# **IUST GOSSIP ABOUT PEOPLE**

Nancy Wynne Chats About the Doings of Various Members of Society-Miss Florence Walsh to Sail Soon for Red Cross Work in France

and the fact that war work must get under way with even more vigor and getup-and-go than heretofore, but people are certainly coming back to town earlier than soual. I hear the Tom Robins, who have ten up in Bar Harbor, are coming down this week. Mrs. Robins has been in the Emergency Aid work ever since it started. if I am not mistaken, and has been splenid in every way. Her daughter Margaret in "over there," you know, working in France. I heard the other day that about week before they went to Bar Harbor they had a cable saying that Margaret was safe. She must have been near the firing line or at some town where there ad been disaster and the news was to reassure her parents, who had not known she was in special danger.

The youngest child, a boy, is a dear and simply crazy about his mother. And that is a fine trait in a child. Mrs. Robins is a stunning looking woman, is she not? Her clothes are always just the right thing and she wears them so smartly. I think she is one of the smartest looking women in this city.

DID you know that Marion Newhall Horwitz O'Brien is up here from Moore Haven visiting the family? She's been slaying with Eleanor, who lives out at Strafford. And stayed down with Lily Newhall Howard, a cousin, in Atlantic City over the week-end. Lily has been having quite a family party for May Schwartz Newhall, George's wife has come on from the West to visit and has been staying in Atlantic City with Lily. And Beck, Lily's sister, is also there. Did you ever know a more popular girl than that same Rebecca Newhall? She is without exception one of the finest all-round girls, everybody says. And every one always wants to have her visit them. Full of fun and bright and such a happy disposition.

Marion is not going to be up very long, as she is needed at De Soto Farms, where her ability, as a business woman becomes more apparent every day.

**HEAR** that Nancy Smythe Miles has a little daughter. She was born on Asigust 29 and is to be named Nancy Thomas Miles. I think the name is sweet. for her father, you know, Lieutenant Thomas Miles, was killed in June fighting in France, and it is a lovely thought that, though the baby is a girl, it can have both parents' names, Nancy and Thomas.

Nancy has been wonderfully brave about it all. You know she heard the news of Commy's death from a friend of his and it was not confirmed in the official lists for at least a month later. It must have been a terrible thing for her. And I so hope this dear small daughter will be a comfort to the bereaved little mother.

ANOTHER Philadelphia girl is going to France very soon for work with the Red Cross. Florence Walsh, daughter of the late Philip J. Walsh and Mrs. Walsh, of Burmont, left today for New York and will sail shortly, I understand. She was educated abroad and has two sisters living in Rome, where they are very active in the Red Cross. Her niece, Phyllis Walsh, is also "over there," and this spring received he Croix de Guerre for bravery and fine work. She drives an ambulance. Florence is a' very talented member of

Plays and Players Club and has taken part in a number of their productions, She has also been a very active member of the Woman's Council of National Defense and helped a great deal in their recent drive to recruit young women for the United States Student Nurse Reserve.

SUPPOSE it's on account of the war | and your family's trunks have gone ahead and you don't know any one else in the hotel but the young man who walked with you? You couldn't well borrow his suit. could you? So, believe me or not, as you will, that girl had to resort to the garments intended for that night's sleeper and spend most of the afternoon in her room until her clothes were dried. Oh, it's great to travel this summer! NANCY WYNNE.

### Social Activities

Captain Benjamin Chew, who has been overseas for some time, returned to America recently and will remain with Mrs. Chew at their Cape May cottage before returning to duty.

Mrs. William Longstreth was hostess at the Germantown Women's Club on Tuesday afternoon, when the members of the club entertained the convalescent sailors and marines from the Naval Home.

Mr. Garfield Scott, of Wayne avenue and School lane, Germantown, spent Labor Day at Shawnee-on-the-Delaware.

Mrs. F. W. Hickman and her two children Quincey street, Germantown, left last week for Atlantic City, where they will spend

Mrs. Willis Bromley and her daughter, Miss Eleanor Bromley, of Rochelle avenue, Wissa-hickon, are at Rock Point, sixty miles below Washington, D. C.

Lieutenant and Mrs. Evan H. Davies, of Swarthmore, have returned from Atlantic City, where they spent the week-end as the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin Booth.

Miss Marie Higgins, of Bala, is spending the week-end at Atlantic City.

Mr. and Mrs. Jacob Weil, with their daughters. Miss Dorothy Weil and Miss Eliza-beth Weil, who spent August on the Maine coast, returned to their Oak Lane home the beginning of the week.

## "DREAMLAND **ADVENTURES**"

By DADDY THE WITCH OF THE NIGHT A complete new adventure each week, begin-ning Monday and ending Saturday.

#### CHAPTER III The Obedient Thunder

(Peggy, made small through a trick, is carried away by Night Heron to the der of the Witch of the Night.)

"OME forward !" rasped a harsh voice. Peggy obeyed, straining her eyes to get a good look at the Witch. At that moment a brilliant flash of lightning revealed the creature in all her ugliness.

The Witch was a Bird, but of a kind totally strange to Peggy. She had a long sharp beak, a snaky neck and a large body. On her head and covering her body were bristling feathers, the effect being much like that of an Indian in his war headdress. From beneath the crest on her head glittered beady red eyes.

Around the Witch-was grouped a somber assemblage of Birds-Night Heron and others of his kind, as well as half a dozen coal black Ravens. As the lightning flashed, the Witch spread

wide her wings and squawked: "Thunders roll. I command it."

As if in obedience there came a long roll of thunder. The Night Herons and Ravens salaamed low before the Witch. "O powerful Witch of the Night, who

makes the thunders obey, hall, hall, hall !" The Witch fixed her eyes upon Peggy in a crafty smirk as if to say: "See how wonderful I am." "Why, what nonsense. You can't make the

thunder roll," Peggy burst forth, indignant at this seeming trick.



and grandsons of Mr. James H. Hunt and Mr. Harry L. Reinhold. Both little fellows are great singers and, though only six and eight years of age, respectively, can sing the words of the "Star Spangled Banner"

## WHAT A CONGRESSMAN SEES

Semiweekly Letter Touching on the Washington Doings of Personalities Familiar to Philadelphians

#### By J. Hampton Moore

Washington, Sept. 4. RATTLING good fights between the political elements are going on in a number of the States, proving rather conclusively that politics, despite the war in Europe, is neither adjourned nor suppresssed. The Republicans are beginning

to straighten and strengthen their lines with an increasing faith in their ability to carry the next House of Representatives. To a certain extent President Wilson is responsible for this new condition. He has stirred up the animals in his own party in a more or less commendable house-

cleaning effort, and has set the candidates of that party thinking harder than the Republicans. The latter are saying little because of the general desire to go along with the Administration on account of the war, but they do not fall to observe that Democrats in many instances are both restless

bury and to his long-felt desire that they should some day dine with him, they promptly and with one accord exclaimed "When!" And<sup>#</sup> since that time, as the story goes in Washington, echo answers "When!" Those who know the Congressman best, however, say the question may soon be answered, since John V, is more successful in answering than in popping the question. . . .

OUR old friend Alexander M. DeHaven. whose partnership with Milton C. Work, the chess expert, is a continuation of the law firm established by former City Solicitor West and ex-Judge Henry J. Mc-Carthy, has been hobnobbing with official life in Washington. He is an enthusiast on war and a popular speaker at meetings of fraternal organizations. His daughter is also actively engaged in Red Cross and and disgruntled. It is no uncommon thing kindred work, and is making a careful colsome Democratic Senator or Rep- lection of war posters. DeHaven, like Freeland Kendrick and Edward N. Haug, belongs to that vigorous body of Philadelphians' who keep alive the spirit of fraternalism which reached its climax at the great Independence Square meeting last week. The spirited Americans who gave vent to their feelings at that great gathering had planned to secure the attendance of Mr. McAdoo, the Secremind through the purely physical operation tary of the Treasury, but, as can be readily understood, that severely taxed official is now so tied up with revenue matters, railroad management and preparations for the fourth Liberty Loan, that it was out of the question for him to put in an appearance.



Copyright, 1918, by Bast & Liveright, Inc., New York, Congright, 1918, by the Public Ledger Co. David Meudon loves Una Leighton, and she loves him. Her uncle, Harold Leighton, a scientist, suspects that there is something in David's life that makes the match undestra-ble. Una gathers from David that he isn't outle sure her uncle lish't cult but declares that he descrittene what that "something." by With method in his approach. Leighton, discovering that the lovers are inclined to con-tion with engagement descrite doubts, begins to discuss "ghosts" - ghosts of the living an well as the dead.

## CHAPTER III (Continued)

BUT it is not only in sleep that this dream B personality takes the place of that which we call the real self. The opium-eater inhabits a world, opened to him by his drug, and closed, even to his memory, when the effects of that drug wear off. Then, there is that curious phase of dipsomania in which -and when he recovers from his fit of toxication finds it impossible to remember a single circumstance of the many known to him while under the sway of alcohol. The phenomena of hypnotism give instances of similar independent mental divisions in a single human personality. All this is the single human personality. All this is the familiar material of modern psychology, out of which the scientists build strange and varied theories. I call these divided, or lost.

personalities 'ghosts.'" "Ghosta of the living, not of the dead." "More uncanny than the old-fashioned kind," mused Una. "Fancy meeting one's own ghost !!"

"Cases of such meetings are on record; Shelley's, for instance," said Leighton drily. "The thing is strange and worth investigat-

ing. But," added David laughingly, "I am not an investigator."

"It is fascinating." declared Una em

phatically. "Tell us more about it, Uncle Harold. You spoke of an experiment......" "The experiment, by all means," said David. "Just what is it?"

"Trapping a ghost," was the laconic an-

"And if you succeed in trapping it-----?" "Ah, then-science generally leaves its ghosts to take care of themselves. It's a

good rule" "You say you are going to trap a ghost: you don't really mean that," protested Una. "Remember, there are two kinds of ghosts As a scientist I am not interested in the ghosis of the dead. If they exist outside of

fairy tales and theology let some one else But I nm interested in the other and more profitable kind-the ghosts of the living. "I don't understand," said David.

"It needs explanation. Remember what I said as to the phenomena presented by the dreamer, the -bypnotic subject, the dipsodreamer, the hypnotic subject, the dipso-maniac, the narcomaniac. In each of these cases one human mind seems capable of division into two independent halves. "And each half seems to forget, or to be

ignorant of the doings of its mate. Now, I am hunting for this Ghost of the Forgotten." "Sounds romantic," remarked David, "Ac-

sounds romantic, remarked David, "Ac-cording to your theory, don't you need a hypnotized subject--or at least a dipsomaniac --for your experiment?" "No, The Ghost of the Forgotten lurks in "No. The Ghost of the Forgotten turks in all of us. The man or woman in whom this Ghost is not to be found is exceptional. I doubt if such a being exists—a being whose Book of the Past is as clear, as legible, as

his Book of the Present. "But, your experiment, uncle," demanded na; "show it to us." Una :

Una; "show it to us." "I need help for a satisfactory trial. An experiment isn't a picture, or a book, you know. It needs a victim of some kind. What do you say, David?" he asked, turning

abruptly to him. "You want me for the victim?" laughed "I'm ready. Feel just like my name-David. sake before he tackled that husky Philistine

me what I'm to do." Tell me what I'm to do." They were standing at the fireplace, I'na with one arm through her lover's, the other resting on her uncle's shoulder. A scarcely perceptible frown clouded Leighton's fcaures before he accepted David's offer.

"I merely want you to answer # and milliontions." he said finally. 'You will think them trivial; but I want you to answer them un-der unusual conditions. Let me show you my

der unusual conditions. Let me show you my latest prize and explain things." Leighton strode to the center of the room and thence down to that end of it where the tools of his laboratory were kept. David and Una followed, enjoying the momentary relief from the scrutiny of the old savant, who was now, apparently, engrossed in his scientific apparatus. There was not much of the latter in sight, and to the novice un-familiar with the interior of a mbysicist's

stone is large the waves caused by it can be seen until they spend themselves on the shore; if it is small, the resulting ripples become invissible long before that, The point is, the ripple exists, whether we see it or not, just as does the wave, until it has run its course "A thought in its physical effect is like the

stone thrown into a pool. If it is a big, exaggerated thought, the agitation produced is outwardly visible. If it is small, more subtle, less sensational, its physical effects are invisible, although, theoretically, reaching in ripples to the extremities of the body. Hence the psychologist's problem is to detect and measure these invisible intangible ripples of the mind.

"This machine, my 'ghost hunter,' solves the problem. A Russian scientist discovered that an electric current passing through the body is affected by any abnormal physical or nervous activity there encountered. Thought is a form of electric impulse and would, there-fore, modify any other electric force crossing its path. Hence, Tarchanoff's law. Its practical application means the literal measuremen of our mental ripples. And this is done

by the psychometer." "How?" asked David.

"It is very simple. You hold these elec-trodes in your hands. An electric current is turned on and passes through you. While you are thus charged with electricity [ throw While the stone, the thought, into your mind. The degree or quality of disturbance caused by this thought modifies the electric current, the varying agitation of which is made visible by the movements of an electric finger across this mirror. From there it is recorded on the sheet of paper in this cylinder."

"What a horrible contrivance !" exclaimed "I see how it works." mused David, "ex-

cept for one thing. How do you introduce "If I explain that, the experiment wouldn't be possible," said Leighton with a laugh. "The thought must come through uncon-

scious suggestion or our ghost of the for-gotten will refuse to appear. In a way, it is like a game-and is more interesting than

wenty questions?" "I have," interjected Una. "It's this way: Something-a book, a piece of furniture, anything at all-is chosen by one set of play-ers to be guessed by the other set. "Then

the set who know the secret have to answer twenty questions about it, asked by the other side. The questions sound silly, but they usually discover the secret. your experiment like Una's game?"

asked David. 'Not exactly. Sit down in this chair and ou'll see.

Seated as directed, the psychometer stood Seated as directed, the psychometer store a little back and at one side of him. "Now," said Leighton, giving him the elec-trodes, "hold these, one in each hand." "It's like an electrocution!" exclaimed Una. "Are you very unconfortable?"

"Oh, quite the contrary ! Now, Mr. Leigh-

"Ready? Here goes the current. You will Leighton pulled out a small lever. A faint humming sound was heard. The electric finger on the mirror in the machine became suddenly illuminated.

"Do you feel it?" asked Una. "Yes; it's rather nice. This hero business a all right, especially when you preside at

the performance, Una." "Now for your game of twenty questions, Uncle Harold. Of course, you are going to let me into the secret?" "How can 1?" he retorted. "David has

he secret. "I have it?" repeated the other, perplexed.

"Certainly. But this isn't exactly a game. You'll find it tedious, Una. Why not stay with Mrs. Quayle in the library until it's

'Nonsense! Of course I'll stay here," she "What am I to do?" asked David. "Hold-

ing these handles is easy enough-but nothing happens."

"Let me explain." said Leighton "I am going to give you, one at a time, a number of disconnected words. As you hear each word, you must reply with the first word

that suggests itself to your mind. For in-stance, suppose I say 'black.' The word gives rise, instantly, to some answering mental picture, and that picture will suggest a word with which your experience has associated it. Thus, when I say 'black,' you' may think of 'night'; or, if your thought goes by con-

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It was noticeable, however, that words. ing to do with places gave a different re-sult—a vibration of the electric finger, in dicating, according to the theory, that the awakened a deeper interest than other word in David's mind. In experiments of this kind the opera

In experiments of this kind the operator choice of words is carefully made, as a trie-and not left to chance. They usually have a certain continuity of meaning. Theoretical-ly, also, the operator's personality is kept in the background, so that the subject in freed from any emotional impulse save that creat-ed in him by the question-words. But there is always the possibility that this personality is always the possibility that this person will unconsciously influence the subject a mind, which is thus impelled in directions is might not otherwise take. Hypnotism may thus, unintentionally, play a part in an ex-periment of this kind, and the subject made

to follow, in the words uttered and the de gree of emotion displayed, his inquisitor's suggestions. It would be hard to tell wnether hypnotism

It would be hard to tell whether hypnolism gradually came into Leighton's experiment with David. Certain it is that as the trial wont on a change came over the two men. Their features grew tense, they were as vigilant to thrust and parry in this game of words as two fencers fighting on a wager whose loss would mean much to either of them. In David anxlety was more marked. The electric finger in the psychometer, uncons-ciously controlled by him, moved more rapid-ity and with greater irregularity over the ly and with greater irregularity over the face of the mirror. At times it remained fixed in one place; then, with Leighton's utterance of some new word, it would leap spasmodically forward, in a jagged line of light, which would be recorded automati-cally on the cylinder at the back of the ma-

chine David could not see what was happening

Outwardly he showed the psychometer. no emotion, except the anxiety to hold his own in this word duel with Leighton. Net-ertheless, the electric current passing through him registered a series of impressions that grew in variety and intensity. Theoretically, these impressions were David's thoughts and feelings acting upon the electric finger; and thus the line of light traced upon the mirror was really a picture of his own mind.

(CONTINUED TOMORROW)

### EVANGELIST SETS RECORD

With the beginning of the tenth week of his evangelistic campaign at the Inasmuch Tent, Sixtieth and Locust streets, George Long, evangelist, has established a new record for continuous preaching in this city.

He has preached seven sermons each week for the last nine weeks, resting only on Mondays, a test of endurance that was only excelled by "Billy" Sunday when he con-ducted a three months' campaign in New York city.

Mr. Long preaches to audiences ranging from 700 to 1200 persons nightly,

First and Exclusive Presentation of "THE HUN WITHIN," CAST OF SCREEN FURTHIN,"

CAST OF SCREEN FAVORITES Added Attraction-First Showing ROSCOE "Faity" ARBUCKLE in "The Cost

PALACE <sup>1214</sup> MARKET STREET ALL THIS WEEK WILLIAM S. HART "HIDDLE GAWNE"

ELSIE FERGUSON

in "HEART OF THE WILDS" Added Attraction-First Showing James Montgomery Fingg's 'Hick Manhattan"

VICTORIA MALEET ALORE OTH ALL THIS WEEK WM. FOX Presents WILLIAM FARNUM

In "RIDERS OF THE PURPLE SAGE" Next Week-"THE PRUSSIAN CUR"

REGENT WARKET ST. Below 17TH WALLACE REID Tomorrow-"GIRL WHO CAME BACK"

R C A D I A

ALL THIS WEEK

MARKET

ABOVE 16TH STREET

11:15 A. N

TT'S awful what this traveling business does to one these days, isn't it? I guess it is to discourage any one from going away unless it's absolutely necessary; but believe me, getting your trunk there and getting it back is the worst. I heard the "cutest" story yesterday-oh, very cute You see, She had had to wait four days for her trunk when she arrived at her New England destination, and so when she decided to go home she packed her trunk and sent it ahead a whole day. She put her night garments and a fresh waist in her hag to take that night on the train and started out in the morning on a long hike with a most attentive companion. Well, it was a clear day-oh, very clearwhen they started, but at noon they had sudden honest-to-goodness shower when Asey were in the middle of a road with neither house nor tree in sight. And they were drenched when they reached the hotel. That's all right, is your first thought. But is it, when your trunk has gone ahead

## MARRIED TODAY IN ST. MALACHY'S

Miss May Daly and Mr. Deeney Wedded-Othe Nuptials

The Dimarriage of Miss May Daly, daugh-ter D. Mr. and Mrs. John Daly, of 1594 North Againelfth streef, and Mr. George C. Deene, it is city, took place this morning at 9 at is can St. Malachy's Church, Elev-enthuse annove Master. The common strength of the strength of ve Master. The ceremony was solemn nuptial mass, which by the Rev. Fenton J. Fitziws exp was ary one by the Rev. Penton J. Play patricty one by the church, with the Rev. Willy of the s. Boyle, of Our Ladw of Lour has deacon, and Mr. John J. Daly. harles Borromeo's Seminary, e bride, a subdeacon. re a beautiful gown of soft lace, finished with a long feil was of tulle and she carried white

train. Bride ride real and illies of the valley. She as attended by Miss Mary O'Donnell as uaid of honor. Her frock was of pale ink georgette crepe and her black velvet WAS H maid of honor. hat was faced with pink.

#### GLYNN-STAMM

GLYNN-STAMM An interesting wedding was solemnized on aturday afternoon in the Church of the foly Child, Broad street and Duncannon ave-ue, when Miss Sophis L. Stamm, dsuchter ' Mr. Saul Stamm, of 5111 North Fifteenth treet, stas married to Mr. Thomas R. Glynn, 5607 North Sizteenth street. The cere-nay was performed by the Rev. Father farley, assisted by Father Eberling. The was stread by hor distor for

There came another flash of lightning "Thunders roll !" commanded the Witch. "Rumble-bumble-br-r-r-r-r !" came the answer from the sky.

"O great Witch of the Night, whom the r obeys! Hall! Hall!" chorused the The Witch's beady eyes glittered at "It would have thundered whether Peggy. you told it to or not." declared Peggy. "Thunders rebuke this saucy stranger," shrieked the Witch, as the lightning flashed

once more. "Br-r-r-r-r-r-r-rumble --- bumble-r-r-r-r," roared the thunder louder

Peggy wondered if this strange Bird really did have some mysterious power over the storm. But her father had told her that lightning was just electricity and that when the electricity burned great hold in the air the thunder was caused by other air rushing into the gaps. Confident in this knowledge into the gaps. Confident in this knowledge she decided to put the Witch's powers to a

"Oh, look, look, look !" she cried excitedly, pointing into the darkness behind the Witch. Alarmed, the Witch whirled around, while all her court craned their necks trying to see what Peggy was pointing at. Meanwhile Peggy had her own eyes on the sky. In a moment there came a great flash. The Witch was so busy worrying over Peggy's sudden larm that she didn't see it. Here was Peggy's chance. "Roll, thunder, roll, and tell the world that

the Witch is a big fibber!" shrieked Peggy, so unexpectedly that all the Birds whirled around in startled confusion.

"Brum-um-um-umble bankety-ur-ur-ur-ur-bum-bong-bong-ur-ur-ur !" roared the Thun-

der in emphatic obedience. The Witch was so surprised that she was speechless. The Night Herons and Ravens were amazed. They looked at Peggy in open-mouthed wonder. Then to her astonishment they salaamed before her as they had befor the Witch.

"Hail, hall, Wonderful Stranger," they "Hall to her who makes the croaked. thunder obey." The Witch was furious.

The Witch was furious. "You-you-you impostor," she stuttered. How dare you steal my thunder "" Peggy, vexed at the Witch's claim to the thunder, answered with unintended slangy

rudeness

Your thunder ! Why, you're loony."

The effect of the word "loony" upon the Witch was most amazing. She rose, spread her wings, opened her mouth, and seemed about to dart upon Peggy. She never noticed another flash in the sky. But Peggy did. "Roll, thunder, and tell the world the Witch

"Brung-ung-ro-ar-ar-ar-um-um-um !" went the thunder 'Hail, hail, Wonderful Stranger !" chorused

the Witch's followers.

"Who are you?" gasped the Witch. "Who are you wh dares use that word to me?" "I am Princess Peggy of Birdland," answered Persy drawing herself up proudly. "Hail, Princess Persy," chorused the Birds while the Witch's eyes glittered venom "Ker-chug ! Ker-chug !" sounded a hoarse voice from the scummy waters. "Princes Persy is in danger !"

"Princess Peggy is in danger," came a croak from farther away. "Princess Peggy is in danger," sounded from the distance. Peggy felt quick hope as she caught the message. It was the Frög telegraph passing the word along. Perhaps it would reach her friends and bring help.

resentative flatly deny the receipt of patronage from this Administration, although everybody in Washington knows that the Administration has put upon the payroll nearly every serviceable man or woman that could be safely taken from

actual war work. The President's letter to Senator Baird. of New Jersey, indicating his readiness to enter a Republican bailiwick, taken bith his avowed indorsement of Henry For 'for both the Republican and Democratic Paminations for Senator in Michigan, hav not only aroused the interest of Reput but have served to unite them more olidly

The Michigan Republicans in Washington have no time for Ford, and the news of his defeat for the Republican nomination was accepted by them in a spirit of jubilation. The returns from the southern States have also been gratifying to the Republicans. who see in them evidences of Democratic disaffection. With the retirement of Chairman Frank Woods, of Iowa, from the Republican National Congressional Committee comes the announcement of a reorganization for a battle royal.

The Democratic majority in the House is now so slim as to give the Democratic leaders concern, and a country-wide sentiment is favorable to a Republican House as a check upon Democratic expenditures. Moreover, Republicans are inclined to think the Democratic revenue bill will prove a millstone about the neck of the

party. . . . JUST say "when" to Congressman John V. Lesher, Democrat, of Sunbury, and

you will touch a responsive cord in the hearts of his constituents. Lesher is a lawyer and a farmer and a military man, but down here in Washington he runs strongest on agriculture, being a member

of that important committee of the House. During the Valley Forge visitation, in which Uncle Joe Cannon took part. and when Champ Clark was the big speaker. Lesher picked up one of Uncle Joe's stories and thought it so good that he

told it to some of his friends at home. Somebody had promised to give Uncle Joe a nice trip through the Schuylkill Valley. He said it reminded him of a farmer friend out on the Wabash, whose little boy kept tugging at his coat tails while a distinguished stranger was inviting him to come see the sights of the

big city. "What's the matter with you, John?" the old man finally said to the boy. "Ask him when, dad; ask him when?" said the boy. The ladies and gentlemen of Sunbury.

Lowisburg and Million were delighted with the Congressman's social, and when at its conclusion be addentally referred to his own "little faith while subbirts of Son-

#### . . .

QUITE a lot of Pennsylvanians have put in an appearance in Washington recently. Frank Caven, who mixes politics with the sand he digs out of the upper Delaware; James A. Mundy, who lives on the banks of the upper Delaware and mixes sand with cement, and William J. Conlin. who mixes law with navigation, were among them. Director Wilson, of the Department of Public Safety, also looked in

upon the House for a while, as did ex-State Senator John J. Coyle, who once made trouble for both Darrow and Logue in the Sixth\*Congressional District. Coyle is interested in coal mines, and probably does better with them than he does with polities.

Another visitor was Representative Mc-Ardle, who was just looking in on the war Congress. Former Representative Charley Patten, now Secretary of Agriculture under lovernor Brumbaugh, also dropped in. Like former Representative W. B. Ainey. now of the Public Service Commission, he usually gets in a few words with Representative Vare before returning to the Keystone State.

**CEVERAL** of the symphony orchestras D have been concerned over the proposed increase in the tax on admissions. The Philadelphia Orchestra, and that of Cincinnati, which is patronized by Mrs. Charles P. Taft, Nicholas Longworth and others, made an unsuccessful effort to have the old

rates stand. Alexander Van Rensselaer, for the Philadelphia Orchestra, put in a strong claim on the ground that the increased charge would fall principally not so much upon the patrons as upon that portion of the audience which is made up of those who are interested in the educational musical attractions. He contended that no single concert or operation of a large symphony orchestra can even approximately pay ex-

penses, and then he told the committee that, "no person who has ever attended the alled such a performance an amuse symp

familiar with the interior of a physicist's laboratory, and who carries away a con-fused impression of glass and metal jars, tubes, colls of wire, electric batteries, revolving discs, and all the nameless paraphernalia of such a place, the appointments of Harold Leighton's workshop would seem simple enough. Yet, the machine before which Leigha paused comprised one of the newest dis coveries in this branch of science. Its sensational purpose was to measure and probe the

of the body. What appeared, to be, at first glance, an ordinary galvanometer stood by itself on a table. Its polished brass frame, its flawless glass cylinder inclosing the colls of wire. glass cylinder inclosing the colls of whe-recording discs and needle, suggested noth-ing more than the instrument, familiar to the physicist, by which an electric current is measured and tested. Connected with this galvanometer, however, was a curlous con-trivance consisting of a mirror, over the measure surface of which when the machine trivance consisting of a mirror, over the spotless surface of which, when the machine was in operation, a ray of light, projected from an electrified metal index, or finger, moved back and forth. The exact course of this ray of light, the twists and turns made by it in traversing the mirror, was transfer-red by an automatic pencil to a sheet of paper carried on a revolving cylinder. This many thus become a nermanent record of naper thus became a permanent record of whatever experiment had been attempted. That the subjects investigated by this unique galvanemeter were human and not inanimate was indicated by two electrodes, attached by wire hanging from the machine, intended to be grasped by the hands of a person undergoing the test. Its use, also, as a detector of human thought and emotion, and not of mechanical

was described by its name-the Elecric Psychometer.

## CHAPTER IV

The Ghost of the Forgotten "MODERN rack and thumbscrew," ex-claimed David, eyeing curiously the machine whose gleaming surface of glass and polished metal was in striking contrast

with the somber oratory. Harold Leighton pa'd no heed to the con ment. He was apparently too busied with some detail in the complicated mechanism before him to attend to anything else. David and Una, on the other hand, were amused than impressed with the odd kind of entertainment chosen for this memorable evening of their betrothal by the eccentric scientist, although every now and then some unexpected bit of irony from him came dis-

concertingly enough. "Why should people, whose lives are blameless, think of racks and thumbscrews highered set in the of racks and the set of the set of

"So far as I know, this machine is the first of its kind to reach this country. It is an ingenious development of certain laws psychologists have been using for some time in their experiments, and is based on a theory that is, roughly, something like this:

"A thought is a part of the body that gives th. Thinking is not confined to the Like the assimilation of food, it init birth. brain. volves man's entire physical nature. In cases of exaggerated thought or emotion-intenso grief, fear, joy-the physical effects are obvi-ous. The scientist, however, claims that the physical result from a mental cause is not confined to these extreme cases. A thought, the presence of which is not perceptible in genture, facial expressing or the alightest visible emotion, is, r physically to er ut of the body. olves man's entire physical nature. In cases

traries, the word 'white' may occur to you. In any case, tell me the first word that comes into your finind upon hearing my word-and remember that the promptness of your reply is an important factor in the experiment "it sounds easy," remarked David, "Let's

On a small table at which he was standing Leighton placed his watch, a writing pad and pencil. Seating himself, he com-menced the experiment in the way he had proposed, noting each word as he gave it on the pad before him, and marking the on the pair before him, and marking the number of seconds elapsing before each of David's answers. Una, ensconced in a large armchair, watched the scene intently. "Theatre," was Leighton's first word, "Music," came the prompt reply.

Sleep. -Lion "Teeth." "Sound "Desert." "Ocean Blue

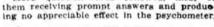
A long series of similar question and anwer-words followed, apparently chosen at andom and not indicating any sequence of deas. Leighton spoke with exaggerated monotony, his eyes fixed on David, his hand noving with mechanical precision as he otted down the words and the time taken for sach reply. Scarcely any agitation was noticeable in

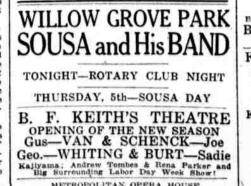
the finger of light upon the mirror, and this part of the experiment seemed—at least to Una-a failure. "I don't see what the machine has to do

with it." she said, somewhat puzzled "David could just as well answer your words with-out holding those things in his hands." "Ena." said Leighton, giving this as the next question-word and ignoring the inter-

David smilled, hesitated a moment before replying, while the electric finger trembled lightly and then moved, slowly and evenly

back and forth across the mirror. "Light," he answered. More question-words followed, most of







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