SIUST GOSSIP ABOUT PEOPLE

SI Airy Children to Give Belgian Benefit-English, French and American Officers to Play Polo on Mules at the Horse Show

RE'S to be a big time out in Mt. ry on Saturday, when the small kidtround the ages of seven and eight get her to raise funds for the Belgians. Willard Graham's lawn on Sprague

t will be used for the bazaar and lawn which is the outcome of much thought reparation among the youngsters, who been bravely seconded by the Grownin the affair. nere are to be flowers for sale, and the

salesgirls will be dressed as little Belpeasants in the red, black and gold of rium. Somehow the news this week at our troops are in Belgium and have ested Belgian soil from the Germans has at a new impetus into our work at home. the "ever carrying on" which goes on behind the Army.

The only worry about it is that Germany In her rage at being forced back may undertake to destroy Brussels and some of the other great and old cities that she has not as yet razed. However, there's no use of thinking of that, in the great light of the fine work the English, the French and "our boys" are doing now. And it looks as if there would soon be Spaniards in the field, since Germany has evidently gone completely crazy with pride, and with almost every country in Europe but her own Allies against her, seems to want to add Spain to the Allies.

Well to go back to the bazaar, besides the flowers there will be useful and fancy articles for sale and a surprise tree and straw rides. And what more could you ask than that, unless it's "eats," and there will be "eats," too, so I am surprised if you are not satisfied after all that.

Oh, I forgot, there will be flags and balloons, too. So now you know how attractive'it will be, for a balloon has a wonderful attraction. If it were not that I have turned my hair up and put my skirts down for keeps I might be tempted to carry one along now on a string made from a spool of cotton.

Do you remember some years ago sneak ing into Nurse's work basket and neatly extracting a spool of strong cotton to tie the end of your balloon string? And the ensuing terrors when Nurse found the spool gone and you feared discovery? Well, anyhow, I think it's going to be fine on Saturday, don't you?

DID I tell you the Horse Show Committee has obtained the co-operation of 125 Rough Riders from Camp Dix, and the riders and their horses and pack train, under the direction of General Scott, will be encamped near the Bryn Mawr Polo grounds during the show, which is to be held on the 19th. 20th and 21st of this month.

Then British, French and American officers are to compete in a polo match on muleback. And you know that's going to be funny. 4 think it's great for the men to enter into the spirit of fun so splendidly and to be willing to help the cause along in this way.

The social service department of the Bryn Mawr Hospital is to benefit by the show, and, as I told you last week, I hope it will be a success, for on its success depends the opening of Lancaster Inn as a convalescent home for soldiers and sailors, which cannot be done until the other expenses of the Social Service Burcau are cleared off.

DID you notice the crowds of automobile parties yesterday? 1 suppose it was because on Sunday scarcely a car was to be seen. And if any one doubted the loyalty of the citizens of these United States after that first Sunday, when we were simply asked to refrain from using cars, I'd be surprised to follow the workings of that person's mind. For it would not be exactly logical, now would it? Remember, it was no order and there was no penalty attached. But all day long I only saw five automobiles, and three of them were doctors' cars and they were going their rounds to see patients. The people ARE back of the boys and in this war, to WIN and win QUICK, believe me; and, what's more, they're doing it.

Miss Frances T. Leaf, Miss Sue Suddards, Miss Marian Mishler, Miss Alice Statzell, Miss Dorothy Edwards, Mr. Richard B. P. Forrest, U. S. N. R. F.; Mr. John Howard Whalen, U. S. N. R. F.; Mr. Frnest N. Cal-houn, U. S. N. R. F., and Mr. Robert M. Musselman, U. S. M. C.

Mr. and Mrs. Tenry A. McCarthy and their daughters, Miss Katharine McCarthy, Miss Eleanor McCarthy, Miss Margaret Mc-Carthy, have returned to their home, "Ingleside," Ridley Park, after an extended notor trip along the Jersey coast.

Ideutenant Edwin Stauffer, U. S. N., who stationed at Cornell, has been spending a brief furlough with his parents in Ridley Park. He will leave shortly for France where he will command a bombing plane.

His brother, Lieutenant Robert Stauffer, has been in France for several months.

Mr. and Mrs. Eugene L. Hoffman and their small daughter, Miss Elizabeth Wood-bury Hoffman, have returned to their home in Ridley Park after an extended vacation.

Mr. and Mrs. Franklin Sidebotham, live at 1320 Orthodox street, Frankford, have eturned after an extended motor trip through Niagara, Canada and Maine The several days at a camp on Sebago where their son, Mr. Franklin Side-/ipent Lake ootham, Jr., has been spending the summer

Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Mitchell announce the marriage of their daughter. Miss Edna Marie Fox, of Washington, and Mr. William F Denney, U. S. N. R. F., on August 24, at the Cathedral of Sts. Peter and Paul. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. Richard T. Kelly. Mr. Denney expects to sail shortly for France.

Mr. George Hamilton Sutterley, Jr., son of Mr. and Mrs. George Hamilton Sutterley, Manheim street, Germantown, has of 510

arrived safely overseas.

The wedding of Miss Gladys Blossom Livingston, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Livingston, of this city, and Mr. Joseph M. Sonneborn, of New York, will be solemnized on Wednesday at the Bellevue-Stratford.

Mr. and Mrs. Milton L. Hohlfeld have left Long Beach, L. L, and are spending the week-end at Atlantic City. Mrs. Hohlfeld,

a recent bride, was formerly Miss Katherine Simpson, daughter of Mr. and Mrs, James H. Simpson, of the Powelton Apartments. Her marriage to Mr. Hohlfeld took place in New York on Saturday, August 24. The marriage of Miss May Daly, daughter

of Mr. and Mrs. John Daly, of 1504 North Twelfth street, and Mr. George C. Deency, of this city, will take place tomorrow at 9 o'clock in St. Malachy's Church, Eleventh street above Master.

MANY WEDDINGS ON LABOR DAY

Miss Berkowitz Bride of South

Carolina Man-Other Nuptials Celebrated

A wedding of interest in this city and in Goldsboro, N. C., was that of Miss Celia Berkowitz, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Paul Berkowitz, of 1741 Diamond street, and Mr. Nathan J. Edwards, of Goldsboro, which took place yesterday at noon, at the home of the bride's parents, with the Rev. Joseph Kraus-koph, of the Keneseth Israel congregation, officiating. The bride wore a gown of whiteofficiating. The bride wore a gown of white beaded georgette crepe over silk and carried a bouquet of orchids and lilies of the valleys, She was given in marriage by her father and was unattended Mr. David Edwards, of Rocky Mountain,

N. C., was best man. The ceremony was followed by a luncheon. Mr. Edwards and his bride left on an extended trip and upon their return will be at home in Goldsboro. SMELLOW-WEISS



MR. AND MRS. RICHARD B. P. FORREST

Mr. and Mrs. Forrest were married in Lansdowne at St. John's Church on Saturday afternoon. Mrs. Forrest was Miss Dorothy Swing McEwen. The ushers were all members of the naval reserve force, and the best man was Mr. Robert Musselman, of the marine corps. Mrs. Forrest was one of Lansdowne's most popular girls



islands whose sylvan shadows lengthened

over the water's sunny surface. The hollow

been kept for him.

shattering of his day-dreams.

was unmistakably a woman's,

he trees, uncertain whether to ap-

David rose hastily from his retreat beneath

from the conventionalities of dress, and was

came the sound of rustling leaves. What she

saw stirred her as nothing ever had before. Her glance met David's, and to both of them

it seemed as if all their lives they had been waiting for the revelation of that moment.

new who he was and all about him.

It might be from jealousy, it might be from a perfectly natural feeling of caution; at any rate, he never discussed their plans with them, he never explained his attitude toward them. Never again did he allude to the schoolmaster, nor account for the strange words he had used on the little island in

For the most part he watched their court-

For the most part he watched their court-ship with a sort of whimskal curlosity, bur always withholding his assent from the marriage to which they looked forward. Una was indignant at his final attempt to sepa-rate them. His suspicions and David's guisotic manner of meeting them increased her faith in her lover. Never before had she been so perfectly happy as she was this evening with him in the garden's autumnal silence.

wience. "It will soon be forever," she whispered. "Yo," are not afraid." "If it were possible for our love to die, if it were as shortlivel as the sunflowers, if some one had the power to take it from us, i

Derwentwater.

it might be from jealousy, it might be from

When

CHAPTER II In Una's Garden

TNTIL David told her that evening in the garden at Stoneleigh, Una had not known that her uncle opposed her marriage, reason was given for his opposition-No -nnd David's attitude was quite as much of a puz-zle. He talked of some shadow in his zle. He talked of some shadow in his past, and was on the point of telling Una what if was. But she stopped him. Their love, she said, had to do with the present.

the future; it had nothing to do with the past. Nevertheless, she wished David had set himself right with Leighton. 'Why didn't you answer Uncle Harold? she asked

At first he avoided her glance, snapping his riding-whip nervously among the wither ed sunflower stalks. Then he turned to her. "I don't know," he said. "You knew he was wrong."

'In a way—yes. And then. I wondered if, after all, he was right. As I said, I can't explain it to myself. You stopped my speaking to you about it. And yet, do you know, after talking with your uncle, I convinced myself—I thought I convinced myself —that I was unworthy of you, that our marriage would be wrong." "Don't say that!" she exclaimed, angrily.

"Unless your love for me has changed, it is the one right thing in the world-as mine is for you. "Beloved! Let it be so," he said, his dark mood vanishing. "Let the first day of our new life be the first day of our past. Do you remember that first day? Coming down the river we spoke hardly a word. You laughed at me, called me lazy, the boat

aughed at me, called me hazy, the boat slipped along so slowly. And you were right! Watching you I forgot the stupid business of rowing. Never before were you so beautiful rowing. Never before were you so beautiful -but now you are a million times more beautiful! How I wanted to kiss you! If I had dared kiss just a bit of your dress, anything blessed by touching you! But I didn't—not then! How it all happened after-ward, when we landed at our island, is the mystery—or, rather, the most natural thing in the world. I was tongue-tied as ever, Not a word in the language was in trach of

would be afraid. Tell me that no one has the power, David." He held her from him for a space, his

eyes searching hers. "You alone have the power, Una." he said. From a slowly moving figure amid the ushes behind them came an uncompromising question:

'David, you have told her?"

The dusky outline, the large Quaker hat, the wide-skirted cont catching occasionally among the dry twigs and branches, revealed Harold Leighton. He stood in the center of "Toy have told her?" he repeated. "I have told her?" he repeated.

Inswered

'is that all?"

"I told her that I am unworthy of her." "Why are you unworthy of her?" "You speak as if you knew something against me," said David. Then added flerce-y, "Tell it."

With an odd smile on his face the old man

looked at Una.

ored at Una. "He says he is unworthy of you—you are ee," he said. "Una, how do you choose"" She bowed her head before her lover. "David, I love you," she said,

"David, I love you, she said. The old man turned toward the house. "David, I see your horse is lame; you have ridden him to death." he said dryly. "You had better spend the night at Stoneleigh."

CHAPTER III A Chapter on Ghosts

STRANGE thing happened that night at Stoneleigh.

For the first time in the annals of the younger Rysdale generation, the great bare room at the top of the house, adjoining Har-old Leighton's laboratory, had a guest. In the dayr of the St. Maur Brotherhood the manks used this room as an oratory, shadowy line of a crucifix, which had The risen above an unpretentious altar, could still be traced in the rough plaster on the narrow east wall. At either side of this crucifix the blackened marks of bygone conces were visible, while in the north and south walls of the apartment there still re-mained a number of huge spikes, rusty with age and swathed in cobwebs, from which had ung the fourteen stations of the Cross.

Since the departure of the monks this ora-tory had been virtually abandaned by their successors at Stoneleigh. The earlier members of the Leighton family had shared the dislike of their fellow townsmen for anything approaching "papistry." To this prejudice, as it affected the use of the oratory, was as it affected the use of the oratory, was afterward added the belief That the gloomy chamber was still frequented by certain ghostly members of the ancient brotherhood into whose spectral oings it was just as well not to pry too closely. A live monk was bad enough, according to some of Harold Leigh-ton's ancestors, but a dead monk who "haunted" was too disreputable altogether to have anything to do with. Hence, as there was more room at Stoneleigh than could prof-itably be used, it was thought best to close up this ancient oratory, leaving it to such rim visitants from the past as might choose for a meeting place. There had been seasons, however, when

echo from oar and rowlock, the grating of prow on pebbled beach, broke the silence that had subrounded him ever since he left the little wharf at Keswick. The lightest of summer breezes stirred the topmost branches above him. Invitation was in the air, rest beneath the trees. This was surely the morn-ing of the world, and he was the discoverer dust and cobwebs were sufficiently disturbed to bring some semblance of cheer into the desolate apartment. Thus, the festivities accompanying the marriage of Una's grandof this nameless island. Strange that it should be here, unmarred, untouched, un-known, in populous England ! parents had reached their climax here in a bail at which the local worthies mingled with a number of excellent persons from that out-side world of fashion vaguely known as "the There was we'come in the crackle of twigs beneath his feet; a responsive thrill from the green moss upon which he threw himself. As he tried to catch the blue of the sky becity," No spectral guest, tonsured or other-wise, appeared on this occasion, and when the revels were ended the legend that Stoneyond the moving canopy of green, he idly wondered whether he was the first to pierce the island's solitude, whether its scoret had leigh's oratory was haunted no longer commanded the respect, or even the interest, of te credulous. That was more than half a century ago:

and now David Meudon was the guest of this neglected chamber. He was in joyous mood. A man more tenacious or impressions could not have thrown off so easily the irritation Perhaps it was in answer to his unuttered query that the stillness was suddenly broken by the faintest echo of silvery laughter. He listened in surprise, for the island was far caused by the meeting with Harold Leighton in the garden. The elder man's suspicions would have poisoned whatever possibility too small, he imagined, to screen either house or camp from the view of any one approach-ing it, and before he left his boat he had satisfied himself that no other summer idler was here before him. Nevertheless, there there might be of immediate enjoyment. The presence of Una, however, her unqualified acceptance of him, her uncle's suddenly changed attitude, effectually duiled David's was that tantalizing laughter, coming from a portion of the island opposite the beach on which he had landed—and there was the resentment. Leighton had agreed, apparent to the plan for an early wedding, and had even proposed that the married couple should live at Stoneleigh. In spite of David's great wealth, neither he He parted the low-lying branches of some

bushes growing between him and the shore, but could see nothing save the clear ex-panse of lake upon which there was neither sail nor rowboat. He perceived, however, judging by the distance of the water below nor his immediate ancestors had been iden-tified with a locality peculiarly their own they had never had a family home. With him, that the shore of the island must here become a diminutive cliff, in the shelter of which, doubtless, was the being whose lunghter he scarcely knew whether to wel-Una, on the contrary, the last of the Leigh tons, the ancestral tie that roots itself under some particular hearthstone was especially strong. She was pleased, therefore, with the come or shun. The fairy-like spot obviously had some prosaic owner who was there to enjoy what was his—or hers. The laughter offer that promised to make Stonelcigh her and so, in the main, was David.

He liked the old house; its history ap-pealed to his imagination. He stood some what in awe, it is true, of its present owner, and the prospect of living with him did not

assures us of its ability to produce some excellent examples of the old-fashioned, conventional ghost. A very great aunt of mine, for instance, once ventured alone into this room and was met by a stalwart ing who scowled at her from under rown hood and waved her majestically out of his

his presence." "That's the kind of ghost one likes to "That's the kind of gnost one needs of hear about and see," commented David, "It didn't please my aunt particularly. The fright prostrated her for months. Other imaginative ancestors have heard the monks hanting together, and seen spectral lights

noving about here at midnight. "You speak as if you believed it all." "I can't be defrauded of my family tradi-

"How queer it is!" exclaimed Una, who had been wandering about the room and now rejoined Harold and David before the fire-place. "I like it, even if it is dirty. Why have you broken your rule and brought us uncle? And why do you talk as if here. You

you believed in the Stoneleigh ghosts? know you don't." "Ghosts !" the ejaculated. "I have been

"Ghosts!" he ejaculated. "I have been making some experiments recently. I thought you might be interested in them." "Experiments in ghosts," ruminated David, who believed Leighton capable of anything. "Yes," said the old man, enjoying his hewliderment. "My ghosts may be different from those you have in mind. If you have followed the recent developments in pay-bolow new metably hear that there are followed the recent developments in pay-chology you probably know that there are ghosts attached to the living, whatever the

ghosts attached to the living, whatever the case may be in regard to the dead." "No, I never heard that." "Not in those words. "Ghosts' is not a term used by the scientist. It involves a medieval superstition. But I am interested in things more than in words, and I am not afraid to say that we have been rediscov-cing ducts."

ring ghosts." Vincle, don't talk enigman-or nonsense." remonstrated Una. "I confess sir, I don't follow you," added

"Did you ever feel that you had lost your-self?" asked Leighten - the you had lost your-

"Ind you ever teel that you h f?" asked Leighton abruptly. "I don't understand."

"I don't understand. "If you forget a thing, you lose just that much of yourself, don't you? When you sleep, you enter a world of dreams. In that world you think, speak, go through a

that world you think, speak, go through a set of vivid experiences. Awake, you are aware that you have had these vivid ex-periences—and yet, you can't possibly re-momber them. "You are dimly conscious that you were in Mothers of Soldiers Attend Services at

You are during conscious that you were in another world and that while there you thought suffered, rejoiced, much in the same way that you do here. At times you have a vague feeling that you have undergone some important crisis in your dream-ex-istence, or you wake up with the sensation of having reached some high peak of happiness. But you cannot recall the details or even But you cannot recall the details, or eve but you cannot lines, of what has happened. Not a scene of this dreamland, of which you are an occasional inhabitant, can you ploture to your waking thought ; nor does your wak g memory hold the visage, or even the me, of one of your dream-associates." "All this has to do with dreams," objected nante,

David. "It is admittedly unreal. "Don't rely too much on old definitions.

part of you that sleeps now does experience this dream-life and finds it real. The trouble is, this dream part of you forgets; it is un-

able to report to the waking personality what it has seen. (CONTINUED TOMORROW)



(Peggy, while watching a storm ap proach, is made small through a trick, and carried away by Night Heron, a messenger of the Witch of the Night.)

CHAPTER 11

The Den in the Swamp All her other trips into the air had been fairly dignified flights, as befitted her rank as Princess of Birdland. Here, however, she was being carried dangling along, at the end of Night Heron's long bill, for all the world like pictures she had seen of a teenyweeny baby being borne by a Stork.

She found it a ficklish way to travel. What if her pajamas should give way where Night Heron gripped them? What if he hould happen to sneeze?

VICTORIA MAL THIS WEEK WM. FOX Presents WILLIAM FARNUM should happen to sneeze? But her pajamas proved stout and Night Heron did not sneeze. He carried her safely over the lake and into a dark, dismal-looking swamp. Deep, deep into the morass he flew—so far that she felt she could never "RIDERS OF THE PURPLE SAGE" Sext Week-"THE PRUSSIAN CUR"

REGENT MARKET ST. Helow 17TH Today and Tomorrow WALLACE REID First Showing "THE SOURCE"

His evident fear didn't add a bit to Perry's courage. This Witch of the Night must be a frightful creature to make her own folks so much afraid.

frightful creature to make her own folks so much afraid. Peggy looked about, seeking a possible way of escape. The edge of the island was bordered by scummy water, through which she couldn't even swim. The tangle into which Night Heron had disappeared seemed so wild and scary that she wouldn't dare venture into it. There might be all sorts of crawly, creepy things hiding in the gloom. It took but a moment for Peggy to realize that she was a helpless prisone. "Kerchug!" came a sound from near by. Peggy jumped nervously and looked around "Kerchug!" came a sound from near by. Peggy jumped nervously and looked around "Kerchug!" came the sound arain, almost at her feet. Peggy glanced down. Out of the scummy water a bright eye was blink-ing up at her-jusi the eye, that was all Peggy drew away, and promptly the head of a large Bullfrog popped out of the scum "You're a queer kind of a Frog." said Bullfrog to her in a croaky kind of whisper. "The not a Frog. The a little girl," an-swered Peggy indignantly. "Humph. I should say you were a very, very little girl," answered Bullfrog," stull whispering. "But it's too bad you're not a Frog.""

Frog.

"I wouldn't want to be a Frog and live in that horrible, slimy water," replied Peggy, plqued at his suggestion.

plqued at his suggestion. "I'd rather be a Frog, living safely here in this slimy water, than a little girl up there on land in the clutches of the Witch of the Night, without much chance of living at all." answered the Frog. "What's your name, so I can send word to your friends telling 'em

I can send word to your "Fields feining to what's happened to you?" Before Peggy could gather her wits to-gether to answer this ominous question, there came a stir in the reeds and bushes. "The Witch of the Night," gurgled Bull-"The Witch of the Night," gurgled Bull-

"The Witch of the Night," gurgled Bull-from "Good night, girtle !" And he vanished from sight in the sourn. Pergy booked up. The reeds and bushes had been pulled back like a curtain, reveal-ing a gloomy den. In the center of the den flickered a ghostly blue flame. By its pale light, Pergy made out a fantastic creature squatting on a heap of sticks and matted plants. The creature was sollenly glowering at her. This was the Witch of the Night. (In the next chapter Peggy braves the wrath of the Witch of the Night.)

PRAY FOR SONS IN FRANCE

Inasmuch Tent

Prayers for the boys in France are a fea-ture of the meetings conducted by Mrs. Edna Long at the Inasmuch Tent, Sixtieth and Locust streets.

The quiet-hour services conducted by Mrs.

Long on Sunday afternoons are notable for the prayers offered for enlisted men. At

uch service more than a dozen mothers who

have sons in the army or navy offer peti-

dons for their sons welfare. Many enlisted men are attending with

heir mothers. A young marine gave his tes-

timony while his mother wept beside him. It was the first time, she said, she had heard her boy confess Christ.

"THE HUN WITHIN"

Many Notable Screen Players, including DOROTHY GISH and GEORGE FAWCETT Added Attraction-First Presentation

ROSCOE "FATTY" ARBUCKLE

in a New Comedy, "THE COOK"

PALACE 1214 MARKET STREET ALL THIS WEEK 10 A. M. 10 11 15 P. M. WILLIAM S. HART REDDLE

A R C A D I A A M. 12, 2, 345, 345, 745, 959 P. M

ELSIE FERGUSON

"HEART OF THE WILDS"

Added Attraction-First Showing James Montgomery Flagg's Comedy "HICK MANHATTAN"

lanky

THE only thing is we must not go too far in judging some who did ride on Sunday. They may have had a very good reason. And because they pass in a car apparently on pleasure bent is no reason why we should throw stones at them, as did one small boy of my acquaintance, who is ALL for Uncle Sam. However, his stone didn't hit and a little explanation taught him that he must be tolerant of those who do not understand as he does. They'll learn soon, I hope. NANCY WYNNE.

Social Activities

Miss Gertrude Thayer, daughter of Cap-tain George C. Thayer and Mrs. Thayer, of is visiting her aunt, Mrs. Henry C llanova, Norris, at her cottage in Cape May

Mrs. Henry C. Earnshaw, who is staying with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Tat-nall, of Bryn Mawr, while Dr. Earnshaw is in France, returned Sunday evening from a lait to Narragansett Pier. Mr. and Mrs Tatnall will return from Bretton Woods on Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Price Maule and Miss Jane P. P. Maule, have left College Inn, Bryn Mawr, and are staying at Bay Head.

Mrs. Alfred Lowry and her daughter, Miss Martha Lowery, of Rosemont, are spending a few weeks in Marion, Mass.

Among the out-of-town guests who at Among the out-of-town guests who at-tended the wedding of Miss Dorothy Suring McEwen and Mr. Richard B. P. Forrest, U. S. N. R. F., on Saturday afternoon, at St. John's Episcopal Church in Lansdowne, were Colonel and Mrs. E. G. Pratt, of Chicago, III.; Licutenant Colonel and Mrs. Hal S. Ray, of Washington, D. C.; Mr. and Mrs. Ray, of Washington, b. B. Miss Mary Lloyd Smith, of Wellsboro, Pa.; Miss Mary Wites, of Bridgeton, N. J.; Mr. James W. Twenchard, of Bridgeton, N. J., and Mr. and Mrs. Henry E. Kasselbaum, of Elkins Park,

Mrs. E. Bowman Leaf and Miss Frances T Leaf, of Philadelphia, spent the week-end in Lansdowne. Miss Leaf is a cousin of the Landowne. Miss Leaf is a cousin of the bride and was maid of honor at the wedding. Miss Dorothy Edwards and Miss Gertrude Rdwards came up from Ocean City to attend he wedding, returning on Sunday. Miss Dor-thy Edwards was one of the bridesmids. Miss McEwen gave an informal dinner to he bridel party at her home the hight be-bre the wedding party was served on the brandeh, and the party was served on the brandeh, and the custom were ace roses

Another interesting wedding of yesterday was that of Miss Nettle Welss, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Morris Weiss, of 2733 West Girard avenue, and Mr. Frank B. Smellow, of \$125 Diamond street. The ceremony was performed at 4 o'clock at the home of the bride's parents, by the Rev Marvin Nathan. or the Beth Israel- Temple. The bride's father gave her in marriage. She wore her traveling suit of dark blue with a blue hat, to match. After a dinner for the two fami-lies, Mr. and Mrs. Smellow left on a western trip. They will be at home after October 1 at 2733 Girard avenue.

DEMBOW-ABRAMSON

"He understands me, that's all. We have been together a lot. But what's the use of thinking of him! He's in India, probably wedding of interest in theatrical circles A wedding of interest in theatrical circles took place yesterday afternoon when Miss Fanny S. Abramson, dauwhter of Mrs. Ella Abramson, of 1823 North Nineteenth street, was married to Mr. Harry L. Dembow, sof of Mr. and Mrs. Samuel J. Dembow, of 990 North Fifth street. The ceremony was per-formed by the Rev. B. L. Levinthal, at his home, 716 Pine street, and was followed by a reception at the home of the bride's parents. The bride's father gave her in marriage and there were no attendants. She wors a coat-suit of white broadcloth and a white hat. After an extended trip the bride-

But

now--'

wore a coat-suit of white broadcloth and a white hat. After an extended trip the bride-groom and bride will live in Brooklyn, N. Y.

MILADY'S BEAUTY AIDS BY RATION IN FRANCE

Cards Must Be Shown to Purchase

Face Powder, Rouge and **Other Toilet Articles**

Ration cards for the distribution of face powder, rouge, perfume and other articles of the woman's "vanity box" have been ssued by the French Government.

Mademoiselle Alice Brunet, a French schoolteacher, writing to Miss Anna Fleisch-man, 526 West Berks street, made this dis-closure in drawing a picture of Paris in wartime.

The salvation of Paris from the onrushes of the Germans was due chiefly to the efforts of the "valiant and glorious American fight-ers." according to Mademoiselle Bruet. The writer declares all fears of German invasion of Paris ceased when the people learned that the Americans stood between the Kaiser's men and the city. Confidence in the Yankees

men and the city. Confidence in the Yankees is supreme, she says. "And Paris, my Paris—thanks to your country—weathered the storm," wrote the Frenchwoman. "We women do not complain," Mad-emoiselle Brunet says, "of the face powder," rouge and perfume restrictions. We realize that we must sacrifice, and God only knows that in this the French women are not lacking.

that in this the French women are not lacking. "For when the grant history of this war is finally recorded the most interesting chap-ter will be that one devoted to the doings and sacrifices of the women and children." She adds that many of the farms in France are being worked by children, none of whom is more than thelve years old, and narrates excernit incidents relative to the recentions several incidents relative to the receptions tendered the American boys during their

"And it is so beautiful," she continues. "And it is so beautiful," she continues. "So grand-so noble-just like our American rriends to come to help us crush the life out of a descinting for who determines to rule the civilized world without consulting these

Intrusion In the word in the language was in reach of me—at least, I couldn't think of one. Natu-rally, the dictionary men left out our words —they didn't know you. And yet we under-stood! Did the birds tell us. I wonder, or was it written on the trees, or whispered in the golden air? Love talks without words. he broke off abrupty-"now must answer Uncle Harold."

"I wish I could talk it over with Raoul." he went on, not heeding the question. "Why with Raoul?" "You don't know Raoul."

"Tell me about him."

or, maybe, Bogota-yes, it must be Bogota-and will stay there for years." "You are fond of him?"

"No! 1 can't imagine any one being fond of him. He fascinates you. He's queer. He is my age, yet his hair is white—even his eyebrows and his eyelashes are white. Fancy a young man with white cyclashes! There's not a hint of color in his face. And his eyes you can't tell what they are ineither can you avoid them when they stop twitch-ing and fix themselves on you. Did you ever see a human being jump out at you from a pair of eyes? It sounds foolish; but then

you've never seen Raoul! Love leaps out of your eyes and all the beauty of trees and rivers. God made your eyes and put you in them just to help people. It was the devil who made Raoul's eyes.' They lingered at the far corner of the ter-They ingered at the far corner of the ter-raced garden where a low hedge of box over-looked a deep, silent grove of balsams. Be-yond, at one side, the gray hills of Stone-leigh, the square tower bearing aloft a single ray of light, rose indistinctly against a back-

ray of hight, too manned to a back ground of firs. The familiar scene, softened by the twilight, dispelled their first feeling of uncasiness. Everything had changed. Once more the world was brightened by their love. The touch of Una's hand, the fragrance love. " of her hair, the joy of her quivering lips, were, for David, the only things that mat-

tered. Since their first meeting, a year ago on the Derwentwater, in England, love had grown with these two. On the night before that meeting David had reached Keswick, where Una was staying.

Una was staying.
Skiddaw and Heivellyn, when first he saw hose famous peaks, were dimit outlined behind the givening mists. Next morning the sky was cloudless, and although David was familiar with the scenery of Alps, Andes and Himalaya, the charm of this English andscape touched him deeply. The peace of the second seco Skiddaw and Helvellyn, when first he saw

promise unalloyed happiness. But there was something about Harold Leighton, a sugor to slip away After all, the laughter chimed in pleasantly enough with his roving fancies. There had gestion of mystery, that went well with this ancient place, and completely satisfied David. He laughed at the Stoneleigh traditions, but when Leighton proposed spending the evening been wood nymphs before, if one can believe been wood nympus before, it one can believe the old romancers, who sang the carefree joys of the glens they inhabited—and per-haps this was a wood nymph. His curiosity aroused, David peered again through the branches. This time he saw her. in the oratory he gladly assected. David had never been in this part of the house, al-though he had often wanted to explore its possible mysteries. The opportunity to do She was not a wood nymph of old mytholthis had not come until now. ogy, but an incarnation of the spirit of youth that all morning pursued him. She was clad in the simplest of sailor suits, the blouse of

ogize for

"Yes, there are ghosts here," Harold Leigh-ton replied to the young man's jesting query as he, David and Una entered the great bare gray silk opening loosely about her delicately

room together. "Then you believe in shosts?" "Of course, Uncle Haroid believes in them," exclaimed Una. "I believe in them, molded throat and neck, her hair straying in tawny ringlets over her shoulders and reaching down to the book which she held in her lap. At her side sat an old man of staland so do you."

wart frame, white-haired, with the strongly "That depends. Show me one and lined face and sharpened features typical of the student. A wide-brimmed Quaker hat lying at his feet emphasized his freedom might.

"Well," commented Leighton, "this is the ghost room, and here we are. Perhaps your skepticism will find something to try its teeth on. In honor of St. Maur we ought to have n strict keeping with his long black coat and columinous trousers. demonstration."

They were reading a book together, a book that had evidently provoked the disturb-ing laughter and brought a grim look of amusement to the old man's face. The noise made by Daniel, however, broke up their pleasant occupation. The girl turned her head easing curjouch at the end where "Splendid!" laughed David. "But you don't mean it. People never mean what they say when they talk approvingly of ghosts. You are known for a skeptic yourself, Mr head, gazing curiously at the spot whence

You are known for a skeptic yourself. Mr. Leighton. You accept nothing that has not passed muster with science." "There may be a science of ghosts." re-torted the savant. "Science is not limited to any department of human knowledge. A scientific theory is based on a collection of facts. How do you know 1 here not made a collection of ghost facts?" collection of ghost facts?"

"And so have a new theory of ghosts to offer

ever.

and brushes.

New Musical

Comedy

Notable Cast

Beautiful Chorus

WITH

Her pulse quickened; her check paled, then grew rosy red; her gray eyes dilated with mingled alarm and pleasure. "You don't really think those old monks The sudden, deep impression was dashed by a singular interruption. The girl's com-panion, his back haif turned to David, his

come back, uncle?" objected Una. "Oh, I'm not going to tell the secrets of my laboratory so easily—and to such a pair of tyros," was the evasive answer.

face still expressive of amusement, and look-ing straight before him at the ripple of water kissing the prebles at his feet, spoke in a loud, harsh voice: They stood before the great fireplace which They stood before the great fireplace which a thrifty ancestor had built into the east wall, and enjoyed to the full the warmth that had not as yet reached the remote spaces of the gloomy chamber. It needed a fire to bring some show of comfart to this wilderness of dust and cobwebs. A few pieces of Colonial furniture stood out in the melanchely wasters a field lourse a meta-Noud, narsh voice: "Una," he said, "remember the schoolnias-ter! This man's world is not ours. What does he know of Bysdale?" She looked down confusedly, aware that her uncle—for it was Howard Leighton— without seeing this stranger who had so quickly aroused her interest, spoke as if he new who he was and all about him. When melancholy wastes—a faded lounge, a gar gantuan dresser, several stiff-backed chairs still nursing their puritanism. At the far she looked again David was gone. Between that first meeting and this eveend of the room various objects of a de end of the foun various objects of a de-cidedly modern appearance, suggesting the workshop of a physicist, aroused David's curiosity. For an explanation of these he turned to Leighton. "Is this your laboratory" he asked. ning, a year after, when they stood together in Una's garden at Stoneleigh, they had lived

in one's garden at scheleigh, they had lived through much of love's first golden record. Their experiences had not always been cloud-less. Howard Leighton, it is true, did not ac-tively oppose their margiage, but he had borne himself in a manner that showed, at "What do you think of it?" was the reply, "Pienty of space, isn't there? A man could have a score of ghosts here-ghosts of times, either a singular indifference or a covert mistrust of the man who was so soon to take from him his brother's only daughter. monks, you know—nosing about for their comfortable old quarters."

"Not so very comfortable in their day, uncle." suggested Una; "nor in ours, for that matter."

Leighton cnuckled grimly. "Are you in-

Leighton chuckled grimly. "Are you in-terested in ghosts, David?" he asked, look-ing keenly at him. "What do you mean by ghosts?" "Ah, that's it? This old room—are there ghosts in it. I wonder? The nall marks in the walls, the stains where the lights were hung, the shadowy remains of the altar— can you shake off the feeling that the broth-erhood is still at prayers here, that it still erhood is still at prayers here, that it still has Stoneleigh for its home?" "The brotherhood no longer exists." "There's a family tradition, anyway, that

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