JUST GOSSIP ABOUT PEOPLE

Nancy Wynne Has a Word to Say About Various People and Their Comings and Goings-Motor Messenger Does Fine Work Down at Cape May

LL'S quiet along-not the Potomacbut along the New England coast, and ie New Jersey coast and along the Main line and out in Chestnut Hill and even g the Reading. For every one is in the act of coming home or traveling to nother resort for the last month of the

Really, it's quite remarkable how many people are home already and how many fid not go away at all. There's too much o be done to spend much time vacationng, don't you think?

So after a month or so of rest most of are back at our posts. It's simply wonlerful how many women have stuck to town or close to town to keep up their taterest in war work, which must go on. matter who goes away. And have you seen that the Red Cross is going to make drive for a number of surgical dressings? Quite a few people who have been up in ortheast Harbor are planning a return the near future. The Brinton Roberts and their three sons have been up there st of the summer. They expect to re turn next week to their home in Bala-Mrs. Roberts was Miss Alice Butcher, you member, a sister of Mrs. Alfred Thorn-

n Baker, who was Miss Laura Butcher, end of Mrs. H. Radcliffe Roberts, who was Eleanor Butcher. The Brinton Roberts

have a perfectly beautiful place, Lianen

gan, in Bala, and live there most of the

year. The boys are George B., Brinton P. LICE DAVISON, of New York, is set-Ating a splendid example, is she not? She is the daughter of Mr. Henry P. Davi on, of the American Red Cross and J. P. Morgan & Co., and she is very wealthy. Well, wealth or not, she is to don overalls and has taken up work, and every day she is to be seen at a radio telephone and telegraph company in New York, where she is employed as an inspector and receives in

emuneration \$20 a week Alice took a trip through the radio facfory several months ago and decided that rhe could fill that sort of a job and so release a man for the army, and so she took a special course in radio operating and passed a good examination and was given her present position

INCIDENTALLY, Alice Davison is only twenty years old and bad-an awfully York and has had much attention all her life. Now it may sound just an ordinary thing to do, this studying and taking a job but for a girl who has not fad to get up in the mornings if she did not want to nor. for that matter, had to raise her little finger to do anything for herself, going to a regular job on regular hours and day after day, whether she feels like it or not, is no joke and she certainly deserves all the encouragement coming to her. Let us hope that her example will be followed by few more of the rich girls of the country who do not have to work, but who by vorking can release another man for the

I'm proud to know Alice Davison

AND I heard another story of working to help the boys today which has a very unselfish side of it. A friend of Mrs. J. Archer Rulon, of Devon, told me that Mrs. Rulon, who is a motor messenger, had own to Cane May for a short staand rest as she really has been going very hard all winter. She took her car with her, intending to take a few pleasant runs in with the rest.

And then she found that the Hotel Cape May, which has been turned into a hospital had a number of wounded men who had returned from the front; and so she forgot all about her much-needed rest and went to the officers and asked if any of the men could be taken out. Being a motor messenger, she was given the privilege. and every afternoon she gave the hours from 2 until 5 to taking three boys out for the air and pleasure of a ride. She isually took a young girl with her to help entertain the boys, and they certainly did enjoy themselves

It was certainly unselfish to give up every afternoon of a much-needed holiday, but the men's pleasure was an ample reward, I'm sure. And what Mrs. Rulon did others could do, and it may start some car wners thinking. There are so many ways of helping and doing just by a little trouble.

WHOEVER, for instance, would have thought that old peach stones would he of any use? Well, the Government asked for them and have you by chance seen the barrels and windows at the various Red Cross headquarters? Why, they are filling fast , The barrel at Independence Square Auxiliary, into which I have fired my discarded stones, was about a quarter full after one afternoon's try at putting it out. The prussic acid obtained from the peach is used in the manufacture of the gas masks, and so every one is do, but think how it helps. And it's very easy to tell the cook to save them, and after you have a box or more carry them to the Red Cross, now isn't it?

WHICH reminds me of a story I heard just a day or so ago. She is awfully Interested in Red Cross work and will do everything on earth for it. And she's quite person of one idea, as it were. That is, anything but the idea of the moment is as bush's branch, to be brushed aside if it pes not bear on the case in question. So s she was leaving for the Red Cross rooms on Monday she met her mother, who was oming from the dining room with a pardeularly luscious peach in her hand "Here, dear," said mother. "Eat this before you go out" So she did and washed the stone, neatly dried it and said, "Well, I'll drop this in the barrel as I go in." So she stepped into the car and, carefully ng her purse, put back the nickel she ad ready for carfare and handed the conthe peach stone.

there and threw the stone in very care fully before donning her cap and apron. NANCY WYNNE.

Social Activities

An engagement of interest is that of Miss Rachel MacMurray to Mr. E. Spencer Blight, of this city. No date has been set for the wedding. Miss MacMurray is spending the summer with Miss Hannah Scott in Cape May.

Mr. and Mrs. George Horace Lorimer and their children. of Belgraeme, Wyncote, will leave today for Arizona and other points in the West, to be gone the greater part of this

Mr, and Mrs. John White Geary and their daughter, Miss Mary Geary, have returned to their home in Chestnut Hill, where they will spend the winter. Mr. and Mrs. J. Ell'ot Newlin, who have

been spending the summer in Cape May, will return to Chestnut Hill and occupy their house at Prospect avenue and New street about October 1.

Captain John Nevin Pomeroy and Mrs. Pomerof, of Cleveland, O., are entertaining the latter's brother, Mr. Lowell Thomas, of 235 Pelham road, Germantown.

Mrs. George Andrew Beis, who has been visiting in this city, Camden and Lancaster, since her marriage here on August 1, left Tuesday to spend a few weeks with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. William H. Hardy, in Sandusky, O. She will later join her husband. Lieutenant Beis, at Camp Beauregard, Alexandria, La.

Mrs. Beis will be remembered as Miss Olivia Hardy, of Sandusky, O., and formerly of this city.

Mr. and Mrs George Voorhees de Hart celebrated the twenty-fifth anniversary of their wedding on Saturday, August 31, at their summer home in Sewell, N. J. A large house party was held in honor of the occasion, and an interesting feature of enter-tainment was the revival of the wedding ceremony in every detail with the exception that their second seco tion that their two daughters. Miss Violet de Hart and Miss Irene de Hart, acted as attendanis on this occasion.

After the festivities Mr. and Mrs. de Hart left for a trip to the Poconos.

Mr. and Mrs. Francis Darley West, of forresdale, and their family are spending he month of September at Avon-by-the-Sea.

The regular monthly meeting of the Redmond War Fund Club, under the auspices of the Chelsea Auxiliary 343, American Red Cross, will be held at the Rittenhouse in this city, on Thursday afternoon, September 19, at 2 o'clock. Mrs. Charles Shetzline will be hostess of the afternoon.

The following ladies will assist Mrs. Daniel H. Redmond, president of the club, in receiving: Mrs. Henry Clark, Mrs. Stephen Kent, Mrs. James Gransback, Miss Clara Hardt, Miss Lydia Creager, Mrs. Richard Schwoerer, Mrs. Joseph Hutchinson and Mrs. Edward Treacy.

Mrs. William H. Rockman, of Roxborougle whose husband is "somewhere in France" with the 603d Engineers, chaperoned a party on a trip to Niagara Falls, N. Y. Among the party were Miss Marie E. Kiely, Miss H. Bernadine Flatley, Miss Margaret H. Whillid'n, Miss Margaret H. Willid'n, Miss Margaret M. McMenamin, Miss Marie E. Hoepp and Miss Helen M. Johnson.

Mr. Earl W. Layton, chief yeoman, U. S. navy, of San Antonio, Tex., and Miss Winnifred 1. Gore, of Waldport, Ore., were married in the Third Christian Church, this city, by the Rey, T. E. Winter, pastor of that church, on Sunday evening—September 1, at 6:39 o'clock. Miss Gore arrived here from her home last Thursday.

Mr. and Mrs. Layton will make their temporary residence in this city at 4948 Green street for the duration of the war, after which time they will live in California.

A wedding of interest in this city and in Bethlehem, Pa., was that of Migs Louise A. Bergmann, niece of Mrs Louise Gras, of South Bethlehem, and Mr. Charles Hansen, of 3825 North Sixteenth street, which took place yesterday afternoon at the home of the Rev. I. Walton Bobst, pastor of the Lutheran Church of the Reformation, Carliste and Ontario streets, who performed the ceremony. Mr. Hansen and his bride left on their wedding journey immediately after the services. They will be at home after September 10, at 3339 North H street.

CHILDREN PLAY WAR TO KEEP ALLIES' DAY

Patriotism Fostered at Recreation Genters Throughout City, Defense Council Leading

"Allies" Day" is being celebrated on the municipal playgrounds throughout the city today as a part of the National Play Week program fostered by the children's bureau of the women's division, Council of National Defense, and the Federal division of Child Welfare.

Incidentally the old family tin basins came into the limelight, hundreds of children ap-propriating the time-honored utensils to aid them in properly playing trench warfare

They used them as trench belmets, and there was many a mother in the vicinity of the Shot Tower Recreation Center, Second and Carpenter streets, who searched in vain for the basin. Juvenile patriots, fired with enthusiasm, crudely adjusted the "helmets" and went in a play search for the Kalser and his army. There was sentry duty, sig-naling, spying for enemies and other tactics of war which their older brothers are using

in France.
"Persising Crossing the Rhine" was de-picted in the playground wading pool during the water carnival, following a "gas attack" and "tank" maneuvers. The "tanks" were

made by the boys.
"First sid" was given by the embryo sol-diers. This evening the Red Cross will give a demonstration of first aid as used by the



. MRS. J. MORRIS BURNS Mrs. Burns will be remembered as Miss Eleanor Bernstein. Her marriage to Mr. Burns took place last Friday at the Alexander Apartments, Forty-second street and Chester avenue. Mr. and Mrs. Burns are at present at Spring Lake Beach, N. J. On their return they will live at the Alexander, where they have taken A VERY POPULAR SMALL MISS



Photo by Bachrack MISS PHYLLIS BELL Little Miss Phyllis is the daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Thomas Bell, of Merion. Wouldn't you like to go flower-picking with her?

The Gilded Man Sy Clifford Smyth



THE STORY THUS FAR

David Meudon loves Una Leighton and she loves him. Her uncle, Harold Leighton, a scientist, suspects that there is something in David's He that makes the match undestrable. Una gathers from David that he isn't quite sare that her uncle isn't right, but he declares that he deema know what that 'something' is. Leighton induces David to consent to a mental examination by means of

CHAPTER IV (Continued)

FOR the affair had lost its first element of comedy. The meaningless words, he monotonous seriousness with which they were uttered, seemed, in the beginning, a were uttered, seemed in the beginning, a delicious b't of fooling improvised for her benefit. She dengated in the original, the unexpected, and nothing, certainly, could be more foreign to the customary betrothal night entertainment than this ponderous pairing of words between her lover and her order.

The real purpose of the experiment had not impressed her. The talk about ghosts gave an amusing background to it; lut this was afterward spoiled, it is true, by the tedious discussion of psychological problems. Of course, tha assured herself, this experiment—or talk game—was a psychological problem, and she felt certain David would solve it, whatever it might be, in the cleverest fashion.

Had Una understood from the first jus what Leighton intended by his proposed "ghost hunt" she would have followed more keenly the details of this novel pastime. As it was, these details appeared to have no intelligible object in view and failed to arouse her interest until some little fime had elapsed. Then she began speculating on the meaning of her uncle's disconnected words and wondering why they drew from David just the replies they did. More to amuse herself than anything else, she com-pared the images which these words evidently aroused in David's mind with the images suggested to her.

suggested to her.

For "ship," he gave "sky"; she thought of "water." "Mountain" produced "tired"; she would have said "view." Her word for "river" was "rowing"; his "sunshine." He said "mystery" for "Africa"; she, "negroes." His words were never the same as hers, a fact indicating the wide differences in their individual experiences. More singular still, David's words were always remote, in meanly David's words were always remote, in meaning or association, from the question-words to which they were the answer; hers were quite the opposite. Why, she asked herself, did he say "anger" in response to "In-dia": "misery" to "temple": "joy" to "ocean": "lost" to "guide"; "slave" to "ocean": "friend"?

As the experiment progressed most her uncle's words were bound together, I'na ner unciced by a similarity in character. She even fancied she could detect in them the disjointed bones of a story. Most of these words had to do with foreign travel, and as David was known to have visited many countries it was natural that the test should follow this line, especially as this was a quest for the Ghost of the Forgotten. In this connection it was noticeable that the series of words chosen by Leighton reversed the itinerary which I na was certain David had followed. Thus, the first question-words indicated the English Lake region, where David had ended his travels. region, where David had ended his travels. Then came various Europeau countries, and after these Morocco, Egynt, Arahla, India, China, the islands of the Pacific and the western coast of America Supposing that Leighton had David's actual librerary in mind, he was going over it by a series of backward steps, and had now reached a point at which, as Una remembered, the long lourney began. With each backward step, also, she noted that the agitation of the electric fluxer in the psychometer insien, also, she noted that the agristion of the electric finger in the psychometer in-creased. Unvid could not see what was han-pening in the machine behind him, although it was his own emotions that were being recorded there. Why was he so agritated? Why did he try to hide his feelings? Why did these simple words from Leighton have such power over him? As I'm asked herself these questions her sympathy for him in-creased, and she awaited the end of the experiment with anxiety. experiment with anxiety.

Leighton paused after David matched his question-word, "California," with "home." The electric finger threw a tremulous line of light upon the recording mirror, and in both men the indifference shown when they hoth men the indirection was lacking. The began this strange game was lacking. The expectancy in David's face changed to defi-ance as "California" was followed by the question-word "ship." The electric finger gave a swift upward flash and there was a gave a swift upward flash and there was a gave a swift upward than and there was a longer pause than usual before the answer came—"storm." "Pacific" was met by "palm trees," and these were followed by "land," "Indiana": "hotel," "strangers": "natives," "lost": "clue," "wealth."

"Indiana": "bote," "strangers": "natives, "lost": "clue," "wealth."

With the last pair of words the sgitation recorded in the psychometer reached its highest point. David's face was paie, his features drawn, his grasp on the electrodes intense. Ina could not bear to witness his struggle. Although ignorant of the cause, his suffering was all too evident, and she determined to rescue him at once from her uncle's cruelty. Leighton met her appeal with characteristic conlness, ignoring her demand to bring the experiment to an end. But he changed the sequence of words he had been using.

"Homer" was the next question-word given. The affect was immediate. David looked at the old man with autonishmen. The jerky section of the alectio finer content.

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The mirror. The answer-word came promptly this time, "Had."

A series of similar words followed, and as

the experiment took this new direction David's nervousness vanished. Then, without warning, the travel series was taken on again, and this time each word came like the blow of a hammer upon a nail that is swifty and surely driven to its mark. There was no mistaking the result. David's

limbs stiffened, as if to ward off a blow. His look of relief gave place to a hopeles, sort of misery; the tell-tale electric finger jumped forward in exaggerated lines, as if to escape

from some merciless pursuer,
"South America," demanded Leighton,
"Spanlards," after a pause, was Pavid's
answering word.

Mountains. Muleback."

The answers were unhesitatingly given, almost inaudibly Again Una protested. "Stop." she commanded. "You have no

Leighton waved her imperiously aside, "Dynamite," he continued, addressing

"Darkness," came the hesitating answer, "Raoul Arthur,"

"Raoul Arthur."

Silence. A weird dance, as of some mocking spirit, seized the electric finger pointing at the mirror. Una knelt at Pavid's side, her hands upon his shoulders. His lips quivered as he looked despairingly at her. "Guatavita," said Leighton harshiy.

No answer. The electrodes slipped from David's grasp. The finger of light became suddenly motionless.

David had fallen unconscious in Una's

CHAPTER V

The Search for El Dorado

66T EAVE him with me," said Leighton. "Wait for us with Mrs. Quayle." "No! No!" answered the girl passionately, kneeling beside David, who was lying on the couch, "You have killed him!"
"Don't talk nonsense," he said coidly, yet with sympathy in his keen gray eyes. "This had to be, and I took my own way about it Now, go. He is all right. He is safe with

David drew a long breath. He looked vacantly at Leighton, then turned to Una "Do as he says," he whispered, "David, I will stay with you."

Not now; I must speak to your uncle "David !" She looked into his eyes, trying to read

there the mystery that was parting them.
"It will be better for all of us," said Leigh ton gruffly Unable to hide her fears. Una rose

moved away from them. The boards of the well-worn floor creaked harshly as she walked to the far end of the room. Pausing at the door, she looked back
"I will wait for you," she said
When the sound of her footsteps died away.

David turned to the old man, who was husted with his scientific apparatus "Well, how do you feel?" asked Leighton.

exthering un the notes which were strown on the little table. "Curiously here," replied David, drawing his hand across his forehead. Then he asked: "How did you know?"

"That's easily answered. About two years ago I read, in the Journal of Psychology a paper by your friend, Raoul Arthur, describing the strange mental effect produced on a young man by a dynamite explosion in a South American mine. Arthur is something of an authority in abnormal psychology. and his report of the accident interested me The name of the young man was not given I made inquiries long before our chance meet other things, who the young man was Re-fore we met on the Derwentwater, I had watched you at the hotel."

"You wrote to Raoul Arthur?"
"I did not," he answered drily. "A newspaper account of the accident gave me the cine I needed. According to this account, you were killed in the mine explosion, and no trace of your body or clothing was found was long afterward, in Arthur's report that your reappearance, under possible cir-cumstances, was described. Since then I have learned of your travels. But I have noticed that you always avoid any reference to your South American experiences. So, I appealed to the psychometer."

Leighton, absorbed in his notes, was ap-

parently unaware of the engerness with which Pavid followed his explanation. "It's all very simple," mused the young man. "And yet, it seemed like necromancy."

man. "And yet, it seemed like necromancy."
"Science is not necromancy."
"But the report," urged David: "I didn't know Raoul had written a report."
"You know he is a psychologist, a hypnotist?"

"Yes," was the answer, with something of a shudder. "But—why all this elaborate experiment of yours?" 'To prove a theory-and to be certain

"What a question! You expect to marry tina. Refore your marriage takes place— if it does take place—I wish to clear up whatever mystery there is hanging over your

proves the intimate connection existing between mental and physical phenomena. The personal result is still incomplete. On personal result is still incomplete

"I will tell you what I can," said David resolutely. "But first—what has Raoul written about me?"

Merely a reference Read it after you have told me your story. Our experiment is still unfinished, you know"

"Unfortunately, I can" tell you the very thing you want to know. The series of words in your test seemed to revice some forgotten nightmare; and the horror of it was that this nightmare kept just beyond my reach—as it always does—its riddle unsayed. This with your temperature houridge.

solved. This, with your strange knowledge of what had happened, surprised me into this ridiculous weakness." "So I thought," said Leighton. "Now what do you remember?"

"I'll have to go back a little. But -you probably know it all, you know so much of my history." "Never mind I want you to prove the truth of what I know."

David looked at Leighton doubtfully. "Very well," he said. "I'll do what

Much of his story, as he told it was de-cidedly vague. In the main outline, how-ever, it was simple enough, although ending in a mystery that he was mable to clear

Three years ago, it seems. David woul to work on a project based on a legend belonging to prehistoric America. Traditions of the impress would be a property of the impress would be a property or the impress of the impress would be a property or the impress of the impression of the imp the immense wealth and the civilization found in certain parts of South America by the Spanish conquerors had always fas-cinated him. And of all these traditions the one telling of El Dorado, the Glided Man. nterested him most.

From the early South American chronicles he learned that, within a few years of Pizarro's discovery of Peru, three other explorers, starting independently from points on the Caribbean and Pacific coasts, aftermonths of perilous adventure, reached a great tableland in the Upper Andes, where Bogota, the capital of Co'embia, now stands. gota, the capital of Co'embia, now stands, it was "El Dorado" who drew these explorers thither. From the Indians on the coast they had heard stories of the great Man of Gold, who lived among the mountains of the interior and who possessed treasure so vast that all the wealth of the rest of the world could not equal it.

Arrived in this mysterious region, they found, not El Dorado, but a superior race of people, somewhat like the ancient Peruviani showing, in the barbaric splendor of their temples and palaces, every evidence of wealth and culture. These people, however known as the Chibenas from their worship of the god Chibchacum, were suspicious of the Spaniards. A war of conquest followed in which thousands of the natives were masm which thousands of the natives were mas-sacred and their finest temples and monu-ments destroyed. Sajipa, the Chibcha king, was subjected to the cruciest torture by his conquerors in their effort to find out from him where he had hidden his treasure. But he proved here enough to suffer martyrdom rather than reveal the secret. For this he was put to death, and the Spaniards contented themselves with the trivial amount of gold and emeralds extorted from his sub-jects. They then established themselves in colonies on the Plains of Bogota. The climate was delightful, the land fertile and, as the soon discovered, rich in minerals. From the few surviving Indians they learned some of the native legends. In one of these, the the clue to the treasure they had been seek-ing. This legend was mixed up with the ancient mythology of the Chibehas, and had played a leading part in their religious cere monial for centuries before the arrival of

On the edge of the Bogota tableland, not many miles from the city that is today the capital of Colombia, there is a lake Guata-vita—the Sacred Lake of the Chibehas. ticologically, it is a pocket formed by a cluster of spurs near the foot of a conical mountain. It is small, circular in shape, and reaches a central depth of 214 feet. Beneath this lake, according to tradition, lived the national god, Chibchaeum. To keep on the right side of this god, to make atonement for

he people, a semiannual feast was observed—the Feast of El Dorado.

Twice a year the king of the Chibelias, in elebrating this feast, was floated on a call to the center of the sacred lake. He was then stripped of his royal robes, his body anointed with oil and covered with gold dust. Glittering in the sunlight this gilded man stood at the edge of the royal raft and was saluted by his subjects, who encircled the shores of the lake, each one bearing an offering of gold and emeralds. Then, as if dazzled by the splendor of their monarch the people reverently turned their faces away from him and, at a signal from the priests, threw their treasures over their ends into the lake, while the gilded man followed by the heaps of precious stones and metals which were with him on the raft, plunged into its waters. No god ever received such a shower of wealth at his shrine as was thus lavished twice a year, for con-furies, on the god Chibchacum. All this wealth, except an insignificant sum that the Spaniards rescued, is today, according to

the legend, at the bottom of Guatavita.

Besides this semiannual tribute, it was rumored that at the time of Sajipa's murder the entire remaining treasure of the Chibchas has been thrown into the lake, not as a votive offering, but as a means of hiding it from the Spaniards. It took fifty men, so runs tradition, to carry the gold dust to Guntavita from the king's treasury alone. All the minor chieftains of the kingdom made a similar sacrifice of their possessions

on this occasion
Years afterward, the Spaniards, stirred by

these stories, attempted to drain the lake This meant the piercing of earth and rock walls nearly nine bundred feet thick and proved too great an undertaking for the engineering machinery that they had in those days. But before they gave up the those days. But before they gave up the work they succeeded in lowering the level of the take sufficiently to recover a certain amount of treasure. Since that time the secret of Gustavita has remained undisturbed. To solve it David went to Bogota. Raoul Arthur, who had done most of the practical planning for the expedition, went with him. with him.

The motives of the two men engaged in the enterprise were not exactly similar. David, according to what he told Leighton, hoped to solve an archeological riddle and to study 8 hitherto lost people whose prehistoric civiliza-tion equaled that of their neighbors, the Incas of Peru. Arthur, on the contrary, whose fortune was still to be made, regarded it frankly as a mining scheme that promised fabulous returns in money, with a comparatively small amount of risk and labor. The two points of view were not antagonistic. for a time the friends worked amicably enough together. In Rogota they easily secured from the Government the necessary permit to drain Guatavita. But the attractions of the Colombian capital, the hospitality with which they were received, delayed the actual working out of their plans. Pascinated by this picturescue city and the romance of this picturesque city the romance of this picturesque city and charmed by the unique race of mountaineers inhabiting it. David postponed the prosaic task of mining, while Racul became absorbed in studies relating to their proposed venture, meeting people with whom his companion seldom came in contact. Lake Guatavita and its secret was thus, for a time, orgotten-at least by David.

(CONTINUED TOMORROW)

British Playwright Dead London, Sept. 5.—Henry Hamilton, dia-matic author, is dead at the Haven, his residence at Sandgate

Henry Hamilton was born at Nunbead. Surrey. Originally he was an actor and made his first appearance on the stage in 1872 at the Theatre Royal in Edinburgh, afterward the Theatre Hoyal to Edinburgh, afterward appearing on the London stage at the Lyceum Theatre and subsequently at Drary Lane, He finally retired from acting in 1888, He was the author of a number of plays.

Old Civil War Nurse Dies

Vineland, N. J., Sept. 5.—Mrs. Grace-Bringhurst, whose husband was a Philadelphila physician, is dead at the age of ninety-two years. She was one of the few professional nurses of Civil War times and was prominent in the profession when she married. She has been living with her grand-

"DREAMLAND ADVENTURES"

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

(Peggy, made small through a trick, is carried away to the den of the Witch of the Night. The Witch claims to be so powerful that she controls the thunder.)

CHAPTER IV The Fear of a Laugh

"W-W-WHAT made you e-call me loony?" stammered the Witch of the Night, oparently very much upset. Now Peggy realized how impelite she had

It wasn't nice to call even a Witch "I beg your pardon for being rude," she

"That word just slipped out acci-"Oh." gasped the Witch. "You didn't mean it, then. That's different." For some reason

this seemed to reheve the Witch's mind a lot. She settled back on her seat and quickly resumed her former arrogant pose. "Princess Peggy, Indeed," she spected.
"Princess or no Princess, you shall feel the power of the Witch of the Night. What did you mean pretending that you were me at the Birds' Harvest Carnival?"

"That was only fun." replied Peggy "Fun," croaked the Ravens, lining up row. "The word is forbidden here.

We are the Dismale: hear our walls 'Gainst joy and mirth we loudly rail. Every ill we try to borrow.'

This was a dectrine new to Peggy. aiways believed in smiles and laughter. From the Nighi Herms, lined up on the opposite side of the Wilch, came a similar

We are the Dalefuls, never giad: We waste our time in being sad. No one can join our gloomy crew Who doesn't cheerfulness eschew

Peggy looked at them in puzzled curlouity If they followed that policy no wonder fliey lived in a swamp in the company of a witch. The Dismals gave a groun and the Dole-fuls sighted loudly. This tickled Peggy's funny bone. She felt a laugh coming. It was just like a sneeze, she couldn't stop it.

'Ha' ha' ha' the laugh burst forth its effect was surprising. The Dismals sat up straight, threw their heads back, and let out a lot of mouraful croaks. The Dolefuls reaked like a lot of rusty hinges and trie Pergy's laugh get away from her again.
"Ha! ha! ha!" she fairly shrieked. The
Dismals and Delefuls began to run around
the Witch in a circle. The Witch herself
screeched and squawked. And the faster

they ran and the more the Witch squawked. the harder Peggy laughed "Stop that stilly running around," shricked the Witch, and the Dismais and Dolofuls obeyed. As they lined up and looked at Peggy, however, their croaks and creaks began to change into queer chuckles. Peggy's laugh was like a yawn or the measles—it was contagious. They couldn't resist it. In was contagious. They couldn't resist it. In a minute the Dismais and Deletule had forgotten all about their mirthless doctrine and were joining in her merriment. And it was so long since they had laughed that when the laughs came they didn't know how to ontrol them. They laughed until they rolled bout on the ground.

"Stop," shricked the Witch, and she let out her awful cry. That cry brought the Dismals and the Polefuls up in a hurry. The Witch abruptly gave them orders.

"Polefuls: go fishing. Dismals, prepare the cage of the Man-Esters. Boll thunder, and

hurry them.

The thunder rolled and the Dismats and Dolefuls vanished, leaving Peggy alone with the Witch. You are trying to ruin my court," angelly

began the Witch
"If a good laugh will rule it, the court
deserves to be ruined," answered Peggy "I'll burn you up in my fire," threatened the Witch, politting at the blite flame in from of her Peggy laughed again. She had been studying that blue flame. It was inst a willor-the-wisp giow, about which her father had told her, h heatless flame from decaying wood just like the glow from the head of a wet match. She walked up to the flame and same her hand into it.

she said. The Witch let out the dreadful ery once "To the Man Eaters with you," she shricked "You know too much I'll have you eaten nive. To the Man-Eaters with The Witch pointed to a great cage at the side of the water. From it came a hungry, menacing hum like a subdued roar.

(Tomorraw will be told what happens to Pegay in the vage of the Man Enters)

PHILADELPHIA'S LUADING THEATRES

Direction LEE & J. J. SHUBERT Sam. S. Shubert Theatre, TONIGHT AT Broad and Locust Sts

William Eilliott.
F. Haw Comstock & Morris Chest
Present the
World's Most
Heauttful A
Musical Extravagapin of the
tyrien

CHIM

FERTIA HOLIDAY MAT. MON., SEPT. 16 EKTRIA HOLIDAY MAT. MON., SEPT. 16 EKFORMANCE STARTS PROMPTLY AT COLOCK EVGS. & 2 O'CLOCK AT MATS. ADELPHI OPENING SEPT. 9
Seats ON Tomorrow

The Measts, Lee and J. J. Shubert Present the Luxtrone Hit of New York "THE BLUE

PEARL" WITH GEORGE NASH

A SPLENDID METROPOLITAN CAST HESTNUT OPERA HOUSE



LYRIC TONIGHT at 8:15

Matinee Saturday SEATS \$1.50 A. H. WOODS Presents THE COMEDY SUPREME



Barney Bernard, Alexander Carr WILLOW GROVE PARK

TODAY IS SOUSA DAY

VOLUNTEERS ASKED FOR HOSPITAL WORK

Pennsylvania Calls on Patriotic Citizens to Fill Gaps Due to War

A call to patriotic men and women to volunteer their services and relieve a serious situation caused by the labor shortage, was made today by the Pennsylvania Hosmitati

The institution not only has been affeeted by the departure of more than 75 per cent of its medical and surgical staff for service overseas, but in all other departments as well employes have left to obtain situations with concerns turning out work for he Government.

Daniel D. Test, superintendent of the hospital, and president of the Hospital Association of Philadelphia, said today:

"Tonditions facing us at this time to both civilian and military necessities demand increased efficiency. Yet it is almost impossible to employ orderlies, norters, cleaners, kitchen help, firemen, maids and others necessary to the maintenance of hospital work. Each day finds the situation worse,

"In France and England relief from this condition has come from volunteers—both men and women, who ordinarily would not think of doing such work, and many who have been unaccustomed to fork in any form. Men and wamen of high social position are giving efficient and loyal service in the most mental positions. Not only one or two days a week as a pastime, but every day and all the time.

"Are we in this country going to measure

up 1. the necessities of the case, and to the standards which have been set for us by the peoples of other lands? Sick and wounded are bound to suffer unless coluntary aid is Since Base Hospital No. 10, the first unit

of its kind to leave Philadelphia for France, departed on May 18, 1917, many other em-ployes have gone to engage in Government This has entailed a double amount of work

This has entailed a nouble amount of work en those remaining with the institution. These believe they are doing a patriotic service because the hospital recently offered to the United States the use of its wards for disabled wounded or sick. At present two wards are filled with sailors from the impossible contail district. mediate navai district

How to Make Magnets

Although there is such a thing as a nat-ural magnet, most of those in use are arti-ficial. There are two general methods for making artificial magnets. The first is to take a bar or a needle of magnetic substance, iron er steel, wrap an insulated wire around it like a thread on a spool, and pass a strong electric current through the wire. the other method is to take, as before, a bar or needle of a magnetic substance and place it near a magnet. The intensity of the magnetism in both cases is increased by hammering the bar while the process of magnetizing is going on. A piece of steel-magnetized in this way remains so for a long time, while a piece of iron soon loses its magnetization.



PALACE ALI THIS WEEK WILLIAM S. HART RIDGLE

A R C A D I A ELSIE FERGUSON

in "HEART OF THE WILDS".
Added Attraction—Pirst Showing
James Mentgomers, Flags a: 'Hick Manhattan'
NEXT WEEK JOHN BARRYMORE
in "ON THE QUIET" VICTORIA MARKET ALOVE BTH

WILLIAM FARNUM Next Week THE PRUSSIAN COR REGENT MARKET ST. Pelow 17TH
FIRST PRESENTATION
ETHEL CLAYTON The Girl Who
Came Back



CROSS KEYS MARKET ST Below 60TH Daily Twice Nightly "EGGS" MUSICAL TABLADIS WITH MAY 10E HOWARD AND EDUTH MAY

BROADWAY Broad & Sheder Ave.

PALY'S CIRCUS WM. FARNUM A SOLDIER'S DATH HEAR OUR \$15,000 AUSTIN ORGAN FORREST This and Next Week Onte

"A SMASHING SUCCESS" "SURE FIRE HIT"-Inquirer Klaw & Erlanger's New Musical Comedy WITH DONALD BRIAN

THE GIRL BEHIND THE GUL

"NANCY LEE"

BROAD This and Next Week Only "PHOEBE PRETENDS"

WONDERFUL CHILD ACTRESS INTRO-DUCED IN NEW ELEANOR GATES COMEDY. - FRESS B. F. KEITH'S THEATRE OPENING OF THE NEW SEASON Gus-VAN & SCHENCK-Joe Geo.-WHITING & BURT-Sadie

Kajiyama; Andrew Tombes & Rena Parker and Big Surrounding Labor Day Week Show! SATURDAY EVENING, SELT. 14, 5:15.
A MESSAGE FROM GEN. FOCH
FAMOUS WAR CORRESPONDENT FLOYD GIBBONS Seats, 50 org., \$1 and \$1.50, at Box Office.

STRAND Germantown Ace at Venange Fase of Reas

CASINO DAVE MARIO HIS GREATEST

Dumint's Minstrels Aftill a grid street a grid street and a street a street and a street and a street and a street a street and a street a street and a street and a street and a street a street and a street a street and a street a street and a street and a street and a street and a street a street and a

WILDA BENNETT ADA MEADE Notable Cast Resuttful Chorus GARRICK Nights at 8:15 CHARLOTTE WALKER FIGH IN SUSPENSE CLEVER COMEDY RELIEF INTERRETING IN LINES