### JUST GOSSIP ABOUT PEOPLE

#### Nancy Wynne Chats About a Number of Things-The Social Doings Are Virtually Nil in August-Son Will Not **Ride With Father Until Winter**

October.

South

TTS all very well, you know, this August Never again will he take an automobile weather, and you feel fine now that the | ride in order to keep "cool" on a hot day. awful heat is a thing to remember and not still to endure. But have you heard of anybody doing anything about these benighted parts of the country? You have not. Well, it's always the case in August and so there's nothing more to be said about that. Down by the sad sea waves the girls are bathing and some few men who have not yet been "called" and who have a few days to use up for holidays bathe with them, and at Cape May there's pretty nearly always something doing, even if it's only a steamed crab supper or movies. There's a constant turmoil of suppressed excitement there, too. What with submarines carrying on their nefarious work and chasers and seaplanes and patrols going after them, Cape May's quite a busy little place and no mistake.

The bathing is, as usual, simply splendid, and the girls there really do go in the and have a great time swimming about. But it seems to me one can't really enjoy anything thoroughly any more. Does it strike you that way? For two or three years there were the shark scares all along the coast, so that even if you did swim you kept pretty close to shore. Now it's submarines. Then there's the knowledge that "over there" the boys, who are so dear to so many even if they are not our very own, are daily facing death or dreadful wounds or imprisonment at the hands of the Germans, who hate them as much as they hate the English. You can't be awfully happy about things and yet be unselfish, carf you? And yet, you can keep your peace of mind and you must raise yourself above being unhappy because of the world's sorrows, for we know that "overmuch sorrow" is too great for any one. And besides, we have to "carry on" here as much as the boys have to "carry on" there. And it must never be said of the American women that we have not been as brave and as full of endurance as our tired but brave sisters in Belgium. England, France, Italy, Serbia and the other countries of Europe, and Asia, too, for that matter, for the English women followed their troops into Mesopotamia to nurse and aid the wounded and suffering.

Good gracious, Nancy, how you do run on! You started talking about the bathing at Cape May and the submarines, and then the first thing you know you're on the war and "carrying on." That's just it. These days you can start on any subject you please, but you end up on the war. Because it's the great vital thing that fills your thoughts, and you can't welf get away from it, cap you?

Well, anyhow, we're winning, and so that's one thing we can be glad about.

WONDER if women will ever learn not to believe all they hear, and, above all, not to repeat it? That's pretty hard on your own sex, Nancy! Yes, it is; but in the majority of cases I'm afraid it's true. Especially in these wartimes. We are tor inclined to believe all we hear. That take that went around West Philadelphia by word of mouth about the Germans cutting out the prisoners' tongues reminds me of a tale I heard several days ago.

### MOTHER AND CHILD

# ... CTOPA. ..... .... 49 Photo by Bachrach

**MRS. THOMAS WRIGHT** 

Mrs. Wright and her small daughter. Katherine. Mrs. Wright was formerly Miss Katherine Mullen, of Baltimore

"DREAMLAND ADVENTURES" By DADDY

THE HARVEST CARNIVAL A complete new adventure each week, begin-ning Monaay and ending Saturday.

#### CHAPTER V The Aerial Coaster

Mr. and Mrs. William G. Nelson, Jr., of (Peggy goes to the Birds' Harvest Lansdowne, are receiving congratulations on Carnival disguised as a Parrot, and there finds that mysterious enemics are stir-ring up discard among the Birds. A handsome Rooster warns her against Announcement is made of the marriage of Miss Gertrude Kauffman, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Henry K. Kauffman, of 2637 North Thirteenth street, and Mr. Reuben J. Cunspies.) ningham on Saturday, August 10, at the

U surprise. home of the Rey, David Spencer, pastor emeritus of the Lehigh Avenue Baptist Church, who performed the coremony. The "My gracious, if I'd known you were Princess Peggy I'd have been flirting with bridegroom and bride left on an extended

"Thank you," replied Perry "But what's all this mystery," went on General Swallow. "I'm getting all tangled up. Here's my dear little wife flirting with strangers; here's murmuring among our Birds against you and I know every one is the soul of loyalty; here are you, Princess Peggy herself, and I thought you only a meddlesome Parrot, and now I'd like to



she would be drowned. Letting go the swing. Peggy jumped far out to escape becoming entangled in the wire. As she did so she heard a loud clatter below her and in another second she landed slam-bang on a living cushion that seemed suddenly to rise from the lake. CENERAL SWALLOW looked at Peggy in you long ago," he declared

the world in war service.

big plant at Twenty-fifth street and Hunting Park avenue are seeing to that. In a club newly organized, known as the Budd Trench Club Auxiliary, the workers of the Budd plant who stay behind are extending to their comrades at war a series of gifts and serv-

The first gift is a jewel-set compass en The first gift is a jewel-set compass en-graved with the name of the recipient, and there are now 635 of these being worn by soldiers somewhere in France, in training camps in the United States and aboard war

numers, sweaters, socks and similar com-forts. The men are sending smokes, books nd magazines.

Budd Company employes from fellow-workers

at the Budd plant to read the letters h

TEACH WOMEN DRAFTING

tries' Request

established in this city, and probably the

reached as a result of correspondence we his had with leading industrial plants," s

SILVER WEDDING DAY

Mr. and Mrs. M. F. Hanson Married Twen-

Home

sends home,

the institute.



CHAPTER XVIII (Continued) MR. SMITH laughed a little.

"I shan't be answering what you want to say-but what I want to say. In this case. Miss Flora. I may exceed the prerogatives of the ordinary secretary just a bit, you see. But you can count on one thingshan't be spending any money for you"

"You won't send them anything, then?" "Not a red cent."

Miss Flora looked distressed

"But. Mr. Smith, I want to send some of em something. I want to be kind and charitable."

"Of course you do, dear," spoke up Miss Maggie, "But you aren't being either kind or charitable to foster rascally fakes like that," pointing to the picture in Miss Flora's

lap. "Are they all fakes, then"" 'I'd stake my life on most of 'em." declared Mr. Smith. "They have all the carmarks of

fakes, all right.' Miss Flora stirred restlessly "But I was having a beautiful time giv-ing until these horrid letters began to

"Flora, do you give because you like the sensation of giving, and of receiving thanks, or because you really want to help some-body?" asked Miss Maggie, a bit wearly, "Why Maggie Duff, I want to help people of course," almost wept Miss Flora.

of course." almost wept Miss Flora. "Well, then, suppose you try and give so it will help them, then," said Miss Maggie. "One of the most risky things in the world, to my way of thinking, is a present of -cash Don't you think so, Mr. Smith." "Er-ah-w-hat? Y-yes, of course." stam-mered Mr. Smith, growing suddenly, for some meneon reason, very much confused

unapparent reason, very much confused "Yes-yes, 1 do," As Mr. Smith finished speaking, he threw an oddly nervous glance into Miss Maggie's face. But Miss Maggie had turned back to Miss

"There, dear," she admonished her. "now you do just as Mr. Smith save. Just hand over your letters to him for a while, and forget all about them. He'll tell you how he answers them, of course. But you won't have to worry about them any more. Be-sides, they'll soon stop coming—won't they. Mr Smith?

"I think they will. They'll dwindle to a

"I think they will. They'll dwindle to a few scattering ones, anyway-after I've handled them for a while." "Well, I should like that," sighed Miss Flora. "But-can't I give anything any-where?" she besought plaintively. "Of course you can." cried Miss Maggie. "But I would investigate a little first dear.

"But I would investigate a little, first, dear, Wouldn't you, Mr Smith." Don't you believe in investigation?" Once again, before he answered, Mr. Smith

hrew a swiftly questioning glance into Miss Maggie's face, "Yes, ob. yes; I believe in-investigation."

he said then. "And now, Miss Flora," he added briskly, as Miss Flora reached for her wraps, "with your kind permission I'll walk home with you and have a look at-my new job of secretarying."

#### CHAPTER XIX Still Other Flies

TT WAS when his duties of secretaryshit to Miss Flora had dwindled to almost in-finitesmal proportions that Mr. Smith wished suddenly that he were serving Miss Maggie in that capacity, so concerned was he over a letter that had come to Miss Mag-

gie in that morning's mail. He himself had taken it from the letter-Maggie's little desk, Casually, as he did so, he had noticed that it hore a name he recog-nized as that of a Boston law firm; but he had given it no further thought until later, when, as he sat at his work in the living-room, he had heard Miss Maggie give a low ers and had looked up to find her staring at the letter in her hand, her face going from red to white and back to red again. "Why, Miss Maggie, what is h?" he cried. gently pushing the other back into her chair. I met Frank. Jim telephoned him some-thing, just before he left. But I want the

"Why, it—lifs a letter telling me— She stopped abruptly, her eyes on his face. "Yes, yes, tell me," he begged. "Why, you are—crying, dear." Mr. Smith, plainly quite unaware of the caressing word he had used, came nearer, his face aglow with sym-pathy, his eyes very tender. The red surged once more over Miss Maggie's face. She drew back a little,

Copyright, 1918, by Eleanor H. Porter and by the Public Ledger Co. By permission of Houghton Mifflin Co. All rights reserved. "And I suppose she thinks she's hiding it "And I suppose she thinks she's hiding it

from me-that her heart is breaking." mut-tered Mr Smith savagely to himself, as he watched Miss Maggie's nervous efforts to avoid meeting his eyes. "I vow I'll have it out of her. I'll have it out-tomorrow!" Mr. Smith did not "have it out" with Miss Maggie the following day, however. Some-thing entirely outside of himself sent his thoughts into a new channel.

He was alone in the Duff living room, and was idling over his work, at his table in the corner, when Mrs. Hattle Blaisdell opened the door and hurried in, wringing her hands. Her face was red and swollen from tears Where's Maggie? I want Maggie! Isn't ggie here?" she implored. Maggie here?" Mr. Smith sprang to his feet and hastened

"Why, Mrs. Blaisdell, what is it? No she isn't here. I'm so sorry! Can't I do-

"Oh. 1 don't know-I don't know," moaned pendently, he explained, is most disastrous. the woman, flinging herself into a chair. There can't anybody do anything, I spose; but I've get to have somebody. I can't stay the American Red Cross, has notified the chapters that in view of the great shortage of raw wool and the reduction of the producthere in that house-1 can't-1 can'tcan't

'No, no, of course not. And you shan't, southed the man "And she'll be here soor I'm sure-Miss Maggle will. But just le me help you off with your things," he urged somewhat awkwardly trying to unfasten he "Yes, I know, I know," Impatiently she

used last year by the organization. The problem of utilizing the yarn on hand to produce only those garments most essential icrked off the rich fur coat and tossed it into his arms; then she dropped into the hait again and fell to wringing her hands. nounced in a few weeks.

"But what is it," stammered Mr. Smith beiplessly. "Can't I do-something? Can't I send for-for your husband" "At the mention of her husband. Mrs. Blaisdell fell to weeping afresh. "No' no' He's gone-to Fred, you know." "To-Fred"

"Ves, yes, that's what's the matter. Oh. Fred, Fred, my boy !" "Fred." the Mrs. Blaisdell, I'm so sorry !

But what-is it The woman dropped her hands from her

The would dropped her hands from her face and looked up wildly, half deflantly "Mr. Smith, you know Fred. You liked um, didn't you? He isn't had and wieked, is be". And they can't shut him up (f-if you pay it back all of it that be took? They won't take my boy-to prison?"

to talk-to somebody. It's this way,

norning. He wanted some money

spent all of his allowance, every cent, and that's what made him take it—this other money—in the first place." "You mean—money that didn't belong to him?" Mr. Smith's voice was a little stern. "Yes, but you mustn't blame him, you mustn't blame him, Mr. Smith. He said he owed it. It was a—debt of honor. Those

he owed it. It was a-debt of honor. Those

were his very words."

In his strong and early manhood, Died upon a foreign shore. Well beloved by all his clubmates, 'To prison-Fred "

At the look of horror on Mr. Smith's face, she began to wring her hands again. "You don't know, of course. I'll have to tell you-I'll have to," she meaned.

And the Alpine members knew "But, my dear woman-not unless you

He would always help a comrade-Always ready, stanch and true. How we miss this jolly comrade, I do want to-I do want to! I've got Who lies buried o'er the sea.

No more we'll hear his happy greeting, In the ranks of Company C."

Farewell to our stricken hero, Dying midst the cannons' roa

**RED CROSS KNITTERS** 

WILL GET MORE WOOL

War Industries Board Will Supply

Them Through Organization,

**Despite Shortage** 

Although there is a serious shortage of

mol, the war industries board is handling

the new clip entirely, thus eliminating the

element of profiteering, and the Red Cross

This statement was made by George Peak.

ommissioner of finished products of the war

industries board. In answer to many inquirles

by Red Cross workers. He asks that all Red

Cross chapters buy their supplies through the

central organization, where all requirements

will be taken up and considered in the regu-

lar way with the Government. The effect of

chapters going out into the market inde-

There is immediately created a shortage for

tion of knitting yarns, the Red Cross pur-

tion through the division chapters, and it is hoped further supplies may be had. It is estimated that 10.000.000 pounds were

being studied, and the result will be an-

EXPRESS TRIBUTE IN VERSE

Lines Dedicated by Alpine Club to Mem-

her "Gone West"

Members of the Alpine Club have dedi-cated a verse. "The Stricken Hero," to the memory of Private Nathan Auritt, one of

their number, who was killed in action July

15 in the big drive "over there." Auritt a boxer, lived at 1035 Emily strest, The verse, submitted by Louis Barr, 1831

South Eighth street, a member of the Al-pine Club, follows:

villan trade. George E. Scott, acting general manager of

will get its fair proportion.

a visible effort she calmed herself a little and forced herself to talk more coherently. "We got a letter from Fred. It came this -autok morning the wanted some money-quick. He wanted seven hundred dollars and forty-two cents. He said he'd got to have it--if he didn't he'd go and kill himself. He said he'd spent all of his allowance, every cent, and

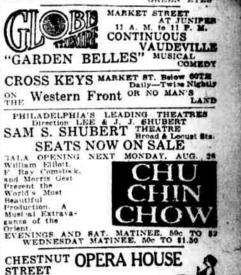


MAE MARSH "MONEY Cext Week, Madge Kennedy in "Friend Rusband"

PALACE 1214 MARKET STREET 10 A. M. to 11115 P. M. ARTCRAFT Douglas Fairbanks "BOUND IN NOROCCO" Next Week, Mae Marsh in "Glorious Adventure"

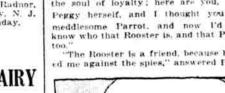
"Oh! A debt of honor, was it?" Mr. nith's lips came together grimly. "Yes: and—Oh, Maggie, Maggie, what shall I do? What shall I do?" she broke off wildly, leaping to her feet as Miss Mag-gie pushed open the door and hurried in. "Yes. I know Dood A R C A D I A 10.15 A. M. 12.2. B45. 5:45. 7:45. 9:30 P. M. BILLIE BURKE "IN PURSUIT Next Week. Wm. 8. Hart in "Riddle Gunpe" "Yes, I know Don't worry. We'll find something to do " Miss Maggie, white-faced, but with a cheery smile, was throwing off her heavy coat and her hat. A moment later VICTORIA MARKET ST. Above 97 she came over and took Mrs. Hattle's trembiling hands in both her own. "Now, first, tell me all about it dear." "You know, then?" "Only a fittle." answered Miss Maggie. In "A SOLDIER'S OATH" Next Week. Theda Bara in "Clemenceau Case"

REGENT MARKET ST. Below 11TH DOROTHY DALTON UREEN EYES



Mrs. A. M. Goss and her daughter and son in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Charles C. Neil, of 30 Leonard avenue, Camden, N. J., entertained at dinner on Saturday evening. The guests were Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Goss and their son, Mr. Paul Goss, of Parkside; Mr. and Mrs. E. Frame, of Radnor; Miss Mary Harkins

know who that Rooster is, and that Pheasant "The Rooster is a friend, because he warned me against the spies," answered Peggy. "I



## Become Bride of Mr.

An interesting wedding will be that of Miss Elizabeth B. Howard, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Howard, of Mount Airy, and Mr. J. Mark Culley, Jr., of 2449 North Thirty-third street, which will take place this evening in the Summit Presbyterian Church, Mount Airy, with the pastor, the Rev. William B. Cook, officiating. The bride's father will give her in marriage. She will wear a gown of bridal satin and georgette crepe with a veil of tulle arranged with a bandeau of pearls. A shower of orchids, bride roses and lities of the valley will be carried. Mrs. Frederick Pfeiffer, the bride's sister, will be matron of honor. Her gown will be of pink georgette crepe, and her black velvet hat will be faced with pink satin. She will carry pink gladioll. Mrs. Marian Krause, Miss Mary Miller, Miss Lydia Miller and Miss Nan Benner will be the brides-maids. They will wear frocks of ruffled organdie, the colors being robin's egg blue. deep pink, lavender and yellow, Each will wear a large black velvet hat faced with satin to match the color of her gown, and will carry asters of the same color Two girls also will attend the bride, Howard, niece of the bride, and ittle flower Miss Doris Culley, niece of the bridegroom. They will wear lingerie frocks and will carry baskets of sweetheart roses. Mr. Culley will have for best man Mr. Jack Ledlie, and for ushers his brother, Mr. Joseph Culley, Mr. William Dermann, Mr. Jean Smith, Mr. Joseph Smith, Mr. Walter Herman and Mr. Harry Core. The ceremony will be followed by a reception at the home of the bride's parents. The bridegroom and bride will spend some time in Atlantic City and will be at home after September 15 at 2648 North Thirty-third street

and Miss Margaret Harkins, also of Radnor and Miss Effle Govan, of Pine Valley, N. J They took a trip to Wildwood on Sunday, **TO BE MARRIED THIS EVENING IN MT. AIRY** 

NANCY WYNNE.

Social Activities

Mrs. William Fisher Norris, of 1530 Locust street, is at Woodbourne Farms, Dimock, Pa., where she will remain until the middle of

Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence T. Paul, of 336

R. J., for this month and part of September

Mrs. Stockton Townsend, of Bryn Mawr, is at West Outlook Camp, where she will stay

Mrs. Charles Bally has been spending some

Mrs. John Wister, of Beifield, Germantown,

Mr. and Mrs. Louis Bregy are staying at

the Profile House, in the White Mountains, N. H., until the end of the month.

Mr. Charles Gilpin, Jr., is the guest of Mr.

General L. W. T. Waller and Mrs. Waller

of the navy yard, are spending the remainder of this month and September as the guests

of Mrs. Earl D. Putnam at Waterville, N. Y

Mr. Chester N. Farr, Jr., of Chestnut Hill visiting Mr. H. G. Woodworth at Cape

Dr. and Mrs. Henry W. Gray and their family, of 5200 Wayne avenue, Germantown,

have returned to their home after a two

Mr. and Mrs. Bouis E. Bock, of 14 Rose

lane. Rosemont, are receiving congratulations on the birth of a son on August 17. Mrs. Bock will be remembered as Miss Sarah V.

Fowler, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George I.

Cod and will return September 1.

the birth of a son on August 16.

weeks' stay in Bay Head

Fowler, of Villanova,

where he will re

has gone to Woods Hole, Mass., to spend

time at a hostess house at Camp Lee, Va.

until the middle of September.

September and part of October.

L Riley at Elmer, N. J., wi main until after Labor Day.

Twenty-first street, are at Newport

## Miss Elizabeth B. Howard Will

## J. Mark Culley, Jr.

Peggy and answer.

(Tomorrow will be told how Peagy is saved and how the mysterious focs are caught.) FORM CLUB AT FACTORY

was happening she had been rushed into

"The Witch of the Night rides free," cried

the Turkey Buzzard, and down the wire shot peggy. A thrill ran through her. It was fun-exciting fun. Involuntarily she pressed

on the auto horn. "Squawk! Squawk!" it sounded, and the

"Squawk: Squawk, it soundes, and the Birds screamed their laughter. Out over the lake skimmed Peggy. Then, just as she got in the middle, the wire sud-denly sagged. It had given away at the lower end. Too late. Peggy, realized that

she had been caught in a plot. She was plunging right toward the water. In a mo-ment she would be struggling in it. Perhaps

TO AID BOYS OVERSEAS

No Dearth of Smokes or Reading Matter for 635 Former **Budd Employes** 

Plenty of socks, reading matter, smokes and other comforts are assured the 635 former employes of the E. G. Budd Manufacturing Company who are now scattered all over

Their 4000 former fellow-workers in the

The women employes of the big plant knit

springing to his feet. As she turned toward him he saw that her eyes were full of tears. "Why, it—it's a letter telling me\_\_\_\_\_

and the way the woman who was told the tale handled it should be a lessor to many. She was called to the phone for a nice little gossip fest, and the girl at the other end, after a few preliminaries, remarked: "Didn't you feel sorry for Mr. and Mrs. J--- and Frank when the news of James's death in battle came? They were awfully brave." she continued, "aw fully brave, and Mr. J said: 'It's all right. I'm proud to have him give his life for his country.' Poor man," she added. "but of course he could not keep that up all the time, and don't tell this, because he would not want any one to know he had weakened, but I saw him walking along the road two days later and he did not know any one was near, and he was wringing his hands and crying and sobbing. It's an awful thing to heat a man sob, isn't it?" she added realistically.

Well, her listener kept perfectly quiet until she had finished and then remarked: "Yes, it's very sad; but you see Mr. J---has been dead for some four years, and it does not sound like him anyhow."

That girl happened to know and nailed the ridiculous story at the beginning. Why, oh why, do we not have more common sense and stop the spreading of tales that do not help any one? On the contrary, they simply waste our valuable

time.

You remember, of course, that weather two weeks ago? I think you heard your friend Nancy say some few more or less words about it. Well, you should have heard the words that a certain suburbanite said after a merry little experience he had. He was out home on his vacation, but he found an errand in town so he could take a short ride in the car with young son, who was very cross and hot. So they started and son was tickled to death, and of course that pleases Dad a lot. They went along at a good speed and were almost cool, when all at once. just as they reached the busiest, hottest part of Market street, faint sneezes and sniffs were heard from the engine. Now engines don't get hay fever and Dad had a funny feeling about those sneezes. In fact, as he recalled the events of the day he couldn't find the moment when he had filled the gasoline tank. They managed to get as far as a side street where they could stall without being bumped into, and then Dad started off on a still hunt for a garage. Son, being too little to walk fast and too young to be left alone, had to be carried, and when you say "Wednesday" or "106" or "That hot day" in Dad's presence your life is in danger, because those words invariably bring back a picture of himself, baby on one arm, gasoline can in the other, toiling up the street surrounded hot, blue atmosphere, to revive the inting spirit of his faithlers engine.

**Reading Ore Authority Dies** 

Reading, Pa., Aug. 23.-William G. Rowe, sixty-eight years old, a mining engineer of this city since 1871, died here yesterday. Ip his time he operated iron ore mines in Penn sylvania and other States: He was a leading uthority on ores.



MISS CECILIA GROSS

Daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Nathaniel Gross, of 533 South street, whose en-agement to Mr. Nathaniel E. Godette, sen of Mr. and Mrs. Louis Godette, of 1733 North Eighth street, has been an-



She landed slam-bang on a living cushion

think the Pheasant is an enemy. I wish Billy Belgium were here to help us solve the problem. Have you seen him?" "No." answered General Swallow.

been looking for him myself. Say, look at that wife of mine flirt. I'll pull every feather out of that Pheasant's tail." "Trust your wife," whispered a voice

General Swallow turned to find the Rooster beside them. "She is serving Birdland and the nation."

"Who are you?" demanded General Swallow, fluffing up his feathers. "Never mind now." came the whispered

"Enemies are among us. Keep your eyes and ears open." With that the Rooster disappeared amid

the frolicking crowd. "There! You see he is a friend," said

Peggy. "Your wife may be trying to get information from the Pheasant." "But she needn't look at him as if she liked him better than any one else on earth." muttered General Swallow. "Til help run muttered General Swallow. "Til help run down these enemies, and if that Pheasant is one of them-well, you know what they do

to spies in the army!" Peggy tried to join in the fun of the but the disloval talk she had heard Birds, but the disloyal talk she had heard and the warning she had received were upper-most in her mind. Everywhere she wen she heard little snatches of argument among irds which showed that some one had been dropping disloyal hints into their ears

Shricks of glee came from one corner of the green. There Peggy found the Birds gathered around the end of a wire which stretched down the hill and across the little On this wire the Birds were having lake. jolly slides, coasting into the bushes on the opposite side of the water.

"Everybody rides! Everybody rides!" rasped a Turkey Buzzard, who seemed to be in charge of the fun. "The price is only two grasshoppers. Everybody rides."

Peggy, drawing close, saw that the coast-ing Birds were perched on little swings-such as are found in Bird cages. These swings slid along the wire carrying the riders skimming across the lake and into the bushes. Birds garbed as Crows assisted the Turkey and brought back the swings to new coasters.

As Poggy looked, Judge Owl went whizzing down the wire and she laughed at his frantic hoots as he tried to keep his balance

frantic hoots as he tried to keep his balance on the swing. It seemed such fun, that she wanted to try it herself. "It's Princess Peggy." she had a voice whisper near her. "We must have her if we want to win the Birds over to ar side." Peggy whirled around. The squatty Ca-nary was just running back into the dancing crowd. He was evidently the speaker. But to whom was he smaking? Peggy looked carefully about her. There were Birds of many kinds about the wire, all apparently absorbed in watching the coasting and trying to get in line for a ride.

to get in line for a ride. "Everybody rides! Only two grasshoppers

"Everybody rides! Only two grasshoppers a ride," cried the Turkey Buzzard. Then to Pergy's surprise she heard him call her assumed name. "Everybody rides, but only the Witch of the Night rides free." "The Witch of the Night rides free." "The Witch of the Night rides free."

work. The money raised by the benefit will go to the financing of amusements for the chil-dren, trips to the circus, to the country and equipment for games and athletics.

though manifestly with embarrassment, not In connection with visits to the families of the soldiers by the members of the Trench Club Auxiliary, a novel letter exchange has been established. Letters received by the

displeasure. "It's-nothing, really it's nothing," she stammered. "It's just a letter that-that surprised me."

"But it made you cry !"

in the service are turned over to their rela-tives after being read by recipients. Simi-larly, a soldier's family permits his friends "Oh, well, 1-1 cry easily sometimes With hands that shook visibly, she folded the letter and tucked it into its envelope. Then, with a carelessness that was a little too elaborate, she tossed it into her open desk. Very plainly, whatever she had meant to do in the first place, she did not now in-tend to disclose to Mr. Smith the contents of that letter.

Franklin Institute Provides Course at Indus-"Miss Maggie, please tell me-was it bad

"Bad? Why, of course not !" She laughed In response to a widespread demand from munition and other industrial plants where gavly.

Mr. Smith thought he detected a break vomen employed in drafting rooms or "But maybe I could—help you," he pleaded. tracings have demonstrated marked ability, the Franklin Institute will open the first class in mechanical drawing for women to be

She shook her head. "You couldn't-indeed, you couldn't!"

rst in the country. Heretofore women entering this branch of

"Miss Maggie, was it-money matters."" He had his answer in the telltale color that flamed instantly into her face-but her

work either had to get preliminary training n the art and textile or industrial schools. lips said: "It was-nothing-1 mean, it was nothing or in architectural and engineering offices The course at Franklin Institute will provid that need concern you." She hurried awa then to the kitchen, and Mr. Smith was left complete training now given exclusively to from to the internet up and down the room and frown savagely at the offending envelope tiptilted against the ink bottle in Miss Max-gle's desk, just as Miss Maggle's carefully The decision to open such a class was George A. Hoadley, acting secretary of

careless hand had thrown it. Miss Maggie had several more letters from the Boston law firm, and Mr. Smith knew, it -though he never heard Miss Maggie

That they affected her deeply, however, he was certain. Her very evident efforts to lead him to think that they were of no to lead him to mind that that they well of their real importance to her if nothing else had done so. He watched her, therefore, covertly, fearfully, longing to help her, but not daring to offer his services. That the affair had something to do with

money matters he was sure. That she would not deny this naturally strengthened him in this bellef. He came in time, therefore, formulate his own opinion: she had lost money-perhaps a good deal (for her), and she was too proud to let him or any one clse

He watched then all the more carefully to He watched then all the more carefully to see if he could detect any new economies or new deprivations in her daily living Then, because he could not discover any such he worried all the more; if she had lost that money, she ought to economize, cer-tainly. Could she be so foolish as to carry her desire for secrecy to so absurd a length as to live just exactly as before when she really could not afford it? If was at about this time that Mr. Smith

requested to have hot water brought to his requested to have not water brought to his room morning and night, for which service he insisted, in spite of Miss Maggie's re-monstrances, on paying three dollars' a week

Miss Maggie was almost hysterical after his visit. She talked very fast and laughed a good deal at supper that night; yet her eyes

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what-a new treasurer, or something any-how, it was going to be found out-that he'd how, it was going to be found out—that he'd taken it it was going to be found out tomorrow, and so he wrote the leiter to his father And Jim's gone. But he looked so—

whole story. Now, what is it?" "I was just telling Mr. Smith." She began to wring her hands again, but Miss Maggie caught and held them firmly. "You see, Fred.

omething, and-and he-he needed

money to-to pay a man, and he took that the money that belonged to the club, yo

know, and he thought he could pay it back, little by little "But something happened—I don't know

was treasurer of some club, or society, or

h. I never saw him look so white and ter-ble. And I'm so afraid-of what he'll do-

rible. And I'm so afraid—of what he'll do— to Fred. My boy—my boy." "Is Jim going to give him the money?" asked Miss Maggie. "Yes, oh, yes. Jim drew it out of the bank. Fred said he must have cash. And he's going to give it to him. Oh, they can't shut him up—they can't send him to prison now, can they?" "Humb dear." No they must not be "Hush, dear.' No, they won't send him to

If Jim has gone with the money, prison. If Jim has gone with Fred will pay it back and nobody will know it. But. Hattle, Fred did it, just the same." "I-I know it.

"I-I know it." "And, Hattie, don't you see? Something will have to be done Don't you see where all this is leading? Fred has been gambling.

hasn't he?" "I-I'm afraid so."

"I-fm atraid so. "And you know he drinks." "Y-yes. But he isn't going to, any more e said he wasn't. He wrote a beautiful tter. He said if his father would help him out of this scrape, he'd never get into another one, and he'd show him how much he ap-I'm giad to hear that." cried Miss

"Good," I'm giad to hear that," cried Miss Maggie "Hell come out all right, yet." "Of course he will." Mr. Smith, over at the window, blew his nose vigorously. Mr. Smith had not sat down since Miss Maggie's entrance. He had crossed to the window and entrance. He had crossed to the window and

entrance. He had crossed to the window and had stood looking out-at nothing-all through Mrs. Hattie's story "You do think he will, don't you?" choked Mrs. Hattie, turning from one to the other piteously. "He said he was ashamed of iteously. He said by ad been an awful imself; that this thing had been an awful humself: that this thing had been an awful lesson to him, and he promised—oh, he promised lots of things. if Jim would only go up and help him out of this. He'd never, never have to again. But he will, I know he will, if that Gaylord fellow stays there. The whole thing was his fault-I know was. I hate him 1 hate the whole family

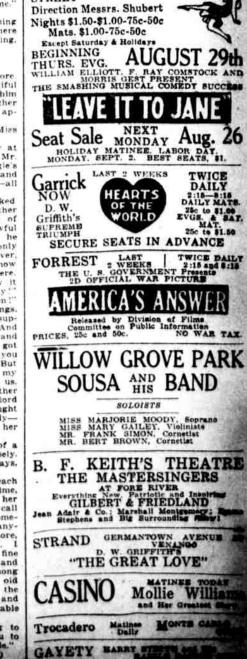
us I hate him 1 hate the whole family ' 'Why Hattle, I thought you liked them! "I don'h. They're mean, stuck-up things, and they smub me awfully. Don't you sup-pose I know when I'm being snubbed? And as bad, and that Gaylord girl-she's just

that Gaylord girl—she's just as bad, and she's making my Bessle just like her. I got Bess into the same school with her, you know, and I was so proud and happy. But I'm not—any longer. Why, my Bess, my own daughter, actually looks down on us. She's ashamed of her own father and mother —and she shows it. And it's that Gaylord girl that's done it, too. I believe. I thought I—L was training my daughter to be a lady—

girl that's done it, too. I believe. I thought I-1 was training my daughter to be a lady-a real lady; but I never meant to train her to look down on-on her own mother?" "I'm afraid Bessle-needs something of a lesson," commented Mizs Maggie tersely. "But Bessle will be older, one of these days. Hattle, and then she'll-know more." "But that's what I've been trying to teach her-more.' something more all the time. Maggie," sighed Mrs. Hattle, wiping her eyes. "And I've tried to remember and call Maggie," sighed Mrs. Hattie, wiping her eyes. "And I've tried to remember and call her Elizabeth, too; but I can't. But, somehow, today, nothing seems of any use, any-way. And even if she learns more and more, way. And even if she learns more and more, I don't see as it's going to do any good. I haven't got any friends now. I'm not fine enough yet, it seems, for Mrs. Gaylord and all that crowd. They don't want me among them, and they show it. And all my old friends are so envious and jealous since the money came that they don't want me, and they show it; so I don't feel comfortable anywhers."

anywhere."

ywhere." "Never mind, dear, just stop trying to live as you think other folks want you live and live as you want to, for a while (TO BE CONTINUED TOMORROW)



Passionist; the Rev. Edward Lyons, D. D.; the Rev. A. H. Rufe, the Rev. James C. Devers, the Rev. Vincent L. Burns and the Rev. M. A. Brown. BENEFIT FOR ORPHANS Bridge Party Proceeds Will Help Northern

extra. There came a strange man to call one day. The was a member of the Boston law firm. Mr. Smith found out that much, but no more.

A benefit bridge party for the Northern Home for Friendless Children will be given this afternoon at the Ocean City clubhouse. Between 400 and 500 women are expected to Between 400 and 500 women are expected to attend. E. T. Stotesbury will speak, outlining the work of the home. This institution, of which Mrs. G. W. Urguhart is president, was founded in 1853. It was enlarged during the Civil War, when it sheltered more than 7500 orphans. It is the only institution in Phila-delphia now that is prepared for just this work.

ty-five Years Mr. and Mrs. M. F. Hanson, of Sedgwick Mr. and Mrs. M. F. Hanson, of Deuteric celebrated the twenty-fifth anniversary of their wedding yesterday morning at a nup-tial mass at Holy Cross Church, 134 East Mount Airy avenue, Mount Airy, at 10 o'clock. The Rev. Joseph A. McCullough said

o'clock. The Rev. Joseph A. McCullough said the mass. In the sanctuary were the Most Rev. Archbishop Dennis J. Dougherty, Mon-signor James P. Turner, P. A.; Monsignor Henry T. Drumgoole, D. D., rector of the Seminary of St. Charles Borromeo: Monsig-nor Nevin F. Fisher, Monsignor Gerald P. nor Nevin F. Fisher, Monsignor Geraid P. Coghian, Monsignor Michael J. Crane, the Rev. Redmond J. Walsh, S. J., president of St. Joseph's College; the Rev. M. A. Dren-nan, C. M.; the Rev. Father Hilarion, the