# JUST GOSSIP ABOUT PEOPLE

Nancy Wynne Has More to Tell About War Horse Show Plans. A Daughter Is Born to Mr. and Mrs.

## **George Charles**

has consented to be a patroness of the Second Bryn Mawr Horse Show? Weil, she has. And War Horse Show does not mean that only War Horses are to be shown because it's a War Horse Show. No, indeed; "not by no means whatsobver.

Nancy, you better behave and not use Incorrect language even in fun, for there are some persons who think you don't know any better, and that would be awful. wouldn't it? It would.

Do you know, I like talking to myself and answering myself? It just struck me you might have noticed it; or perhaps you had and would remark it, and so, my friend, I beat you to it, so to speak, didn't I? I did.

THE boxes at the Show have gone like unto hot cakes, I am told by Mrs. Ned Browning, who has their disposal in charge, and among the prize donors from out of town are Mrs. George Baker, Jr., of New York; Mrs. J. Watson Webb, Mr. Ambrose Clark and Mrs. William McLean. Mrs. McLean's prize is to go to the best artillery horse, because Mrs. McLean is most interested in that branch of the service, having one son a captain and another a lieutenant in the artillery.

And I told you about the Rough Riders from Camp Diz, who are to give exhibition riding, and the Allied officers, who will play polo on muleback.

Won't it be great if the mules get balky? I think it's going to be a scream.

MRS. CHARLES MUNN has charge of the prizes. She has been up in Newport for that show and stayed with the Livingston Beeckmans there. She also visited in Narragansett Pier. Mary Paul Munn is certainly pretty and attractive. She has so much style, too. She fairly grew up with horses and no show would seem complete without her in her tiding

clothes and derby hat. She has the dearest small daughter. who is already starting to ride, and who, like the small daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Stout, looks "too cute for words" in her riding clothes.

DID you know that Millie Ryerson, in other words Emilie Ryerson Charles, of Cooperstown, N. Y., formerly of this city and Chicago, however, has a daughter? Yes. The small lady arrived last week and the Borie-Ryerson-Norria contingent are all rejoicing. Mrs. Ryerson, Millie's mother, who was Emilie Borie, a sister of Mrs. Heide Norris, of this city, is in France in charge of a hospital, which she is financing, and Suzanne was married Fover there" to Lieutenant George Patterson about three months ago, and Nell marnied Victor Salvatore, the well-known New York sculptor, last February.

The one son, who is under eighteen, still Is at the Ryerson country home this summer. His aunt, Miss Borie, is staying with him until his return to school.

OF COURSE you have heard about Mary Lewis and Gertrude Henry? They are both going over for Y. M. C. A. work. 'Mary Lewis was "over there" a year or so ago. About the time her sister, Julia Lewis, married young Effingham Morris, 1 remember there was question whether Mary could get home for the wedding, and

DID I tell you that Secretary of War Baker's wife, Mrs. Newton D. Baker, has consented to be a patroness of the Lieutenant Mulford returned this summer from overseas duty and is now stationed at Camp Devens, Mass., where he and his bride will live.

Mrs. John H. Brinton is spending some time at White Havon before opening ser home on Spruce street near Broad.

Mr. L. W. Wister is staying at Thorowald Hotel, Bass Rocks, Gloucester, Mass., until

Mrs. Louis S. Fiske left last week for St Andrews-by-the-Sea, N. B., Can., to remain until the middle of October.

Mrs. Francis W. Kemble, of Westfield, Villanova, has received word of the safe ar-rival in France of her husband, Captain

Mr. and Mrs. C. M. Provost Herring and Miss Mary Herring have returned to the Bungalow, their home in Villanova, after spending three weeks at the Windsor, Cape May, Mrs. William M. Maule and her daugh ter, Miss M. Ethel Maule, who are staying at the Windsor, will return to Briar Crest, their home in Villanova, next week.

Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Harrison, Jr., and famity, who have been spending the summer at Rys Beach, N. H., have returned to Chucks-wood, Villanova, where they will spend the fall, returned to their town house, 243 East Rittenhouse square, for the winter

Mr. and Mrs. Tristram C. Colket, of Bryn Mawr, spent last week-end and Labor Day as the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Abel Wetherill, of Wynnewood, at their cottage in Cape May

Mrs. Benjamin Bullock, of Ardmore, re turned this week from York Harbor, where she was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. William Buel Franklin, at their cottage

Mr. and Mrs. John Barnes Townsend re-turned to Montress, their home in Radnor, last week after spending several weeks with Mrs. Townsend's parente, Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Riley, at their cottage at Lake Placid.

Mr. and Mrs. Richard M. Gummere, of Haverford, returned on Wednesday from a motor trip through New England.

The mairiage of Lieutenant John C. Daw-son, Jr., of Overbrook, and Miss Emily Rus-sell, of Chicago, took place in Chicago on Saturday Saturday.

Mrs. David Lewis is staying in Tuxedo Park as the guest of her sister, Mrs. Gris-wold Lorillard, who was Miss Mary Green.

Mr. William P. Gest has gone to Wildemere House, Lake Minnewaska, N. Y., to remain until September 18.

The dance given at the Saturday Club of The dance given at the Saturday Club of Wayne in honor of the marines stationed at Camp Fuller, Paoli, was largely attended. Among those present were Miss Katharine Coffin, Miss Alice Huime, Miss Dorothy Parke, Miss Dorothy Painter, Miss Mary Dotterer, Miss Emlly Schultz, Miss Lillian Beatty Miss Margaret Course! Miss Verh Dotterer, Miss Emfly Schultz, Miss Lillian Beatty, Miss Margaret Covert, Miss Kath-arine Bard, Miss Helen McClear, Miss Alice Johnson, Miss Katherine Campbell, Miss Dorothea Tingley, Miss Fanny Wood, Miss Eurania Ward, Miss Janette Holmes, Miss Dorothy Leonard, Miss Janette Holmes, Miss Dorothy Leonard, Miss Janette Holmes, Miss Jean Christman, Miss Elizabeth Johnson, Miss Helen Henderson, Miss Leonard, Miss Gladys Lawton and Miss Louise Nichols.

Sergeant John E. Joyce has returned to a western camp after a brief furlough, which he spent with his mother, Mrs. Mary K. Joyce, of 2336 North Sixteenth street.

N. J.

# **Golden Wedding Celebrated**

Seven daughters, with their respective fami-

Mr. and Mrs. Paul Sentz celebrated their golden wedding, and Mr. Sents's seventy-fifth birthday last Thursday at the home of their homage. daughter, Mrs. Brauer, Holly avenue, Oaklyn,

**TWO LITTLE BROTHERS** 

PENNINGTON H. WAY AND GORDON WAY Sons of Lieutenant and Mrs. Pennington H. Way. Lieutenant Way is at present with the aviation corps in France and Mrs. Way is living with her mother, Mrs. Gosling, in St. Davids





Torse Public Ledger (a, THE STORY THUS FAR David Meudon and Una Leighton loved each other, Una's unce, Harold Leighton, a scien-bavid ife that made the match undesirable. David ife that there was something in pavid if the submitted to a mental test by means of a paychometer and betrayed under pronounced. Later he toid Leighton of a Legend had it that an snifent people threw pronounced. Later he toid Leighton of a Legend had it that an snifent people threw pool the Gilded Man, made his annual are pavid aid that while they were blasting. In a mean duativita he lost consciousness. Three means at Guatavita he lost consciousness. Three means do there declared that be had an-mearance in bosota. Colombia, there has the the three months leat nobods knew. Legend acid the three months leat nobods knew. Legend and others declared that be had an-mearance declared that be had an-mearance of an anti-test the three months leat nobods knew. Legend medicat to go to Guatavita with David. The sites the base to consciousness. Three mearance of an anti-test colombia, there is in-far to solve the myster. They show symptoms of altacking at the test help recatures the new Republic. They show symptoms of altacking a sub-test help recature the subset of the door the source again and there appears a beautiful

CHAPTER VI (Continued) TNVOLUNTARILY the leaders of the mob fell back awed by the girl's courage and dignity. There was a murmur of voices, ending in a chorus of admiration and

"La Reina! La Reina!" they cried. "La Reina de los Indios!"

"Could he ever remember?" "There is only one way in which he could." "How is that." "If he could return to the same scenes

and conditions through which he passed dur-ing those three months."

"But for that you would have to know, of course, what those scenes and conditions

"Exactly, Senorita."

"Really, it is all very interesting," sho said dreamily. "I have heard something like it in fairy tales, I think; but not in real life. And now-why do you tell all this to me, Senor?' she asked, as if struck by a novel idea. "Ah, Sajipona," he replied with a smile.

"I have told you merely in answer to your own questions. You have shown that-for some reason or other-you are interested." "Interested? Why, of course I am inter-

be ested---if for no other reason, simply be-cause you are. This David Meudon, you say, left Bogota three years ago? Strange that he should leave so suddenly—and with his work in this country unfinished !"

"I can't tell how much you know of David." he said musingly. "But there is every rea

why you, more than any one else, should interested in the man who attempts to solve the secret of Guatavita-Sajipona.

There was no mistaking the emphasiz placed on the girl's name; nor was there an disguising the effect its peculiar pronuncia-tion had upon her. Sajipona looked at Baoul in slarm, then turned from him in manifest

confusion. Presently she gave a low laugh and her eyes sought his again. "Ah, you Yankees are strange people." she

said. she wasn't going to rush blindly into a row Some say you are only moneymakers. But unless there was good reason for it. "Who are you going to thrash and what's It appears you are more than that; for you listen to foolish legends, like the rest of usand you believe them.

Yes, I believe this one. Sajipona."

"Does the man who so strangely lost his memory by your dynamite explosion believe this one?" she asked, laughing. "I don't know. Perhaps he never heard

"Well, it's very interesting, anyway-1 want to hear the end of it. You will surely come again, won't you? And tell me when your friend arrives in Bogota?" she added. him in this free country when he came from abroad years ago. And now he will not do his part in keeping the country free."

giving him her hand. "You are ever the queen: you dismiss me from your presence," he complained, taking her hand, nevertheless, and kissing it.

"The streets are safe for you now, Senor," she said.

Thanks to you. La Reina !"

"Ah, I would do much more for you than that, as you know, Don Raoul!" she ex-claimed, an arch smile giving to her brautiful features a rare flash of piquancy. "And low-adols, Senor l'

selling bonds because I'm a Belgian refugee. I told him how the Huns robbed the Belgians, how they wronged them, how they killed them. And all he answered was, 'We're safe enough over here in America.' As if any place in this world would be safe if we don't win this war." "Let's hurry" exclaimed Peggy. "But "Surely not 'adois,' but-until the next he replied, as he bowed ime, Sajibona." nimself from the sala.

Raoul's belief in the legend involved in Salipona's name marked a radical change which he had undergone since he arrived in Bogota. To his keen, logical mind the pro-posal to enlist in a quest for the long-loss El Dorado seemed, at first, far too quixotle to be taken seriously. But he humored the

idea, originating in David's fondness for studies touching the borderlands of romance. in the hope that he would divert a purely fanciful project into more profitable channels. Later on, however, he was himself caught by the practical possibilities lurking in the old Chibcha legend. Hence, it followed that while David was enjoying the pic uresque life of the little mountain capital Haoul was delving in musty records, running down old traditions and studying the topography tableland with a degree of patience a details that the subject had rarely received. For days at a time he burrowed in the crumbling archives of the Museo Nacional. an unpretentious little edifice not far from the paince of San Carlos, in which were stored, pell-mell, practically every evidence that remained of Colombia's prehistoric civilization. Here, with only the gray, shriv-eled mummies of two ancient kings of the Chibchas to watch him, he had reconstructed. as best he could, the past of this vanished race of people, had convinced himself of their wealth, scarcely any of which had fallen into the hands of the Spanish, and had laid

his plans for discovering a treasure which had balked every explorer before him.

Combined with these studies in the Na-tional Museum and in the vicinity of Lake Guatavita, Raoul had busied himself with the tons of the neighborhood. From these primitive people he learned enough to corroborate the main features in the Chibcha tradition as handed down by Castellanos, Pedro S mon, Piedrahita and other chroniclers of the Spanish Conquest. In addition, he uncarthed the curious legend that the Sacred Lake would never yield up its treasure except to one in whose veins flowed the blood of the Chibcha Kings. This bit of prophetic ro-mance had come, it was said, from father to

son through the four centuries following the martyrdom of the last of the zipas.

statue. "Appeal to him in my name." Down the garden path came Jonath Hardfist, his face set in a severe frown. Bin Beigium, obeying the Liberty spirit, met him ADVENTURES" "In the name of Liberty, I ber you, Mr. Hardfist, to lend your money to

"DREAMLAND

By DADDY

"THE LIBERTY SPIRIT"

A complete usus adventure each week, begin-wing Monday and ending Saturday.

CHAPTER 1

Old Miser Hardfist

**(DRINCESS PEGGY**, there's a man down

T the street that I want to thrash, and

I'm not big enough to do it alone. Will you

This astonishing request made Pergy sif up straight in the porch swing where she had

been drawsing over a book. Hefore her,

his eyes fairly blazing with indignation, stood

"Why, gracious me, you know I can't to

that," gashed Pages. "It isn't ladylike to

"You'll not have to do any of the real fight

ing. I il lasso him with a rope and all you'll

have to do will be to hang on to the rope while J thump him."

This sounded real exciting to Pergy, but

"He is rich old Jonathan Hardfist who

was that beautiful country place just outside f town," replied Billy, doubling up his fists.

'I'm going to thrash him because he refuse:

to help defend America by buying Liberty Bonds. He says he can make more money

using his spare funds in his own privat

"Isn't that mean of him " exclaimed Peg "I've heard father say that he ower

very cent he has to the opportunities given

"Will you help me thrash him?" again de

Will you help me thrash mar, seen and manded Billy, "Of course I will," repiled Peggy, "He de-serves it. Are you sure he will not buy." "He told me so himself, You know I am selling bonds because I'm a Helgian refugee. Belgian selling

naybe we'd better take a big policeman along o belp make a good job of it."

"Huh! The policeman might stop us We'll

of take any chances that way." Billy had a clothes line which he intended o use as a lasso. He fied a noose in this as

ic and Peggy Intried along toward Jonathan Incidiat's suburban estate. "We will creep into his garden and wait with he comes along," exclaimed Billy, "He

ulks a lot in his garden thinking up schemes

As they entered the Hardfist property

crawing through a hedge. Peggy gasped at its beauty. There were wide stretches of lawn, charming flower gardens, thriving patches of vegetables, a great palace-like house, and various other buildings, including

stables, garages, and servants' quarters. It seemed to her that Mr. Hardfist ought to be

offling to lend America all he could to keep

Suddency a voice stopped the children. "Ask him again if he will help America motect him and all the nation."

The command came from a statue standing

patil he comes along," exclaimed Billy.

wonderful adventures among th and has done much war work.)

help me?

Billy Belgium:

done?" she asked.

fight.

business.

his safe.

previous stories Peggy has had

"Get out of here, you impudent scamp, of "To protect your own property, lend a part of your money," urged Billy. "My property is safe enough. The war dan never reach us."

"He must see and feel to know," cried the Liberty Spirit. "He shall see and feel !" Instantis the earth beneath their feet gave a great shake. In a moment there came an-other shake. Then the air seemed to be filled with a great pounding roar.

"Cannon !" cried Billy Belgium, his face going white. Quickly he darted up a ladder leading to a look-out in a tree. He gave one frightened look all around. "The Germans," should. "We are in the midst of a bab

(Tamarraw will be told have Peggy, Billy and Jonathan Hardast yet a stortling surprise.)

THIS ENTIRE WEEK

GERALDINE ARRA

HER FIRST GOLDWYN PICTURE "THE TURN OF THE WHEEL"

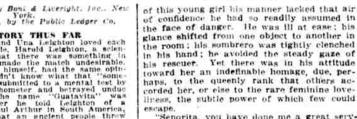
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3 DAYS ONLY TODAY, TOMORROW and WEDNESDAY **Exclusive First Showing** The Greatest Melodrama Ever Played on Any Stage.

IVIDLY DEPICTING THE MOST GIGANTIA AND DARING FARE SCENES EVER ENACTED BEFORE A CAMERA THE CLIMAN OF SENSATIONALISM CAST INCLUDES: THOMAS SANTSCHI DESSIE EVION and FRITZI BRUNETTE





hans, to the queenly rank that others acorded her, or else to the rare feminine love-liness, the subtle power of which few could "Senorita, you have done me a great servce." he said. "I was on my way to see you when I had that brush with the peons. That

my excuse for taking refuge in your house and exposing you to danger. Will you forgive me? Will you-

"What questions ! And from you ! Of course if I was of service to you just now, I am

he replied with evident relief. . "I was afraid things might be different between us. You I have not forgotten you in all this long time, you may be sure. Sajipona!" A faint flush overspread the girl's delicate features; a strange look kindled within her

dark eyes

volce. "And here you are, still the Queen-beauti-

mured. "Why, even now they called you so. Those

right

Ah, my good Don Raoul " she interrupted,

"It is good to hear you say that, Senorita, see, you disappeared so completely. You have not been in Bogota for months, for years, Senorita. And then, today—at last—I heard of your arrival. I wanted to see you.

"It is well. Don Raoul," she said in a low

ful, mysterious!" he exclaimed. "You know I am not a queen," she mur

jackals felt your power-just as 1 do, beau-

Cosyright, 1918, by Boni & Liveright, Inc. New Cosyright, 1918, by the Public Ledger Co. THE STORY THUS FAR David Line tolebum langed each

If I am not mistaken she was not able to reach here in time.

Gertrude Henry is the daughter of Mrs. Charles Wolcott Henry, of Chestnut Hill, and is a cousin of Henry Houston and Houston Woodward, who both lost their Bives in France this year. Her mother was Miss Sara Houston, a sister of Mr. Sam Houston, father of Henry Houston and Mrs. Woodward, who was Miss Gergrude Houston, and mother of Houston Woodward.

DON'T real lover husbands do beautiful things sometimes? It isn't that they love their wives actually more than the man who hasn't the thought to do the same thing, but they have that thoughtful quality that captivates a woman who loves to be thought of. I heard something so eweet the other day about one of our solsliers who has given his life for the cause. The had been married several years and every birthday he had sent his wife, bemides other things, a bouquet of Sweetheart roses. He had never failed since their marriage. Well, my dear, he was killed in action a couple of months ago and last week was the birthday anniversary, and though his wife said nothing, she thought of how much she would miss that little bouquet of Sweetheart roses.

"Do you know what happened? That day about 10 o'clock the bell rang and there was a box of flowers. She opened it, and inside were the Sweetheart roses and a tiny note in her husband's writing. In it he said: "I may not be here when your birthday comes: I may have gone west. But, my dearest, I want our Sweetheart roses to be in your hands at the usual time on your birthday, to remind you that even if I have gone beyond to wait for you my love is always yours."

I think it is one of the most beautiful and touching true stories, about two people you know and I know, that I have heard or many a day. He had ordered the nowers before he sailed and had left two letters with the florist, one to be sent if he was killed, the other if he were still living.

When she called up the florist to ask about it he told her, and she asked that the other note be not destroyed, and so it. too, was sent to her. A husband who was a real lover in life and in death. Don't NANCY WYNNE. ou think?

### Social Activities

Mys. Wilmer Wood, of Cynwyd, will be matron of honor at the wedding of her nister, Miss Jeannette E. Scheaffer, daughter at Mr. and Mrs. Charles Miller Scheaffer, at Wayne, and Lieutenant Henry K. Mulford, which will take place on Saturday after-ter mill be no bridgenpide. Lieutenant her, will her the father as best man.

lies, and a few close friends joined in the celebration. Mr. and Mrs. Sentz received their guests under a large gold and white floral bell, the bride carrying an old-fash-ioned white bouquet tied with chiffon and gold embroidery. Many telegrams, letters and cards were read during the dinner which followed.

Mr. Sentz was for many years musical director of various organizations in the city, to which he came shortly after his marriage. Dr. George F Roessler, of yesterday's party, was the one guest who attended the wedding fifty years ago. He is a brother of Mrs

# KITS FOR 10,000 SOLDIERS

#### Emergency Aid to Give Comfort Outfit to Philadelphians

The Emergency Aid is going to give comfort kits to 10,000 selective service men who will leave Philadelphia for camps before winter.

Over 20,000 kits have already been given Three thousand men will leave during September.

Ten thousand dollars is needed. Send check to the Victory Service Committee of the Emergency Aid, 1428 Walnut street.



MRS. JOSEPH M. SONNEBORN

Mrs. Sonnaborn before her marriage last Wednesday was Miss Gladys Blo-com Livingstene, of this city. The ved-ding took place in the Bellevas-Surat-ford

Then the sharp-witted Pedro, resuming command over his ragged troops, stepped forth, waving to the others to keep silence. "It is nothing, Senora," he said, bowing with an awkward grace that played sad pranks with the box of blacking hanging from his neck. "We are patriots of Colombia marching to Panama. We mean no harm to

you." Then, turning to the emboladores, he shouted, with his old enthusiasni: "Por la Patria! Por la Patria! Viva la teina! Baja los Yankees!" The crowd took up the familiar call, and Reina ! with one of those quick changes of sentiment

with one of those quick charges of strings, that sometimes sweeps over such gatherings, fell into a march, cheering the motionless "Itelina de los Indios" as they filed past her, and leaving the Calle de los Flores to its accustomed dreams and quiet.

# CHAPTER VII La Reina de Los Indios

"FELICITA, where is this Senor"" But for thee-nina Sa'pona, how scared I've been! And they called thee queen, thou who

art our queen indeed, beautiful, brave one ! But thou shouldst not do this-not for so ugly a senor-my beautiful nina !"

When the great door closed and the noise from the peons growing fainter in the distance, the stern dignity of the Indian girl vanished before the simple talk of her old nurse. Queen of the Indians, as the peons called her, this girl might be-although why they called her so they would find it difficult to tell-but for the faithful creature, with her eager caresses and affectionate words, royalty, real or imaginary, scarcely counted.

alty, real or imaginary, scarcely counted. "There you are, foolish Felicita, always scared at something! Danger? What dan-ger? Only a greeting from those who are as fond of me as thou art. Now, to thy work. I must speak with this troublesome Tankee. Many a day it is since I have seen him here. And then—Felicita, I am dying of hunger." Shaking her head at her mistres' lock of And then-Fencha, I am dynk of numer. Shaking her head at her mistress' lack of caution, the old nurse hobbled down the gloomy corridor and into the sunny patio, fragrant with jusmine and sweet rose, where tragrant with international and sweet rose, where two Indian girls, seated upon the flags sur-rounding the opening of a central clatern, were crushing corn in the primitive stone

hand mills of their race. Resuming something of her stateliness o mien, the youthful "Reina de los Indios Resulting the youthful "Reina de los Indios" turned to the right along a passageway lead-ing off from the main corridor into the sala. or principal living room of the house. This was more scantily furnished than such apart-ments usually are in Bogrota. All that it had was of the plainest—half a dozen the pro-rocking chairs, a straight backed cane settee, a tall pierglass, ornamented at the top and sides with meaningless filt stucco work, and a dark walnut cabinet, carved in elaborato hunting design, with massive spiral pillars supporting the heavily paneled sides and front—the only object in the room giving evi-dence either of taste or wealth. Even the dence either of taste or wealth. dence either of taste or wealth. Even the tiled floors were bare, save for a few well-worn petates (Indian mats), which failed to supply that feeling of comfort provided in this chilly climate by the thick woolen rogs and carpets generally in use. Awaiting her entrance stood the Yankee whom she had resolued from the emboladores. Confronted by his ragged assatiants, is had abasen an admirable cooler. In the pressure Even

"Enough, Senor! Titles and flatteries

discovered.

leve

neither care for nor deserve are a mockery in my own house." The title is yours by tradition, if not by As for flatteries-

We do not live by traditions," she interrupted.

'To me, al least, you are La Reina de los Indios.

"Ah, well, Senor," she said with a low laugh, "every queen, I fancy, should have at least one subject. And now—supposing that I am this queen you talk of—what is it you want of me?" want of me?

"We always used to be friends, Sajipona Can we not be friends still?" "There's another strange question ! But-surely you did not come here to ask me that?

added, regarding him intentiy. "There is something else, Don Raoul," she added, regarding him intentiy. "It is that, first of all. And then—1 had it in mind to tell you that my friend is re-turning to Bogota—David Meudon." That so fanciful a legend could have won even the partial belief of so ingrained a skeptic as Raoul seems at first absurd on

he face of it. But most of us can recall instances enough of similar lapses from the hypercritical to the oversuperstitious to

"David Meudon," she repeated, as if pon-dering the name, looking steadily at Itaoul the v "But then-what is that to me. Senor"

she asked.

"You remember him?" "Yes, of course I remember him. He has lodged itself in Raoul's mind, increased in importance, opening up an absorbing field for his love of psychological novelties, until been away a long time, hasn't he?" Th after a pause, "Why does he come back?" "To solve a mystery—so he writes me."

it finally became a monomania, an obsession as the scientists call it. "A mystery?" "He calls it a mystery." laughed the other You see, when we were living here together, the disappeared for three months. We thought he had been killed by a dynamite explosion. chieftains of a superior race of people the annual tribute from the royal treasury Surely, you have heard of it, Senorita? to the national god, who was supposed to live at the bottom of Lake Guatavita, they catered to the credulity of their subjects "Yes-I think every one has heard of it. And then, at the time, there were runnors, For instance, I heard-I heard who exploded while, in reality, laughing in their sleeves at them, so to speak, all the time. Men of their intelligence were not apt literally to

the dynamite.' "Sure enough, there were all kinds of ru "Sure enough, there were an arms of the more. But, of course, the whole thing was an accident, a horrible accident, that nearly cost David his life. He didn't head the signal in time-or something went wrong-the signal or the dynamite. Anyway, by wasn't seen or heard of again for three months.

"We all thought he must have been blown to bits. Then a curious thing happened, One morning I found him in my house in a sort of trance." Well?

"When he came out of the trance he clared he could remember nothing of what he had been through. Those three months were a blank in his memory." "And then-?"

"He left Bogota, declaring he would never come back. That was just three years ago. But-

"Yes, now he is coming back-with some

friends to solve this mystery, so he says." "What mystery, Senor?" "Why." replied Raoul slowly, looking at her intently. "the mystery of those three months when he was supposed to have been in a transe."

in a trance." "What is a trance, Don Raoul?" asked the

"What is a trance. Don Raoul?" asked the girl innocently. Raoul laughed. " "Ah, that would be hard to explain to a queen of the Indians," he said. "A trance is not exactly a sleep, for a man may talk and travel and do things, just like other men, when he's in a trance. But when he is him, welf again, he remembers nothing of all that happened when he was in the trance." "Then you think he was in a trance dur-ing those three months when he disappeared

ing those three months when a transe dur-from Bogota?" "Yea" "And that he has forgotten all that hap-pened to him in that thue?"

He was told, also-and it added to the fantastic character of the prophecy-that a secret, known only to the signs and their direct descendants, attached to Lake Guata-vita, and that by means of this secret the treasure hidden beneath its waters would be

make this one not altogether incredible. As often happens also in such cases—as with those otherwise reasonable persons who be-

in fortune-telling, omens, apparitions,

-this bit of superstition, having once

These ancient zipas, he argued, were the

throw away wealth they had themselves amassed, and which they must consider as belonging to them and to their descendants. But as they—apparently—did throw it away.

was more than likely that they used som

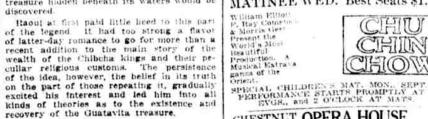
kind of hocus-pocus, known only to them selves, by means of which the god Chib

chachum-in whose existence they did no

believe-was cheated of his annual tribute How they practiced this deception the must surely have told their children. The

their ancestral treasure.

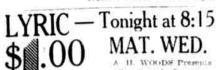
the zipas.



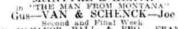
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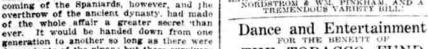












ever. It would be handed both find one generation to another so long as there were descendants of the sipas: but these survivors of the royal line would find it increasingly difficult, owing to the presence of the Span-iards, to take the steps needed to recover these second to recover THE TOBACCO FUND Overseas Committee of the Emergency Aid of Pennsylvania

There was some plausibility in Laoul's EVERY NIGHT. SEPT. 9 TO 14. INCLUSIVE. AT 9 O'CLOCK Attractions from all leading Phila. Theatres reasoning—enough, perhaps, to excite the romancer's interest—but scarcely that of the MONDAY ractical man of affairs to whom are broach

practical man of affairs to whom are broach-ed the details of a mining venture. Convic-tion grew, however, with Raoul, whose in-vestigations were confined thenceforward less to the archeological aspects of the prob-Principals and Company from Chestnut Street Opera House. Courtesy of Win. Elilott, F. Ray Comstock and Morris Gost. COMMUNITY SING EVERY EVENING DIRECTION WASSILI LEPS lem and more to the task of discovering the whereabouts of the living descendants of Admission, \$1.00

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