy, whose beneficial influence is felt throughout the army corps. Kindly express my gratitude to all those persons whose generosity has supported the canteens and accept my heartfelt thanks."

According to General Gourand the Chaions canteen was under a Miss Notts, but the Red Cross here did not know the name, so that must be a mistake. I am wonder ing if it could be Sophie Norris, who over there doing canteen work. I think that's a good "hunch," don't you?

Henrietta Ely is a sister of Gertrude Ely, you know, and makes her home with er sister at Bryn Mawr. She has always had a prominent part in good works and has been in France for more than a year doing for the soldiers.

The next thing we know she'll be decerated, too. Sophie Norris was, several months ago, and so was Phyllis Walsh,

who is driving an ambulance. It's good to hear of the fine things Phildesiphians are doing. But, goodness, could lie here be anything finer than the work our

I belong to this State, aren't you? NANCY WYNNE.

Social Activities

Miss Margaret Peirce, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Harold Peirce, of Haverford, is the guest of Mrs. George Peirce at Hancock Point, Me., where she will remain until the early part of September.

Dr. James W. Wister, of Germantown, is spending this month and part of September in Upper Dam, Me.

Mrs. George Gordon Meade, of Sugar Loaf Cottage, Chestnut Hill, has gone to Pleasant View, R. I., to stay until the middle of

Miss Eugenia H. Smith, of 2121 Pine street, is at Chapel Hall, N. C., where she will remain until October.

Miss Mildred Eisenhower, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William Ross Eisenhower, of Kitchen's lane, Germantown, left yesterday for Fiorida to visit her sister, Mrs. Jay S. Jones. Mrs. Jones will be remembered as Miss Ruth Eisenhower, whose marriage

Miss Helen Pitfield will leave on Monday for Bay Head, where she will spend the week as the guest of Mrs. Irving Corse at her

Lieutenant and Mrs. Samuel Scott Reckefus, of Washington, D. C., are receiving con-gratulations upon the birth of a son, Samue Scott Reckefus, Jr., on August 10, Mrs. Reckefus will be remembered as Miss Irma Mason Klee, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Klee, of 1108 South Fifty-second street

Mr. and Mrs. Trevor Thomas Matthews have closed their country home Yew Hills, Elkwood, Va., and are now in Washington for several weeks, after which they will open

Mrs J. J. Smith announces the marriage to Lieutenant James H. Bartley, medical reserve corps, son of Dr. James H. Bartley, of Providence, R. I., Saturday, July 27, at Camp Meade by the Rev. Father Bryant, followed by a nuptial mass. I Bartley is waiting overseas orders. Lieutenant

Mrs. R. H. Sturdivant, of Boston, formerly Miss Helen Hendricks, of this city, is spend-ing several weeks with Dr. and Mrs. G. L. Sturdivant, of Portland, at their summer home on Sebago Lake, Me.

Miss Lillian Isaacs, cashier at the United Service Club, was married on Tuesday to Mr. John G. Darwin, of St. Louis, Mo., a first class machinist now first-class machinist, now serving in the United States Navy. The ceremony was held at the Overbrook Episcopal Church,

with the Rev. John Hart officiating .. Mr. Darwin, who is the son of C. W. Dar-win, of St. Louis, Mo., is now serving in his second enlistment in the navy, having nade several trips to the other side. Miss Isaacs is the daughter of C. H. Isaacs,

"DRY" RALLY AT SHORE

War Prohibition Forces to Close National

Campaign on Sunday Atlantic City, Aug. 21.—Because "thinking citizens" are reputed to be here from the home balliwicks or three-fourths of the members of Congress, national anti-saloon organizations working to make America "dry," at least until the nation's greatest task is completed, will fire the closing guns in the campaign for war prohibition, upon which Congress is to vote next Monday, in Atlantic

City Sunday. City Sunday.

The demonstration, in what years ago was one of the "wettest" towns in the land and now one of the "dryest," will be in charge of the Rev. Dr. Wilbur F. Crafts, intendent of the International Reform and a swarm of volunteer aides, both men

Doctor Crafts is to make eight speeches in as many churches, urging telegraphic ap-peals to members of Congress to vote "right" on the war prohibition measure, and will then tour the city, speaking from an auto-mobile at street corners, wherever he can get a crowd to listen.

MARINE ENGINEERS NEEDED

Take Any Means" to Get Men, Says Hurley

There is a shortage of engineers for the merchant marine, and Chairman Hurley, of the shipping board, has authorized the Sea Service Bureau—the shipping board's official recruiting organization—to take necessary" to obtain

This information is contained in tele graphic advices received today at the local offices of the Sea Service Bureau. 27-29-31 South Fourth street. Immediately plans were formulated by the recruiting officials here to supply Philadelphia's quota toward the required number.

The drive for engineers resulted from a The drive for engineers resulted from a convention of agents of the Sax Service Bureau now being held in Boston. The convention, after careful consideration of the situation, notified Chairman Hurley that there is a dearth of chief and first assistant marine engineers, and recommended that men holding licenses for lower grades be urged to try for higher licenses. It was further suggested that engineers now ashore be drawn upon to fill berths now vacant on ships at Atlantic and Pacific ports.

ARREST MILITARY POLICE

Unordered Firing Imputed to Men Called to. Quell Camp Merritt Riot

New York, Aug. 21.—Thirteen members of the military police, called out to quell a riot at Camp Merritt, N. J., last Saturday night, in which one negro soldier was killed and five others wounded, have been placed and five others wounded, have been placed in the guardhouse, pending investigation of a report that they fired without orders. While declining to make a full statement until an official report had been forwarded to Washington, one of the officers directing the inquiry, said that "there was some racial feeling between the white and negro troops."

"A dispute arose, and during the ensuing row the guard was called to disperse the crowd," he said. "Some excited soldier fired, and his shot was followed by others."

POSTAL AVIATOR WEDS

He Flew First 'Plane Between Here and Washington

Washington

The wedding of Lieutenant James C, Edgerton, the first pilot to make the flight between New York, Philadelphia and Washington in a mail-carrying airplane, and Miss Mary Oliver Robinette took place yesterday at the home of the bride's uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. Augustino Robinette, in New York. The Rev. Howard Bowns officiated.

The wedding crowned a romance which began in high school. Lieutenant Edgerton is the sou of Mr. and Mrs. James Arthur Edgerton, of Washington. He is a second lieutenant in the air service and is stationed at Washington.





MISS ELIZABETH BROCKIE

Daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William G. Warden, of Red Gate, Germantown, who is spending the summer as the guest of Miss Sarah Franklin in York Harbor, Me.

"DREAMLAND ADVENTURES"

By DADDY THE HARVEST CARNIVAL A complete new adventure each week, beginning Monday and ending Saturday.

CHAPTER III

Peggy Hears Strange Talk (Peggy goes to the Birds' Harvest Car-nival disguised as a Parrot. There a handsome young Rooster warns her against the presence of spies.)

WHAT could the warning mean? Before Peggy could question the Rooster he slipped away in the crowd. Why should there be spies in this peaceful gathering? It is true that the Birds were war workers-doing their share to grow food

by gobbling up worms and bugs that would otherwise destroy the crops, but there was no secret about this work. The Birds had been at it openly all summer long.

Peggy wondered if the spies might be trying to learn about the Pigeons whom Billy Belgium had recruited for messenger service in the American army abroad. If they were, it wouldn't do them much good, for the Pigeons by this time were safely somewhere in Europe training for their war

work.

But whatever the spies were after, Peggy determined to be on her guard. She would be alert to block any hostile plans she might discover.

The carnival frolic was now in full swing. The Birds were cutting all sorts of capers.

The carnival frolic was now in full swing.
The Birds were cutting all sorts of capers,
singing, dancing, doing acrobatic stunts and
making merry in bits of comedy.

A cricket orchestra furnished music—a
queer monotonous kind of music that was
varied only as some of the musicians chirped

Judge Owl, who appeared to be very much smitten with Peggy, approached her with a

"Oh, dance with me, Witch of the Night!

Come, fill my heart with rare delight. I feel I've got to shake a toe And give these Birds a jolly show."

Peggy couldn't resist his plea, and danced funny, happy jig with Judge Owl, while the ther Birds gathered around and applauded. Their jig livened up the whole carnival, and soon everyone was jigging. Peggy got



"I'll fight him! I'll tear him to pieces!"

tired, but the judge kept right on dancing. A beautiful Pheasant stopped beside her and began to chat pleasantly. Peggy was so busy laughing at Judge Owl's antics that she didn't listen very attentively, although she answered politely. Presently she realized with a jerk that there was something peculiar about what the Pheasant was saying.

"Isn't it a shame that we can't have fun like this all the time, instead of wasting our time helping the farmers," the Pheasant remarked. "I, for one, am growing mighty tired of work. A Bird is born for play, not for toll."

Peggy turned to the Pheasant with ques-

Peggy turned to the Pheasant with quesreining eyes.

"Why, how queer you talk," she said. "All the Birds are happy in their war work and they are growing fat in it. General Swallow tays the agreement under which they are welcome to the farms, has given them better food than they have ever had, and they are anjoying life a whole lot more than when they had to do all their hunting in the woods."

"Oh, of course, General Swallow would say

woods."

"Oh, of course, General Swallow would say that," sneered the Pheasant. "He has the job of boss and is playing in with the farmers and that meddlesome Princess Peggy."

This gave Peggy a shock. The thought all

the Birds liked her and here was one calling so much for them. The Pheasant lost himself in the crowd.

The Pheasant lost himself in the crowd. but he left Peggy hurt and thoughtful. She supposed the Birds were all prosperous and contented in their war work. Indeed, this harvest carnival was being held just to celebrate the happy results of their summer aid in fields and orchards. But the Pheasant had created the disturbing impression that sell was not well. all was not well.

Other Birds were talking near her.
"Well, it is good to feel that we are free
from work for awhile," twittered one. "I wish this good time could last forever."

"We are fools to work so hard for the un-grateful farmers," spoke up a third—a funny, quatty-looking Canary.

Peggy's heart sank lower and lower. Dis-Peggy's heart sank lower and lower. Dis-content seemed rife among her beloved Birds, even at a time when they were supposd to be rejoicing. She couldn't understand it at all. Who were this Pheasant and this Canary who seemed to be sowing the seeds of dis-cord? Could they be the spies against whom she had been warned?

A Blackbird near her suddenly flew into a "I'll fight him! I'll tear him to pieces," ed the Bird in a familiar voice.

Why, it's General Swallow," said Peggy.

"What's the matter?" "That mysterious stranger, that handsome Rooster is trying to steal my wife." hissed General Swallow, pointing to where the Rooster was in close conversation with a smart Red Bird. "There's something wrong

about him. I'm going to give him a thrash-Here was a new puzzle for Peggy. The

Rooster had appeared to be a friend in warn-ing her against the spies. Now General Swallow called him a foe. This mystery must

(In the next chapter Peggy finds more evidence of the mysterious plotting that is going on.)

HORSE SHOW PLANNED FOR LAST OF MONTH

Service Club to Benefit by Affair in Harford County, Md.

Washington, D. C., Aug. 21. Captain W. Plunkett Stewart, of the remount service, stationed in Washington, will go to Verdant Valley Farm, the estate of his brother-in-law and sister, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Adair Bonsal, in Harford County, Md., on August 31 to act as one of the judges at a horse show being given there. Other judges will be Mr. Foxhall P. Keene, of New York and Mr. Benjamin Harris Brewster, Jr., master of the Green Spring Hounds, all wellknown horsemen and prominent figures in the hunting field.

The proceeds will be devoted to the Serv-ice Club for Soldiers and Sailors in Harford County, and the band from the Aberde proving grounds will furnish the music. Refreshments will be served al fresco, under the direction of Mrs. Bonsal, who will be assisted by a number of the younger se of girls.

Among the prominent horsewomen who follow the hounds and who are expected to ride in the ladies' jumping class are Mrs. Bonsal, Mrs. R. Curzon Hoffman, Jr., Mrs. Bonsal, Mrs. R. Curzon Hoffman, Jr., Mrs. H. Granger Gaither, Mrs. John Bosley, Jr., and Miss Nancy W. B. Brewster.
Captain Stewart and Mr. Keene will be guests of Mr. and Mrs. Bonsal at Verdant Valley Farm for the occasion.

SERVICE MEN TO WED

Army and Navy Officers Get Marriage Licenses Here

A marriage license was issued to Dr. Stanto W. Myers, twenty-two years old, of 2506 Aspen street, to wed Katherine Geiger, eighteen years old, of 2510 Aspen street. Lloyd A. Kennell, a surgeon in the United States Navy, thirty years old, obtained a license to marry Olive G. Luffee, twenty-seven years old, a stenographer, of 5432 Clayburne street.

license to marry Olive G. Luffee, twentyseven years old, a stenographer, of 5432
Clayburne street.

Ralph E. Young, an engineer, aged twentysix years, of 5122 Green street, Germantown, obtained a license to wed Olive R.
Haldeman, a statistician, twenty-six years
old, of East Mount Airy avenue.
Captain Clement Newbold Taylor, twentyfive years old, of 1825 Pine street, son of
William Johnson Taylor and Emily Buckley
Taylor, secured a license to marry Anne W.
Meirs, twenty years old, of 2048 Locust
street, daughter of the late Richard Meirs
and Anne W. Weightman Meirs.

Of MONEY! MONEY!

Sign Eleanor H. Porter Deliganna

Copyright, 1918, by Eleanor H. Porter and by the Public Ledger Co. By Permission of Houghton Mifflin Co. All rights reserved. and gasoline, anyway. Do you think you

of course.

"Well, I wish you would, then. Anyway, something's got to be done," she sighed. "He's nervous as a witch. He can't keep still a minute. And he isn't a bit well, either. He ate such a lot of rich food and

all sorts of stuff on our trip that he got his

stomach all out of order; and now he can't

"Humph! Well, if his stomach's knocked ut, I pity him," nodded Mr. Smith. I've

"Oh, have you? Oh, yes, I remember. You did say so when you first came, didn't you? But, Mr. Smith, please, if you know any of those health fads, don't tell them to my husband. Don't, I beg of you! He's tried dozens of them until I'm nearly wild, and

I've lost two hired girls already. One day it'll be no water, and the next it'll be all he can drink; and one week he won't eat any-

thing but vegetables, and the next he won't

touch a thing but meat and—is it fruit that goes with meat or cereals? Well, never mind, Whatever it is, he's done it. And lately

Whatever it is, he's done it. And lately he's taken to inspecting every bit of meat

and groceries that come into the house. Why, he spends half his time in the kitchen, nosing 'round the cupboards and refriger-

ator; and, of course, no girl will stand that

That's why I'm hoping, ch, I am hoping, that you can do something with him on that ancestor business. There, here is the Ben-

sons, where I've got to stop-and thank you

"All right. I'll try," promised Mr. Smith dublously, as he lifted his hat. But he frowned and he was still frowning when he

met Miss Maggie at the Duff supper table

me to tell how to be contented, though af-flieted with a hundred thousand dollars," he

greeted her gloweringly.
"Is that so?" smiled Miss Maggie.
"Yes, Can't a hundred thousand dollars

bring any one satisfaction?"

Miss Maggle laughed, then into her eyes came the mischlevous twinkle that Mr. Smith had learned to watch for.

"Don't blame the poor money," she said them demurely. "Blame—the way it is

CHAPTER XVIII

Just a Matter of Begging TRUE to his promise, Mr. Smith "tried"

Mr. Frank Blaisdell on "the ancestor

business" very soon. Laboriously he got out

his tabulated dates and names, and carefully

he traced for him several lines of descent

from remote ancestors. Painstakingly, he

pointed out a "Submit," who had no history

but the bare fact of her marriage to one

who had eluded his every attempt to supply

her with parents. He let it be understood

how important these missing links were, and

he tried to inspire his possible pupil with a

frenzied desire to go out and dig them up. He showed some of the interesting letters he had received from various Blaisdells far and

near, and he spread before him the gene

alogical page of his latest "Transcript," and explained how one might there stumble upon the very missing link he was looking for. But Mr. Frank Blaisdell was openly bored.

He said he didn't care how many children his greatgrandfather had, nor what they died of, and as for Mrs. Submit and Miss Thankful,

the ladies might bury themselves in the "Transcript." or hide behind that wall of dates and names till doomsday, for all he cared. He shouldn't disturb 'em. He never

did like figures, he said, except figures that

represented something worth while, like a day's sales, or a year's profits.

And, speaking of grocery stores, had Mr. Smith ever seen a store run down as his old

one had since he sold out? For that matter,

something must have got into all the grocery stores; for a poorer lot of goods than those

delivered every day at his home he never saw—it was a disgrace to the trade. He said a good deal more about his grocery

store—but nothing whatever more about hi

Blaisdell ancestors; so Mr. Smith felt jus-

tified in considering his efforts to interest Mr. Frank Blaisdell in the ancestor business a failure. Certainly he never tried it again. (TO BE CONTINUED TOMORROW)

39 SLACKERS INDUCTED;

Nearly 150 Service Evaders Crowd

Prison—Enlarge Conscrip-

tion Squad

Thirty-nine slackers, apprehended by the

Federal authorities in recent raids, were

taken from Moyamensing Prison to Local

Board No. 7, Fifteenth and Vine streets, this

morning and inducted into the military

An armed guard from Camp Dix will

escort them to the cantonment where they

will begin active service. In addition to

this group, R. D. Clark, head of the Con-

scription Squad of the Department of

Justice here, announced that the prison now

The record of the squad in apprehending

draft dodgers and deserters, and the great

number of men taken in, has resulted in a move to double the squad. About five hun-dred slackers have already been inducted

The regular force of operatives of the de-partment assigned to this work will be in-

creased from six to twelve, according to Clark, while a detail of soldiers and sailors

will be granted the Conscription Squad that the work of policing and guarding the men apprehended may be lifted from the regular

slacker hunters.

The big raids made by the squad will necessitate the aid of large details of men

has been the custom heretofore, said Mr. Clark. Owing to the results of the raids,

for the most part, it will be necessary for Major Murdock, State disbursing officer, to appoint several boards to deal with the slackers. At present a halt has been called

on raids, until the congestion in Moyamen

HEARTS OF THE WORLD

SECURE SEATS IN ADVANCE

FORREST LAST TWICE DAILY 2:15 and 8:15
THE U. S. GOVERNMENT Presents
2D OFFICIAL WAR PICTURE

AMERICA'S ANSWER

Released by Division of Films
Committee on Public Information
PRICES, 25c and 50c. NO WAR TAX.

B. F. KEITH'S THEATRE

THE MASTERSINGERS

AT FORE RIVER
Everything New. Patriotic and Inspiring
GILBERT & FRIEDLAND

Jean Adair & Co.; Marshall Montgomery; Emm Stephens and Big Surrounding Show! STRAND GERMANTOWN AT VENANG EAST OF BROAD DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS

Garrick LAST 2 WEEKS

D. W.

Griffith's

sing Prison can be relieved by the removal

TWICE

25c to \$1.00 EVGS. & SAT. MAT. 25c to \$1.50

from the American Protective League

contains 141 slackers.

into service from this city.

Thomas Blaisdell, and a "Thankful Marsh,"

"Well, I've found another one who wants

ever so much, Mr. Smith, if you will."

half an hour later.

bring any one satisfaction?"

"Why, I—I don't know, Mrs. Blaisdell," murmured Mr. Smith, still a little worriedly. "I—I could show him what I have found,

CHAPTER XVII (Continued) MR. SMITH sat suddenly erect in his chair.

'Cared for her! Sympathy! Why, what in the world are you talking about? Wasn't I doing the best I could for them all the time? Of course, it kept him away from her. too, just as it did Pennock and Gaylord; but he understood. Besides, he had her part of the time. I let him in whenever it was nossible."

"Let him in!" Miss Maggie was sitting erect now. 'Whatever in the world are you talking about? Do you mean to say you were doing this for Mr. Gray, all the time?' "Why, of course! Whom else should I do it for? You didn't suppose it was for Pennock or Gaylord, did you? Nor for—" He stopped short and stared at Miss Maggie in growing amazement and dismay. "You didn't—you didn't think—I was doing that—for myself?"

"Well, of course, I—I—" Miss Maggle was laughing and blushing painfully, but there was a new light in her eyes. "Well, anway, everybody said you were!" she defended herself stoutly.

"Oh, good Heavens!" Mr. Smith leaped to his feet and thrust his hands into his pockets, as he took a nervous turn about the room. "For myself indeed! As If, in my position,

"For myself, indeed! As if, in my position I'd— How perfectly absurd!" He wheeled and faced her irritably. "And you believed that? Why, I'm not a marrying man. I don't like, don't like—— I never saw the woman yet that I——" With his eyes on Miss Maggie's flushed, half-averted face, he stopped again abruptly. "Well, I'll be——" Even under abruptly. "Well, I'll be—" Even under his breath he did not finish his sentence; but, with a new, quite different expression on his face, he resumed his nervous pacing of the room, throwing now and then a quick glanc at Miss Maggie's still averted face,

"It was absurd, of course, wasn't it?" Miss Maggie stirred and spoke lightly, with the obvious intention of putting matters back into usual conditions again. "But, come, tell me, just what did you do, and how? I'm so me, just what did you do, and how? interested—indeed, I am!"

"Eh? What?" Mr. Smith spoke as if he was thinking of something else entirely. "Oh—that." Mr. Smith sat down, but he did not go on speaking at once. His eyes frowningly regarded the stove.

"You said—you kept Pennock and Gaylord away," Miss Maggie hopefully reminded him."
"Er—yes. Oh. I—it was really very simple—I just monopolized Mellicent myself, when I couldn't let Donald have her. That's all. I saw very soon that she couldn't cope with her mother alone. And Gaylord—well, I've

no use for that young gentleman."
"But you like—Donald?" "Very much. I've been looking him up for

He's all right. "Yes." Mr. Smith spoke abstractedly, with-out enthusiasm. Plainly Mr. Smith was still

thinking of something else.

Miss Maggle asked other questions—Miss Maggie was manifestly interested—and Mr. Smith answered them, but still without en-Very soon he said good-night and

For some days after this, Mr. Smith did not appear at all like himself. He seemed abstracted and puzzled. Miss Maggie, who still felt self-conscious and embarrassed over her misconception of his attentions to Mellicent, was more talkative than usual in Mellicent, was more talkative than usual in her nervous attempt to appear natural. The fact that she often found his eyes

fixed thoughtfully upon her, and felt them following her as she moved about the room, did not tend to make her more at ease. At such times she talked faster than ever— usually, if possible, about some member of the Blaisdell family; Miss Maggie had learned that Mr. Smith was always interested in any bit of news about the Blaisdells.

any bit of news about the Bialscells.

It was on such an occasion that she told him about Miss Flora and the new house.

"I don't know, really, what I am going to do with her," she said. "I wonder if perhaps you could help me."

"Help you?—about Miss Flora?"
"Yes. Can you think of any way to make her contented?" er contented?" Why, I thought-Don't tell me she isn't happy!" There was a curious note of almost despair in Mr. Smith's voice, "Hasn't she a new house, and every-

voice, "Hasn't she a new house, and everything nice to go with it?"

Miss Maggie laughed. Then she sighed.
"Oh, yes—and that's what's the trouble. They're too nice. She fcel's smothered and oppressed—as if she were visiting somewhere, and not at home. She's actually afraid of her maid. You see, Miss Flora has always lived very simply. She isn't used to maids—and the maid knows it, which, if you ever employed maids, you would know is a terrible state of affairs."
"Oh, but she—she'll get used to that, in

"Oh, but she-she'll get used to that, in "Perhaps," conceded Miss Maggie, "but I

"Perhaps," conceded Miss Maggie, "but I doubt it. Some women would, but not Miss Flora. She is too inherently simple in her tastes. 'Why it's as bad as always living in a hote!" she wailed to me last night. 'You know on my trip I was afraid always I'd do something that wasn't quite right, before those awful waiters in the dining rooms, and I was anticipating so much getting home. and I was anticipating so much getting home where I could act natural—and here I've got one in my own house!"

Mr. Smith frowned, but he laughed.

"Poor Miss Flora! But why doesn't she

"Poor Miss Flora! But why doesn't she dismiss the lady?"

"She doesn't dare to. Besides, there's Hattle. She says Hattle is always telling her what is due her position, and that she must do this and do that. She's being invited out, too, to the Pennocks' and the Bensons'; and they're worse than the maid, she deaders. She says she loves to 'run in' and see people, and she loves to go to places and spend the day with her sewing; but that these things where you go and stand up and eat off a jiggly plate, and see everybody, and not really see anybody, are a nuisance and an abomination."

"Well, she's about right there," chuckled

Well, she's about right there," chuckled

Mr. Smith.
"Yes. I think she is." smiled Miss Mag"Yes. I that isn't telling me how to make
gie; "but that isn't telling me how to make gie: "but that isn't telling me now to make her contented."
"Contented! Great Scott!" snapped Mr.
"Contented! Great Scott!" snapped Mr. Smith, with an irritability that was Smith, with an irritability that was as sudden as it was apparently causeless. "I didn't suppose you had to tell any women on this earth how to be contented—with a hundred thousand dollars!"

hundred thousand gollars!"
"It would see so, wouldn't it?"
"You mean—you'd like the chance to prove
it? That you wish you had that hundred ousand: "Oh, I didn't say—that," twinkled Miss Maggie

Maggie mischievously, turning away.

It was that same afternoon that Mr.
imith met Mrs. Jane Blaisdell on the street. Smith met Mrs. Jane Biaisdell on the street.
"You're just the man I want to see," she
accosted him eagerly.
"Then I'll turn and walk along with you,
if I may," smiled Mr. Smith. "What can I

do for you?"

"Well, I don't know as you can do anything," she sighed; "but somebody's got to
do something. Could you—do you suppose
you could interest my husband in this Biaisdell business of yours?"

Mr. Smith gave a start, looking curiously

disconcerted.
"B-Blaisdell business?" he stammered.

"B-Blaisdell business?" he stammered.
"B-Blaisdell business?" he stammered.
"Why, I—I thought he was—er—er—interested in metoring and golf."
"Oh, he was, for a time; but it's too cold for those now, and he's got sick of them, anway, before it did come cold, just as he does of everything. Well, yesterday he asked a question—something about Father Blaisdell's mother; and that gave me the idea. Do you suppose you could get him interested in this ancestor business? Oh, I wish you could; it's so nice and quiet, and it can't cost much—not like golf clubs and caddies

Great demand for the EVENING PUBLIC LEDGER may cause you to miss an installment of this very interesting stery. You had better, therefore, telephone or write to the Circulation Department or ask your newsdealer this afternoon to leave the EVENING PUBLIC LEDGER at your home.

PLAN SECTIONAL DRIVE FOR NURSES' RESERVE

Mrs. H. D. Jump Asks Germantown and Chestnut Hill for 25 of 70

Philadelphia is short seventy women to fill its quota in the Student Nurses' Re-

To make up this deficiency, Mrs. Henry D. Jump, chairman of the woman's commit-tee of the Council of National Defense, has urged sectional drives, setting goals for lo-calities to attain.

Germantown and Chestnut Hill, which,

Mrs. Jump asserts, have fallen behind in the drive, have been called upon to furnish twenty-five student nurses; South Philadel-phia, fifteen; West Philadelphia, ten; North Philadelphia, ten, and the central district.

population of Germantown and Country they make the Mrs. Jump said, the officials had hoped they muses, but would help most in furnishing nurses, but the northeast section, where there are more wage-earning women, has atttained the pre-

e fact that many persons are out of the city for the summer may account for the falling down of the Germantown and Chestnut Hill sections," said the chairman.

WORK LAW ENDS TRIBE OF IDLERS IN MARYLAND

1534 Registered Under Compulsion, and Wages Exceeded Cost of Bureau

Baltimore, Aug. 21.—Exactly one year ago Maryland's compulsory work law was put into effect. Director George A. Mahone, of the Compulsory Work Bureau, has made public a report showing that for the year a total registration of 2831 idlers was made. Of this number 1534 registered under compulsion. Summonses were issued for 805 idlers in Baltimore city and 512 hearings were held in Baltimore station houses.

The expense of administering the law, according to Mr. Mahone, has been remarkably low when measured by the economic value of the act to the State. His comment is that the wages earned by those who have been forced to work exceeded by many times the cost of maintaining the bureau. Attorney General Ritchie, in his annual

Attorney General Ritchie, in his annual report for the year 1917, says:

"The effect of the law has been most salutary, not only through its actual successful administration, but also because of its moral influence in forcing the idle, whether with or without means, to work. It has reduced idleness in the State and helped labor conditions to a marked degree. helped labor conditions to a marked degree.
"Reports from all over the State indicate that the habitual idler has virtually disap-

WINS BRIDE IN FRANCE

Lieutenant Warfel, of Philadelphia, Shot by Cupid

J. P. Warfel, senior lieutenant at the navy yard, and Mrs. Warfel, 208 North Fiftythird street, have received word that their only son, Lieutenant Adam C. Warfel, who has been in France since last February, has been felled by Cupid's darts. His engagement to Mile. Yvonne Poupee was announced July 7 and the wedding date is set for September 2

Though the details of the romance are Though the details of the romance are not known, fragments that have come to the lieutenant's parents are such as the "best sellers" are made of. The bride-to-be is the daughter of Monsieur and Madame Edouard Poupee, whose home before the war was in the suburbs of Paris. During the raids on that city the daughter and her grandmother

the French and he was teaching her—well, something else, under the "convoy" of her mother and grandmother. That is, he called it "convoy." In France they

phia. He enlisted more than a year ago and received his training in the American Uniat Washington. He went versity camp at Washington. He went over last February in Company B, Thirty-fifth Engineers.



MAE MARSH in "Money Mad"

MARKET

PALACE 1214 MARKET STREET
ALL THIS WEEK
10 A M to 11:16 P. M

RCADIA 10:15 A. M., 12, 2, 3:45, 5:45, 7:45, 9:80 P. M. BILLIE BURKE In Paramount First Showing

VICTORIA MARKET ST. Above 9TH
ALL THIS WEEK
WM. FOX PROSE
WM. FARNUM "A SOLDIER'S
OATH"

REGENT MARKET ST. Below 17TH
Constance Talmadge
in "A PAIR OF SILK STOCKINGS" MARKET STREET

11 A. M. to 11 P. M.

CONTINUOUS

VAUDEULL "GARDEN BELLES" OTHERS

CROSS KEYS MARKET ST. Below SOTH 7-WROE'S BUDS-7

Sam S. Shubert Theatre Gala Opening Next Monday, August 26
Seats on Sale Tomorrow, 9 A. M. Sharp
William Elliott, F. Ray Comstock and
Morris Gest Present the Famous

CHU CHIN CHOW

A Musical Extravaganze of the Orient
Three Years in London-Obe Year in N. J.
D' No Advance in Prices for Opening Might.
EVENINGS & SATURDAY MAT., 50c to \$1.50,

CHESTNUT OPERA HOUSE STREET

Direction Messrs. Shubert Nights \$1.50-\$1.00-75c-50c Nights \$1.50-\$1.00-75e-50e Mats. \$1.00-75c-50c

ET NOTE CHANGE OF DATE BEGINNING AUGUST 29th THE SMASHING MUSICAL COMEDY SUCCESS

LEAVE IT TO JANE

Seat Sale MONDAY Aug. 26
HOLIDAY MATINEE LABOR DAY,
MONDAY, SEPT. 2. BEST SEATS, 11.

WILLOW GROVE PARK JOHN SOUSA

AND BAND THURSDAY, AUG. 22-SOUSA DAY CASINO Mollie Willia

GAYETY MARRY STEPPE and His RAZZIE GIRLS Trocadero Matines MONES CA

