COME of us may think the season is waning in the northern reserts, but dging from a letter I received recently alling of the doings up in Kennebunkport and Ogonquit, Me., the season is still in he ascendant. There was a fine time last eek in Kennebunkport. Mrs. Otis Skinand Cornelia are up there, you know, ant on Monday night and Tuesday aftersoo, three one-act plays were produced unde Mrs. Skinner's direction, the proesedabeing given for the little town's war relief units. And the committee in charge expects to turn in more than one thousand dollars from these two performances.

Mrs. Booth Tarkington was chairman of the extertainment, and she took an active part in the performances, appearing as Liberty in a tableau entitled "Young America Answers the Call," one of several that followed the plays.

Cornella Skinner, who is Mr and Mrs. Skinners only child, wrote one of the plays given and took the leading part. It a tragedy of the present war called "Thitry Pieces," with a well-defined plot and a very thrilling climax. "Cornelia was quite wonderful both in the writing and acting of the play," my informant writes me. "There was very little of the amateur, and there was no doubt whatever that the play 'got over' with the audience.

"The second play, 'Un Crane Sous Une Tempete,' was given in French and was very fine, and the third, a French comedy translated by Mrs. Skinner, was very clever. Alisa MacColl, the daughter of Doctor MacColl, of the Twenty-first and Walnut streets Presbyterian Church, took a minor part in the third play very well and made a decided hit in her fetching maid's costume

Mr. Skinner went up specially for the performances, as he had to return for his own dress rehearsal on Wednesday night. "Kennebunkport never looked so beau-

tiful as it does this summer, nor so wideawake. The little port is having in a measure a rebirth of its old-time shipbuilding activities, for my informant, "I noticed several good-sized craft in the building as we walked nown the river road toward the Casine Nor," she continues, "can Ogonquit complain of a lack of interesting people, por, as is always the case when interesting people get togther, happenings that are worth while. The beautiful village Studio, which is also a very perfect little theatre, has held many a crowded and brilliant audience. Dana Burnet, the poet and story writer, talked there recently on his experiences in France last winter. He certainly has a most individual way of telling things and a viewpoint of conditions and people that cannot be said to be usual.

"John Kendrick Bangs spoke vesterday at Mr. Edward Hoyt's place Fieldstone. Mr. Bang's summer home is it Ogonquit; perched high on the rocks, with a wide view of the sea, his red-roofed house is visible for miles. This summer Mr. Bangs has leased his house and is lecturing in the interest of the Young Men's Christian Association and its work abroad. "For the first time." she says, "In many

years the artist colony is small, silent and lacking both inspiration and an audience. Brawn and the brain behind is all that is needed these days, and, also, art is classed with the nonessentials; but it seems to bring no hardships to the majority of painters. They have turned over their ability to the Government, anxious to prove their loyalty." And certainly artists are needed for camouflage work and stirring posters are they not? Look at the Howard Chandler Christy, James Montgomery Flagg, Charles Dana Gibson

and dozens of others have done.

Did , you know that poster by James Montgomery Flagg, "Tell That to the Marines," was enlarged to life-size by the artist this summer, and that he worked outside of the Metropolitan Museum before an admiring audience for days till it was finished?

My friend's letter seemed so interesting I thought I would pass it on to you with a few "Nancylems" interspersed, such as the information about James Montgomery

TF EVER there was a demand that was easy to fill it is the present want of the American Red Cross. PEACH STONES! That's true. Not peaches, but peach stones. Don't you wonder what the big idea is? I did. So I asked and, as is usual when you ask, you find out. There is something inside the stone, a certain juice connected with the small kernel and I believe a part of the kernel itself, that the Government wants to use on its gas masks.

Now, if any one thinks the Government is not ingenious, I'd like to meet that person. I tell you, when the war is over, we will no longer be a wasteful nation. We will have found a use for everything that ed to be thrown out without a thought efore these days of conserving.

The Independence Square Auxiliary of e Red Cross is planning to put a barrel ear its portals for the reception of peach d or peach stones, and really, you know, you go in for it in earnest and have ery one in the house save these stones u'il have a lot to give in no time, for if have one good crop this year we cerinly have got that crop in peaches. NANCY WYNNE.

Social Activities

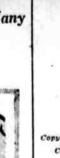
An engagement of interest to persons in this city and New York is that of Miss Hatherine E. Register, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Albert L. Register, of Ardmore, and Mr. Cyraldyn Livingston Redmond, U. S. N. Aviatim Corps, son of Geraldyn Redmond, of 791 Pyk avenue, New York, and Callender

tese, Tivoli, N. Y.

T. Redmond is a nephew of the Countess
Languer-Villars. He graduated from
necton in 1917 and is a member of the
tekerbocker and Union clubs of New York. late has been set for the wedding.

, and Mrs. William R. Philler, of Haver-left on Sunday for Saranac, where they mend this month

and Mrs. Ely J. Smith, of Clapfer and McKean avenue. Germantown, to Madison, Conp., where they over this week-end and today with



MISS HELEN LINDSAY LEWIS Miss Lewis is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James G. Lewis. The Lewis family is spending the summer at Moylan

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Wiener, who have been spending the summer there.

Lieutenant and Mrs. Charles Wadsworth. 3d, are receiving congratulations on the birth of a son, Philip Hollister Wadsworth, on August 19.

Lieutenant Commander Gerard Bradford and Mrs. Bradford are receiving congratula-tions on the birth of a son, Gerard Bradford, Jr., born on Saturday, at Chestnut Hill. Mrs. Bradford will be remembered as Miss Gartley, of Mount Airy.

Dr. and Mrs. Charles K. Mills, of 1909 Chestnut street, with their daughter, Miss Helen Mills, are passing the late summer at

Mr. George E. FitzGerald announces the marriage of his daughter, Miss Alma M. FitzGerald, to Mr. John L. Ryan, U. S. N., at St. Malachy's Church on August 25. The eremony was performed by the Rev. Fenton J. Fitzpatrick.

Mrs. Blanche V. Davis and her son, Mr. H. L. Davis, will return this week to their apartment, 219 South Fiftieth street, from their month's stay in Atlantic City.

Mr. and Mrs. Mark Pennell Wells, of 2229 North Seventeenth street, announced the en-gagement of their daughter, Miss Emilie Penelope Wells, to Mr. George Graul Gelkler, Penelope Wells, to Mr. George Graul Geikler, Jr. at an afternoon tea on Wednesday. Among the guests were Miss Elsie K. Merrill, Miss Dorothy Gardner. Miss Gerin e White, Miss Martha Kelley, Miss May et Bickley, Miss Margaret Bauer, Miss Helen McFadden, Miss Dorothy Bauer, Miss Helen McFadden, Miss Sadie Shuster, Miss May Bauer, Miss Ruth Sample, Miss Mille Donaldson, Miss Margaret, Park Miss Kathyun Bauer, Miss Margaret, Park Miss Kathyun Bauer, Miss Margaret Park, Miss Kathryn Bauer, Miss Margaret Auli, Miss Lillian Field, Miss Dor-othy Wells, Mrs. Howard A. Graul and Mrs. Hector Sinzheimer.

Persons living on Larchwood avenue, between Sixty-first and Sixty-second streets, entertained fifty sallors and ten marines as their guests at dinner and supper yesterday at 3 o'clock in the afternoon. An honor roll was unveiled in honor of eighteen young men who have entered the service. The following speakers delivered addresses on the occasion: Mr. Griffith E. Morgan, Post 21, G. A. R.; Mr. Harry A. Mackey, chairman of the compensation board; the Rev. Dr. Brondhead, of Sayers Memorial Church; the Rev. Austin Grady, St. Carthage's Catholic Church, and Mr. Charles F. Gerhard, attorney at law. Persons living on Larchwood avenue, be-

Mrs. Jerome F. Marcus, of 3725 North Eighteenth street, and her guest, Miss Hor-tense Goldsmith, of Norfolk, Va., have been visiting Mrs. H. J. Marcus at Collingswood,

The Rev. Herbert Agate and Mrs. Agate, who have been spending August at their bungalow in the Adirondack Mountains, returned on Saturday to their home on North

LAWN PARTIES PROVE POPULAR DIVERSIONS

Red Cross in Roxborough Benefits by Garden Fete at Mrs. Leewright's

The members of the Junior Red Cross of Roxborough gave a very successful lawn party on Saturday afternoon on the lawn of the home of Mrs. Nelson Leewight, 424 Seville street, in aid of the work of the society. Beautifully embroidered centerpieces and other fancy needlework, ice cream, home-made every successful and the society. and other fancy needlework, ice cream, homemade cakes and pies were sold. A fishpond
and astent with a Scottish fortune-teller
were among the amusements offered, and
supper wan served on the side porch, which
was decorated with garden flowers and frons.
The little girls and boy having the
affair in charge were Mess Alma Massa,
Miss Elizabeth Boardman, Miss Edith Stephagy, Miss Roland Kittinger, Miss Russell
Leewright, Miss Violet Leewright and
Master John Leewright,
They were assisted by Mrs. Leewright,
Mrs. H. B. Rulof, Mrs. John Massa, Mrs. W.
Boardman, Miss Elizabeth Mason, Miss

Boardman, Miss Elizabeth Mason, Miss Ruth Boardman, Miss Esther Boardman, Miss Florence Massa, Mrs. Joseph Schofield and Mrs, John Leewright.

Another outdoor affair was given by a group of Wissahickon boys and girls at the home of Mrs. Albert C. Rommel, 216 Rochelle avenue, Wissahickon, for the benefit of the wesfare committee of Draft Board No. 14. The children were Miss Bernice Hopkins. Miss Beatrice Bevup, Miss Diantha Hall, Miss Lucille Rommel, Miss John Harmer, Master Rohald Harmer, Master John Rommel and Master John Oberholitzer Garden flowers and ferns were mer, Master John Ronmel and Master John Oberholtzer, Garden flowers and ferns were used in decorating the porch, where all the fancy articles and toys were for sale, as well as the many good things to eat that go with an outdoor festival. The \$26.71 realized by the young workers was sent at once to Mrs. Frank Kenworth, treasurer of the committee.

A summer carnival, which included a promenade in the evening and a baby parage in the afternoon, was held on Saturday on the grounds of the Memorial Baptist Church, Rexborough, is ald of the building fund. A profusion of Japanese lanterns illuminated the grounds and there was the usual bazaar and all sorts of unique amusements. The Rev. J. R. Moyer, the pastor, and Mra. Moyer were assisted in the entertainment by the memoria of the various church organisations.

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FOREWORD TWO dreams have persistently haunted the I imagination of man since dreams began. You find them in all mythologies, and, perhaps most dramatically, in the Arabian Nights: the dream of the Water of Immortality, and the dream of the Golden City. Within recent times-that is, during the sixteenth century-both were lifted out of the region of fairy lore, and men as far from 'dreamers." in the ordinary sense, as the "conquistador" Ponce de Leon and Sir Walter Raleigh raised them into the sphere of something like Elizabethan practical politics. Whether or not Ponce de Leon did actually discover the Fountain of Eternal Youth on the Bimini Islands concerns us but incidentally here. At all events, he seems to have died without drinking of it; as death on the scaffold was the penalty for Raleigh's fallure to discover El Dorado. So practically had the courts of Elizabeth and James regarded the dream of the Golden City, and so firm had been Raleigh's own belief in it. Though Raleigh's name is most conspicuously and tragically connected with it. of course it had been Spanish adventurers for several generations before—exploring that "Spanish Main" which they had already, and in romance forever, made their own—who had given that dream its local habitation and its name. Martinez had been the first to tell how, having drifted on the coast of Guiana, he had been taken inland to a city called he had been taken inland to a city called Manoa, whose king was in alliance with the Incas. Manoa, said he, to opened mouths and wondering eyes, on his return to Spain, was literally built, walls and roofs, houses big and little, of silver and gold. His tale, and little, of silver and gold. garnished with many other mysterious matters, soon speeded expedition after expedition, dreaming across those

"perilous seas

All came back with marvels on their ongues. All had caught a glimpse of the gilded domes of the city, but that was all. Gonzales Ximinez de Quesada from Santa Fe de Bogota was "warmest," perhaps; but he too failed. Many a daring sailor since has vainly gone on a like quest. Even in our prosaic times-in the true Elizabethan spirit for all their romance, actually animated those enterprises of old time—when men sought real gold as now, not "faery-gold"—an enterprise, with a prospectus, shareholders and those dreams now known as promised dividends, has made it its serious "incorporated" business to go in quest of El Dorado. rated" business to go in quest of El Dorado.

But, elaborate as all previous expeditions and enterprises have been, and dauntless as the courage of the individual explorer, one and all have failed—till now. Till now, I say—for at last El Dorado has been discovered, and it is my proud privilege to an-nounce, for the first time, the name of its discoverer-Dr. Clifford Smyth.

Doctor Smyth has chosen the medium of fiction for the publication of his discovery, like other such eminent discoverers as the authors of Erewhon and Utopia, but that fact, I need hardly say in nowise invalidates authenticity and serious importance of

Though truth be stranger than fiction, it has but seldom its charm, and, to use the by-gone phrase. Doctor Smyth's relation of happenings which we never doubt for a rapt moment did happen "reads as entertainingly as a fiction." In fact, the present writer— who confesses to the idleness of keeping au courant with the good and even merely ad-vertised fiction of the day, recalls no fiction in some years that has seemed to him comin imaginative quality with Gilded Man, or has given him, in any like degree, the special kind of delight which Doc-tor Smyth's narrative has given him. For any such thrills as the latter part of the book in particular holds, he finds that his memory must travel back, no difficult or lengthy journey, to Mr. Rider Haggard's "King Solomon's Mines"—a book which one sees more and more taking its place as one o the classics of fantastic romance, the kind of romance which combines adventure with poetic strangeness; though, at its publication. "superior persons." with the notable exception of that paradoxical most superior person and man of genius. Andrew Lang. disdained it as a passing "thriller."

Perhaps it is not indiscreet to say that one circumstance of Doctor Smyth's life gave one circumstance of Doctor shydra in egave him exceptional opportunity for that dream-ing on his special object which is found to be the invariable incubation, so to say, preced-ing all great discoveries. For some years Doctor Smyth was United States consul at Carthagena, that unspoiled haunted city of the Spanish Main, which, it may be recalled, furnishes a spirited chapter in the history of Roderick Random, Esquire, of His Majesty's Navy. He was, therefore, seated by the very door to that land of enchantment, which, as door to that land of enchantment, which, as we have been saying, had drawn so many adventurous spirits under roaring canvas across the seas, in the spacious days. He was but a short mule-back journey from that table-land raised high in the upper Andes where Bogota, the capital of Colombia, is situated, the region around which all those "superstitions" retailed by Indians to those early adventurers center. Descendants of the same India a still tell the same stories, and still the a erage prosaic mind laughs at and still the a erage prosale mind laughs at them as "superstitions." El Dorado! as if any one could take it seriously nowadays! Has not the term long been a picturesque synonym for the City of Impossible Hap-piness, the Land of Heart's Desire, the Paradise of Fools, and all such cities and realms and destinations and states of being, as the yearning heart of man, finding noon the earth he knows imagines in the where on the earth he knows, imagines in the sun-tipped cloudland of his dreams, and to-

sun-tipped cloudiand of his dreams, and to-ward which he pathetically turns his eyes, and stretches out his arms to the end? But what if El Dorado were no such mere figment of man's aching fancy, after all; what if the El Dorado, so passionately be-lieved in by those eminently practical Eliza-bethans, did all the time, as they surmised. exist upon this solid earth, and should still quite concretely exist there? Is it not likely that such might be the mus-

ings of a man situated as was Doctor Smyth in the very heart of the mystery, a man of affairs, touched with imagination, as all really capable men of affairs are; and, as he listened to the old Indian tales, and talked with miners, and all manner of folk acquaintd with the terrain of the legend, what could he do but fall under the same spell that had he do but fall under the same spell that had haid its ghosfiy hand on the mighty heart of Raleigh centuries before, and follow its beckening, as the other inspired madmen be-fore him?

But, as we have seen, his doom was to be different. For so long generations of dead men had come crying, like those three old horsemen in Morris's Glittering Plain: "Is this the Land? Is this the Land?" to turn

horsemen in Morriss Chitching Plant. In this the Land? Is this the Land? To turn broken-hearted away; but from him, of all men born, throughout the generations, was to be heard at last the joyous, ringing cry: "This is the Land! This is the Land!"

Pause for one moment more and think what El Dorado has meant to mankind; think with all your might and then think what must have been the feeling of the man who stood looking upon it, and knew that he—that he—had found it. In such moments of transfiguring realization men often lose their reason, and as we say, it is not a little surprising that Doctor Smyth is alive to tell the tale. The lovely knowledge might well have struck him as by lightning, and the secret once more have been buried in oblivion.

and the secret once more have been buried in oblivion.

I have all along taken it for granted that Doctor Smyth's The Glided Man is a genuine narrative, the true story of a wonderful happening. If any one should come to me and tell me that I am simple-minded, that it is no such thing, and that, as the children

say, Doctor Smyth "made it up all out of his own head," I should still need a lot of him through the death of his father and oblivious to the world around him. Learning, mother in the middle of his college course, had not proved a snare to him. After com-pleting his education, he had traveled exconvincing, and, were conviction at last forced upon me. I could only answer that Doctor Smyth must then possess a power of creating illusion such as few romancers tensively, not through an idle curiosity to see the world, but from a wish to perfect himself in certain studies calling for a wider knowledge than could be gathered from books or tutors.

It was during his travels abroad, after he have possessed. For there is a plausibility. a particularity, a concreteness about all the scenes and personages in The Gilded Man that make it impossible not to believe them true and actual, however removed from com-mon experience they may seem. I should It was during his travels abroad, after he had left his eccentric schoolmate, Raoul Arthur, in India, that David first met Una mon experience they may seem. I should like very much to be more particular, but I

cannot very well be so without betraying the story-or "true and veracious history." whichever it may turn out to be. Still I

can hint at one or two matters without be-traying too much. The mysterious queen

lovellest idyls in what, for want of a better

word, one may call "supernatural" romance that has ever been written. And all the dream-like happenings in the great cave, though of the veritable "stuff that dreams are made of." are endowed with as near and

moving a sense of reality as though they were enacted on Broadway.

But it is time I ended my proud role of

showman, and allowed the show to begin. So this and no more: If Doctor Smyth has, as I personally believe from the convincing

manner of his book, discovered El Dorado

he is to be congratulated alike on the dis-covery and his striking method of publishing forth the news; but if he has merely dreamed

it for our benefit, then I say that a mar

CHAPTER I

In Which Comet Goes Lame

WHEN, one evening in the late autumn, David Meudon reached the entrance to

Stoneleigh Garden, where Una Leighton

"You are late," she saio, as he clasped the

slender hand extended to him in welcome.
"I could ride no faster. Comet is lame."
The tired bay, belying his name, stood dejectedly, one white foreleg slightly bent.

as if seeking relief from a weight it was

weary of bearing. By the friendly way in which he stretched forth his muzzle to touch the girl's proffered fingers, Comet was evi-

dently not a stranger to her endearments, "Poor Comet. Why didn't you take better care of him?"

er care of him?"
"I was too impatient at the start, and that got him into trouble. After that, of course, we had to go slowly. I hated the delay. I hated having to listen to my own thoughts for se long."

that your thoughts aren't gloomy any more.

"What need to say it—Una!"
Silently the two lovers threaded the box-bordered path leading to the great stone

mansion beyond, pausing to admire the flowers that still bloomed in a straggling sort of way, or marking the loss of those whose gay colors and delicate fragrance had formed a part of their own joyous companionship a menth ago. But this

companionship a menth ago. But this evening, as if reflecting nature's autumn mood, there was something of melancholy-restraint, where restrain had never been be-

there was an affectionate solicitude that

soothe an unspoken trouble.

"You must stay tonight." she said, "it would be cruel to ride Comet back."

"But your uncle-will he care to have me

"What a question! Of course he will."

"Are you sure? He was in town the other day to see me. Did he tell you?" "No. But then, Uncle Harold seldom tells

cordial enough outwardly, but, inside, I felt a curious sort of malevelence. That's an ugly word—but it seemed just that." "Uncle Harold malevolent! That isn't very

nice of you to say."
"He asked me if 1 thought our marriage should take place."

"I am unworthy of you, Una—I feel it. There are men, you know, who have in their past things that make them unworthy the

past things that make them unworthy the woman they love. I confess, there are dark shadows, haunting things in my past. I can't explain them, even to myself. I don't altogether know what they are—queer as that sounds! But—some day they might come between us. When I rode over just now. I made up my mind to try to tell you. You ought to know—"

"He was in one of his grim m

what he has been doing."

"And you said-

"Nothing."

"David!

fore-in David's bearing; while with

awaited him, it was evident something un

sual had happened.

RICHARD LE GALLIENNE

whom we have long respected as a w and generous critic of other men's boo should lose no time in writing more books

na, for example, seems not only real e and her love-story make one of the

The Land of the Condor

MUNUA SDEADNESS A 1918

The Gilded Man

by Clifford Smyth

Leighton who was spending a winter in England with her uncle. The meeting ripened into an intimacy that survived the distractions of European travel, and drew David, a constant visitor, to the picturesque old mansion, Una's home, on the outskirts of the little Connecticut village of Rysdaie. There followed those memorable experiences of youth—courtship and betrothal. David loved with all the fervor of a mature passion, a passion that quite overshadowed all his former interests. Love for him was an idyi of dreams and delicious fantasies,

paradise where he and Una delighted in all

the harmless exaggerations of poetry and romance. No cloud dimmed their happiness. The brightest kind of future seemed to stretch indefinitely before them. All the world—the world of Rysdaleknew of their love and discussed it eagerly. Their daylong wanderings together, their ab-sorption in each other, appealed to the sensi-ble farmers and their wives, who watched with tireless interest the development of this romance in their midst. There was some thing, besides the rumors of his great wealth, in the personality of David that would easily account for this interest. As a result of his long years of solitary travel he had acquired an indefinable air of reserve that was em-phasized by features almost Indian in their clean-cut sharpness and immobility. His whole appearance, indeed, was of the kind tra-

ditionally suggesting mystery—a mystery that inevitably arouses curiosity in those who come within its influence. Had Una been a stranger, spending a summer, as so many strangers did, in the little mountain hamlet, her intimacy with David might have passed unheeded. But she beionged very much to the place Generations ago her ancestors had settled here. At that initial epoch in local history, Stoneleigh was the only building of any importance in or near Rysdale—and from that period to this Stoneleigh had been the home of the Leightons. Before they bought the gray-gabled mansion (St. Maur's House, it called) it was occupied by a small congrega-tion of Benedictines, who came from France to establish themselves in this quiet corner of the new world. When the house passed from the monks into the hands of that stout Scotch pioneer, John Leighton, it was a desolate sort of ruin. But its wall were well built and the thrift of its new owners gradown thoughts for so long."

Her gray eyes fixed questioningly upon the bronzed, sharp-featured man, she noted his restless gaze, his riding-whip's irritable tattoo on polished boot-top as he stood at her side. Then, fingling her arms about his neck, her face, flushed with pleasure and expressive of a mingled tenderness and anxiety, turned expectantly to his.

"David, you are here!" she said impulsively. "You are glad, aren't you? Say that your thoughts aren't gloomy any more."

traily added the wings and the square, central tower needed for the family comfort.

Leighton was thus one of the oldest names in the neighborhood. The family bearing it had always prospered. Years ago their income, what with careful saving and shrewd investment, was sufficient to let them give investment, was sufficient to let them give up farming. This they did, and settled down to the dignified case that in an English com-munity belongs to the household of a county

squire" or to a "lord of the manor. Harold Leighton, the present owner of Stoneleigh, was more of a recluse than any of his predecessors. To the gossips of Rysdale, indeed, who knew something of the his tory of the place, it seemed as if the cowl of the monkish founder of the house had fallen upon the shoulders of this gray-haired old man. He was looked upon as a student of unprofitable matters, lacking in the canny enterprise distinguishing the Leightons before him, and that had built up the family fortunes. By some he was liked; by others— and these were in the majority—the satirical smile, the cool reserve, the assumption of superiority with which he met the social ad vances of his neighbors, were set down as indications of a character to be watched with suspicion and that were certainly not of the

right Rysdale stamp.

Uns., however, was different. The villagers did not regard her with the hostility that they had for her uncle. Orphaned at an early age, she had easily captured and held the affection of those who knew her. The tawny-haired girl, bubbling over with friendly prattle, her gray eyes—bluer then, as with the aboving of a clear dawn—sparking with right Rysdale stamp. sky-tint of a clear dawn—sparkling with youthful enthusiasms, had a host of com-rades and admirers long before she reached her teens. With equal grace and favor this radiant little creature accepted the tribute of farmer and farmhand, and when it came to playmates was decidedly more at ease with the village maidens than with the decorous young ladies who were occasionally brought neleigh on a visit of state from the city As Una grew older, this choice of associates unchecked and even encouraged by her unch and Elizabeth Quayle, the worthy but not overastite matron who looked after Leigh-ton's household, had its drawbacks. The girl's beauty, which was of no ordinary kind, inevitably touched with its flame victims wh were not socially intended for this kind of conflagration. Una sometimes shared in their subsequent misery; but she was unable to lighten their woes in the only way they could lightened.

"David," she interrupted, "I don't want to know. I love you as you are today. If you were different in the past, before I knew you, I don't care to hear about it." he lightened.

And when she discovered that the refusal of their offers usually meant the breaking up of a treasured friendship, she had been known to weep bitterly and form all kinds of In spite of his self-depreciation, in the eyes of the world David Meudon would be regarded in every way a worthy suitor for the hand of Una Leighton. Clean of stock, so far as the gifts of blood and social station go, he had inherited besides a fortune that would be considered large even in a nation of millionaires. This inheritance, coming to self-denying resolutions for the future.

The climax to her griefs in this respect, a climax partly responsible for her flight to Europe, came through the weakness (so his indignant aunt called it) of the district schoolmaster, Andrew Parmelee. Andrew was a solitary dreamer, a friendless, inoffensive sort of person, absorbed in books.

such wisps and strays of it as lodged in his mind as a result of his omnivorous reading, he was quite incapable of imparting. The use of the ferule, also, was an enigma to him favor. Andrew didn't know this, at least for some time. When he did find it out, that is, when, quite by accident, as it seemed. Una tripped into his school one day to pay him visit, it had quite a disastrous effect on him. Before that, women, in general and in particular, were utterly unknown to him, creatures to be shunned, to be feared. He was familiar, of course, with the eccentricities of his aunt, Hepzibah Armitage. She looked after his wardrobe, fed him, warned him of the various pitfalls of youth, stopped his spending the money allowed him by the village trustees on the ancient histories for which he had an insatiable appetite. She ruled with a rod of iron, and the rod wasn't always pleasant. But for all that, he felt that life without Aunt Hepzibah, although it might give him one mad, rapturous day of freedom, was too bewildering, too dangerous to contemplate as a steady form of existence.

Aunt Hepzibah was an institution; she was

not a woman. He had heard of men falling

in love with women. Such an accident, in-volving his Aunt Hepzibah, was unthink-able—unless, indeed, something like the con-

quest of the Scythians by the Amazons, of

which he had read in his Herodotus, should be repeated in Rysdale.

As for the girls in Andrew's school, it was impossible to think of them except as so many varieties of human tyranny. They were more perplexing, as a rule, certainly more unmanageable, than the boys. This was due to the languishing friendships which they tried to contract with him, and which they mirthfully abandoned just as soon as he began to take them seriously. In fact, there was nothing in Andrew's fancied or actual experience so terrible-not even Aunt Hepzibah or the Amazons of Herodotus-as the schoolgirl just old enough to plan and carry out this kind of campaign against him. Instances are on record, indeed, in which, convinced that some overgrown girl was it rebellion, he had dismissed his school on the plea of a hastily imagined holiday, and fled to the woods.

Una, however, in the full bloom of her eighteen years had not been one of Andrew's

RES TONIGHT at 8:15

Klaw & Erlanger's New Musical Comedy WITH DONALD BRIAN BOHN E. HAZZARD WILDA BENNETT ADA MEADE Notable Cast .
Beautiful Chorus

THE GIRL BEHIND THE GUN

Popular Wednesday Matiness—Rest Seats, \$1.50 GARRICK-Tonight at 8:15 POPULAR \$1.00 MAT. WED.

Charlotte Walker "NANCY LEE"

BROAD Holiday Mat. Today BEST SEATS TONIGHT AT 8:15 PHOEBE PRETENDS"

OPENING OF

A NEW By ELEANOR GATES "The Poor Little Rich Girl"

POPULAR MAT. WED. BEST SEATS \$1.50. Dumont's Minstrels ARCH AND MATINEE TODAY—Hargain prices, 10-20-25c, Launching Ships at Hog Island.

WILLOW GROVE PARK SOUSA AND BAND

THURSDAY, SEPT. 5-SOUSA DAY B. F. KEITH'S THEATRE OPENING OF THE NEW SEASON Gus—VAN & SCHENCK—Joe Geo.—WHITING & BURT—Sadie Kajiyama; Andrew Tembes & Rena Parker and Big Surrounding Labor Day Week Show!

MATINEE TODAY

CASINO DAVE MARION Walnut Ab. 8th 8t. HIS GREATEST SHOW STRAND Gin. Ave. at Venango, E. of Broad WM. S. HART in "Riddle Gawne" GAYETY AMERICAN BURLESQUERS CHARLES J. BURKHARDT

pupils, and thus had not tormented him this particular manner. Hence, when a stood at the schoolhouse door, one fine mere stood at the schoolhouse door, one fine morning, asking if she might attend one of his classes, he suspected nothing. Overcome by her murmured assurance of interest, he make room on his little platform for her and for her two friends from the city, never dr ing that these demure young ladies were not really so absorbed in the joys of learning as they appeared to be.

they appeared to be.

Memorable for him was the next half hour, during which he plunged his pupils through an incoherent lesson in history, vividly conscious all the while of the three pairs of eyes that were fastened upon him. When the ordeal was over, and he succeeded when the ordeal was over, and he succeeded in bowing his vistors out of the schoolhouse, he had the blissful consciousness that he had been bidden to Stoneleigh whenever he chose to visit that historic mansion. Aunt Hepribah, as was to be expected

from her perverse disposition, opposed the acceptance of this invitation. But Andrew for once went his way. Within a month after Una's visit to the school he called at Stoneleigh, where he was received with a cordiality that quite dumfounded him. There was a brief but miserable period of diffidence and terror, extending over several diffidence and terror, extending over several subsequent visits; after which Andrew found that it was really possible to talk to this wonderful, gray-eyed creature as he had never dared talk to any one before. In fact, I'na listened to him—to his little ambitions, his beliefs, his petty trials—with a kindly sympathy that was quite the most perfect thing he had ever imagined. Then came the end to his romance. It was

Then came the end to his romance. It was inevitable, of course. He wanted her to do more than simply listen to him—and that was just the one thing more that she could not do. It was all very tragic to both of them. Andrew was broken-hearted, full of heroics about fidelity, eternity, death. And Una—it was her first experience in human sorrow, and she was genuinely shocked and repentant.

(CONTINUED TOMORROW)

The last installment of "Oh, Money Money twill be found on Page 10 of this Issue.

Great demand for the EVENING PUBLIC LEDGER may cause you to miss an instal-ment of this very interesting story. You had better, therefore, telephone or write to the Circulation Department, or ask your new-dealer this afternoon to leave the EVENING PUBLIC LEDGER at your home.



Many Notable Screen Players, Including DOROTHY GISH and GEORGE FAWU, IT THIS IS NO PICTURE OF FANCY, BY OF FACT, THE RECORDS OF THE UNITED STATES SECRET SERVICE FILLED WITH JUST SUCH COWARD SCHEMES AS ARE ENGINEERED THE HUN WITHIN."

IN THIS PICTURE YOU SEE TO DEVIL'S SPAWN OF GERMANY TUALLY AT WORK WITHIN OUR GAT Added Attraction—Paramount Presents

ROSCOE "Fatty" ARBUCKLE

ALACE ALL THIS WEEK ARTORAGE PRESENT WILLIAM S. HART "RIDDLE GAWNE"

ELSIE FERGUSON

"HEART OF THE WILDS"

Added Attraction—First Showing

James Montgomery Flagg's Comedy

"HICK MANHATTAN"

VICTORIA MARKET ALOVE STHE ALL THIS WEEK WILLIAM FARNUM IN "RIDERS OF THE PURPLE SAGE" Next Week—"THE PRUSSIAN CUR" REGENT MARKET ST. Below 17TH
PARAMOUNT Press
WALLACE REID First Showing
"THE SOURCE

MARKET STREET
AT JUNIP
11 A. M. to 11 P. A.
CONTINUOUS
WHO'S MY WIFE"
HILLY HART & CO.; Others.



CROSS KEYS MARKET ST. Balow SOT McKAY'S SCOTCH REVUE

BROADWAY Broad & Snyder Ave REOPENS TODAY 1:30 to 11 P. S50,006 Expended in Improvements.

RIALTO REVUE MUSICAL COMEDY THEDA BARA in "Cleopatra" LYRIC TONIGHT at 8:15

MAT. TODAY BEST \$1.50 A. H. WOODS Presents THE COMEDY SUPREME



Barney Bernard, Alexander Car CHESTNUT OPERA HOUSE STREET

Nights, \$1.50, \$1. 75c, 50c Mats., \$1.00, 75c, 50c (Except Sats, and Holidays) Evgn. 8:15 William Elliott F. Ray Comstock and Morris Geat Present JEAVE IT TO JAME

Pop. Mat. Today PHILADELHIA'S LEADING THEAT

Sam. S. Shubert Theatre. TON Pop. Mat. Today, 50c to

William Elliett, F Ray Comstock Active test Profess Most World's Most Beautiful Production, A Musical Extrava-sanza of the Orient

CH CH PERFORMANCE STARTS PR O'CLOCK EVGS. & 2 O'CLO