JUST GOSSIP ABOUT PEOPLE

Nancy Wynne Hears More About the Elaborate Horse Show Planned for Third Week in September-Teddy Rises Rapidly in the Ranks

CAN you picture Ellen Mary Cassatt city, became the bride of Ma John H. Reuter, of Boston. cleaning the sward and the oval at the Horse Show in September? Well, that's what they are going to do.

You see, usually they have to have whole force of men to clear up and keep things in absolute order for these shows and with the scarcity of men, which we must realize will become greater every day as time goes on, and the knowledge that keeping the turf and oval and sward is not actually essential work, the girls have come into the gap and will do the work of men.

Ellen has guaranteed to keep the grounds in condition during the whole three days and she and her corps of scouts will be there morning, afternoon and evening. "Between you and me and the gatepost" I would not be one bit surprised to see "yon green sward" in a condition such as it never before attained in the history of the Bryn Mawr Polo Grounds, for it will be there that said show will take place. And by this I do not mean to be funny; I am in earnest. You know how a room looks after a man has cleaned it, and again how it looks after a woman has cleaned it. don't you? . You do. Well, that's going to be the difference out at Bryn Mawr. And. somehow, I think those scouts could have a permanent job there if they so desire.

T HEAR that at least one hundred women have given their names as patronesses of the show. It's all for the war benefit, you know, and judging from the other shows given in this country since our entry into the war will doubtless add greatly to the coffers of the war charities which fill our thoughts these days.

THE women on the committee are certainly working like trojans to make the whole thing a success, and Mrs. Strawbridge tells me that Mrs. Charlie Munn. who heads the prize committee, has reported splendid results. As I think I told you, the prizes are to include several patriotic things such as Liberty Bonds and War Stamps.

Mrs. Ned Browning and Mrs. Charles Coxe have only a few boxes left to sell. Mrs. Archibald Barklie has obtained many promises of aid for the cafeteria she will run at this show as she did at Devon. For that was one great success! My! but wasn't that vegetable salad good? The mayonnaise was simply "delish," and as for the other eats-well, those who like good cats had better go out to that show with a purse full of nickels, and dimes and quarters, and they'll get, good cats and at reasonable prices. You see, they're all donated, so it's all clear profit for the

Whatever this gymkhana is to be I don't know, but whatever it is it's going to be a success, because Mrs. Billie Clothier, Mrs. John Converse, Mrs. Harry Harrison and Mrs. Paul Mills have it in charge. And Mrs. Victor Mather and Mrs. Antelo Devereux are collecting all manner of toys to tempt the papas and mammas of certain small but very smartly clad youngsters. whose presence always adds to the joy of

THEN there's to be a pageant. That took awfully well at the Indoor Show last spring, you remember. Mrs. Tom Ashton has charge of this and Isabella Wanamaker has undertaken to dispose of a pony. Constance Vauclain and Brownie Warburton will have candy and cigarettes and "tabac" (as the soldiers who have mastered that much French call it) to sell, and altogether it will be wonderful.

THIS is a true story—you can believe it or not, as you see fit, but you have my word that it's a true story. The hero is aged ten and named Teddy. He lives near an army camp with his mother, who is writing a very technical book that lias something to do with the army, so that she has to be on the spot to get atmosphere, or information, or whatever she eeds. Teddy is the idol of the camp, and is just as much of a soldier as any of the enlisted men who spoil the life out of him. When he first arrived in town he was a private in khaki, of course, with puttees ervice hat and unadorned sleeves. Soon he became a corporal, with two stripes on his sleeve, and several weeks later he was promoted to sergeant. Feeling that his rank was not worthy of his importance he cut off the chevrons and handed himself commission. And so it went on until he was a major. About that time mother was called to Washington on business and jeft Teddy with the housekeeper until she ound how long she would have to stay there. Teddy has a liberal allowance, and it lasted pretty well for the first week of his mother's absence. Then she found that she would have to stay in Washington for several months, and so she sent for Teddy to come down to her. He had exactly a dollar and a half left, and a ticket to buy and lunch to get on the train and several dittle things like that. Teddy didn't worry, though-he knew his friends would never let him walk all that distance. And they didn't. They got together enough to buy his ticket, counting on his dollar and a half to get the lunch and other things. Then ne of them got permission to take him into town in a truck and put him safely on the train. There was a crowd of khaki waiting to wave good-by as the truck stopped at the door and the empty-pocketed ldiers were filled with unselfish pleasure at the thought of his trip. Finally he nerged, carrying his suitcase and holding n the other hand a strangely flat pocket ok. On each shoulder glistened a colonel's eagle, and the look of pride in his eyes scked the resentment in a whole company of doughboys who knew that those agies would cost them each several packages of cigarettes and bars of chocolate at the canteen that week. NANCY WYNNE.

Social Activities

interesting wedding took place last day at Eastville. Martha's Vineyard, when Miss M. Ethel Altemus, daughter inte Mr. Hany C. Altemus and Mrs. of 112 South Pittonith speci, this

The ceremony was performed by the Rev. W. R. Ferri, of Syracuse, N. V., assisted by the Rev. O. P. Gifford, of Boston, Mass.

Mrs. Daniel Haddock Farr, of Belis Mill road, Chestnut Hill, has gone to Ashfield, Mass., for the remainder of this month.

Mr. Alex C. Wood, of Riverton, N. J., is at Pine Cone Camp, North Lovell, Mass., and will leave there on Monday.

town, is spending the summer at Cotton Hill, Laconia, N. H. Mr. John Harting, son of Mr. and Mrs. Samuel T. Harting, of 22 East Johnson street, Germantown, left this week for Boston, where he will take a course in naval aviation at the Massachusetts Institute of

Mrs. Everett H. Brown, Jr., of German-

Mr. and Mrs. Paul D. Millholland, of Overprook, who have just returned from an auto-nobile trip through New York and the New England States, have received word of the safe arrival overseas of their son. Ensign James H. Millholiand, U. S. N.

The marriage of Miss Lydia M. Howell and Mr. James K. Kinkead, both of this city, was solemnized on Saturday, August 17. The Rev. H. W. Bloch performed the ceremony at the home of the bride.

G. Bunn, of Sharon Hill, and Mr. Allen D. Turner, U. S. N., of New York, at noon on Sunday, August 4. The marriage was performed in Christ Church, Norfolk, by the Rev. Francis Steinmetz. Mr. Turner, who is chief pay clerk, is now on overseas duty

Miss Helen M. Zebiey, of St. Martin's, at Sound Beach, Conn., where she will stay until the middle of September.

Mrs. Charles Roger Lucey has taken a house at 1621 Ruscombe street, Logan, where she will be at home after September 1. Mr. Lucey is now stationed at Camp Joseph Johnston, Jacksonville, Fia., after being transferred from Fort Slocum, New York, Mrs. Lucey will be remembered as Miss Ann Eliza-

Mrs. Richard Wadsworth Shurter, of 36 West Ridley avenue, Ridley Park, Pa., announces the engagement of her daughter, Miss Vanita Alice Wadsworth, to Mr. Charles Knebel Savage, of Allenhurst, N. J. Mr. Savage is physical director of Y. M. C. A hut No. 2, at Camp Dix. Mr. Peter Voorhees Bergen, of Kings

Highway, West Haddonfield, N. J., announces the engagement of his daughter, Miss Mary Disbrow Bergen, to Mr. Joseph Whitaker Pennypacker, also of Haddonfield. A pretty wedding will take place in the Chambers-Wylle Presbyterian Church this

afternoon at 2 o'clock, when Quartermaster L. Dean Berry, N. R. F., of Cape May, and Miss Olive Todd will be quietly married by the Rev. Zed H. Copp. The witnesses are Mr. A. M. Dickson and Miss Myrtle R. Todd. Mr. and Mrs. L. Edwin Roelofs, of 4698

Eleventh street, Logan, are receiving congratulations upon the birth of a son. Robert Field Roelofs. Mrs. Roelofs will be ered as Miss Elien Field Lyman. Miss Eleanor Rice, of 6371 Sherwood road,

Overbrook, has been spending some time at Cape May, where her brother, Mr. Jack Rice, U. S. N. R. F., is stationed. Mr. and Mrs. Augustus Donnelly, of North

Logan Square, are spending a fortnight at Ensign Samuel V. Hall, U. S. N., spent a short time in this city on his way from Brunswick, Ga., to New York, where he is

Miss Eleanor O'Loughlin, of 2415 North Seventh street, has been spending some time at Cape May as the guest of Miss Marie Greenfield, Mr. William Greenfield, 3d, has returned to the Aviation Training School. there he is stationed, after spending a brief furlough with his parents.

BECOMES BRIDE OF NAVY OFFICER THIS AFTERNOON

Miss Aimee M. Grignard Is Married to Ensign James M. Pratt Today

An interesting wedding will take place this afternoon at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Albert Grignard, 6807 North Broad street, Oak Lane, when their daughter, Miss Almee M. Grignard, will be married to Ensign James M. Pratt, United States naval air service, of Chatham, Mass. The ceremony will be per-formed at 4 o'clock by the Rev. E. J. Humeston, of the Oak Lane Presbyterian Church The bride's father will give her in mar-riage. She will wear a gown of silver gray georgette crepe picoted in silver and a corsage bouquet of purple orchids and lilies of the valley. Her sister, Miss Vivian Grignard, will be her only attendant, and will wear a white georgette crepe frock finished with a pink sash. Salmon pink roses and larkspurs will be combined in her arm

Mr. J. Dickson Pratt will be his cousin's best man. The service will be a quiet one, owing to the recent death of the bride's brother, and will be followed by a dinner for the two families. Ensign Pratt and his bride will leave on a short trip and will be at home after September 15 at the naval air station in Chatham.



Photo by Rembrandt MRS. LEWIS VEDERMAN

Who will be remembered as Miss Anna Hazel Shekter, of 528 Pine street. Mr. and Mrs. Vederman, who were married recently are spending the cummer at ATLE City, and in the autumn will

INTERESTED IN HORSE SHOW



MISS ELLEN MARY CASSATT Who will have charge of a group of Girl Scouts which will take care of the grounds at the Bryn Mawr War Horse Show on September 19, 20 and 21

DREXEL TO INSTRUCT WOMEN IN WAR WORK

Statistical Work—Courses Begin October 7

Drexel Institute is to join forces with noise Sam for the training of women in war work. Announcement has been made by Dr. Hollis Godfrey, president of the institute, of the opening October 7 of special training courses to fit women for Government positions as statistical secretaries.

Women graduates of high school with a knowledge of typewriting and stenography and one year's experience in the business world and women graduates of college without the typewriting and stenography or busi-ress experience are eligible to enrollment. The course for high school graduates will cover four months of intensive training in statistics. Government organization, com-mercial organization. English, mathematics and stenography and typewriting. training for college graduates will cover one year with special emphasis on those subjects not touched in the college curriculum

Graduates of the courses will be expected to go immediately into Government war work No civil service examination will be required as the training is to be given in co-operation with the civil service commission and the final examination will be equivalent to a Govern-ment examination. Only 100 students can be

accepted in each course, accepted in each course.

While these courses are the first of their kind to be established anywhere in the country, the civil service commission has announced itself ready to approve similar courses at educational institutions provided they are modeled after the Drexel courses.

BECOMES BRIDE TODAY

Miss Shepherd, of New York, Weds Mr. Ernest Harrah, of This City

The marriage of Miss Maude Gwynne daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William Shepherd, of 16 East Sixty-ninth New York, and Mr. Ernest Harrah. son of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Harrah, of this city, will take place today at the summer home of the bride's parents in Narragansett Pier, L. I. The ceremony wil be performed by the Rev. Philip M. Prescott, of Washington and Xarragansett. Miss Shepherd is niece of Mrs. Vanderbilt and a cousin Brigadier General Cornelius Vanderbilt, U. S. A.; Mrs. Harry Payne Whitney, Mr. Regi-nald C. Vanderbilt, and the late Countess Alfred G. Vanderbilt. Mr. Harrah is a graduate of the Boston Institute of Techn and is a member of the Racquet Club and the Tennis Club.

RED CROSS FETE AT LANSDALE Thousand Visitors Expected at Blue Rock Mansion Today

The Lansdale Chapter of the Red Cross will have a patriotic carnival on the lawn of Blue Rock Mansion, Miss Anna Berger's home, between 2 and 9 o'clock this afternoon and evening. The lawn will be gay with and evening. The lawn will be gay with flags and banners and there will be booths from which tempting refreshments and at-tractive handiwork will be sold. A number of boats have been donated for the visitors' use during the afternoon on the lake nearby, Samuel Conder will be master of ceremonies and there will be a program of music, readings and patriotic speeches.

Automobiles marked with the Red Gross

will be at the Lansdale trolley and railroad stations to carry guests to Blue Rock Man-sion. More than 1990 visitors are expected. WOMEN CALLED FOR WORK

Register Now and Take Jobs Government Agents Tell Them

"Register for war service now" was the call issued yesterday from the woman's divi-sion, United States Employment Service, on Arch street. In starting a great drive for female labor the leaders at the Philadelphia arters emphasized that the women of the city are not sufficiently alive to the seri-ousness of the labor shortage, particularly in fields of Government work where they

The women of America should feel proud that it is to them that the new call for help is made," said Mrs. Marle H. Haughey, one of the workers at the headquarters. must now realize that when they cannot find the kind of work they want they must take what the Government has to offer."

CHILDREN HOLD BAZAAR Will Sell Delicacies and Handiwork for the Red Cross

Children of the neighborhood near 3255. North Front street have banded together to give a Red Cross benefit in the nature of a street bazaar this evening. A number of gaily decorated stands have been placed along the square, and from these the children will serve sandwiches, watermelon and other delicacies. They will also sell embroidaries and other handwork. All of the articles to be said have been densied.

DOCTORS OF CITY LEAD IN JOINING RESERVE

Institute Will Give Training in 25 Per Cent With Colors or Soon Will Go-State Also at Top

> Philadelphia shares honors with New York as having given the largest percentage of its physicians to the service of the United States, while Pennsylvania is tied with three other States for first place

A little more than 15 per cent of the 3000 registered physicians in this city are now enrolled in the medical reserve corps and either are already with the colors or will be called soon. Of the 19,000 in the State, 22 per cent are members of the reserve corps. This is a remarkably fine showing, accord-

was refused by Surgeon General Gorgas, who in a personal letter told Doctor Krusen he was of more value as head of the local Department of Health than he would be in the army The medical officers' reserve corps grew from the volunteer medical corps, which was founded in this city by Dr. W. D. Robinson as a branch of the Council of National

ing to Health Director Krusen. Doctor Krusen tried hard to enlist, but his application

Defense. The plan was adopted all over the country, and the medical reserve was the natural corollary. Physicians in good health up to fifty-five years of age are accepted. The recruiting office is in the Bureau of Health, City Hall, and Dr. John W. West, who holds the rank of captain in the medical reserve corps, is the examining physician.

Virtually every doctor of prominence in

the city who was able to pass the physical examination has already joined the corps. POLISH WORKERS RAISE THEIR

Patriotic Celebration When Members of Midvale Ordnance Company Meet at Gate

A patriotic celebration and flag-raising by

OWN FLAG IN GERMANTOWN

the Polish contingent of the Nicetown branch of the Midvale Ordnance Company took place this morning at 12:30 o'clock. The American and Polish flags were presented by the Polish workers, who obtained permission from the company to raise them at the Wissanickon avenue gate. Representatives of th army navy and Frence commissions wer army navy and reneal commissions were seated on the platform. A band of Polish musicians and thirty-one members of the Polish White Cross Society in uniforms took part in the exercises. The Rev. Joseph Kucynski, representing the Polish people of the section, presided. Addresses were made by Mr. H. D. Booth, superintendent of the Nicetown works; Mr. T. Czarnota, who spoke in Polish and Mr. Krawary in English and Mr. Krawary in Polish, and Mr. Krawczy) in English.

J. Papara, Mr. A. Piotrowicz and Mr. A. Ziernicki represented their fellow workmen in the English and in Polish. The committee having the affair in charge included Mr. Harry Wilk, Mrs. John Glattlack, Mr. Joseph Kendra and Mr. Joseph Polaske.

NEW SERVICE HOME

Lutherans Plan Building for Use of Soldiers and Sailors The Lutheran Church contemplates opening

between Vine and Locust streets near Broad a large building where soldiers and sailors can find home comforts. It is intended to make it one of the best equipped social service headquarters conducted by any religious body in the East.

While the new home will be directed by the national Lutheran war commission, the Women's League, which is made up of 1000 women from local churches engaged in the direction will prove the lateral anytheries.

different auxiliaries, will manage it. The women will take turns in catering for the boys. Every comfort of the old home left behind, even to the mending of clothes, men in service will find provided for them.

Plans for the new building will be completed at the earliest moment, as the commission has found its work hindered by the lack of suitable headquarters here.

ST. SWITHIN FALLS DOWN

July 15 Was Dry, but Old Weather Gag Has Been Deluged

A review of the weather of the last forty days shows that as a prophet our old friend, Saint Swithin, would have made a good paperhanger. Almost any one who understands the English Janguage knows of the time-worn superstition that it will rain for forty days if there is rainfail on July 15. Conversely it will be bone dry for forty days should July 15 be rainless.

In all fairness to St. Swithin it must be

said there is no proof that he actually made such a prediction.

July 15 was fair this year, yet it has raised on exactly seventeen days since than, the total rainfall being nearly four and one-half-lisches.

"DREAMLAND ADVENTURES"

By DADDY THE HARVEST CARNIVAL

complete new adventure each week, brota-CHAPTER VI

The Dancing Golf Balls (Peggy goes to the Birds Harrest Carnival disguised as a Parrot and finds mysterious enemies spreading discontent among the Birds. She rides on an arrial coaster, only to find that it is a plot to

GUACK: Quack! Quack!" went the feathery bed on which Peggs had lained it was a Duck—a Duck scared half out of her wits. Peggs clung to her back as

she streaked desperately for shore The Duck had been askep on the bank when awakened by the wild squawking of And and you peggy's auto horn. She had dashed out over go to prison." lake just in time to have Peggy come plumping down on her back

"The Wiich of the Night ' The Witch of the Night? shricked Bird voices above.
"She's got me. The Witch has got me."
quacked the Duck in terror. Un the bank she sped and through the weeds with a rush that shook Peggy off. As the Duck fled wildly into the night, the Rooster appeared unexpectedly beside Peggy.

"Are you hur!" he asked anxiously.
"No," said Peggy "I'm just shaken up a

"We'll let the enemy think they have

drowned you. Was the strange answer of the Rooster. "Come this way."
He led Peggy through the bushes and up the hill behind a row of shrubbery. He stationed her on a little knoll where, hidden by a tree, she could see everything happening on the green without being seen herself. Then he green without being seen herself. Then he ran down and joined the crowd. The Birds were much excited over the ac-

"It was a lucky accident," croaked the "It was a lucky accident," croaked the Turkey Buzzard. "The Witch of the Night was a real witch, trying to lead you astray. We have saved you from her. She has been drowned as she deserved to be. Now you can have your fun in peace, undisturbed by

The Birds discussed this with loud chat ter. Going around among them Peggy saw the Pheasant, the sountry Canary and the Crows. Peggy knew how easily her feather. crows. Peggy knew how easily not leather of subjects could be led astray. She feared the results of this cvil work among them.

But now there came something new to distract attention! Out from the shrubbery came running a group of queer, round-headed creatures, which Blue Heron pompously announced as "The Beautiful Lost Golf Balls." They began a dance in the Golf Balls." They began a dance in the center of the green, while the Blids gathered around. As they danced the Balls sang:

"We are lucky, Golf Balls Flying where er Fate calls. Whoever with us flirts Will get his just deserts

With that the Lost Golf Balls danced around the circle, apparently seeking partners, Judge Owl offered himself and was ejected. So was Blue Heron. But when the Balls came to Turkey Buzzard, to the Pheasant, to the squatty Canary, and to the



"We'll let the enemy think they have drowned you!"

three Crows, they were quickly chosen, and dragged unwillingly into the dance Then began a queer, fantasile frohe, that grew wilder and wilder, the cricket orchestra being spurred on to greater and greater Peggy san the Rooster come He was watching the dance intently, ow! Now!" shouted the Rooster unexpectedly.

Over the necks of the dancing Birds, the Golf Balls suddenly threw gariands of flow-ers. Then, to the astonishment of Peggy and of all the Birds, the Golf Balls suddenly took their own heads in their hands and threw them straight at their partners, knocking

them over ker-smack.
At the same time the Rooster three aside is costume, and shot up into the air as tall s a young Giant. Peggy, astonished, saw as a young Giant. Peggy, astonished, saw that it was Billy Belgium. "Grab hold!" shouted Billy. At that the

bodies of the Golf Balls, revealed as very active young Frogs, seized hold of the Balls and held tight. The Turkey Buzzard tried to flop into the air. But the garland of flowers was a siring. This string was at-tached to the golf ball, and on it the Frogs were pulling with all their might, while the surprised Birds ran to their aid. In a moment Billy Belgium had the Turkey Bozzard by the throat. Another moment and Turkey Buzzard was in a cage which Billy brough from behind the shrubbery. In with him were popped the Pheasant, the squatty Can-

ary and the Crows.

Then Billy Belgium turned to the crowd and explained. "Loyal Birds of Birdland," he began. was discovered today that enemy Birds of was discovered today that enemy Birds of German descent or sympathy were plotting to take advantage of our carnival disguises tonight. They planned to come among us to try to turn us aside from our war work through evil, complaining talk. General Croaker, leader of the Frogs. overheard the plot and brought the word to me. It was plot and brought the word to me. too late to warn you, so aided by brave Mrs Swallow here. I have been doing detective work and finding who they were. The re-

sults you have seen. "To show you how wicked they are, they not only talked against our beloved Princess Peggy, but even tried to drown he: She was Witch of the Night! he Witch of the Night:
"They drowned our beloved Princess Peggy.
Kill them! Kill them!" shricked the Birds

in quick anger.
"No. I'm here, safe and sound!" cried "Only I'm hurt because some of you regsy. Only i in nuri necause some of you believed what the spies said."
"Not now." shrieked the Birds. "Every one of us is a loyal war worker."

"And to think I suspected my brave, beauti-ful, loyal, little wife," said General Swallow, embracing his bride. "I'll never be jealous

"Let the fun go on." shouted Billy Belum. "We have cause to celebrate" And the fun did go on fast and furiously gium. hours and hours, until Peggy from sheer weariness crept off to a corner to rest a moment. She must have dropped asleep, for the next thing she knew she was back nome in her own bed and it was morning.

'(In her next adventure Peggy has an odd experience with a reformed bandit.)

Iron and Steel Expert Dies

Iron and Steel Expert Dies

Pottstewn, Pa., Aug. 24.—Joseph Hartshorne, seventy years old, an expert in the
iron and steel industry, often called as a
witness in metallurgical patent cases, is dead
here. He was a son of the late Dr. Edward
Hartshorne, of Philadelphia, was graduated
from Haverford College and the Massachusetts Institute of Technology and
tools a postgraduate course at the University
of Pennsylvania. For twenty-four years he
was a member of the vestry of Christ Episcopal Church and for ten years was rentor's
warden.

OH, MONEY! MONEY! So by Eleanor H. Porter Author of Pollyanna

CHAPTER XIX (Continued) M is. HATTHE smiled faintly, wiped her eyes again and got to her feet

You talk just like Jim. He's always saying that "Well, just toy it," smiled Miss Maggie. beining her visitor into the bixurious fur

"Would 1" Mrs. Hattie's eyes were wistbut almost instantly they showed at alert gleam of anger

Well, anyhow, I'm not going to try to do what these Gaylords do any longer, And—and you're sure Fred won't have to

"I'm very sure," nodded Miss Maggie. "All right, then, I can go home how with some comfort. You always make me feel better. Magge, and you, too Mr. Smith. I'm much obliged to you, thood-by."
"Good-by." said Mr. Smith.
"Good-by." said Maggie. "Now go home and go to bed, and do you you want out.

and go to bed, and don't worry any more of you'll have one of your headaches." As the door closed behind her visitor Miss Maggie turned and sank into a chair. She looked worn and white and utterly weary

"I hime she won't meet Frank or Jane where." She sighed profoundly. "Why?" What do you mean? Do you think they'd blame her-about this unfortunate af-

Miss Maggie sighed again. "I wasn't thinking of that I was thinking of another matter. I just came from Frank's.

"Yes?" Something in her face sent a questioning frown to Mr. Smith's own c Do you remember hearing Flora say that lane had bought a lot of the Benson gold

ine stock?

"Yes."
"Well, Benson has failed, and they've just "Well, Benson has railed; and they be just found out that that gold mine stock is worth about two cents on a dollar."
"Two cents." And how much..."
"Affour \$10,000," said Aunt Maggie wear-

Mr Smith set down. Well, I'll be-He did not finish his sentence.

Frankenstein: Being a Letter From John Smith to Edward D. Norton,

CHAPTER XX

Attorney-at-Law MY DEAR NED-Wasn't there's story written once about a fellow who created some sort of a machine man without any soul that raised the very dickens and all for him? Frank-Frankenstein?-I guess that was it. Well, I've created a Franken-stein creature—and I'm dead up against it to know what to do with him.

"Ned, what in Heaven's name am I going to do with Mr. John Smith? Mr. John Smith. et me tell you, is a very healthy, persistent insistent, important person, with many kind friends, a definite position in the world, and no small degree of influence. Worse yet (now prepare for a stunning blow, Ned!), Mr. Smith has been so inconsiderate as to fall in Yes, he has. And he has fallen love, as absolutely and as idiotically as if h were twenty-one instead of fifty-two. Now will you kindly tell me how Mr. John Smith is going to fade away into nothingness. And, even if he finds the way to do that, shall he before fading, pop lin question for Mr. Stanley G. Fulton, or shall he trust to Mr. Stanley G. Fulton, or shall he trust to Mr. Stanley G. Fulton's being able to win for himself the love Mr. John Smith foudly hopes is his?

"Seriously, Joking aside. I'm afraid I've

made a mess of things, not only for myself, but for everybody else

'First, my own future. I'll spare you rhapsodies. Ned. They say, anyway, that there's no fool like an old fool. But I will admit that that future looks very dark to me if I am not to have the commanionship of the like yourse. Margie 10ff, Oh, yes, it's if Fam not to have the combanions in of the little woman. Maggie buff. Oh, yes, it's lits all Poor Maggie. You've probably guessed as much. As for Miss Maggie herself, perhaps it's conceited, but I believe she's not entirely indifferent to Mr. Joan Smith. How she'll was in indifferent to Mr. Joan Smith. How she'll like Mr. Stanley G. Fulton I have my doubts: but, alas! I have no doubts whatever as to what her opinion will be of Mr. Stanley G. Fulton's masquerading as Mr. John Smith! And I don't envy Mr. Stanley G. Fulton the job he's got on his hands to put himself right with her, either. But there's one thing he can be sure of, at least if she does care for Mr. John Smith, it wasn't Mr. Stanley G. Fulton's money that was the balt.

for Mr. John Smith, it wasn't Mr. Stanley G. Fulton's money that was the balt.
"Poor Maggir" (There' you see already I have adopted the Hillerton vernacular.)
But I fear Miss Maggie is indeed "poor" But I fear Miss Maggie is indeed "poor" now. She has had several letters that I don't like the looks of, and a call from a villainous-looking man from Boston—one of your craft. I believe thegging your pardon! I think she's lost some money, and don't believe she had any extra to lose. She's as proud as Lucifer, however, and she's de-termined no one shall find out she's lost any money, so her laugh is gayer than ever. But I know, just the same, I can hear something in her voice that isn't laughter.

I know just the same, I can hear something in her voice that isn't laughter.
"Jove! Now, what a mess I have made of it! I feel more than ever now like the boy with his ear to the keyhole. These neople are my friends—or, rather, they are Mr. John Smith's friends. As for being mine when I Smith as Fullon? Will they who am t. Smith or Fulton. Will they be Fulton's friends after they find he is John Smith? Will they be Smith's friends, even, after they find he is Fulton? Pleasant position I am in' What? "Oh, yes, I can hear you say that it serves

ne right and that you warned me and that I was deaf to all remonstrances. It does, you did, I was. Now, we'll waste no more time on that. I've admitted all you could time on that. Ive admitted all you could say. I've acknowledged my error and my transgression is ever before me. I built the box, I walked into it and I deliberately shut the cover down. But now I want to get out. the cover down. But now I want to get out. I've got to get out—some way. I can't spend the rest of my natural existence as John Smith, hunting Blaisdell data—though sometimes I think I'd be willing to, if it's the only way to stay with Miss Maggie. I tell you, that little woman can make a home out of But I couldn't stay with Miss Maggie.

Smith wouldn't have money enough by his board, to say nothing of inviting to pay his board, to say nothing of inviting Miss Maggie to board with him, would he? The opening of Mr. Stanley G. Fullous last will and testament on the first day of next November will effectually cut off Mr. John Smith's source of income. There is no provision in the will for Mr. John Smith Smith would have to go to work. I don't think he'd like that. By the way, I wonder do you suppose John Smith could carn—his sait, if he was hard but to it? Very piainly, the sait is the way hard but to it? then, something has got to, be done about getting John Smith to fade away, and Stan-ley G. Fulton to appear before next Novem-"And I had thought it would be so easy."

Early this summer John Smith was to pack up his Biaisdell data, bid a pleasant adieu to Hillerton, and betake himself to South America. In due course, after a short trip to some obscure Inca city, or down some little-known river, Mr. Stanley C. Fuiton would arrive at some South American hotel from the interior, and would take immediate passage for the States, reaching Chicago long before November first, "There would be a slight flurry, of course.

and a few annoying interviews and writesps; but Mr. Stanley G. Fulton always was known but Mr. Stanley G. Futton always was known to keep his affairs to himself preity well, and the matter would soon be put down as merely another of the multi-millionaire's eccentricities. The whole thing would then be all over, and well over. But—nowhere Great demand for the EVENING PUBLIC LEDGER may cause you to miss an installment of this very interesting story. You had better, therefore, telephone or write to the Circulation Department or ask your newsdealer this afterness to leave the EVENING PUBLIC LEDGER at your home.

"And even after all this. I haven't accomplished what I set out to do—that is, find the future possessor of the Fution million (unless Miss Maggle—bless her!—says 'yes! And even then some one will have to have them after us). I have found out one thing, th. As conditions are now, I should not either Frank, or James, or Flora to hough. lave them-not unless the millions could oring them more happiness than these hundred thousand aplece have brought.

possibilities of—a Maggie Duff. And now, to me, that same Maggie Duff is the only thing worth considering—anywhere. So there you are:

Honest, Ned, that miserable money has made more—But, never mind. It's too long a story to write. Fit tell you when I see you. There's still the possibility you know, that Mr. Stanley G. Fulton is lost in darkest South America, and of course, lohn Swith search. and, of course, John Smith can go to work!

"I believe I won't sign any name-I haven't got any name—that I feel really belongs to me now. Still, I might—yes, I will sign it "FRANKENSTEIN."

CHAPTER XX.

Sympathies Misplaced THE first time Mr. Smith saw Frank Blais-I dell after Miss Maggie's news of the forty-thousand-dollar loss, he tried, some-what awkwardly, to express his interest and sympathy. But Frank Blaisdell cut him

"That's all right, and I thank you," he cried heartily. "And I know most folks would think losing forty thousand dollars was about as had as it could be. Jane, now, is all worked up over it; can't sleep nights, and has gone back to turning down the gas and eating sour cream so's to save and help make it up. But me—I call it the best thing that ever happened."

"Well, really," laughed Mr. Smith; "I'm ture that's a very delightful way to look at t-if you can."

"Well I can; and I'll tell you why. It's put me back where I belong—behind the counter of a grocery store. I've bought out the old stand. Oh, I had enough left for that, and more! Closed the deal last night. Gorry, but I was glad to feel the old

"But I thought you-you were tired of rork, and-wanted to enjoy yourself," stammered Mr. Smith. Frank Blaisdell laughed. "Tired of work-wanted to enjoy myself, indeed." Yes, I know I did say something like that. But, let me tell you this Mr. Smith. Talk about work! I never worked so hard in my life as I have the last ten nonths trying to enjoy mysrlf. How these folks can stand gadding round the country week in and week out, feeding their stomachs on a French dictionary instead of good United States meat and potatoes and squash and spending their days trapsing off to see things they sin't a mite interested in, and their nights trying to get rested so they can go and see some more the next day, I don't inderstand.

Mr. Smith chuckled. "I'm afraid these touring agencies wouldn't like to have you write their ads for them, Mr. Blaisdell!"

"Well, they hadn't better ask me to," smiled the other grimly. "But that ain't all. Since I come back I've been working even harder rying to enjoy myself here at home-knockin' silly little balls over a ten-acre lot in a game a healthy ten-year-old boy would scorn

"But how about your new car? Didn't enjoy riding in that?" bantered Mr.

"Oh, yes, I enjoyed the riding well enough; lou I didn't enjoy hunting for punctures, putside of the critter to find out why she didn'tgo." And that's what I was doing And that's what I was doing most of the time. I never did like machinery, ain't in my line "

"I suspect, Mr. Smith, there ain't anything in my line but groceries. It's all I know. It's all I ever have known. If-if I had my life to live over again, I'd do different.

"I'd see if I couldn't find our what there was in a picture to make folks stand and stare at it an hour at a time when you could see the whole thing in a minute if wan't worth lookin' at anyway, even for a minute. And music, too, Now, I like a good tune what is a tune; but them caterwaulings and dirges that that chap Gray plays on that fiddle of his-gorry, Mr. Smith I'd rather hear the old barn door at home squeak any day. But if I was younger. I'd try to learn to like 'em. I' would'! Look at Flora. She can set by the hour in front of that phonograph of hers and not know."

"Yes, I know," smiled Mr. Smith.
"And there's books, too," resumed the other, still wistfully "I'd read books—if I could stay awake long enough to do it—and I'd find out what there was in 'em to make a good sensible man like Jim Blaisdell daff over 'em—and Maggie buff, too. Why, that little worsh, used to go hunder. little woman used to go bungry sometimes, when she was a girl, so she could buy a book site wanted. I know she did. Why, I'd a' given anything this last year if I could got interested-really interested, reading I could 'a' killed an awful lor of time that way. But I couldn't do it. I bought a lot of em, too, an' tried it; but I expect I didn't begin young enough. I tell ye Mr. Smith, re about conje to the conclusion that there ain't a thing in the world so hard to kill as time. I've tried it, and know. Why, I got so I couldn't even kill it eatin'—though I most killed myself tryin' to! An' let me tell ye another thing. A full stomach ain't in i with bein' hungry an' knowing a good din ner's coming. Why, there was whole weeks meaning of the word 'hungry.' You'd oughter seen the jolt I give one o' them waiter-chaps one day when he comes up with his paper and his pencil and asks me what I wanted. 'Want?' says I. 'There sin't but one thing Want? says I. There sin't but one thing on this earth I went, and you can't give it to

me. I want to want something. I'm tired of bein so blamed satisfied all the time!"
"And what did—Alphonso say to that?" chuckled Mr. Smith appreciatively. "Alphonso" Oh, the waiter-fellow, You mean? Oh, he just stared a minute, then mumbled his usual Yes, sir, very good, sir, and shoved that confounded printed card of his a little nearer my nose. But there: I guess you've heard enough of this. Mr. Smith, It's only that I was trying to tell you why im actually glad we lost that money. It's

give me back my man's job again."
"Good! All right, then. I won't waste
any more sympathy on you," laughed Mr.

"Well, you needn't. And there's another thing. I hope it'll give me back a little of my oid faith in my fellow man." What do you mean by that?"

Just this. I wonet suspect every man, woman and child that says a civil word to me now of having designs on my pockel-book. Why. Mr. Smith, you wouldn't believe it, if I told you the things that's been done and said to get a little money out of me. Of course, the open gold-brick schemes I knew enough to dodge, 'most of 'em (unless you count in that darn Benson mining stock), and I spotted the blackmailers all right, most

generally (TO BE CONTINUED MONDAY)

CLUB TO HONOR FIGHTERS

Gibbons Social Organization to Unfurl Service Flag This Afternoon Members of the Gibbons Social Club raised

community flag at Twenty-fifth and Christian streets this afternoon, There are 150 members of the club now in the service, one of whom, George

Ford, mentioned in recent casualty lists, is now in a French hospital, a victim of gassing The flag will contain the words, "From Grays Perry Road to Berlin," "Rebby" Cal-houn will be master of ceremonius. The Philadelphia nolice hand will him.