JUST GOSSIP ABOUT PEOPLE

Nancy Wynne Tells of Red Cross Benefit in Cape May-Delightful Hostess House at Ocean City-Lancaster Inn for Convalescents

OU know there's been quite a Red Cross drive going on down at Cape fay, and it's to end with a bang-up big me tomorrow. I heard today that a conpert had been planned to be given on the ler by the Y. M. C. A. commissee. And they have asked the Orpheus Quartet from Philadelphia to go down and sing "In a Persian Garden" for them. You know the uartet does this sort of thing for various enefits, and the members have really been plendid this season helping different war

In June they gave an out-of-door perormance of this same song cycle in the Sotanical Gardens. They wear appropriate costumes and carry out everything to make the picture for the eye as well as the sound for the ear.

Miss Edna Harmon Baugher is the so prano, and Miss Elizabeth Dickson con-traito, Philip Warren Cooke is the tenor and Donald Redding the barytone. And all the voices are good, indeed more than good, so I predict that tomorrow's per-formance will rank with the best ever given in Cape May. And that's going

The two women in the quartet have von great applause this year singing in the various hospitals and soldiers' camps. Just think, they have been to Dix, Cape May, Wissahickon Batracks, Allentown Lewes, Del.; Lee, Va.; Somerton, Gettysburg, Fort du Pont and several others. And to say the men have been pleased is putting it mildly. The quartet goes as often as possible, but sometimes the men cannot get away, so the two women have been constantly in demand.

HAVE you heard about the Hostess House in Ocean City? It is unique in being the only one of its kind along the coast, I am told.

Of course, there are other Hostess Houses, but they are usually connected with the camps, where men in the service can entertain the women members of their families who go to see them. This one at Ocean City, however, is entirely different It is situated right on the boardwalk, in a building donated by Mrs. Oswald J. De Rousse, of Germantown. They give board, lodging, bathing suits and entertainment to anybody in the service without cost. The house was opened July 1 and in the first week entertained 400 men. In the last six weeks they have entertained about 1000 men.

The idea of this kind of a hostess house originated with Mrs. Kenton Warne, a cottager at Ocean City. While out walking one evening she heard two sailors asking a policeman if there was a club anywhere down there where they could go. When he replied in the negative, they seemed so disappointed that Mrs. Warne began to think and think. That very evening she called on several friends, and by the next orning the Hostess House was an established idea and soon became a living fact.

In the first week of its existence the fire broke out at the camp in Tuckahoe, so they helped entertain the soldiers from there. Recently a new upright piano was given to the house by Mrs. Alfred Gray. Mrs. R. McN. Davis gave the use of a eautifully furnished apartment to the Hostess House for the remainder of the eason, and thus the women in charge of the undertaking have been able to entertain seven convalescent sailors from the Philadelphia Navy Yard, Mrs. Andrew Paul has also donated rooms in her apartment.

Plans are on foot to celebrate "Hero but the date has not yet been settled upon. Mrs. Kenton Warne is chairman, and the other hostesses are Mrs. Oswald J. De Rousse, Mrs. Andrew Gray, Mrs. Russell, Miss Anna Craeth, Mrs. Maschal, Mrs. Frank Campion, Mrs. R. A. Whetstone Mrs. M. Noble, Mrs. Weimer, Mrs. Mc-Caughn, Mrs. Crawford, Mrs. Dorman, Mrs. John Fite, Mrs. Smithson and Mrs. A. L.

DID you know that Lancaster Inn has been given to the Bryn Mawr Hospital as a Home for Convalescent Soldiers? Isn't that fine? That's one reason why the hospital committees are so anxious that the Horse Show shall be a success for the proceeds, you know, are to go to the hospital. And as there is quite a little deficit now, it is felt that that must be met first before the war work of the hospital s further enlarged. You know they are taking care of the members of soldiers' nd sailors' families free of charge, and it is certainly a great work, is it not?

y, I do hope the Horse Show is a suc-It's for such a worthy cause. Mrs. Evans is in charge of the disposal of tickets for the show.

TELL, girls and boys, there's an engagement coming out soon. In fact, it's coming out sooner than the party of the first part and the party of the second part had originally intended; but then you see they had not reckoned on the small pusin of "the girl in the case," who was playing in the corner of the room the other when they were talking together one inte afternoon. In fact, as is the way with lovers now and again, they quite forgot that there was any one else in the world but they two, let alone in the room. And if they had thought they would not have dreamed that small Eleanor, aged two and a half, would have noticed them. But that night at bedtime, when Eleanor was being tucked into the soft white sheets, the "girl n the case" passed the door and Eleanor siled out in her flutelike small voice, "Cousin M-, Cousin M-, w'y you like T- to kiss you so much?"

Wasn't it awful? Yes, it was. And, as remarked, it's going to be announced on, because the family had to be told after that; and when a family of that size told—that is, when it extends to cousins -it sure is apt to get out. So "We've just got to announce it, dear," sighs M-, and smiles delightedly, because he knows once she announces the engagement she'll likely be persuaded soon to name the date. NANCY WYNNE.

Social Activities Mr. and Mrs. Edward F. Besle, who have been spending a month at Pocono Pines, will return to Deepdale, their home in Strafford, as Saturday. Their daughter, Mrs. Samuel

from Northeast Harbor until September 15

Mrs. William A. Rolin and her family, of Strafford, are spending a few weeks at Spring Lake. Ensign Rolin, U. S. N., will them over the week-end.

A. Crozer, and her children will not return

Mr. and Mrs. J. Graham French, of Rose-mont, will spend the week-end with Mrs. French's parents, Dr. and Mrs. Albert E. Roussel, at their cottage in Cape May. Captain George Landenberger, U. S. N.

and Mrs. Landenberger spent this last week-end with Mr. and Mrs. Frederick W. Schmidt at Juniper Hall. James Savre Frisble and her son,

Mr. Ralph Sayre Frisbie, of 301 Schoolhouse lane, Germantown, have returned from Nar-ragansett Pier, where they have been spend-Miss Lenore Murphy Fisher, daughter of

Dr. and Mrs. Herbert Payne Fisher, of 5532 Wayne avenue, Germantown, has returned from a visit to Mrs. George Raiston Ayres, Jr., at North Asbury Park. Miss Fisher's engagement to Ensign Levis Raiston Ayres, U. S. N. R. F., was recently announced.

Mrs. William Mason, of Chestnut Hill, Is at Beach Haven, where she is spending several weeks at the Baldwin,

Mr. and Mrs. James Andrews and their family, of Carpenter street, Germantown, have returned to their home after spending ome time at Island Heights,

Mr. and Mrs. Nicholas Petry, of McKean avenue, Germantown, are spending several weeks at Beach Haven.

Mr. and Mrs. Richard McMurtrie and their family, of Chestnut Hill, are occupying their cottage at Beach Haven.

Mr. and Mrs. Benson Rawley, of Newark, N. J., have been visiting Mr. and Mrs. Henry Rawley in Lansdowne.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank C. Titus have been spending a few days with Mr. and Mrs. William V. Willis at their cottage at Ocean

Mr. and Mrs. George Ware are spending several weeks at Ocean City.

Mrs. Frank Clements, of Palmyra, N. J., ng her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Leander Marshall, in Lansdowne .

and Mrs. Walter Bowers and their family have returned from a visit to Ocean

Mr. and Mrs. Scott Stewart, of Lans-downe, recently spent some time at Spring Lake, N. J.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Dolbier and their daughter, Miss Harriet Dolbier, are visit-ing in New York for several weeks. Miss Mary Frances Gallagher, daughter of

Mr. and Mrs. James Gallagher, is visiting relatives in Harrisburg. Mr. and Mrs. Wilbert C. Criley and their daughter, Miss Helen Criley, have returned from a visit to Ocean Grove, N. J.

WILL ENTERTAIN **BRIDAL PARTY**

Miss McEwen to Give Dinner. Comings and Goings in Lansdowne

A small dinner party will be given by Miss Dorothy Swing McEwen, at her home this evening. The marriage of Miss McEwen to Mr. Richard B. P. Forrest, N. R. F., will take place tomorrow afternoon, August 31. The guests at the dinner will be the members of the bridal party.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Mercer Bailey have ast returned from Atlantic City, where they have been spending the summer

Mr. and Mrs. William R. Fogg and their

Mrs. Charles W. Haviland and her daugh-ter, Miss Marion Haviland, have returned from a visit to Ocean City. Mr. and Mrs. Emlin C. Paul and their son,

Mr. Edgar Paul, are spending some time at Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Dunlap have been

spending several weeks at Ocean City Mr. and Mrs. Harlan P. Statzell and their

daughter, Miss Alice Statzell, motored up to Montrose. Pa., recently, where they spent

Mrs. Thomas M. Love and her three sons Francis Love, Thomas Love and Louis Love, have been spending some time at Ocean

Mrs. Louis Boozell has returned to her home at Duquesne, Pa., after spending several weeks with her sister, Mrs. John J. H. Phillips. Mrs. Phillips and her son Phillips, are now at Wildwood, N. J.

Mrs. George W. Statzell, Jr., and her small

Mr. and Mrs. William Stoll are spending

Mrs. Walter Loring Webb has returned from a visit to Uniontown, Pa.

Mrs. Edwin J. Decker has been spending

Miss Mary Anker, of Mount Holly, N. J.,

s visiting Mr. and Mrs. Albert Griffith. Mr. and Mrs. William I. Austin are spend-

ng the summer at Ocean City. Mrs. Frederick Mason is visiting friends

in New England. Mrs. H. E. Kassebaum, of Ashbourne, is spending this week with Mr. and Mrs. Wil-liam A. McEwen.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Almy and their daughter, Miss Marion Almy, have returned from a visit to New York. Miss Elizabeth Almy is also home, after having spent the summer at a girls' camp near the Delaware

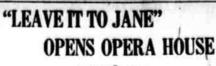
Mr. and Mrs. William J. Hall are spending ome time at Atlantic City.

Mrs. F. Rees Phillips and her two daughters, Miss Audrey Phillips and Miss Elaine Phillips, have returned from a visit to As-

Mr. and Mrs. I. H. Adler, Miss Marle Ader and Charles Adler are at Ocean City.

Old Engineer Dead

Bristol, Ps., Aug. 30.—Joseph Bell, a re-tired engineer of the Pennsylvania Railroad and one of the oldest men on its pension rolls, is dead. He was seventy-eight years old. Bell was an engineman when the rail-roads were still using wood-burning locomo-



Musical Comedy Version of George Ade's "College Widow" Is Delightfully Fresh

Youth-the spontaneous, natural article-is as impossible to counterfeit as genius. There can be no mistaking the golden honesty of its ring in "Leave it to Jane," which last night began the new season at the Chestnut Street Opera House. The warmth of enthusiasm manifested on both sides of the footlights had nothing to do with the kind of warmth recorded by the thermometer, and was the more remarkable because of the intensity of the latter. As fashioned into a musical comedy from

George Ade's delightful "College Widow," by

Guy Bolton and Pelham Grenvile Wodehouse.

"Leave It to Jane" felicitously retains the flavor of the original. It is as deft in its satire as it is fresh in spirit and lilting in the score provided by the prolific Jerome Kern. The slapstick resounds but faintly through t, and its humorous picture of the petty rivalries and naive provincialism of a small, freshwater college abounds in authentic touches and portraiture which eschews the

MISS LENORE MURPHY FISHER

Miss Fisher is the daughter of Mr. and

Mrs. Herbert Payne Fisher, of Wayne

avenue, Germantown. She has just re-

turned to her home after a visit to her

fiance's mother, Mrs. George Ralston Ayres, in Asbury Park. Miss Fisher's

engagement to Ensign Levis Ralston Ayres, Jr., U. S. N. R. F., was announced

recently

SURVIVOR OF 209 WRITES

OF COMRADES' HEROISM

George B. Weigand, of This City,

Tells of Patrolboat's Sinking.

Kalmey Saves Two

Heroism and self-sacrifice marked the con-

duct of the crew of the submarine chaser

209, when she was mistaken for a U-heat off

Fire Island early Tuesday morning and sunk

by the gunfire of the American steamship Felix Taussig. Several of the crew were

killed outright, others were wounded and

still others have not been accounted for.

George T. Weigand, 1254 North Fifty-fourth

street, George B. Weigand, first-class quar-

termaster on board the chaser at the time of

the sea tragedy, tells a graphic story o what took place following the first shot that

crashed into the little craft from out of the

Definite word that Claude A. Kalmey, an other member of the chaser 209's crew, had

been saved, was received today by his father,

Walter Kalmey, corresponding secretary of the Brotherhood of St. Andrew and St. Philip

asieen when the first shell crashed into the

swam about in the darkness for some time before he was able to reach a life cushion.

the aid of another sailor he was able to save two of their comrades who were just

Leonard Haskett, 801 South Allison street

a chum of Kalmey's on the chaser, is still reported missing and probably was drowned.

"I came off watch at 2 o'clock and went

below to sleep. It then was dark as pitch. About 3 o'clock I was awakened by a terrific

erash forward and started for the deck, Two

room below the waterline.
"When I go: on deck I could see only fire and wreckage. The mast and pilot-house had been shot away, and here and there some of

our boys were lying wounded or dead, it was

"I started aft on the port side when I heard Haron (another Philadelphian) calling

me from beneath the wreckage of the pilot-

house. I ran to him, but was unable to budge

him alone. He was suffering terribly. I called Thomas, and between us we go: him free, but he couldn't stand up. His left leg

was bent almost double and his body was

badly cut. (Haron was at the wheel when the first shot was fired.)
"By this time I thought of life belts and

started to get them when I noticed the stern was settling fast. There wasn't much time to lose. I ran back to Haron and by luck found that Wilde had thrown two life

off all the rest on deck who seemed to have

any life left in them.
"Haron was suffering great agony, and

her, and told her which way to steer in the

on to the stern and was towed in to th

Circulation of Postal

Advertising

A campaign to eliminate useless matter

from the mails to help lighten the heavy

burden under which the Government is

working has been started by the victory

Regardless of the strain on the postal

service, a bulletin issued by the committee

points out that many persons receive daily

some sort of advertisement, circular or mail-

ing card which is of no interest to them and

which adds to the waste and high price of

paper as well as to the overhead charges

The committee urges every citizen-man

and woman—to have post cards printed with

the following form: "I am not interested in

____, and will ask you to take my name off

your mailing list. I do this with the patri-

otic object of saving paper and clearing the

The name and address, the same as that

used by the advertisers, should be clearly

given, and it may be necessary to follow

up such a notice with a second, as large

firms with a wide market may have different

Loyal firms, it is said, will be grateful for

this assistance and such others as do not

appear to be overpowered with gratitude may

eventually be reported to the proper authori-

committee of the Emergency Aid.

of the advertising firms.

distributing agencies.

mails."

hard to tell which.

Weigand, in his letter, tried to pass lightly over the fact that he gave up his place on a life cushion to a badly wounded man and took his chances on a bit of wreckage, as fol-

chaser and was thrown into the water.

which had been thrown over the side.

Young Kalmey wrote that he was

darkness

In a letter to his parents, Mr. and Mrs.

musical comedy stock "types." William Elliott, F. Ray Comstock and Morris Gest displayed the same excellent luggment in their selection of the cast for "Leave It to Jane" that they exhibited in their presentation of "Oh. Boy!" It is seldom that a cast and chorus of such uniform ex-cellence is to be found in an era notorious

gross exaggeration commonly encountered in

for star exploitation. Indeed, some of the lesser characters last night eyoked more lib-eral applause than the principals. Juanita Fletcher brings good looks and a pleasing personality to the Intral but rather conventional role of the "college widow" who flirts with a great football play-er to keep him for the college but who redeems herself by failing in love with him eventually. Oscar Shaw was in fine form as an enterprising "undergrad," and was fully matched in zest and vivacity by Ann Orr Georgia O'Ramey has a most congenial role as a waitress of blunt speech and manner, and her two songs, "Cleopatterer" and "Sir Galahad." were quite mirth-provoking. The audience liked immensely the caricature of a gawky freshman contributed by Clifford Heckinger, as well as the dancing of Aline Chase, the "prexy" of Frederick Graham, the uncouth brawn of Thomas Delmar, as a foot-ball team "life-saver," and the debonair halfback of Earle Foxe.

Of the dozen or more musical numbers The Siren Song" and "The Crickets Are ('alling," were most popular last night, as they have been here before the show's ar-

OYSTERS HERE WEDNESDAY

Work of Gathering Season's Bivalves Begins Monday

The first batch of the season's oysters are scheduled to arrive from Maurice River on Wednesday, according to George V. Schoch, president of the Philadelphia Oystermen's Association.

Work of uncovering the beds will begin on Monday, but it is not likely that many of the bivalves will arrive in this city on Tuesday. "By Wednesday," says Mr. Schoch, "they will begin to arrive in volume. We expect a good season, and prices ought to remain reasonable."

High wages in munitions plants and shipyards have induced many of the systemmen to forsake the beds, but Schoch believes that a sufficient force will be on hand Monday norning to guarantee a good supply for Phil-

"SING" IN GERMANTOWN

Service Flags Containing Both Blue and more reports followed in quick succession, but the shots evidently missed us. Then came the fourth shot, which struck in the engine-Gold Stars Unfurled

Under the auspices of the Germaniown Business Men's Association there was the Vernon Park Liberty Sing in the German-town Y. M. C. A. auditorium last night. John S. Hart was in charge. Service flags con-taining both blue and gold stars honoring Germantown boys who are fighting or have fallen for their country were Horace R. Hood, Paul Volkmann, C. B. Coeper, E. R. Miles, Jr., and W. H. Stone sang. Courtenay Baylor, director of the Philadel phia war camp community service, delivered an address. Wassii Leps led the Liberty Sing Chorus.

Logan had a Liberty Sing last evening. feature was a flag drill by Miss Ethel Lutz.

The Sherwood Liberty Singers also rendered a program and residents of Silver street, between Twenty-seventh and Twenty-eighth streets, held a sing.

PASTOR WORKS AT HOG ISLAND cushions on deck. These we tossed over and then made Haron jump for them. We fol-lowed and got him safely on one of the cushions. Three others of our fellows took Rev. Dr. Linn Bowman Takes Vacation to Do His "Bit"

The Rev. Dr. Linn Bowman, pastor of the Spring Garden Street M. E. Church, is taking his vacation as an employe at Hog Island. Doctor Bowman has been granted a ten any life left in them.

"Haron was suffering great agony, and kept saying, "I'm going, boys, I'm going."

We tried to cheer him up, and kept telling him. "No, you're not. Tom. Hang on."

"In a little while we saw a chaser headed for us. When she got close we yelled to weeks' vacation from his church, which is at Twentieth and Spring Garden streets, and as he has no son in the war he decided that he should spend his vacation working for

the Government. early morning darkness.

I was picked up next and was in fine condition. I did not get into the boat, but hung He offered his services to the shippards a few days ago, and was assigned to the labor control division. His superiors declare that no man could "make good" any quicker than

ST. DAVIDS TO KEEP ADOPT PLAN TO LIFT ITS 203D ANNIVERSARY BURDEN FROM MAILS

Emergency Aid Purposes to Check Historic Radnor Church Will Observe Founding With Services Sunday

Old St. David's Church, Radnor, will celebrate next Sunday the 203d anniversary of the opening for worship of the present church building, which remains substantially as first

erected in 1712. The same outside stairway at the west end, leading to the gallery, was added in 1771, and the vestry roem to the

north at a later date.

In the graveyard is the grave of General ("Mad") Anthony Wayne, of Revolutionary history, with the monment erected to his memory by the Society of the Cincinnati. There are also many graves dating back to the early eighteenth century."

A noteworthy stone is that over the grave

A noteworthy atone is that over the grave of Dr. Henry Yates Carter, a surgeon on Nelson's flagship, the Victory, at the battle of Trafalgar, when Lord Nelson was killed Doctor Carter later, emigrated to this coun-

Next Sunday's annivesary services will be conducted by the Rev. Dr. Mockridge, rector of St. James's Church, Philadelphia, who has had charge of St. David's during the sum-

Civil War Veteran Dead Shamokin, Pa., Aug. 30.—Benneville Rensler, born July 4, 1842, who answered President Lincoln's call to the colors on July 4,
1862, and served with distinction in many
Civil War engagements, died suddenly at his
home in Zerbe township near here. He was
one of the best known war veterans in
Northumberland County and was a member
of one of the oldest families of the Mahanoy
Valley, where he was born.

101-10

OH, MONEY! MONEY!

Sy Eleanor H. Porter

Author of "Pollyanna"

Converight, 1918, by Eleganor B. Parter and by the Public Ledger Co.

By permission of Houghton Mifflin Co. All rights be any charity. I believe."

"Dear dear! What have we here? A

CHAPTER XXIV (Continued) OH. I see," murmured Miss Maggie, in very evident relief. "That would be etter in some ways; only it does seem "But we have just proved that to do that wouldn't bring happiness anywhere, and would bring misery everywhere, haven't we?"

loing it I am not defrauding anybody in the least. No, that part isn't worrying me a bit now but there is one point that does worry me very much."

"What do you mean? What is it?"
"Yourself. My scheme gets Stanley Gilton back to life and thicago very meely; but it doesn't get Maggie Duff there worth a cent. Maggie Duff can't marry Mr. John Smith in Hillerton and arrive in Chicago as the wife of Stanley G. Fulton, can she."
"No-no, but he, he can come back and get her-if he wants her." Miss Maggie

"If he wants her, indeed!" (Miss Maggie blushed all the more at the method and ferror of Mr. Smith's answer to this t. Come back as Mr. Stanley G. Fulton, you mean! went on Mr. Smith, smiling at Miss Maggie's furried efforts to smooth her ruffled hair. Too risky, my dear! He'd look strugether too much like like Mr John Smith!
But your beard will be gone I wonder how I shall like you without a beard. She

him critically

Mr. Smith laughed and threw up his hands with a doleful shrug. "That's what comes of courting as one man and marrying as another. he groaded.
Then, sternly "I'll warn you right now.
Maggie Duff, that Stanley G. Fulton is going
to be awfully jealous of John Smith if you
don't look out."

He should have thought of that before," retorted Miss Maggie, her eyes mischievous. "But, tell mg. wouldn't you ever date to come in your proper person?

"Never :- or, at least, not for some time.
The beard would be gone, to be sure, but
there'd be all the rest to tattle-eyes, voice, ize, manner, walk-everything; and glasses couldn't cover all that, you know Besided, glasses would be taboo, anyway They do only result in making me look more like John Smith than ever, John Smith, you remember, wore smoked glasses for some time to hide Mr. Stanley G. Fulton from the ubiquitous reporter. No. Mr. Stansome time to hide Mr. Sta from the ubiquitous reporter. ley G. Fulton can't come to Hillerton as Mahomet can't go to the mountain nountain must come to Mahomet "
"Meaning—" Miss Maggie's eyes were

growing dangerousiv mutin That you will have to come to Chicago

'And court you? No, sir-thank you!"

Mr. Smith chuckled softly.
"I love you with your head tilted that way." (Miss Maggie promptly tilted it the other.) "in that, either, for that matter." other.) "Or that, either, for that matter," continued Mr. Smith genially. However, speaking of courling—Mr. Fulton will do that, all right, and endeaver to leave nothing lacking, either, as to quantity or quality. Think, now. Don't you know any ality Think, now. Don't you know any in Chicago" Haven't you got some friend that you can visit?"

"No!" Miss Maggie's answer was prompt

And an analysis and the state of the state o she's there. She's waving a red flag from your face this minute! Now listen. Well, turn your head away, if you like if you can listen better that way," he went on tranquilly, paying no attention to her little quilly, paying no attention to her little gasp. Well, all you have to do is to write gasp. "Well, all you have to do is to write the lady you're coming, and go. Never mind who she is—Mt. Stanley G. Fulten will find a way to meet her. Trust him for that! Then he'll call and meet you—and be so pleased to see you! The rest will be easy. There'll be a regular whirlwind courtship there—calls, dinners, theatres, candy, books, flewers! Then Mr Stanley G. Fulton will propose marriage. You'll be immensely surprised, of course, but you'll accept. Then we'll get married," he finished with a deep sigh of satisfaction.
"Mr. Smith!" ejaculated Miss Maggie

"Say, can't you call me anything-" he began wrathfully, but interrupted himself. 'However, it's better that you don't, after all. Because I've got to be 'Mr. Smith' as long as I stay here. But you wait till you meet Mr. Stanley G. Fulton in Chicago! Now what's her name, and where does she live?" Miss Maggie laughed in spite of herself, as see said Severely. Her name, indeed:
I'm afraid Mr. Stanley G. Fulton is so in the
habit of having his own way that he forgets
he is still Mr. John Smith. However, there

is an old schoolmate," she acknowledged demurely.

"Of course there is! Now, write her at once, and tell her you're coming."
"But she—she may not be there."

"Then get her there. She's got to be there. And listen. I think you'd better plan to go pretty soon after I go to South America. Then you can be there when Mr. Stanley G. Fulton arrives in Chicago and can write the news here to Hillerton.

"Oh, they'll get it in the papers, in time of course; but I think it had better come from you first. You see—the reappearance on this earth of Mr. Stanley G. Fulton is going to be of of some moment to them, you know. There is Mrs. Hattie, for instance, who is counting on the rest of the money next November."

Yes, I know, it will mean a good deal to them, of course. Still, I don't believe Hattie them, of course. Sin, I don't believe rather is really expecting the money. At any rate, she hasn't said anything about it very lately—perhaps because she's been too busy bemoaning the pass the present money has become, them to." brought them to.

"Yes, I know," frowned Mr. Smith, with a gloomy sigh. "That miserable money"
"No, no—I didn't mean to bring that up,"
apologized Miss Maggie quickly, with an apprehensive glance into his face. wasn't miserable money a bit! Besides, Hat-tie has—has learned her lesson, I'm sure. and she'll do altogether differently in the new home. But. Mr. Smith, am I never to— to come back here? Can't we come back—

"indeed we can some time, by and he when all this has blown over, and they've forwhen all this has how does, and they ye forgotten how Mr. Smith looks. We can come back then. Meanwhile, you can come alone a very little. I shan't let you leave me very much. But I understand; you'll have to come to see your friends. Besides, there are all those playgrounds for the babies and elegater milk for the streets and cleaner milk for the streets, and "Cleaner milk for the streets, indeed!"

"Eh? What? Oh, yes, it was the milk for the babies, wasn't it?" he teased. "Well, however, that may be, you'll have to come back to superintend all those things you've been wanting to do so long. But"—his face grew a little wistful—"you don't want to spend too much time here. You know—Chicago has a few babies that need cleaner "Yes, I know, I know!" Her face grew

softly luminous, as it had grown earlier in "So you can bestow some of your charity there; and—" "It isn't charity," she interrupted with

suddenly fiashing eyes. "Oh, how I hate that word—the way it's used, I mean. Of course, real charity means love. Love indeed! I suppose it was love that made John Daly give \$100 to the pension fund fair—after he'd jewed it out of those poor girls behind his counters! And Mrs. Morse went around the pension fund fair—after he'd jewed it out of those poor girls behind his counters! And Mrs. Morse went around the pension fund fair—after he'd jewed it out of those poor girls behind his counters! And Mrs. Morse went around the pension for the pension of the pen everywhere telling how kind dear Mr. Daly was to give so much to charity! Charity! Nobody wants charity—except a few lazy rascals like those beggars of Flora's! But we all want our rights. And if half the world

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 newadealer this afterpoon to leave the EVENING PUBLIC LEDGER at your home.

he any charity. I believe."
"Dear, dear! What have we here? A rabid little socialist?" Mr. Smith held up both hands in mock terror. "I shall be petiioning her for my bread and butter yet! But, honestly, Mr. then I think of all that money "-her eyes began to shine again-"and of what we can with it, I-I just can't believe it's so But you aren't expecting that twenty millions are going to right all the wrongs in the world, are you?" Mr. Smith's eyes

were quizzient No. oh, no; but we can help some that we know about. But it isn't that I just want to give, you know. We must get behind things to the causes. We must—"

We must make the Mr. Dalva pay more to their girls before they pay anything to pension funds, ch?" laughed Mr. Smith, as Miss Maggie came to a breathless pause. "Exactly!" nodded Miss Maggie, earn-

"Exactly!" nodded Miss Maggie. Oy. "Oh, can't you see what we can doith that twenty million dollars?" Mr. Smith gazed on Miss Maggie's flushed cheeks and shining eyes, smiled tenderly Then with muck severity he frowned.

I see that I'm being married for my they -after all?" he scolded. Pooh!" sniffed Miss Maggle, so altogether ewitchingly that Mr. Smith gave her i

CHAPTER XXV

Exit Mr. John Smith EARLY in July Mr. Smith took his de-parture from Hillerton. He made a fare-well call upon each of the Blaisdell families. and thanked them heartily for all their kind ess in assisting him with his Blaisdell

The Blaisdells, one and all said they were very sorry to have him go. Miss Flora frank-ly wiped her eyes and told Mr. Smith she ould never never thank him enough for what he had done for her. Mellicent, too, with shy eyes averted, told him she should hever forget what he had done for her—and for freed.

Jane-said that they would like to have on of the Blaisdell books when they were pub-lished to hand down to the family. Flora took out her purse and said that she would pay for hers now; but Mr. Smith bastily, and with some evident embarrassment, refused money, saying that he could not tell yet what the price of the book would be All the Blaisdells, except Frank,

Ressie, went to the station to see Mr. Smith off. They said they wanted to. They told him he was just like one of the family, anyway, and they declared they hoped he would come back soon. Frank telephoned him that he would have gone, too, if he had not had so much to do at the store.

Mr. Smith seemed pleased at all this attention—he seemed indeed, quite touched; but he seemed also embarrassed—in fact, he seemed often embarrassed during those last few days at Hitlerton

(CONTINUED TOMORROW)

"DREAMLAND ADVENTURES" By DADDY

SECRET OF THE HOLLOW TREE

A complete new adventure each week, begin-ning Monday and ending Saturday. CHAPTER V

The Spirit Writing (Peogs, visiting Bandits' Roost to see (reggy, visiting Bandits' Roost to see how the Jays have reformed, finds stolen Liberty Loan money in a hollow fier. She removes it to another hiding place, intending to restore it to Uncle Sam.)

THE robber walked up to the hollow log where the money lay hidden and stood for I where the money lay hidden and stood for a moment looking out over the river valley. Then he sat down so close to the \$50,000 that if it had been a snake it might have crawled out and hitten him. Peggy quickly saw that his coming to that particular spot was just an accident. He didn't have any idea that his treasure was buried there.

Pulling a tablet of paper from one p and a fountain pen from another, the robber began writing. He got only two words writ-ten when he paused and gazed thoughtfully out into the distance. Peggy now got her first good look at him, and she was surprised to find that he wasn't at all a bad appearing sort of fellow. He was a young man and his face wasn't victous, just weak. Now it was dark with gloom and worry. Evidently he wasn't a bit happy over having taken the \$50,000. into the distance. Peggy now got he

Peggy was curious to see what he had written. Perhaps it was some guilty plan to steal more money. If see she might be able to prevent the theft. Creening up quietly, she looked over his shoulder. The words on the tablet gave her a queer shock. They were not at all what she expected. "Dearest mother:" she read. That was

No wonder he couldn't find anything else to say. No wonder his eyes traveled wist-fully far, far away. In his mind must be guilty thoughts of his crime—thoughts he couldn't care to send to "Dearest mother That's why he could write no more

But why had he disgraced that mother? Why had he stolen from Uncle Sam? Only an chemy or a traitor would do that.
Impulsively Peggy leaned forward and

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SOLOISTS MISS ALICE EVERSMAN. Soprano MISS FLORENCE HARDEMEN, Violinisto MR. BERT EROWN, Cornetist MR. FRANK SIMON, Cornetist took the tablet, from the robber's knes. He never noticed its going. Using a pencil she found in the pocket of her dress Peggy scribbled a question under the words "Dear-

"Boy, why did you do it? Aren't you ashamed of yourself?"

She gently placed the tablet back on his For some time the robber continued to

stare far away, but finally, with a sigh, he returned to his letter. "Dearest mother," he muttered. Then he saw what Peggy had written. With a shrick he jumped to his feet. Around and around he looked, a wild glare in his eyes.

"Who wrote that?" he cried. "Was it a host? Is it spirit writing? Or is it my guilty conscience?

"Why did I do it? I don't know. I saw all that money there. I thought how easy it would be to take it. But I didn't know how hard it would be afterwards. I didn't know what an awful price I would have to pay in regret, in despair, in worry, in shame. Oh, I am ashamed, ashamed, ashamed! I'm a thief! A thief It's hor-rible! I can't bear it!"

The robber sank back upon the log, bury-ing his face in his hands. Peggy was in-tensely sorry for him. But he deserved what he was getting, and even more. A econd time she took the tablet.

"To steal Liberty Bond money is treason. on are robbing our boys in the trenche

As she shoved the tablet back into the



"Who wrote that?" he cried

hands of the robber, he jumped up so sud-denly that he knocked the pencil from her hand and it flew toward Blue Jay, an interested speciator not far away. Blue Jay picked it up in his bill. The robber read the second message with eyes that nearly popped out of his head.

Then he looked up and saw Blue Jay with "It's a Bird-the Bird that sneezed at me." cried. "Even the Birds know my crime and despise me. I am a thief and worse than a thief. I am a traitor. Oh, don't I know that now? Haven't I been reproaching myself all night long? While real Ameri-cans are fighting, I'm stealing from them: I'm stabbing them in the back. I'm worse than Benedict Arnold. Oh, what can I do?" "Give the money back," cried Peggy. The

Give the money back, cried reggy. The robber jumped at the sound of her voice. He thought it was Blue Jay speaking.

"I'll do it. I'll take it back this very day. And then I'll cullst. I'll give my whole self, even my life, to my country to make up for

this wrong."

The robber turned and ran to the hollow tree. He reached in to pull the treasure out. He seemed astonished, then searched frantially, while a great look of fear came into his

"it's too late" he sobbed. "Too late! The money is gone! (Tomorrow's chapter tells how Peggy sees the money restored to Uncle Sam.)



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WM. S. HART in Arteraft Picture
WM. S. HART in Arteraft Picture
"RIDDLE GAWNE"

Next Week ELSIE FERGUSON
in "HEART OF THE WILDS" VICTORIA THEDA BARA In "THE CLEMENCEAU CASE"
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