HAVE you heard about the elaborate return next week from Narragansett Pier to their home in Devon. ning next week at the Walton for the benefit of the Tobacco Fund of the Overseas Committee of the Emergency Aid? It's to be a sort of vaudeville performance, and theatrical celebrities now appearing here will attend and take part.

Members of the "Chu Chin Chow" and "Leave It to Jane" companies will appear in specialties, while various artists from Keith's will also be on the program. And Geraldine Farrar has been invited and has signified her intention of coming, though the actual night has not yet been desig-

There will also be several addresses by Four-Minute Men and Liberty Sings under pert leaders, and the guests are to dance in between the various doings. The general entertainment will begin at 10 o'clock in the evening and last until 1. It's been so long since we have had any kind of parties this ought to go with a vim. don't you think? There are so many women of prominence on the committee that Society with a capital S will surely be represented.

THE news of Dick Bullitt's death in action in France was confirmed yesterday, when members of his family received letters from some of his friends. You know they received a cable three weeks ago announcing his death, and then next day came three letters which were dated after the time of the death stated by the Government.

The Red Cross and various other sources of information followed up the news for an explanation, but until yesterday there was nothing to confirm the report. Then came a letter from William Hopkins, son of Mrs. Johns Hopkins, of this city, and a close friend of Dick's. He wrote telling Miss Bullitt that her brother had died "like a man" at the head of his platoon from a machine-gun wound, and that he had been buried in France, and that he had been present at the grave.

Dr. Ellison Morris also received a letter from one of his sons yesterday, in which he said that on his way to the front they had come to Dick's grave, and that they had stood at attention and saluted "a brave comrade and old friend."

It must be a comfort to know that death was instantaneous, and it was glorious dying for the great cause! A solemn rerulem mass for the repose of his soul will be sung by the Rev. Lawrence Wall at St. Dominic's Church, in Holmesburg, on Wednesday, September 10, at 10 o'clock.

The Bullitts have lived most of their lives in Torresdale, you know, and attended church in Holmesburg, where the daughter, Maria, who was killed in the New Haven wreck of 1913, and Mrs. Bullitt, who died about two years ago, are buried in the lovely little churchyard.

DREPARATIONS for the Horse Show are going on apace, but in the meantime have you heard of the ribbons Isabella Wanamaker and Constance Vauclain won at the Rochester show? Pretty soon these girls will have only blue-ribbon horses and absolutely no others. They are both splendid horsewomen and have been since they were big enough to keep their palance on a saddle. They ride and drive splendidly and are altogether stunning looking in riding clothes. They both have Mg entries in the Bryn Mawr Show.

THE entertainment given by the marines of Camp Fuller, Paoli, last night in the Wayne Theatre was really remarkably good. You see the men have been entertained a lot and wanted to show their appreciation of that fact, and so they got up a vaudeville affair, and Donald Mc-Donald, now a marine, but recently leading man in "Have a Heart" and "Toot-Toot." had the affair in charge.

It was given through the courtesy of Meade, who is in command of the Camp Fuller, and thirty maof the Signs orps Battalion, took part. There was no make-up. They sang and acted and recited in their khaki uniforms, and, my dear, it was simply great! Mrs. Rowland Johnson, who was Helen Sylvester, you remember, danced several exquisite things. She is so graceful, don't ou think? And Bessie Philips sang as only Bessie can sing, and that is saying nething, for it certainly is a treat to

And the best of it all in that it was or the benefit of the Musical Records and nes committee of the National League for Woman's Service, so you could enjoy it and still feel that you were helping a mighty good work. Mrs. Pere Wilmer is chairman of that committee, you know. NANCY WYNNE.

## Social Activities

Mr. William H. MacMurray announces the engagement of his sister. Miss Rachel S. MacMurray fo Mr. E. Spencer Blight, of this city. Miss M. Murray is the daughter of the late Mr. and rs. William G. MacMurray, of Williamsport, Pa. Miss MacMurray is spending the summer with her intimate friend, Miss Hannah L. Scott, at the old Scott cottage at Cape May, N. J.

Miss Agnes Brockie, daughter of Mrs. Wil-tiam Gray Warden, Red Gate, School lane, Germantown, has returned from York Harbor, Ma., where she has been spending several weeks as the guest of Miss Sarah Franklin.

Mr. and Mrs. Louis C. Madeira, of School lane. Germantown, will return next week from North East Harbor, where they have been spending the month of August.

Among those from Philadelphia and the Main Line who are spending the summer at Saranac Lake are Mrs. Walter Horstmann, Mrs. Alan Wilson, Mrs. William Fitler and Miss de Benneville.

Mr. and Mrs. Justice Cox. Jr., of 1610 pruce street, are spending the month of Sep-ember in Chelses. Mr. and Mrs. David English Dallam, Jr.

West Rittenhouse street, Germantown, Mr. Dallam's mother, Mrs. David Eng-Dallam, of Wissahickon avenue, have ned from Bay Head, where they have spending the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. William Worrell Wagner.
School lane, Germantown, have returned
on Gloucester, Mass., where they have been
the with Mrs. Wagner's daughter, Mrs.
The Harmer will remain

Mrs. George B. Wood and her family, of Bryn Mawr, returned this week from Stone Harbor,

Mrs. Harrie Reed and her children, who have been spending the greater part of the summer in Westerly, R. I., opened her apart-ments in Haverford this week and will spend the winter there.

Mr. and Mrs. Armitt Brown returned last week to their home in Devon.

Mrs. Louis Kirk, of Drexel Hill, will give a miscellaneous shower this afternoon at her home in honor of Miss Hannah Levis, of Clifton Heights. Miss Levis's engagement to Mrs. Kirk's brother, Mr. Eliwood Garrett, of Media, was recently announced. The wed-ding will take place next month,

Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Lister, Jr., of St Davids, returned from Belgrade, Me.

Miss Anna E. Barnard, of Bryn Mawr, has returned from a visit to Mrs. Lester B. Knox, of Buffalo, N. Y.

Miss Agnes Nichols left last week for a

Lieutenant William H. Marshall, Jr., has been home on a short leave of absence visit-ing his parents, Mr. and Mrs. William H. Marshall, of 1525 Diamond street.

The Board of Managers of the Presbyterian Home for Aged Couples at Bala is arranging for an autumn fete on Friday, September 20, from 10 until 8 o'clock. Those in charge are Mrs. Robert Dornan, president; Mrs. Howard Ketcham, Mrs. C. F. Shoemaker, Mrs. Bird Moyer, Mrs. Henry Baton, Mrs. William R. Nicholson, Mrs. John McCowan, Red Cross supplies; Mrs. Frank Croft, vegetables; Mrs. John Fowler, war cakes; Mrs. Pierson Fort, postoffice; Mrs. Lewis Lee, ice cream; Mrs. Godfrey Rebmann, tollet articles; Mrs. H. Emmons, dolls; Mrs. John Hughes, tollgates; Mrs. Harvey Freeman, bags and fancy articles: Mrs. Franklin Shields, lingerie; Mrs. Mary Wilson, aprons and industrial; Mrs. H. C. Evans, baby articles; Miss Harriet Huntley, gypsy tent. Lanch and supper will be served. In case of rain the fete will be the following day. The Board of Managers of the Presbyterian

## A B C FETE TO HELP CONVALESCENT HOME

St. Francis House at Darby to Benefit by Large Bazaar

With the advent of early autumn comes the return of garden parties, out of door fetes and bazaars, which, while offering a most plausible excuse for social entertaining are at the same time benefiting some worthy

One of the interesting entertainments of this kind planned for the near future is the large A B C fete to be given on October 4 and 5 by the Women's Auxiliary of St. Francis Country House at Fourteenth street and Lansdowne avenue, Darby. The proceeds of this garden fete and bazaar will be used to maintain a house for any local street. of the interesting entertainments of used to maintain a house for convalencent soldiers and sailors.

The Women's Auxiliary, of which Mrs. A.
N. Burke is chairman, is planning many
novelties for this occasion and, among other original ideas, will have every booth repre-sent a letter of the alphabet, the articles being sold designating the letter of the booth. Going down the alphabet the booths will be A for the appon table, and B for the bags which departments will be managed by Mrs. Joseph Gallagher and Mrs. L. Hickley; C is for cakes and sandy with Mrs. J. J. Coyle in charge, while dolls, toys and amusement will be under the direction of the Junior Aides and will represent D: E will be far eggs, Mrs. Thomas Fitzgerald having this department, and F for flowers, Miss Frances Sullivan's booth. St. John's Auxiliary has Good Things for G, and Mrs. William Doyle has handkerchiefs at booth H. Ice Cream cones, jellies, knit goods, lingerie and market day, takes the letters up to M. to rest the alphabet will be carried out by nurses' supplies, odds and ends, patients' table, quaint and queer booth, restaurant and reli-gious booth, stockings and sweaters, useful "what not." Madam articles, vanity table,

Xoula and Yankee Doodle.

Among the other prominent members of the committee who will have charge of the various booths are Mrs. Vincent Carroll, Mrs. Harvey, Essling, Mrs. Joseph Israel, Mrs. J. J. Shehan, Miss Florence Sibley, Mrs. Robert Bicknell, Miss Cecilia Kennedy. Joseph H. Reilly, Mrs. James A. Mundy, Mr. Thomas P. Hunter, Mrs. James Billington, Mrs. L. P. Mullin, Mrs. M. McHichan, Mrs. Quennell, Mrs. Joseph Mutchinson, Mrs. A. A. Hirst, Miss P. R. Kauder, Mrs. H. F. Clark, Mrs. H. Schrover, Mrs. John J. White, Mrs. M. J. O'Meara and Mrs. W. J. Begley.

## JEWS IN SERVICE GUESTS

Six Hundred Persons Entertain Soldiers and Sailors During Holidays

More than 600 persons responded to the appeal of the Philadelphia Branch of the Jewish Welfare Board to provide meals and lodgings for the soldlers and sailors of Jewish faith who were unable to go to their homes for the Jewish holidays, and all the men who came to the city from the neigh boring camps and naval stations were en-

Those men who were near enough to their homes were encouraged to spend the holiday with their families. The same preparations have been made for caring for the the Day of Atonement, September 16.

## HOTELMEN TO MEET HERE

Exposition in First Regiment Armory, Oc tober 28 to November 2

Hotelmen from every section of the United States will gather in Philadelphia the week of October 28-November 2, for the sec-ond annual American Hotel Exposition,

committee comprises: J. Miller Fra. zier, chairman; M. W. Newton, chairman; J. C. Bonner, James Walsh, Eugene G. Miller, Conrad Klein, L. Fred Kleos, John Purdy Cope, George F. Titlow, A. H. But-terworth, J. G. Patton, C. B. Kugler, Jr., Wil-liam J. Osthelmer, David B. Provan and Col-onel Thomas C. Leslie.

## RECTOR QUITS TO FIGHT

Gives Up Ridley Park Church to Put on Uniform

The Rev. Francis Blackman Barnett, rector of Christ Episcopal Church, Ridley Park, has resigned to fight.

After a year as a Red Cross chaplain in France he has decided to enter active service, and lays aside his ministerial garb to don Uncle Sam's uniform.

He has been appointed a captain in the chemical warfare service, and goes to Camp Humphreys for two weeks. He will then go into training at the gas school at Lakehurst. N. J., until October 15.

C. T. A. U. Moste Tomorrow



NOTED HORSEWOMAN

MRS. ROBERT E. STRAWBRIDGE Photo by Fry & Elliot Mrs. Strawbridge is chairman of the War Benefit Horse Show, which will be given here on September 19, 20 and 21 at the Bryn Mawr Polo Club. A number of other socially prominent women will assist Mrs. Strawbridge in her undertaking





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THE STORY THUS FAR

David Meudon and Una Leighton loved each other. Una's uncle. Harold Leighton, a scientist, suspected that there was something in David's life that made the match undesirable. David, in spite of himself, had the same opinion, though he didn't know what that "something" was. He submitted to a mental test by means of a psychometer and betrayed undue agistion when the name "Guatavita" was pronounced. Later he told Leighton of a trip with one Raoul Arthur in South America. Legend had it that an ancient people threw golden treasure in Lake Guatavita when their god, the Gilded Man, made his annual appearance. It was this treasure they sought. David said that while they were blasting in a cave at Guatavita he lost consciousness. Three months later he woke up in Arthur's home. Raoul and others declared that he had appeared that day for the first time. Where he had spent the three months lost nobody knew. Leighton decided to go to Guntavia with David in an effort to solve the mystery.

Meanwhile in Royota. Colombia. there is indignation against the Yankees because of the capture of Panama. Pedro, a bootblack, raises a small army which he offers to the President to help recapture the new Republic.

#### CHAPTER VI (Continued)

A T THIS period, immediately following the proclamation of Panama's independence, there was widespread indignation throughout Colombia against the United States. Americans were accused of starting the "revolution" which robbed the mother country of her richest possession, and the Colombian Government was accordingly expected to avenge the national honor. The native au-thorities, lacking money and troops, did not respond to the popular demand, and it was left to the "patriots" to denounce the invad-ing Yankees, and to fit out such voluntee expeditions as the one planned by the emboladores of the Calle de Las Montanas.

Bogota, the largest city of the republic, the center of its official life, became the rallying place for political maicontents.

A "Sociedad del Integridad Nacional"—a

A "Sociedad del Integridad Nacional"—a body of agitators at odds with the native government and bitterly opposed to the United States—had been formed here. This tions against the Yankees and the Pana-manians. Both expeditions, made up of the dregs of the city, poorly armed, scantily clad, relying for their food on such contribu-tions as they might pick up along the way. had left for the coast, where they planned a guerrilla warfare that would bring them, they believed, in triumph to the Isthmus. The third expedition was being engineered by the emboladores, whose enthuslasm and love of dventure made them excellent starters of an uprising. Even the elder peons, skeptical at first of what was going on, soon threw aside their reserve and fell into line with the b blacks. Cheers greeted each addition to the little army, and it was not long before Pedro Cavallo, "Rey de los Emboladores." headed an eager throng of followers numbering well into the thousands.

What to do with so strange a mob of what to do with so strange a more over volunteers might have puzzled a more ex-perienced leader than Pedro. But nothing daunted him. The bigger and the more un-ruly his army, the greater seemed to be his confidence in himself as its commander. And confidence in himself as its commander. And his royal swagger won unbounded admiration. Grimy children, too young to jo'n the ranks of the emboladores, scurried hither and thither among the bystanders, shricking with delight at this staging of their favorite "Pedro the King." Women, setting down their bundles under the projecting latticed windows of the houses, talked wonderingly windows of this sudden glory that had come to a youth whom they had thought skilled in nothing mightler than the blacking of boots. graybeards, proprietors of dingy little, stood in the doorways of their shops, secretly amazed, but still holding themselves grimly aloof from the noisy demonstrations of their neighbors.

"Yankees are pigs," said one of these sellers of sweets, native tobacco and white rum, quoting gloomtly the popular estimate

replied another; "and pigs are easily beaten."
"Truly, that is so," quoth the first philosopher, struck by the turn of a new idea. "Yes, that is so. Even a woman can beat a pig, if

that is so. Even a woman can beat a pig, if the pig has eaten too much."
"Yes, yes, Compadre! And Panama is too much for the hungriest pig."
Then, out of the surging crowd of volun-

teers, came a stentorian voice:

Then, out of the surging crowd of volunteers, came a stentorian voice:
"Donde vamos, Pedro el Rey?" ("Where shall we go, King Pedro?")
"To the President! To the Palace San Carlos!" shouted Pedro, brandishing a stick snatched from one of the faithful.

As the volunteers had agreed to do this in the first place, the announcement was instantly approved. San Carlos, "the palace," was not far off—a few short blocks this side the principal plaza of the city—and word was quickly passed along to march thither. Still shouting vengeance on all Yankees, the emboladores, followed by a mob of peons, moved down the street, encouraged by the emboladores, followed by a mob of peons, moved down the street, encouraged by the primitive jests and delighted cheers of the

standers. Early as it was, San Carlos was ready for is unusual visit. Although it was poputhis unusual visit. Although it was popularly known as "the palace"—as all residences of high officials are in Colombia—th

ings that elbowed it at each side.

Its dilapidated walls ran sheer to the narrow sidewalk, overlooking which were several baleonies of the kind commonly used in Spanish-Americas, buildings. A large, square opening, guarded by rude, heavily timbered doors, formed the entrance to this simple executive mansion, which was built around a bugs courtyard, or patrie. From this patrio type by the several states and to the

Copyright, 1918, by Bons & Liveright, Inc., Now tain in the middle of a bed of flowering York.

Copyright, 1918, by the Public Ledger Co. shrubs and plants, perpetually spraying a moss-grown cupid; the brick walls; the inner corridor supported on arches of masonry and forming the boundary of the four-sided court-all this one finds, with slight variation, in the home of the average Bogotano, as well as in the official "palace." The unique feature of San Carlos, growing out of the very heart of this ancient dwelling, is a huge walnut tree, rising some forty or fifty feet above the patio, overtopping the adjacent roofs, and marking this, better than could any national emblem, as the Presiden-tial residence.

al residence. Within the gateway of the palace and at the foot of the stone steps leading to the corridor above, there is always a guard of soldiers. On the morning of the visit of the emboladores this guard was greatly increased in numbers and was commanded by a youth whose resplendent uniform was in striking contrast with the dingy, ill-fitting apparel of his men. As the tramp of the peons echoed along the street, the soldiers marched hastily across the patio and drew op outside the entrance to the palace. Here waiting groups of idlers shouted with de-light as the bootblacks, King Pedro in the lead, rounded the corner of San Carlos "They will polish the Yankees," declared one admirer.

"No, they have come for the President's "Emboladores! Emboladores! Beware the

"Here, King Pedro, give us a shine!" "He's keeping it for his Yankee customers." "He will take Panama with it." The unterrified Pedro, meeting this raillery

with serene indifference, halted his men be fore the entrance to the palace and addressed the captain of the guard. "We have come to see Don Jose."

"But, muchacho," replied the captain, af-fably, "that is impossible. His Excellency is busy. Who are you?"
"Pedro, El Rey de los Emboladores;" piped

"Ah!" said the captain, saluting profound-"And what do you want with His Excelly. "And what de leficy, Majestad?" "To tell him we will fight the Yankees, who nave stoien Panama.'

"I will tell His Excellency this," was the grave reply. "Of course, he will be pleased." While these two youths were talking- for, after all, the magnificent toy captain was quite as young as the King of Brush and Bottle—the curtains of the large window above were drawn aside and a tall, spare figure, in a long frock coat, stepped slowly forth on the balcony. He was an old man with a close-clipped thin features, and an owlish way of

peering through his large, gold-bowed spec-tacles that made one look involuntarily for the ferule of the schoolmaster held behind his This elderly personage had been, indeed one of the notable pedagogues of Bogota in his day, a fact which, joined to his scholarly achievements in his country's literature, seemed to his neighbors a sufficient reason for voting him in as the proprietor of San Carlos. To this decision the less powerful and more numerous citizens of the remubile and more numerous citizens of the republic

could make no effective protest. On this particular morning it was the schoolmaster, wearing his most indulgent smile, who faced the bootblacks in the street below him. As soon as they caught sight of the familiar figure they gave him an enof the laminar light the democratic flavor of thuslastic greeting, the democratic flavor of which he seemed to relish. Popular applause had been lacking in Don Jose's career, and since the troubles over Panama had broke in upon his quiet cultivation of the muser over Panama had broken t looked very much as if his countrymen e might turn to open hostility friendly greeting of a rabble of pootblacks and peons was not to be despised

"Don Jose! Don Jose!" they shouted cheerfully, with that peculiar unwar tion by which the Spanish-American gives a warmth to his salutation not suggested by the words themselves. "El Presidente de Colombia Viva Don Jose! Bala los

To all of which Don Jose, one long thin hand thrust stiffly between the breast buttons of his coat, listened in dignified silence, inwardly gratified by these bolsterous visit-

ors.
"Bueno, bueno," he said in a high queru-lous voice; "I am very glad to see you, my friends. This is a great honor. But, what can I do for you?"

"Send us to Panama!" bawled Pedro, acting as spokesman for his men.
"Dear me!" exclaimed the old man, enjoying the situation and ignoring its political consequences. "Panama is far off—and why should I send such good citizens away from Bogota?"
"Por la Patria! Por la Patria! To fight

The Yankees? But why-"They have stolen Panama. They are

pigs!"
"What a people!" he exclaimed, nonplused. "I am sorry for that. Well, if I send you, what will you do?"
"Este bueno! Don Jose will send us to kill the Yankees!" they shouted enthusiast!

"No! No! I adn't say that!" he expostu No! No! I ment say that!" he exposituated; then continued as if by rote: "The Government will look after Panama. If fighting is needed to preserve the republic, the army will do its duty"—an assurance which increased the martial swagger of the gold-braided toy captain, although unappreciated by his men.

shouted the peons. As this voiced the popular sentiment, and as Don Jose's loyalty in the Panama affair had been questioned by some of his enemies, no sufficiently discreet reply occurred to the puzzled schoolmaster, whose intellectual gifts, moreover, were lacking in the quick give-and-take needed for street constructs. for street oratory. So, smiling benignly, and somewhat fatuously, upon the noisy rab-ble, he thrust his hand deeper into his coat. peered more owlishly through his gold-rimmed glasses and, forgetting its future possi-bilities, got such enjoyment as he could out of the novel situation.

The volunteers exploded with joy over the president's apparent approval of their demand. Had Pedro cared to stop for further talk the impatience of his comrades would have prevented him. Although these pecus had no definite plan, they were looking for something more exciting than an exchange of opinions with this old graybeard of San Carlos. A march through the city and then on to Panama seemed as good a program as any to men who were indifferent to the dry details of geography. There were more cries of "Down with the Yankees!" and cheers for Don Jose. Then, before that be-wildered statesman could take himself off. his unwashed admirers filed past his balcony, leaving the toy captain and his men to close the gates they had so courageously guarded.

Under other skies and among a more vin dictive people, a roving crowd of peons, clam-orous for war and threatening all who op-posed them, might be regarded with some alarm. But the mildness of the Andean character, its dislike for actual bloodshed, lessened Bogota's danger. Even the timid Don Jose was not apprehensive. But there were others who thought it wiser to keep these peons away from Americans living in Bogota. Not that anything would really happen—past experiences seemed to prove the harmlessness of this kind of patriotism. When the second expedition left for the Isthmus, for instance, an American, looking for novel impressions, had posed the volun-eers before his camera and snapshotted them to his heart's content while they were de-nouncing "los Yankeea." But one mob of patriots' may be quite unlike another, and it so happened that when King Pedro's army of emboladores, in its aimless wanderings after leaving the Palace of San Carlos, stumnative of the United States, the encounter became a very lively one indeed.

As a rule, plenty of Americans are in Bogota. Some go there to do business for merchant houses which they represent some have their own local interests, others are after those tempting Government "concessions" granted to the disinterested per son who develops the natural resources of the country by monopolizing them. When the Panama "revolution" came, most Americans left Bogota, conscious that it was not a promising time to seek aid from the na-tional freasury for their ventures. Those who were unable to leave stayed within their respective hotels whenever a popular uprly-ing seemed likely.

It was down a blank little side street. leading nowhere in particular, lined with modest one-storied houses, in a quiet district unfrequented by foreigners, that the reving peons met the one American who had failed to conceal himself on this particular morn-ing. After leaving San Carlos, Pedro had his men into the Plaza de Catedral. turned his men into the Plaza de Catedral, where they had clattered along the wide concourse, pausing to make a few fiery speeches before the Capitol, whose unroofed courts—the building was unfinished at that time — and majestic Doric columns seem meant for oratory. From here they had cone the viscan length of the principal bustgone the zigzag length of the principal business street. Then, tiring of their progress through an unresponsive city, they had started to find their way back to the Calle de Las Montanas, choosing for this purpose the obscure Calle de Las Flores. At their approach the

At their approach the street was virtually deserted, all the doors opening on it carefully barred and, in some instances, even fully barred and, in some instances, even the blinds of the windows drawn. Thus, it happened that a tall man, muffied in a ruana, wearing a wide sombrero, and with his back against the entrance to one of the houses, became unavoidably conspicuous as the throng of emboladores surged along the coadway abreast of him.

"Viva Colombia!" shouted Pedro, giving the usual greeting. "Baja los Yankees!" Instead of answering in a like strain of enthusiasm, the man addressed tossed the loose end of his ruana over one shoulder, showing, as he did so, a pallid face on which played a contemptuous smile.

"Soy un Americano," he replied com-posedly, glancing at Pedro and then turn-ing his eyes, which were singularly piercing, from one to another of those crowding about

"Un Yankee! Un Yankee! Baja los The cry was followed by a threatening movement of the emboladores toward the man whose attitude seemed to be a chal-

lenge to them, "Hait" yelled Pedro. "I know this senor. Give him a chance. If he cheers Colombia, we will let him go. If he refuses, he is prisoner. Now, Senor Yankee—viva Colom-

The emboladores gave a histy cheer. It was met with scornful silence by the man who had declared himself a Yankee. "Si! Si! Pedro el Rey!" they all shouted. He is an enemy of Colombia. He is

The wily Pedro, unwilling to risk his posi tion by denying the demands of his fol-lowers, yet fearing to aid in an act of violence, diplomatically said nothing. The defiant American, meanwhile, regarded peons with a disdain that enraged them though checking, through its very audacity hostility. "I am not a Colombian," he said quietly

"I am not an energy to Colombia. But won't cheer against the Yankees." "Un Yankee! Un Yankee!" they retorted

"There is truth in that," he laughed irdonically. "I want gold that you are sardonically. oo lazy to get for yourselves -just as you vere too lazy to keep Panama."

"Un loco! He is insane!" cried Pedro in "Let us go!"

"No! No!" yelled the angry mob. And amid cries of "Loco! Domonio! Yankee! Puerco!" those in the front ranks made a unge at the man whose exasperating coolpissiles came from the peons who hovere n the rear.

But the attack was skillfully met. Trip ping up his first two assailants and ward-ing off the blows of a third, the Yankee ing derisively, stealthily passed his left hand along the ponderous door against which he was leaning. This street door, as is usual in Colombian houses, had a small "postigo," or wicket, large enough to admit one or wicket, large enough to admit one per-son at a time, and opening much more readily than the unwieldy mass of timber of which it formed an insignificant part. Having found the latch to this wicket, the Yankee gave it a quick backward thrust, stepped lightly over the threshold and closed and barricaded this scarcely revealed en-

trance behind him.

A storm of oaths followed his escape.
Then, not content with this vent to their
anger, the peons, using such stones and
weapons as came to hand, rushed upon the oden barricade standing between them and wooden user at the same time calling upon the inhabitants of the house to let them in. These Colombian doors, however, are built to These Colonial usings, and the din might withstand a stout siege, and the din might have been indefinitely prolonged had it not come to an abrupt and unexpected conclu-

Three sharp blows upon the door were

"Stand back, Senores! I will open."

There was a dead silence. This time it was the great door itself that swung slowly open. There was no sign of the escaped Yankee in the wide corridor beyond. In his stead there stood, unattended, woman. She was clad in a long robe of white, her

dark hair flowing uncommed down her shoulders. Her hare arms, exquisitely mold-ed, and of a tint that vied with her dress ed, and of a tint that vied with her breast in purity, were crossed upon her breast. There was no fear in her eyes as she faced the abashed men and boys before her.
"This is my house, Senores," she said calmly. "What do you want?"

(CONTINUED MONDATE

# WHAT A CONGRESSMAN SEES

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

By J. Hampton Moore

Washington, Sept. 7. IT HAS been interesting to watch the moves of the Treasury Department and Congress in connection with the \$8,000,000, 000 revenue bill. Gentlemen who have come from Philadelphia representing mercantile, financial and industrial interests are well aware that the bill which the Ways and Means Committee has prepared must go through the scrutiny of the House and will be subject to attack in the Senate, but they have not been able to follow the curves of the two sets of Democrats who have been maneuvering to avoid the criticism that is expected to come up from various sections of the country when the provisions of this intricate measure are

widely understood. It is really no secret that efforts have been made "to pass the buck"—that is, to say, if need be, "The other fellow did it." The star performers in this thrilling economic drama have been the Secretary of the Treasury and the chairman of the Committee on Ways and Means, the gentleman from North Carolina, Mr. Kitchin. and a keener pair of blades have not been unsheathed in public life in recent years. Both sides are to be given credit for standing by their guns until the last horn blew. The result was one of those compromises in which each side goes away with the

feeling of the tiger in respect to the lady. "Harmony" was the watchword at the close of the negotiations, with the expectation that Republicans would join in the

Sons of two members of the Philadel-phia congressional delegation are now doing service "over there," Captain Edward G. Costello and Lieutenant Harvey Moore. The son of the Fifth District Congressman, who is attached to the Sixteenth Regiment, Field Artillery, Fourth Division. has been in France since May and has seen some bard fighting. Lieutenant Moore, who is connected with the Fiftyfifth Infantry, was kept in Texas drilling raw recruits until about a month ago, and although he has arrived on the other side has not yet been heard from. These young men entered the army through the second officers' training camp and in their earlier service "did" Chickamauga Park together.

COME New York Italian newspapers have been agitating financial assistance by the United States to the Government of Italy. This matter was taken up with the Treasury Department, and through Mr. Leffingwell. Assistant Secretary, the gratifying word has been received thats since the entry of the United States into the war the United States Government has advanced to the Italian Government all the money it needed to pay for all purchases in the United States made by or through the Italian Government."

As we have a large Italian constituency in Philadelphia, most of them in sections of the city where men like Sheriff Ransley and Select Councilman Trainer are leaders, it is worth while quoting the royal Italian ambassador, Macchi di Cellere, who conferred with Assistant Secretary Leffingwell on this question.

"No one better than myself," says the royal ambassador, "might appreciate the valuable assistance, especially in the financial way, granted by the United States Government to Italy. Co-operating in close relations with you, I have had the opport tunity to appreciate not only the efficiency of the help rendered by the United States sasury, but also the extremely friendly feeling toward my country, which, person ally, inspired you in the solution of /all the questions which were connected with the prosecution of the war by Italy. I cannot express to you how much I regret that an Italian has, upon a self-desire, taken an initiative step which might appear as directed to solicit further assist-

ance from you." Italian-born citizens of Philadelphia who have sons with the United States troops in France may be assured, therefore, that the Federal Government is doing its full part in a financial way to back up the boys "over there."

CEVERAL years ago Meyer L. Casman, Ja Jewish boy residing in one of the river wards, was nominated by the Third District Congressman to a cadetship at West Point. Casman had been highly recommended by his friends and neighbors and by those who were his associates at the Central High School, where he had made a record in athletics. He went to West Point with a determination to win, and overcoming all obstacles, was graduated this year and sent to Camp A. A. Humphreys, Virginia.

There, along with the other graduates, he was given a two weeks' intensive finishing training. At the end of three weeks he came out third man in the "very good" grading in a list of the first thirty-seven-West Point men. This puts Casman in the Corps of Engineers of the United States army, which is regarded as a very high honor. It is now Captain Casman

THE religious denominations are certainly busy in this war. They have their representatives at the camps and wherever the soldiers and sailors congregate. Down here in Washington the Baptists, about 7,000,000 of them, through their North and South conventions, have put the Rev. Dr. James S. Braker, a former Camden boy. on the job. It is his business to help get the boys together and his headquarters at the "Y" are quite popular. Look Braker square in the face and you

get a composite picture of our energetic Methodist parson, the Rev. Dr. Charles M. Boswell, and Wilson H. Brown's son, the colonel who is making such a gallant record in France. Braker received his clerical education at Crozer Seminary. He occupied several Philadelphia pulpits, including the Passyunk Avenue and Temple Bantist Churches. Then he was called to Massa chusetts and subsequently to Vermont, his last church being at Burlington, on Lake Champlain. His father, Benjamin M. Braker, was a well-known Jerseylte and for a long time Recorder of Camden.

THE agitation to tax dogs as a means of sheep conservation continues. Former Congressman J. D. Hicks, of Altoona, hold of this question for the

sylvania has a very good law on the sub ject, but that the regulation of the dog menace depends upon national legislat It is contended by eastern men that inasmuch as Congress makes large appro priations to hunt and destroy the coyote, which attacks the sheep in the West, similar provision should be made against the

prowling dogs of the East. Some of the New York correspondents, who have less interest in sheep than they have in their personal comfort insist that pet dogs have invaded apartment houses and residences to such an extent that regulatory legislation of a national character would be a blessing. The defender of the dog, however, is strongly in evidence and ready to fight for "Carlo" to the last ditch

#### "DREAMLAND ADVENTURES"

By DADDY

THE WITCH OF THE NIGHT A complete new adventure each week, begin-

#### CHAPTER VI

The Witch Is Unmasked (Peggy, prisoner of the Witch of the Night, is thrown into the cage of the Man Eaters. She escapes through the aid of the Frogs.)

PEGGY, spurred on by the cries of the Witch of the Night, fied desperately along the bridge made by the backs of the Frogs. The queer path was slippery and rough, but it held her up safely as she sped over the murky waters and black sink holes of the

"Hurry! Hurry!" urged Bullfrog, who was leaping slong beside her, showing the way But she didn't need his urging to make he: run her very fastest. The thought of those awful Man-Eaters put wings on her feet. It secrued as if she could still hear their menacing hum. Glancing behind her, she found that this hearing them wasn't just fancy. A

string of Man-Eaters was chasing her. Any minute Peggy expected to come to the end of the bridge of Frogs, but it went on and on until she darted out of the swamp to the edge of the open lake.

From the direction of the Witch's den can. a loud cry.

"The Man-Eaters have found the trail. Fol-

low, follow! She must not escape, knows my secret." Builfrog had halted and Peggy stopped abruptly. Looking down, she saw that the Frog bridge ended under her feet. There



A string of Man-Eaters were chasing her

seemed no way of escape across the rippling waters of the lake. The bridge was now breaking up behind her, the Frogs fiercely attacking every Man-Eater that came within

reach, "Cro-ak!" Cro-ak!" sounded a familie voice among the reeds, and Peggy saw fit ing toward her a board on which stood he old friend, General Croaker.

"All aboard, Princess Peggy," croaked Gen eral Cronker. Peggy, never questioning-stepped on the slippery craft. "Full speed ahead," ordered General Cronker, and the board headed out into the

lake, moving swiftly over the splashing waves. Then Peggy saw what was making to go. It was drawn by dozens of strong-swl ming Frogs.
General Croaker and Bullfrog fought off
Man-Eaters that came too close, but behind
them stretched a long string of the voracious

The storm which had been threatening for a long time now seemed very near. Fla. of lightning came from all directions.

Looking around, Peggy saw the Witch coming swiftly along the trail of the Man-Eaters. With her were the Night Herons and the Ravens, "The Witch: She'll gobble us up." cried Builfrog. He had been very brave fighting the Man-Eaters, but he knew he stood no chance against the Witch.

"Shoot her!" croaked General Croaker. Peggy wondered what she could shoot with.
In the water ahead she saw a floating stick.
As she went by she seized it. It glistened in the moonlight and at a little distance looked exactly like a gun. The Witch was

now directly behind. "I've got you now. I'll make sure of you by eating you myself," she shricked.

Peggy raised the stick,
"Bang," she cried. The frect was a

ing. The Witch gave a squeal and di abruptly into the lake. Clear out of a she went, but up to the surface floated queer head dress. Then Peggy saw that it didn't belong on her at all. It was false, just like a switch made out of hair. The head of the Witch came up, but Peggy again raised the stick and again shouted "Bang!" Down dived the Witch, leaving more of her trapping floating on the au-

"Why, the Witch is only a Loon," cried Builfrog in astonishment.
"She's a Loon," croaked Night Heron.

"That's her secret!" "She's a Loon," croaked the Ravens "She's been fooling us all these years."

Now Peggy understood why the word "looney" had so upset the Witch.

"And we've been wasting our time catching fish for her and waiting on her because thought her some strange marvel who ald do us harm," cried all the

Herons.
"Princess Peggy was right. She's a fre Let's finish her and change from Dis and Dolefus to Joyfuls and Glade screamed the Birds, and away they after the Witch, whose head bobbed a short distance away, only to dive out of when the Loon saw that her subjects revolted, and that her tricky reign revolted, and that her tricky

ended.

Peggy didn't see what the finish of Witch was, for the Frogs quickly bron her board to shore at the cottage were just in time, for the storm broke then, and Peggy had to streak it across hawn to escape the rain which swept in a regular cloudburst, while the wind at the cottage and the thunder rearred.

"My, I'm glad I'm safe and gour to instead of out in that awful swemp," the Peggy, as she crawled back into bed