# IUST GOSSIP ABOUT PEOPLE

Nancy Wynne Tells of Refreshment Tent at Cape May, the Proceeds of Which Go to the Red Cross-Other

**Doings** in Society

TOLD you yesterday about the Emer- | Dam, Me., and will remain until the middle of September. gency Aid shop on the Boardwalk at Cape May, and I have since learned of another enterprising work going on down there for the benefit of war charities. It's a beach tent, wherein sandwiches, cakes and other things are sold during the bathing hour.

Do you remember when you were small child the long, thin old man who used to come down on the beach at bathing hour every day? And how you begged the pennies out of "Mother's" or "Father's" pocket to buy the "simply delicious" home-made gingersnaps and pretzels he used to sell? What was his name? Not that it makes any essential difference: it was the cakes that counted, but with each cake went a kindly smile. I can't remember his name, though I can visualize his spare, old figure. He used to pack the cakes in bags of six and twelve and call them for five and ten cents, respectively. And if you ever wanted anything good you first took your dip in the salt water and then with hands still wet grasped the thin, crisp gingersnaps, which on many occasions were still a tiny bit warm, and your teeth just sank into

them. Umh, umh and again umh! If those girls have anything like those to offer I don't wonder they are making money. They have candy, cake, sandwiches and cigarettes for sale, and most of the "eats" are donations from the cottagers; so it's pretty good for a small place like Cape May to be able to say that since July 4, when they started the tent, they have taken in more than \$300 for the Red Cross. Edith Wilson and Amy Robinson are prime movers in the work and certainly deserve much praise for making a success of it.

HAVE you been over to 708 Market street to see the Food Dehydration Exposition which is being held there? You ought to go, you know, for you can't help learning a lot. It's under the auspices of the National League for Women's Service, directly in charge of a commit tee of women from the Main Line headed by Mrs. Phillippus Miller, Mrs. Adolph G. Rosengarten, Mrs. Rollin Wilbur, Mrs. Horatio Gates Lloyd, Mrs. Horace W. Sellers, Mrs. Henry H. Pease, Mrs. W. W. Hepburn and Mrs. Oliver A. Judson.

Through the intense heat of the last few weeks these women have stood at their posts for the sake of patriotism and have demonstrated all the practical ways of dehydrating and drying fruits and vegetables for winter use. That, you see, has been and is the purpose of the exhibit. The Federal food administration is interested in the work and has indorsed it all very enthusiastically.

Even before we went into the war Mrs. Miller had been interested in this work and has done a great deal of it in the canning kitchens of the Main Line. She and Mrs. Charles Penrose, whose death occurred last winter, started a cooking club many years ago, and every week or so one of the members of the club entertained the others at a luncheon of her own cooking. Then when the war came on these practiced cooks were early in the work, and all credit is due them for their untiring efforts and splendid results.

TSN'T it amusing, when you are with some people who are afraid in storms, but who are equally afraid imparting their fear to any small children?

It was in a camp this summer and there was a terrific thunderstorm; so bad that one member of the little camp colony

Mr. and Mrs. James Henry Simpson, of the

Powelton apartments, announce the marriage of their daughter, Miss Katherine Gabriel of their daughter, Miss Katherine Gabriel Simpson to Mr. Milton L, Hohlfeld, son of Mr. ar. Mrs. Herman L. Hohlfeld, of Lincoln drive, Germantown. The marriage took place on Saturday, August 24 in New York.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph A. Swain, of Queen ane, Germantown, spent the week-end at Beach Haven.

## WONDERS OF ORIENT IN "CHU CHIN CHOW"

**Capacity House Sees Opening of** New Shubert Theatre With **Gorgeous** Spectacle

When the most fantastic of fairy tales be-comes riotous reality anything is possible. Our own austere and venerable William Penn evidently realizes this quite well. At any rate, he never turned a hair when the clock beneath his feet on City Hall tower last night swung back a cool 3000 years, making the world's most ancient author of fairy tales

the inaugural spirit of Philadelphia's newest and, in the opinion of many, handsomest theatre. For it might truly be said that Scheherazade, she of the fertile fancy who enchanted the Sultan Schahriar, and incidentally made the fortune of Sir Richard Burton, with he matchless Arabian Nights Tales, formally opened the new Sam S. Shubert Memorial Theatre on South Broad street. For it was

Theatre on South Broad street. For it was one of the most gorgeously imaginative fables of old Bagdad that was most gorgeously bedied forth when the long-heralded "Chu Chin Chow" made a record-breaking house forget for more than three solid hours whether it was the heat or the humidity

Even Scheherazade herself, wandering in spirit through this sometime dreary world, must have been dazed and dazzled by the sheer opulence of color, the variety of incldent, the richness of atmosphere with which Measrs. William Eillott, F. Ray Comstock and Morris Gest mounted her story of All Baba and the Forty Thieves. The staging exhibits the unfettered imagination of a William Shakespeare (or a Francis Bacon) and the infinite detail of a Theodore Dreiser. In its pageantry of scenes, its bizarrerie of cosng, its ebuilience of plot, it compares to the ordinary "extravaganza" as does the pea-cock to the barnyard fowl, or the hasheesh pipe to the Missouri corncob.

The delightful miniature scenes which alternated with the huge "sets" were as atmos-pheric as the latter, which showed colorful street bazaars, enchanted caves, desert vistas

ind glittering harems. The danger of squandering indiscriminate superlatives on "Chu Chin Chow" is to miss the essential spirit of the thing. The very mificence iffcence of a production may make it But all the lavishness of "Chu Chin " does not stiffe its quaint fairy tale pall. spirit, its captivating inconsequentiality of structure. Its plot, "written and created by" Oscar Asche, is frequently confusion worse confounded. But the audience is serene in the assurance that doesn't really matter, and evels in the naive, simple musical numbers provided by Frederick Norton, even when

hey do, on rare occasions, smack suspiciously f the "Follies" and "Passing Shows," The verve of last night's performance is undoubtedly largely due to the fact that the staging is by E. Lyall Swete, who participated in staging the original production. which has been running for three years in union has been running for three years in London and who staged the first American production in New York one year ago. Pictorial effectiveness and a certain jocose simplicity of outline, rather than authentic his-trionism, are the qualifities that have been tressed in most of the many characterizations Florence Reed as the slave girl, who is the

pivotal figure in accomplishing the ruin of the robber chief masquerading as Chu Cnu. Chow, the merchant, contributed the single piece of "intense" acting. She is ideally suited to the role and played it with author-ity. Lionel Braham in the title role "fletcherized" his lines so severely that many of them were lost, but his appearance was the very

incarnation of sinister savagery. It would be impossible to do justice here to the capital characterizations of many the artistic. Th others in the cast's long roster. Richie Ling All Bab but Eugene Cowles might have made the role of Abdulla less wooden. But the spirit of the performance generally was spiendidly maintained, and even the yaks, camels, donkeys and other animals introduced in some scenes

## MADGE KENNEDY SCORES | LAUGHTER REIGNS IN GOOD SHOW AT KEITH'S IN DELIGHTFUL COMEDY Mae Marsh at Palace-Arcadia

## **Barnes and Crawford and Blossom** Seeley Head Bill of

in Other Good Photoplays

STANLET-"Friend Humband." with Madge Ken-nedy. Story by Lois Zeilner. Directed by Charence G. Badger. Goldwyn play. A combination of good story, intelligent direction and fair cast makes this newest Goldwyn product a winner. In the selec-tion of Rocliffe Fellowes as a leading man, he opening scenes make the spectator wonder why such a husky person has been cho-sen when there are so many lighter juvenile leads, but when the action gets under way the reason for the choice is apparent. The hero has to swim, climb, jump, run an auto and fight four highwaymen a la Douglas

Madge, Kennedy is the girl who marries to gain the residue from an estate. She pur-chases a husband of convenience, but finds out that she loves him after being kidnapped on an island and her husband is wounded in

Has New Hart Film-Variety

a fight. The absence of the soft lightings are noticed in this production, for there are numerous opportunities for beautiful tonings throughout. Only once did a scene show spe cial effort. The direction was good and Mr. Badger should be given more Goldwyn

stories to direct. In the unfolding of this delightful comedy there appeared, besides the two principals above mentioned, George Bunny, brother of the late John Bunny ; Paul Everton, William Davidson, Jean Armour, Raymond Hackett and an unprogrammed farmer boy.

PALACE-"The Glorious Adventure." with Mase Marsh, Directed by Hobart Henley. From story by Edith Barnard Melano, Goldwyn play Goldwyn's greatest fault is its lack of good They have the distories for its players. They have the di-roctors and sense of the artistic in settings, but only a few of a year's output of movies have carried interesting plots. Hobart Hen-ley has worked hard with this script, but the results are handicapped.

The plot concerns the death of an aunt who leaves her money to a niece. Following an idea of the aunt, this girl travels northward, meeting the hero of the story, who was involved in an employes' strike. The girl gives her money to these men and returns home, where, of course, the hero also

goes. Mae Marsh was effective as the girl and appeared to good advantage in many beautifully arranged lightings. Her leading man Wyndham Standing, presents a pleasing ap-pearance. Alec B. Francis, Paul Stanton, A. Voorhees Nood, Ivan Christy, Sarah Alexander and Mabel Ballin are in the support Several good character studies were intro duced to lend atmosphere.

ARCADIA-"Riddle Gwane." directed by and with William S. Hart. Story by Charles Alden Seltzer. Arteraft play. Director Hart has made a fine production

featuring himself in the part of a western man. It would be interesting to see a pro-duction some time in which this player appears in a different character than those which have "trade-marked" him as a "man

This is the movie which has been "scenariod" from a story by Charles Setzer, "The Vengeance of Riddle Gwane," and is forceful as well as interesting. It is a story of revenge and carries the spectator through an hour of intense dramatic situations

The selection of the scenes has been par-ticularly happy, for they lend themselves to the pictorial. The introduction of silhouettes to describe the actions of two of the char-acters is particularly good. Katherine Mac acters is particularly good. Katherine Mac-Donald has the role opposite Mr. Hart, while Lon Chaney makes an effective villain. Gretchen Lederer, Gertrude Shart, Leon Kent, Milton Ross, E. B. Tilton and many ranchers have the supporting roles.

REGENT-"The House of Mirth." with special cast. Directed by Albert Capellani. Metro play. This is a complicated scenario, and yet

the manner in which Director Capellani has carried each character through the story is a credit to his ability. He also had the advantage of a good cast, whose individual acting was excellent. To those who have read Edith Wharton's book there will be the added interest in seeing how the finale has been handled. The ending of the film leaves a doubt as to whether or not the heroine dies, while in the original novel the poison acts.

Husbands, wives, lovers and fortune hunt ers are here all mixed in what is supposed to be a representation of life in society's upper strata. The settings are within keepupper strata. ng, while the photography gives touches of

exceptional cast includes Katherine Harris Barrymore, as the heroine; Christine Mayo, Lottie Briscoe, Pauline Welsh, Maggie Western, Nellie Parker, Sidney Bracy, Ke ton Greene and Morgan Jones. Edward Abeles, Henry Kolker, Joseph Kilgour and W. D. Fisher have the principal male roles.

Merit

Comedians may now commandeer applause f an audience is indifferent to their efforts. F. Roy Barnes did it last night at Keith's it the point of a gun. The weapon carried a bayonet and those present decided to see the point quickly when Barnes wandered into the audience. He, with his partner, Bessie Crawford, scored one of the hits of the show but it was by no means the biggest. If any one had possessed a laughometer it would have undoubtedly registered more laughs for Charles Irwin, whose name was barely on the bill, than any act in the show. Irwin carried no fancy trappings or sets but he presented a wealth of new ideas in the way f songs and stories. He could have easily taken numerous encores or 'stopped the

Blossom Seeley sang and danced and was assisted by a quartet and a high-powered cornetist. She wore many striking costumes in the course of an act which throbbed with yncopation. At the close of her act eeley's husband. "Rube" Marquard, the amous baseball player, appeared and took a bow with her.

Marquard is now doing his bit in Uncle Sam's navy. Clara and Emily Barry who formerly ap-

peared in vaudeville with George proved emphatically that they can do well in vaudeville by themselves. They landed a deserved hit with songs and stories.

An abundance of spontaneous comedy was offered by Percy Bronson and Winnie Bald-win, formerly of "So Long, Letty." They were highly appreciated. Fradkin, the violininst and Jean Tell, a talented soprano, fered a high-class musical act with good results.

Others who won approval were Foster Ball and Kernan Cripps, in a soldier com-edy; La Veen and Cross, in a burlesque on Roman sports, and Harry and Hattle See-buck, in an athletic act. Seeback is the vorld's champion bagpuncher and his partner is an athletic girl of striking beauty. Pictures of the Allied Fourth of July celebration in Paris concluded the show. These pictures are presented by the Red Cross to which all revenues go.

### Trail Hitters-Gavety

James E. Cooper's burlesque, "The Trail Hitters," opened the week at the Gayety ast night. With Johnnie Weber as the prin-ipal comedian, others in the cast are George Hitters. last night. S. Banka, Charles Edwards, Don Trent, Augusta Lang, Elsic Bestel and "Babe" Rich-man, assisted by a beauty chorus.

## "DREAMLAND ADVENTURES" By DADDY SECRET OF THE

HOLLOW TREE A complete new adventure each week, begin-ning Monday and ending Saturday.

### CHAPTER II The Bag of Gold

(Peggy is urged by Blue Jay to visit (Peggy is urged by Blue Jay to visit Bandit's Rooat to see proof that the Jays have earlied the right to return to Birdland. She learns that a bank has been robbed of Liberty Loan money, and Blue Jay thinks he knows where the robber is.) P(0,0) (N) is dear in a thisticdown belown

FLOATING along in a thistledown balloon. so Peggy found, produced a different ser tion from flying in an airplane or being sation from light in an arplane or being carried by a bird. There was no breeze, for she was borne by the wind itself. This created the feeling that she was standing still. Only when she looked down at the trees and fences racing by far below did

she realize that she was really moving at train speed.

train speed. The balloon jumped about a lot, just like a bit of fluff from a milkweed pod. At one moment it would be just above the tree-tops, and the next instant a current of air would shoot it up towards the sky. Once she drifted over a country church steepie which threatened to catch and hold her, but a vigorous shove of her toe on the very tip of the spire sent her bounding upward. Peggy found this a very de-

Altogether, Peggy found this a very de-lightful way to travel. Soon they salled over Birdland, but it Soon they salled over Birdahad, but it was so very early in the morning that the Birds were not yet stirring. Peggy thought what fun it would be to wake 'em all up by dropping a fire-cracker among them. like an aviator drops a bomb. But then she reflected that the fire-cracker might land right in a near and blow baby birds all to pleces. So, first all she was kind she didn't have one.

ruins of the fire-wrecked forest.

did you get the seed?" "Cherry pits that the women's canning

The

her queer airship.

and planting them."

stroyers.

tree.

mean.

Jay.

"I'd forgotten all about it."



happlest.'

up both hands

Miss Maggie

lap,

aide

nothing.

"Yes

with the

estament.

inst

Maggie.

he'd be

ous eyes.

little precipitately.

November

twenty millions."

dreamily fixed on space

"Er-that is I mean, perhaps she's made the best use of the hundred thousand." stammered Mr. Smith. "She's been-er-the

come to look at it that way."

Why, y-yes, perhaps she has, when you

"But you wouldn't-er-advise this Mr.

"Mercy !" laughed Miss Maggie, throwing

both hands. 'She'd faint dead away at mere thought of it."

palms upward, was gazing fixedly at

"Of just what-are you thinking?" he de-

"I was thinking-of Mr. Stanley G. Ful

I was wondering-about

"Yes. I was wondering what he had done th them." "Had done with them?"

"Oh, you were !" The odd something had increased, but Miss Maggie's eyes were still

"Yes, in the letter, I mean." She looked up now in faint surprise. "Don't you re-

mainder of the property-his last will and

Smith, turning on his heel again. "Then you think-Mr. Fulton is-dead?" Mr. Smith, was

very carefully not meeting Miss Maggie's

"Why, yes, I suppose so." Miss Maggi-

urned to her meditative gazing at nothing. The two years are nearly up, you know— I was talking with Jane the other day—just

"Yes, I know." The words were very near

a groan, but at once Mr. Smith hurriedly repeated, 'J know-1 know!'' very lightly.

ndeed, with an apprehensive glance at Miss

he'd be back by this time. And so I was wondering-about those millions," she went

on musingly. "What do you suppose he

done with them?" she asked, w animation, turning full upon him.

Miss Maggle laughed merrily.

"So it seems to me if he were allve that

'Why, 1-1- How should 1 know?" stut-

"You wouldn't, of course-but that needn't

"Of course!" Mr. Smith laughed now, a the precipitately. "But, indeed, Miss Mag-

gle, you turned so suddenly and the question

was so unexpected that I felt like the small

boy who, being always blamed for every thing at home that went wrong, answered

tremblingly, when the teacher sharply de-manded, 'Who made the world?' 'Please

malam. J did; but I'll never do it again ! "And now," said Mr. Smith, when Miss Maggie had done laughing at his little story.

do you think Mr. Fulton has done-with that

gie shifted her position, her face growing in-tently interested again. "Twe been trying to remember what I know of the man."

"What you-know of him " cried Mr. Smith, with startled eyes. "Yes, from the newspaper and magazine accounts of him. Of course, there was quite

a lot about him at the time the money cam

and Flora let me read some things she'd saved in years gone. Flora was always in-terested in him, you know."

"Why not much really about the man. Be-ides, very likely what I did find wasn't true, bb, he was eccentric. Everything mentioned

that. But I was trying to find out how he'd

spont his money himself. I thought that might give me a clue-about the will, I

"Yes; but I didn't find much. In spite of is reported eccentricities, he seems to me to have done nothing extraordinary."

"He doesn't seen to have been very bad." "No?" Mr. Smith's eyebrows went up "Noy very good either, for that matter."

"Sort of a nonentity, perhaps." Mr. Smith's

Oh, indeed !" murmured Mr. Smith.

Well, what did you find?"

Oh, I see

Popular

lips snapped tight shut

"I don't know what to think." Miss Mag-

"suppose I turn the tables on you?

make you look as if I'd intimated that you had them ! I was only asking for your opin-ion, Mr. Smith," she twinkled, with mischlev-

tered Mr. Smith, a swift crimson dyeing his

has

Whu

I thought that

with sudden

yes, I remember." assented Mr.

member? There was a letter-a selecter to be opened in two years' time, said that that was to dispose of the

manded at last, coming to a pause at

her hands idly resting in he

"Humph! Yes, I suppose so." Mr. Smith turned on his heel and resumed his restless pacing up and down the room. From time to time he glanced futively at Miss Maggie.

Fulton to leave her-his twenty millions?

Constricted, 1918, by Eleanor H. Porter and by the Public Ledger Co., By permission of Honghion Millin Co., All rights reserved.

CHAPTER XXII (Continued) THE book in Mr. Smith's hand slipped to

the floor with a bang; but no one was noticing Mr. Smith. "Oh, Hattie, don't blame the hundred thou-

and dollars," cried Miss Maggie. "Jim says it was, and Fred does, too. They talked awfully. Fred said it was all ust the same kind of a way that 1'd tried to make folks call Jim 'James." He said I'd been trying to make every single 'Jim'

ve had into a James, until I'd taken away il the fun of living. And I suppose maybe le's right, too." Mrs. Hattle sighed pro-"Well, anyhow I'm not going to undly. do it any more. There isn't any fun in it anyway. It doesn't make any difference how hard I tried to get ahead. I always found mebody else a little 'aheader,' as Benny calls it. So what's the use?

"There isn't any use-in that kind of trying Hattle

ton," she answered, not looking up. "Oh, you were!" There was an odd some-thing in Mr. Smith's voice. "No. I suppose there isn't. Jim said I wa like the little boy that they asked what would make him the happlest of anything in the world, and he answered Everything that I haven't got.' And I suppose I have been something like that. But I don't see as I'm any worse than other folks. Everybody goes for money; but I'm sure I don't se why—if it doesn't make them any happer than it has me! Well, I must be going." Mrs. Hattle rose wearily. "We shall begin to pack the first of the month. It looks like a mountain to me, but Jim and Fred say they'll help, and \_\_\_\_."

Mr. Smith did not hear any more, for Miss laggle and her guest had reached the hall and had closed the door behind them. But when Miss Maggie returned Mr. Smith was sacing up and down the room nervously

"Well," he demanded with visible irrita s soon as she appeared, "will you tell me if there is anything-desirable

-that that confounded money has done?" Miss Maggie looked up in surprise.

"You mean-Jim Blaisdell's money?" he

asked. "I mean all the money-I mean the \$300. 000 that those three people received. Has it ever brought any good or happiness-any-

Oh, yes, I know," smiled Miss Maggle, a little sadly "But--" Her countenance changed abruptly. A passionate earnestness came to her eyes. "Don't blame the money -blame the spending of 11.1 The money lsn't to blame. The dellar that will buy televers to the movies will just as quickly buy a good book; and if you're hungry, it's up to you whether you put your money into checolate celairs or reast beef. Is the money to blame that goes for a whisky bill or a gambling debt instead of for shoes and "Why, n-no" Mr. Sm

Mr. Smith had apparently lost his own irritation in his amazement at hers. "Why, Miss Maggie, you-you seem worked up over this matter."

"I am worked up, this matter, "U am worked up, The always worked up -over money, IU's been money, money, money ever since I could remember We're all after it, and we all want it, and we strain every nerve to get it. We think its going to bring us happiness. But it won'tthings that even money can't buy. Besides it isn't the money that does the things, any way-it's the man behind the money What do you think money is good for, str. Smith?" "Why, Miss Maggie, it-it-i-I-T----" "It isn't good for anything unless we car

exchange it for something we want, is it? "Why, 1-1 suppose we can give it-

"But even then we're exchanging if for something we want, aren't we? We want to make the other fellow happy, don't we?"

"Well, yes, we do." Mr. Smith spoke with adden fervor. "But it doesn't always work sudden fervor. "But it doesn't always that way. Look at the case right here. Now very likely this-er-Mr. Fulton thought those \$300,000 were going to make these people happy. Personification of happinessthat woman was, a few minutes ago, wasn't shaw Mr. Smith had regained his air of aggrieved trritation.

"No, she wasn't. But that wasn't the money's fault. It was her own. She didn't know how to spend it. And that's just what I mean when I say we've got to do our part -money won't buy happiness, unless we exchange it for the things that will bring happiness

"If we don't know how to get any happi ness out of \$5, we won't know how to get it out of \$500, or \$5000, or \$500,000. Mr. Smith. I don't mean that we'll get the same amount out of \$5, of course-though I've seen even that happen sometimes-but I mean that we've got to know how to spend "He never did," stormed Mr. Smith; th hastliy, "I'm sure he never did. You wro him. I'm sure you wrong him."

"Maybe I do," sighed Miss Maggie. "But when I think of what he might do-\$20,000,-000! I can't grasp it. Can you? But he didn't do-anything-worth while with them, so far as I can see, when he was living, so so far as I can see, when he will may that's why I can't imagine what his will may Inters why I can't imagine what his will may be. Probably the same old perfunctory char-ities, however, with the Chicago law firm in-stead of 'James' as disburser—unless, of course. Hattie's expectations are fulfilled, and he divides them among the Blaisdeils here." "You think—there's something worth while he might have done with those millions, then?" bleeded W. Smith a sudday are ullions.

pleaded Mr. Smith, a sudden peculiar wistfulness in his eyes.

"Something he might have done with them!" exclaimed Miss Maggie. "Why, it seems to me there's no end to what he might nave done-with twenty millions."

"What would you do?"

"I?-do with twenty millions?" reathed.

"Yes, you." Mr. Smith came nearer, his ce working with emotion. "Miss Maggie, "Yes, you." Mr. Smith came nearer, his face working with emotion. "Miss Maggie, if a man with twenty millions—that is, could you love a man with twenty millions, if—If Mr. Fulton should ask you—if I were Mr. Fulton—if—" His countenance changed sud-denly. He drew himself up with a cry of dismay. "Oh, no—no—I've spolled it all now. That isn't what I meant to say first. I was going to find out—I mean, I was going to tell—Oh, good heavens, what a. That tell. Oh, good heavens, what a- That

onfounded money-again!

Miss Maggie sprang to her feet. "Why, Mr. Smith, w-what-" Only the rrisp shutting of the door answered her, With a beseeching look and a despairing gesture Mr. Smith had gone. Once again Miss Maggle stood looking after

Mr. Smith with dismayed eyes. Then,

Air. Smith with dismayed eyes. Then, turn-ing to all down, she came face to face with her own image in the mirror. "Well, now you've done it, Maggie Duff." she whispered wrathfully to the reflection in the glass. "And you've broken his heart! He was—was going to say something—I know he was. And you? You've talked money, money money to him for an hour noney, money to him for an hour.

"You said you loved money; and you told what you'd do-if you had twenty millions of follars. And you know-you know he's as oor as Job's turkey, and that just now he's et you \_\_\_\_ Twenty mill hat counted against \_\_\_\_

With a little sobbing cry Miss Maggle covered her face with her hands and sat down, helplessly, angrily.

(CONTINUED TOMORROW)

## MARRIED, GO TO PARIS

Philadelphia Girl and Rumanian Officer Wed in New York

In a few days Major and Mrs. Livius D. They are were as Miss Adele Humphreys, 5551 Overbrook avenue, will leave for Parla, They were married yesterday in New York city by the Rev. Dr. George Clarke Houghton, of the Little-Church-Around-the-Corner, The ny was performed in the Waldorf-Aserem oria Hotel

Major Telusanu was sent to Washington

ix months ago as the military attacha for Rumania, in whose services ne lost his right arm in the 1916 campaign against Germany. In Washington he met Miss Humphreys, who

The bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Humphreys, and her sister, Mrs. G. S. Ire-land, of New York, Westbury and Philadel-

"On the Italian Front"-Nixon

The military spectacle, "On the Italian ront." by General Pasano, is the feature

of the Nixon's bill. None the less interesting

are the several other numbers on the pro-

Gram. Frank Gaby, ventriloquist, amuses. Carlisle and Rome, with a musical revue, have a number of hits. Mr. and Mrs. Archi-

and dances, and Alexander and Fields make

up the remainder of the vaudeville bill. Enid Bennett, in "The Vamp," is the film feature.

SONES

MARKET

ABOVE

STREET

11:15 A.M.

11:15 P. M.

VAUDEVILLE

CHU

CHIN

CHOW

MUSICAL COMEDY Seats Now on Sale POPULAR HOLIDAY MATINES LABOR DAT. MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 3 REST SEATS, 51.00

business

pleasure

Trocadero MAT. GIRLS FROM

before

bald Falls, with a wealth of comedy,

Konho

MADGE KENNEDY

FRIEND HUSBAND

Added-RIVERTON'S AQUATIC CARNIVAL

MAE MARSH "THE GLORIOUS Thurs., Fri. & Sat.-NORMA TALMADGE A D

A R C A D I A 10:15 A M. 12. 2. 3:45. 5:45. 7:45. 9:30 P. M. WM. S. HART in Arteraft Picture "RIDDLE GWANE"

VICTORIA MARKET Above 5/1H ALL THIS WEEK THEDA BARA CLEMENCEAU CASE

NEXT WEEK-WM. FARNUM IN "RIDERS OF PURPLE SAGE"

THE HOUSE OF MIRTH

RIALTO REVUE

"EGGS" AND OTHERS

PALACE 1214 MARKET STREET

ave-

ALL THIS WEEK

The s

as been interested in Red Cross work

phia, were present at the ceremony

who had retired arose and, carrying her small daughter in her arms, crossed from her porch to the next and joined the group of other women who were huddled in a corner trying to forget the lightning and thunder by conversing in even tones, which sounded something like this: "Did you see the fish John (whew) caught to-"No, my dear, but I heard it was-(GRACIOUS! Look at that!) WONderful." "I was with him (oh, Mary, did you see

that flash?), and it was really huge. (Do you think that's hail?)" Well, they went on and on, and baby's

mother even tried to join in between flashes, until small Betty zemarked wonderingly, "Why, mamma, what's 'er matter? You 'faid?" "No indeed, dearle," replied mamma, jumping as if a pin had gone into her. "I'm not afraid, but I was worried for fear you might be, and so brought you in here with the others."

I hate to have to say that three-year-old Betty did not look perfectly convinced. NANCY WYNNE.

Social Activities

An engagement of interest to persons in this city and New York announced today is that of Miss Mary La Vie, daughter of Mr. George A. La Vie, of 24 West Eighty-eighth street, New York, and Mr. Van Campen Heilner, son of Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Heil-ner, of this city and Spring Lake. The dding date has not yet been set.

Mr. George Harrison Fisher is visiting his brother-in-law and sister, Mr. and Mrs. Wil-liam H. Hart, at his summer home in York Harber, Me. Mr. Fisher will remain until September 18.

Mrs. Joseph M. Walker, 3d, who is spendthe summer at the home of her parents, and Mrs. Thomas DeWitt Cuyler, at averford, returned on Saturday from Narregarsett Pier, where she had motored with her cousin, Mrs. Oliver Eston Cromwell. Captain Walker is reported to be steadily improving at a hospital in France.

Mr. J. Rutherford McAllister, of Chestnut , has gone to Chazy, N. Y., for a stay of

17. William H. Dixon has gone to Sugar Hill in the White Mountains. He is staying at the Hotel Lookout.

The Women's Club, of Germantown, held the last Monday afternoon tea at the head-quarters at the old Johnson house, Wasn-inston lase and Germantown avenue, yester-day. Miss Brinton gave a talk on the new nds of fish that are on the market as a

Mr. and Mrs. Bayard Henry, who have been spending some time in Quebec, Canada, are traveling home by slow stages, stopping at various points of interest.

Mrs. Jagode, of this city, is visiting Mrs. Arthur Murphy at her cottage at Highland Basch, on the Jersey coast.

Mrs. Caspar Morris has gone to Upper

appeared to be on their mettle. Much attention was bestowed by the audience upon the beautiful lines of the theatre, and its tasteful color scheme of old rose and gray with gold decoration, as well as the gray with gold decoration, as well as the spacious stairway, which has been preserved, evoked praise. A large portrait of the late Sam S. Shubert adorns the black-and-white marble lobby, and after the performance Miss Bad scad o clouing tribute from Morris Cost Reed read a glowing tribute from Morris Gest to the man whom the playhouse honors and the part played by him and his firm in the

affairs of the theatre. Breezy Show at Casino

Although war is levying a heavy toll or Philadelphia, it is very apparent from the character of burlesque presented at the Casino last night, and also from the manner by which it was received, that the city does not intend to suspend the burlesque

type of amusement. Harry Hastings' "Big Show" was on the boards at the popular Casino and was well received. It only received what it deserved, for it proved to be an excellent production. Hastings' show is lively from the start until the curtain drops on the final number and a

the curtain drops on the final number and a cast of old-time comedians and new-time chorus girls in daring costumes keeps the audience in a happy mood. Among the prin-cipals are Alma Bauer, Phil Peters, Hazel Lorraine, Marjorie Bandaville, Alice Guil-métic, Harry Hollis, Lee and Cort and Coocin and Amato

## "Don't Stop"-William Penn

A show of exceptional merit marked the opening of the season at the William Penn. "Don't Stop," a musical revue, is the head-line attraction, and justily deserves that spot on the bill. This act, which is a miniature flows with good comedy and catchy songs. The cast is up to the minute and takes full advantage of every opportunity. Burns and Kissen, in comedy and songs;

Fadle and Bamsden, in the sketch, "Charlie's Visit," and Weber and Ridener also scored hits. "To Hell With the Kalser," the photoplay attraction, is full of thrills and surprises and so the Germans. and serves to show the atrocities

## "Rising Generation"-Colonial

"The Rising Generation," a juvenile act, well presented, is the best offering this week at the Colonial. The young players are sifted with an abundance of humor and they "put their lines across well." They received arm approval. and King, in songs and dances

the Flying Summers, in some exceptionally difficult gymnastic feats: Greenles and Wil-liams, dancers, and Charles Class, who rena number of songs, were among rood adts. Alma Rubens in "False other good adts. Alma Rubens in "False Am-bition," a pleasing photoplay, concluded the performance.

#### Fred Binder at Trocadero

Fred Binder at Trocadero Fred Binder and a company of good bur-leque performers presented "Giris From the Follies" at the Trocadero last night. Binder, as the chief comedian, divided honors with Harry Van, Charles Ascott, Al Casey, May Barlow, Anna Armstrong, Ray Winthrop, Francis Woodford and Babe Lyvetta. A well-balanced chorus gives Binder and other principals splendid support.

STRAND-"Till I Come Back to You," directed by Cecil B. De Mille. Story by Jeanle Mac-pherson. Arteraft play. Jeanle Macpherson will be remembered for her good scenarios of "Joan the Woman" and "The Woman God Forgot," as well as a lot of smaller productions. Her faculty for giving the little details of a story makes her work worth while. In its direction she has had the happy choice of Cecil B. DeMille.

This story concerns the conflict in Europe as seen from the standpoint of a child. In it is to be found a knowledge of the psychole-ogy of children, while her study of a Belgian child is very good. The Belgian King, Amer-ican soldiers and German spies are the characters introduced.

Butler Clonbaugh is none other than that sterling actor, Gustav von Seyfferitz, who is now a director in his own right, He has the role of the German agent. Florence Vidor, recalled for her playing opposite Ses-sue Hayakawa, is the heroine. Others in the cast include Georgie Stone, the boy, Julia Fave Lillian Leighton Clarence Geldart Giracci, W. J. Irving, Winter Hall and

F. Butterworth. The Victoria is offering Theda Bara in a revival of "The Clemenceau Case," while at the Locust is to be found D. W. Griffith's "The Great Love."

This is the final week for "Hearts of the World" at the Garrick and "America's An-swer" at the Forrest."

"Keating's Kut Ups"-Cross Keys Klara Keating's Kut Ups furnished a Cross Keys and was by far the most at-tractive on the week's unusually attractive bill. The comedy sketch "A Jolt From Jane" ilso was unusually funny and helped to teep the audience in an exceptionally good Among the other good acts were Raines

and Goodrich, in varied songs; the White Steppers Fisk and Fallon and, lastly, but by no means least, the Celli Opera Company, which presented an unusually good act.

### J. Raymond-Nixon Grand

From the standpoint of real entertainment From the standpoint of real entertainment the character monologue given by J. Ray-mond is easily the best thing on the bill at the Nixon Grand. His stories overflow with wit and have the ring of consistency. Ray-mond's act generally is a vaudeville relief and a pacemaker for originality. "Liberty Afiame" is a good patriotic feature. Others on the bill are the Three Eddys, Merritt and Bidewell, West and Coffman and Gwinnell end commany.

### Melody and Mirth-Globe

Melody and Mirth-Globe This week's varied program at the Globe vaudevile house fairly bubbles over with melody and mirth. "Eggs," a musical tabloid, and the Rialto Revue are jingly, tuneful fea-tures, while the Seven Wroe's Buds are clever juvenile singers and dancers. Other worth-while numbers are Marlette's Manikins; None Naess, singing comedienne; Coupe and Houghton, song and dance sketch; Burke Brothers and Kendall, jugglers; Fabor and Taylor, comedy offerings; Harry Morbil and company, in "Self-defense"; Fox and Ingra-ham in bits of musical comedy.

and to make the mos "I reckon-you're right, Miss Maggle."

"I know I'm right, and 't imit the money's fault when things go wrong. Money's all right. I love money. Oh, yes. I know-we're after all, she was glad she didn't have one. Far up the river was the lonesome hill hich the Birds called Bandit's Roost. Here taught that the love of money is the root of stood the hollow tree in which Blue Jay and his gang had their refuge when danger But I don't think it should be so-ily. I think money's one of the most all evil. necessarily. I think money's one of the most wonderful things in the world. It's more than a trust and a gift—it's an opportunity. balloon skimmed along bigh above the hill and Peggy wondered how she was going to get down. She didn't have a para-chute and there seemed no way to stop and a test. It brings out what's strongest in us, every time. And it does that whether it's \$5 or \$500,000. If—if we love chocolate irs and the movies better than roast beef But the Jays knew how to manage it. They caught hold of the thistledown in their claws and pulled with all their might. Slowly they and good books, we're going to buy them whether they're chocolate eclairs and movie on \$5, or-champagne suppers and Paris tragged the balloon to earth; anchoring be-

Miss Maggie gave a shamefaced laugh and trapeze until she could reach a wild grape vine and down this she slid in safety.

sank back in her chair. "You don't know what to think of me. of "Come, see our orchards," screamed Blue Jay, leading the way to a burned-over slope. Peggy wondered what he could mean, but course; and no wonder," she sighed. "I I've felt so bad over this-this money bu "Bu as right here under my eyes. I love them followed eagerly among the blackened atumps. "There, isn't that a fine job," he cried, pointing to rows of small green sprouts arranged in an orderly way amid all, every one of them. And you know how it's been, Mr. Smith. Hasn't it worked out to prove just what I say? Take Hattle this afternoon. She said that Fred declared she'd

been trying to make every one of her 'Jima' a 'Jamea,' ever since the money came. But he forgot that she did that very same thing "What are they?" asked Peggy. "Cherry trees," declared Blue Jay proud-, while the other Jays giggled at Peggy's before it came. All her life she's been try-ing to make \$5 look like \$10; so when she got look of surprise. "See how vigorous they are. In a couple of summers they'll be husky young trees. We Jays planted every the \$100,000, if wasn't six months before s was trying to make that look like \$200,000. one of them." "How splendid." exclaimed Peggy. "Where 'I reckon you're right.'

"Jane is just the opposite. Jane used to buy ingrain carpets and cheap chairs and cover them with mats and tidies to save

"You're right she did "

army threw over," exulted Blue Jay. "We worked hard for weeks bringing them here Miss Maggie laughed appreciatively. "Why did you do it?" asked Peggy won-"They got on your nerves, too, didn't they? Such layers upon layers of covers for everything! It brought me to such a pass that I went to the other extreme. I wouldn't deringly. "We wanted to show you and the Birds that Jays can be useful citizens when they want to be, I guess now you'll admit that protect anything-which was very repre-hensible, of course. Well, now she has pretty dishes and solid silver-but she hides them we can be crop producers as well as de "I surely will," agreed Peggy. "I guess bags and boxes, and never uses them exyou've earned the right to be taken back into Birdland." All the Jays gave a happy chuckle and hopped about in a queer little cept for company. She doesn't take any mo comfort with them than she did with the i grain carpets and cheap chairs. Of course, that's a little thing. I only mentioned it to illustrate my meaning. Jane doesn't know how to play. She never did. When you can't spend five cents out of \$100 for pleasure dance of joy. "And that isn't all we've done," continued Blue Jay, leading her to a part of the hill too rugged to be used as an orchard. "Look spend five cents out of \$100 for pleasure without wincing, you needn't expect you're going to spend \$5 out of \$100,000 without feeling the pinch." laughed Miss Maggie. "And Miss Flora? You haven't mentioned at these nut trees we've planted, hickory, wainut and beech." "Wonderfull" orled Peggy. "And we've gathered a big store of beech and hazel nuts, too. You can give them to humans for food. They are in our hollow

"Poor Flora-and when she tried so hard

Off the Jays flew, so fast that Peggy had to quiet her conscience because she had so much money! But you know how that was. You helped her out of that scrape. And on the Jays new, so tast that Peggy had difficulty following them. When Peggy reached the holiow tree, she found the Birds in a council of indignation. "See what's happened." screamed Blue Jay. "Some one has piled up rocks so that was. You neipen mer out of that scrape. And she's so grateful 'She told me yesterday that she hardly ever gets a begging letter now." "No; and those she does get she investi-gates." asserted Mr. Smith. "So the fakes we can't get at our storehouse. I call that "It surely is," agreed Peggy. "I'll clean

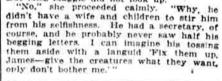
gates." asserted Mr. Smith. "So the fakes don't bother her much these days. And ahe's doing a lot of good, too, in a small way." "She is, and she's happy now." declared Miss Maggie. "except that she still worries a little because she is so happy. She's dis-missed the maid and does her own work... I'm afraid Miss Flora never was cut out for a fine-lady life of leisure, and she loves to putter in the kitchen. She says it's such a relief, too, not to keep dressed up in com-pany manners all the time, and not to have that horrid girl spying 'round all day to see "It surely is," agreed Peggy. "I'll clear them away for you." She went vigorously at the rocks, and soon opened a hole through them. Reaching in to get a grip on a particularly large stone, her fingers touched a piece of cloth. Inside the cloth was something hard. Wondering what it could be she drew it out. It was a small bag, heavily loaded. As she lifted it from the hole, several gold pieces fell from a hole in the side. "There's the bandit's money." cried Blue pany manners an the time, and not to have that horrid girl spying 'round all day to see if she behaves proper. But Flora's a dear." "She is! and I reckon it worked the best with her of any of them." "Worked?" hesitated Miss Maggia. "There's the bandit's money." cried Blue (In the next chapter Peggy plans to recover the stolen money.)

"Perhaps-though really be that-not very well-with twenty millions, could he? But I mean he wasn't very bad nor very good. He didn't seem to dissipated or mixed up in any scandal, or to be recklessly extravagant, like rich men.

Miss Maggie laughed softly.

"On the other hand, I couldn't find that he'd done any particular good in the world. he'd done any particular good in the Some charities were mentioned, but they were Some charities were mentioned. But they were Some charities were mentioned, but they were perfunctory apparently, and I don't believe from the accounts that he ever really inter-ested himself in any one—that he ever really cared for—any one." "Oh, you don't!" If Miss Maggie had looked up she would have met a most discon-cetting expression in the eyes bent upon her. But Miss Maggie did not look up. "No." she proceeded calmiy. "Why he

REGENT MARKET ST. Below 17TH GIOBE MAUKET STREET 11 A. M. to JUNIFER CONTINUOUS









and company.