JUST GOSSIP ABOUT PEOPLE

Returning Society Folk Eager to Start War Work at Home. Nancy Wynne Gives Various Bits of News. "Oh, Mary, Be Careful!"

DIDN'T I tell you people are coming | you do? Well?" "Oh, yes, she's only my home? They are, indeed, and they are cleaning their houses much earlier than usual, because they want to be "at it again." working with all their might and main at home, now that resort Red Cross rooms are closed and there is nothing of war work going on there.

Once you start in doing actual work that brings results, you are not content to sit idle, are you? Times have certainly changed. I was riding in a trolley car to one of the suburbs recently, and two women gof on the car. You know them and I' know them, and about five years ago neither one of them would have raised her little finger to arrange her hair or put a clean collar into a waist. The maid did it all. And most of the time these women were playing bridge, or lunching and matineeing, or dining and theatregoing and dancing till 2 o'clock and then sleeping III 11 next day. Well, I was reading, but there was a block on the road, and we had to wait, some twenty minutes to half an hour and you know how you overhear conversations without actually listening

to them Buddenly I heard one remark to the other: "Mother is so funny, she doesn't understand the times at all. Mary came in yesterday and was telling about her work, you know she's in the Emergency Fleet, and she said among other things, Eleanor - wants something to do in the worst way, but she is afraid of the hours on account of her health, and is waiting for something lighter. I think she ought to do something, don't you? Good-Nobody would be without a job

"And we were all agreeing and about to start off to our various 'jobs,' when Mother spoke up in her quiet voice and said, 'Oh, my dear, don't exaggerate so.' Why, Aunt Molly, I don't know anybody who would be without a real job these days,' declared Mary. And, my dear, if you could have seen Mother. With all the aristocracy of Philadelphia bristling out all over her, she answered in a most dignified tone, 'My dear, I would.'

"Just doesn't understand, you know." And the other woman nodded assent, and then for fear they would be late at their jobs, they got out of the car and footed it up a long hill.

And I who have known them a long time and who remembered how they had gazed at me with a most misunderstanding glance, when they heard several years before that I was working, chuckled to myself. It's a funny world, isn't it?

They did not know that Nancy was sitting right back of them, and they did not realize how funny they were. Circumstances certainly change us, that's sure. and the wise woman lets her friends do as they think best without remarking on it. For she never knows when wartime is coming or a sudden change of fortune and she may have to go into the world and work. Or she may even be so crazy some day as to want to produce something herself. To write or to sing or to play or to create something herself, and not sit home taking care of her hands and hair and wearing pretty clothes. It's never safe to judge, you know.

BUT to return to those who are coming home this month, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Berwind, who have been in Maine, have opened their house on the Main Line, and Margaret, too, has returned and is and Margaret, too, has returned and is already hard at it in the Emergency Aid Aide service. Mrs. Alexander Brown, who had been up in Narragansett Pier for two Mr. Hansberry was his brother's best man. ks has returned to Bryn Mawr, and her work for the Red Cross. Mrs. Thomas De Witt Cuyler, who is in Bar Harbor at present, will return next week and continue her war work. And so it goes. Every one is busy, every one is engaged n some useful occupation, for we are in the war to win.

I HEAR Pauline Wanamaker has taken the apartment formerly occupied by Mrs. Raymond T. Baker, who was Mrs. Alfred Gwynne Vanderbilt, and will spend the winter there with her baby. Mrs. Disston is evidently wedded to New York, too, and will stay for the winter. She certainly is a good-looking woman and has a most attractive manner. Pauline is as pretty as a picture and every one tella me she is simply crazy over the baby.

MRS. WILLIAM H. K. YARROW has has been visiting Mrs. Edwin C. Wilson. In New York. She is now with Mrs. George R. Yarrow, at Atlantic City. Mrs. Wilson and Mrs. Yarrow returned from Washington last week, where a number of entertainments were given in their honor at the Army and Navy and Chevy Chase Clubs, the Club de Vingt and on the Mayflower. They returned to New York to attend a dinner given by Mr. Alberto Dodero for His Excellency, Minister Brum. of Uruguay and the officials of his party. Mrs. Yarrow will open her house at 278

South Twenty-third street, next month.

YOU can't be too careful of what you say, can you? Wait till I tell you of the experience a young fellow I know had recently at a dance. They were having a cotilion and just before the last figure was over it was time for the girls to ask the boys to dance. He was approached by a girl he knew very slightly and asked to dance. He did so and then the cotillon was called off and he was "stuck" for several dances. Finally some one asked the girl to dance and he walked outside to get cooled off, when he heard the strains of the Paul Jones: So he went back into line and, good night! when the Paul Jones ended, who did he meet face to face but said girl. Well, there was nothing to do. so he danced with her and proceeded wearily to sit down and talk. She did not

little to converse about. Suddenly, thinking to amuse him by some clever remarks at the expense of a girl who was sitting opposite. Said girl began to pick her to pieces. Just as she was about to flay her alive, having left only a shred to her appearance, she re-

appear very interesting and there was

nister."

But inadvertently he got back at her later, for after he had managed to escape he sauntered up to a group of men, and among them was the man to whom Said Girl was engaged. But, bless you, the first man did not know it, nor know him, either, for that matter. And leaning heavily on the shoulder of one of his friends, he said: "Fan me, oh, fan me, I've just gotten rid of Mary ----."

NANCY WYNNE.

Social Activities

Mrs. Herbert M. Howe, of 1622 Locust street, is spending several months at Ferry Cliffe Farm, Bristol, R. I.

Mrs. Joseph Gibb, of Overbrook, announced the engagement of her daughter. Miss Mary Elizabeth Gibb, to Mr. Joseph S. Clark, also of Overbrook. The wedding will take place n the early autumn.

Mrs. Thomas S. Kirkbride is at Keene Valley, N. Y., where she will remain for several weeks.

Dr. L. Webster Fox, of Seventeenth and Spruce streets, will return on Saturday from Banff, Canada, where he has been for some Mr. and Mrs. Joseph B. Godwin, of 911 Pine

street, who have been spending some time at Pomfret Center, Conn., will leave there next Monday. Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Biddle, of Allming-ton, Del., will return on Saturday from Pocono Lake Preserve, where they have been for

Mrs. James Forney has returned to her home at 2221 Spruce street, after a visit of several weeks with her daughter, Mrs. W. W. Bodine at her cottage in Cape May.

Mr. and Mrs. G. Brinton Lucas, of Wynne wood, left last week to spend two weeks with Mr. and Mrs. Atwater Kent at their summer home, Atwater Edge, Kennehunkport, Me.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Hector McNell will entertain at dinner Saturday evening at Graystone, their home in Devon. Mrs. Thomas E. Baird, Jr., and her children, who have been visiting Mrs. Baird's mother in Ventner, have returned to their

nome in Villanova. Mr. and Mrs. Abel P. Wetherill will return home in Wynnewood on Friday fro

The Villanova branch of St. Mary's Guild met yesterday afternoon at the home of Mr. and Mrs. T. De Witt Cuyler in Haverford.

Cape May.

Mrs. John McBride and her daughters Miss Mary McBride and Miss Maude Mc-Bride, who motored here the middle of July from their home in Lockport, N. Y., and have from their home in Lockport, N. Y., and have been staying at the Hotel Walton, are mov-ing this week into their new home, 116 Llanfair road, Ardmore. Mrs. McBride's son, Lieutenant Walter F. McBride, aviation corps, is in France

MANY WEDDINGS **DURING LAST WEEK**

Thursday, Friday, Saturday and Monday Marked by Nuptials

The wedding of Miss Margaret T. R. Tom-linson, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Albert Tom-linson, of Wissahickon, and Mr. Harry Hans-berry, also of that suburh, took place Monday morning at the home of the bride's parents. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. Albert Stork, formerly rector of Sr. Stephen's Protestant Episcopal Church, Wissahickon, Mr. Tomlinson gave his daughter in marriage. Immediately after the service the bridegroom and bride left on an extended trip, and upon return they will be at home at 3817 Manayunk avenue.

CARSON-FORDERER

The wedding of Miss Carrie Forderer, aughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Forderer, of 2624 Germantown avenue, and Mr William Carson, of Olney avenue, Olney, was sol-emplized on Saturday morning in the Gaston Presbyterian Church, Eleventh street and Lenigh avenue. The Rev. Walter B. Greenway, the pastor, performed the ceremony. The bride wore her traveling suit of taupe color, with a hat to match. There were no color, with a hat to match. There were no attendants. Mr. Carson and his bride left on an extended southern trip, and will be at home after October 15 in Palmyra, N. J.

WILSON—DUFFY

The wedding of Miss Helen O. Duffy, daughter of Mr. John Duffy, of 2544 Page street, and Mr. Edward A. Wilson, of 2446 North Nineteenth street, took place on Friday morning in St. Elizabeth's Roman Catholic Church, Twenty-third and Berks streets. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. Father Roehing. The bride's father gave her in marriage, and she was attended by Miss Margaret Mooney. Mr. Joseph Yheaulon was the bridegroom's best man. Following the service there was a breakfast at the home of service there was a breakfast at the home of the bride's father

WINSTON-BOURGEOIS

The wedding of Miss Rebecca Estell Bour-geois, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Anderson Bourgeois, and Mr. James Meriwether Win-ston, son of Mr. Robert Lewis Winston, of Richmond, was solemnized at the Bellevue-Stratford Hotel on Thursday, September 5

The bride, who was attired in a white crepe de chine dress, trimmed with old lace, was given in marriage by her father. She is the granddaughter of Mr. Daniel Estell. one of the largest property owners of Atlan-tic County, and Mrs. Rebecca Estell, one of the Somers of Somers Point, and a greatgranddaughter of Capte'n Joseph Estell, of the Revolutionary struckle

grandaughter of Capie in Joseph Estell, of the Revolutionary struckle.

The bridegroom, who is a descendant of the Meriwethers and Lewis families of Virginia, is a graduate of the Virginia Military Insti-tute and of the University of Glasgow, Scot-land. He is a member of the Engineers' Club of Philadelphia

A reception and luncheon followed the cere. nony, and was attended by the relatives and Mr. and Mrs. Winston, after a trip to the Pacific cosst, will be at home at the Essex Thirty-fourth and Chestnut streets, after Oc

ober 15, 1918.

McGINN-DOWNEY The marriage of Miss Kathryn Josephine Downey, of 1226 Wagner avenue, Logan, to Mr. Michael Joseph McGinn, of 1354 Lyco-ming street, Tioga, was solemnized at 9.30 o'clock this morning at the Church of the Holy Child, Logan. The ceremony was per-fermed by the Rev. William J. McCaffrey, restor of the church. The bride was attended by her sister. Miss Loretta A Downey. Thby her sister, Miss Loretta A. Downey man was Mr. James Coogan, of New

A wedding breakfast for the bridal party and a few relatives and friends was served at the home of the bride's sister, Mrs. Wil-Mr. and Mrs. McGlun left for a motor trip through the White Mountains and New Eng rhed: "Do you know her, by the way?" land. They will be at home after Nevember "They" replied he in a pained tone. "Oh. 1 at 1256 Lycoming street, Tioga.



MISS BETTY LEWIS

Photo by Bachrach

Daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James G. Lewis, who are spending the summer at Moylan, Pa., and e sister of Miss Helen Lewis



The Gilded Man Experimental Smyth



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David Meudon and Una Leighton loved each other. Una's uncle, Hareld Leighton, a scientist, suspected that there was something in David's life that made the match undestrable 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 undustriation when the name "Guatavita" was pronounced. Later he told Leighton of a trip with one Rosal 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. Legend had it that an ancient people threw golden treasure in Lake Gindavita when their gold, the Gilded Man, made his annual appearance. It was this treasure they sought bavid add that while they were blasting in a cave at Guntavita he lost consciousness. Three mouths later he wake up in Activity home. Raoul and others declared that he had appeared that day for the first time. Where he has spent the three months lest nobody knew. Leighton decladed to go to Guatavita with David in an effort to solve the mystery.

Meanwhile in Boyota Colombia, there is indignation avalust the Yankees because of the canture of Panama. Pedro, a bootblack, raises a small army which he offers to the President to help recapture the new Republic. They show symptoms of attacking a young American who first defest them and then adjointy slips into a door which aware slowly onen. While the crowd batters at the door it opens again and there appears a beautiful woman dressed in white. adjoits slips into a door which awarg slowly onen. White the crowd batters at the door it opens again and there appears a beautiful woman dressed in white.

After the dancer is massed the American Racul Arthur, addresses the girl, as the others had done, as Queen. She disclaims the title, Arthur believes the woman can give him information concerning the treasures of take (untavita. For some time the hadden of the investigations less to the abshibited of the problem and the converse of the work of the converse the whereabouts of the living deacendants of the zipas, the leaders of the ancient people.

CHAPTER VII (Continued)

THESE speculations and the singular inquiry into which they had drawn his companion excited only a mild interest in David. The latter, strangely enough, enchanted with the picturesque novelty of the cloud-city in which he found thimself, felt less of the antiquarian's zeal than when Bogota was a remote geographical possibility.

Perhaps it was the stimulus of mountain

ar, a bracing climate, that got him out of his nabitual bookishness. Here, at any rate, there was neither the warmth nor the color of the tropics to entice him to the indolent of the tropics to entire him to the indoent dreaming that one of his temperament might easily yield to in the lowlands of Colombia. The peculiar luster of the grav-green Bogota tableland, the cool crystalline atmosphere, invited him to continual physical exercise. invited him to continual physical exercise. For days at a time he went on long horse-back rides. Then, tiring of this, and feeling something of the restrain: experienced by the stranger who exerts himself abnormally in the rarefled air of the higher Andes, he fell into the easy habits of the pleasure-loving Bogotano. Muffled warmly in a ruana, he strolled comfortably about the streets of the city, amused by the chaffering of peons in the market place, enchanted by the quaint and varied architecture of the houses and public carried architecture of the houses and public suildings, the grotesque paintings and bas-eliefs in the churches; or else he would sit reliefs in the churches; or case is would strong the by the hour in the onen window of some cafe on the Cathedral Esplanade, watching the gay throng of idlers and politicians for whom this is a favorite rendezvous. The dust and cobwebs of the Museo did not attract this cobwebs of the Museo did not attract this former dabbier in antiquities who abandoned himself eagerly to the fleeting impressions gathered from an altogether pleasing environment. And Raoul, naturally secretive, gave him the vaguest outline only of the course and the result of his studies.

The discovery that made the deepest im-pression on Raoul took place under circum-stances, which intensified his superstitious stances, which intensified his superstitious feeling in regard to everything connected with the buried treasure. He was on one of numerous trips to Lake Guatavita. Riding alone he reached the gloomy body of water toward nightfall. Tethering his horse near the trail at the edge of the plain over which he had ridden, he approached the lake on foot, his mind penetrated by the absolute silence of the place. He had come for no specific purpose except to examine further the old Spanish cutting that gashes the great hill which originally rose, a solld wall of rock, above the unknown depths of the waters. Through this narrow cleft, on the instant that it was completed three centuries ago, a mighty torrent had hurled itself. Instant that it was completed three centuries ago, a mighty torrent had hurled itself into the valley beyond. As this torrent subsided and the lake shrank to its present compass, a wide margin of precipitous shore was left bare to the scrutiny of treasure seekers. Even after the labse of centuries this portion Even after the labse of centuries this portion of the lake's basin still shows the ravages wrought by the Spanlards. It remains a gaunt jagged surface of rock and flinty gravel unclothed by tree or shrub—an an-cient sanctuary whose vicinties. cient sanctuary whose violation defies the

Raoul smiled contemptuously at these evi-ences of the rude labors of the early Span-ards. With modern accence to back him he

would not attack the problem in this way

Thus occupied. Raoul slowly circled the take, following the precarious path that still of gold and emerald offerings ready poised to be burled with shouts of triumph to the insatiable god in his crystalline caverns below. Scenes from the old legend flashed across the prosaic details of Raoul's mining schemes as he stood in the shadow of the majestic bill that lifted its huge shoulders behind him. Not a ripple scarred the surface of the somber waters. The ancient god, it would seem, walling in vain for the tribute that once was his, had grown angry and made of his

tently. He would revive the old cere He would bring an offering to this hidden god—an offering bearing a menace, a de-mand for the treasure that he felt already in mand for the freasure that he felt already in his grasp. He seized a stone from the many that were strewn at his feet. It was smooth, worn by the streams through which it had chafed its way hither; he paused as he weighed it thoughtfully in his outstretched hand. Then he threw it high in air, over the center of the pool. The sound of the falling missile plunging through the waters echoed sullenly inought the towering walls. sullenty along the towering walls of granite. The ward effect delighted him, and again and again he cast stones into the water, dislodging some of the more unwieldy rocks from their resting places and watching them bound and ricochet with a thundrous noise down the precipice after the others.

"Silence He thought it might be the rustle of the wind that had just sprung up and was stirring the gnaried branches of the trees stirring the gnaried branches of the trees fringing the brow of the hill upon whose precipitous slope he was standing Care-fully he scanned the rocky pinnacles rising on either side of him. If it was not the wind, the invisible being whose voi heard might be hidden in one of the many clefts that furrowed the face of the hill be-

The tall, slim figure of a woman, clad in flowing white robes, with dazzling arm stretched downward, flashed in sharp outline against the dark hillside. She stood just above him on a projecting rock. Her eyes, calm and stern, were not turned toward Raoul, but fixed intently on the lake, as if beholding—or expecting to behold—something there that was hidden from all others.

Involuntarily Raoui bent his head to this singular apparition, scarcely knowing whether it was a creature of his imagination, conjured out of the strange fancies awakened by the scene, or a real woman, statuesque,

erowded upon him, giving place finally to the conviction that he was an intruder and had unwittingly offended one whose rights here were supreme. And then he yielded to a feeling of shame at being caught in sense-

"Ah." she sighed, a trace of irony in he coice, "it is I. a stranger here, who must ask pardon for daring to interrupt you."
"Again—pardon," he said, moved by the "Again-pardon," he said, moved riousness, the bitterness, in her Surely, you are not a stranger to Guatavita. to Bogota?" he added, not concealing his astonishment.

simply "Four days ago I left it for the first time to go to Bogota."

"And you visit the Sacred Lake on your way to the city!"

"My fathers sacrificed here," she said

He would pierce this ancient secret to its heart by subtlety, not brute force. For the hundredth time he went over the system of lines and levels by which he and David planned to funnel their way to the coveted prize, indicating to himself the various points from which they proposed to start their work, and noting and comparing the obstacles they would encounter by each route.

lake, following the precarious path that still remained along the edge of the old high-water mark—the path upon which had marched the gaily vestured Chibcha devotees in the pomp of their semiannual festival, when the dancing waves radiating from the heavily laden rafts of the Gilded Man and his court washed over their sandaled feet, and all was sunshine and joyous laughter, glitter of gold and emerald offerings ready poised to be hurled with shouts of triumpath to the waiting in vain for the tribute that once was lake a shrunken circle of dark and sinister

Into its silent depths, fascinated by the desolation surrounding him. Raoul gazed in-

In the midst of this fantastic play he was arrested by the cry of a human voice. High, clear and sibilant it came, a word of command, as it seemed, out of the empty space

Again he heard the command. Silvery, unmistakably human; the peremptory voice came from some one near at hand, a few hundred yards, it might be, from where he

lonely scene, or a real woman, statuesque, beautiful. Why was she here? Whence had she come? How address her? Vague questions

sa boy's play. "Pardon, Senorita," he murmured lamely.

"My home is far from here," she said

proudly. "I am an Indian, the daughter of those who once poured their treasure into the lake which you have defiled with stones." "Saijpona!" called a harsh, guttural voice from the trail that followed the cutting made by the Spaniards in the mountain's side.
"Si padre mio," she answered, slowly descending to the path upon which Raoul was In the gathering darkness Raoul saw, just

emerging from the cleft in the rocks, the huge figure of a man, dressed, as all travel-

ers are in the mountains, in wide sombrero

capacious ruans, great hair-covered leggings reaching to the walst, his spurred heels clat-tering on the stones as he walked toward them. Two mules followed closely, the bridle

of the foremost held in his hand; behind these came a burro, loaded with mountainous

baggage which swayed from side to side as the patient little animal picked his way along the treacherous path. "Good evening, Senor." said the man

"Good evening, Senot, some old ac-suavely, as if Raoul were some old ac-

"My horse is fresh; I will ride to Bogota."
"A stranger" queried the man
"An American."

"Watch your burro, Senor," warned Raou!,

"Ah!" Then, as if to atone for his sur-prise. "Bueno, in Bogota my house is

viewing with some anxiety that much-in-

cumbered animal wavering disconsolately on the brink of the precipice. "He will slip into

beavily to the back of his mule, at the same time spurring and then checking him with the reins. "He knows his histness, the ca-naille! Besides" he added, chuckling to himself, "we carry no treasure for Guatavita.

that evening. Over and over again he passed in review the details of his strange encounter with this mysterious girl who, in spite of the exquisise fairness of her com-

plexion called berself an Indian and claimed

these old worshipers of the Lake God for her ancestors. Who was she? Could it be that his search for the descendant of that

almost mythical line of monarchs had been

almost mythical line of monarchs had been so unexpectedly, completely rewarded? He could hardly wait for the morning to make the inquiries that he planned.

"Ah, yes," he was assured; "this Rafael Segurra is quite a man in his way—a 'politico,' strong with the government. He lives far from here—on a haclenda—no one knows where. And his daughter—he brings her to Rogota? That is strange! The heautiful Sajipona! Who knows if she reality is Don Rafael's daughter! There is a mystery, a tradition about her. Yes, some say that she has in her yeins the blood of that poor

she has in her veins the blood of that poor

old zipa that the Spaniards roasted alive because he wouldn't tell where he had hid-

den his treasure. Still, how can that be if Don Rafael is her father? Ah, no one can

sure. Senor—their home is so far awa-ut—she is very beautiful. And there as

many, many lovers—so they say."

The information, picked up from various

sources, strengthened Raoul's first impres-

sion, and from that time he became a con-stant visitor in the little house on the Calle de Las Flores.

CHAPTER VIII

A River Interlude

ON THE deck of the wheezy, palpitating river steamer Barcelona, toiling slowly

the turbid waters of the Magdalenn, sat

very time they travel from the seacoast to

Colombia's mountain capital. Fortunate such travelers count themselves if their lumber-ing, flat-bottomed craft, its huge stern wheel

fied high above the dewn-rushing eddies and whirlpools, escapes the treacherous mud-banks which form and dissolve in this ever-

shifting, shallow current, and which not in frequently clude the vigilance of the navi-

On this particular voyage, however, it is pleasant to record that the Barcelona, in spite of various temptations to the contrary,

had behaved in a most decorous manne

diplomatically avoiding the aforesaid mud-banks, submerged tree trunks and the like and giving promise of an early arrival at

on this occasion would have been followed with the liveliest interest from one end of

the country to the other. News bulletins would have chronicled every detail of her

of her snail-paced journey and, finally, state.

Some men, according to one familiar with the accidents common to humanity, have

greatness thrust upon them. General Herran was neitner born great nor had he, of his own free will, achieved greatness. But it had been thrust upon him. Without thought

it had been thrust upon him. Without inought or act of his own he awoke one morning to find himself fameus. It was an unenviable kind of fame, won in an opera-bouffe sort of way, and might, in some countries, have cost the gentleman his head. But in Colombia there was, happilly, no danger of this, Having lost his head once, why should he lose it a second time, and just because he

had fallen a victim to the wiles of the Panamanos?

history in which General Herran played a leading part. In the performance of his duty

On their friendly invitation and without

disembarking his troops, he and his staff of efficers had then been escorted politely across

officers had then been a where much to their astonishment, they were promptly landed in jail—a climax which any one but this unsus-

patting general might have foreseen. During his absence his troops were sent back by the revolutionists to Colombia—and thus, without the firing of a shot, the republic of Panama

the firing or a sion, the reported of ranama achieved its independence.

On board the Barcelons, freed from the problem of keeping the Isthmians within the colombian Union, General Herran gave no evidence of any disastrous effect on his own

evidence of any disastrous effect on his own fortunes following his memorable experience of Panama diplomacy. The center of a convivial group of admiring friends, flanked by an inexhaustible supply of "La Cosa Sabrosa"—the suggestive title given by one enthusiast to the native rum which accompanied them in an endless array of demijohns—this excellent leader of armies appeared to be excellent exterior the progress and the supplementations.

making a triumphal progress homeward, rather than a decidedly ignominious retreat. His large, mirthful brown eyes, peering out of a boyish face fringed by a heavy black

beard, were undimmed by regrets, and gave no token of the wily, self-seeking politician

their possessor was said by his enemies to be. "El General," as he usually called was, in fact, the best of good fellows; one who, we

in fact, the best of good fellows; one who, we can well imagine, might easily forget so pattry an adjunct as his troops, lured by the promise of a lively bour or so in a gay city with congenial companions. "Bobo" his detractors might call him, or "tonto"—but never "pendepo" nor "traitor."

(CONTINUED TOMORROW)

Great demand for the EVENING PUBLIC LEDGER may cause you to miss an install-ment of this very interesting story. You had better, therefore, telephone or write to the Circulation Bequirement, or ask your pew-dealer this afternoon to leave the EVENING PUBLIC LEDGER & Four home.

Here is the brief but important chapter of

of what he had done.

revolution.

her destination in the Upper Magdalena in any part of the world except Colombia the progress of this steamer up the river

grows dark quickly. Moreover, it is fa the city and the beasts are tired. We

"DREAMLAND ADVENTURES"

By DADDY THE LIBERTY SPIRIT A complete new adventure each week, beginning Monday and ending Saturday.

sunde wealthy Jonathan Hardfist to buy Liberty Bonds. When he refuses, the Liberty Spirit says he must be shown what freedom means. Suddenly they find themselves in the midst of a battle.)

CHAPTER II

The Secret Door TONATHAN HARDFIST was astounded when Billy Belgium shouted that they were in the midst of a battle with the Ger-mans. And so was Peggy. It didn't seem possible that the Huns could get a fighting

for the night at La Grania. And you, force over to America. "It's just an explosion or some contractor blasting," cried Jonathan Hardfist, but never-theless he followed Billy Belgium up the ladder to the hokout. So did Peggy. As far as the eye could reach, the broad

river valley was dotted with great puffs of smoke and dirt from exploding shells. The clamor of runs shook the air. There could he no question about it- a great battle was raging all about them But what nost astonished Peggy was the fact that the whole country seemed changed. The town had vanished, and in its place

was a ruined village. Other strange vil-lages were in sight up and down the valley, Jonathan Hardflst's eyes nearly bulged out "Why, this isn't America!" he cried. "That

himself, "we carry no treasure for Guatavita. Since the days of Sajipa men pay no tribute here—they took for it instead."

"That is true," murmured Raoul. Then, addressing the departing travelers: "May you have a pleasant ride, Senorita! And you, Senor: I may see you in Bogota?"

"In the Calle de Las Flores, Senor," called the other briskly. "Ask for Rafael Segurra; always—remember:—ai your service."

Sajipa—Sajipona! The two names persisted in Raoul's thoughts as he rode home that evening. Over and over again he earthquake has shifted us to some other land."
"We are in France!" exclaimed Billy Bel-

"France! Impossible!" gasped Jonathan Hardfist

"The Liberty Spirit said that you would have to see and to feel," cried Peggy. "This her way of showing you."
"Nonsense! We are usleep and dreaming,"
muttered Jonathan Hardfist. "Presently we
will wake up and find ourselves safely back

America. "Whir-r-r-r-nrn-n," whined a great shell ever them. "Whoo-um-pp" roated an explo-tion so near that they were nearly shaken out of the tree. "My stables" shouted Jonathan Hardfist.

They are gone "
Where the huge stable buildings had stood nd only a cloud of smoke.

"They are firing on this place! Run for the cellars!" warned Billy Belgium. The three scrambled down the ladder and ran toward the house. As they did so, falling shells tore great holes in the lawns and gardens to the right and left of them.
At the cutside cellar door, Jonathan Hard-ilst turned to look at the shells tearing up us orchard.

"Stop, stop, you brutes" he shouted.
"Yes been twenty years developing that
brehard, and it will taken twenty years nore
to repair the senseless damage you are doing "Whon-up-pp!" answered a great shell

exploding ainid a row of pear trees and sending a shower of pears flying directly at their owner. Jonathan Hardfist screamed as the pears

struck him and tumbled into the cellar in a hurry, following Billy and Peggy, who had already taken refuge there. "Over here!" cried Bill crouching against the wall nearest the side from which the German fire was coming. His experiences under bombardment in Belgium had taught

him that this was the safest place. Peggy tried to be brave, but she was trembling violently. The roar of the guns was terrific, while the crashing of shells nearby was horrible. At any mouent one might come crashing through the house and



GERALDINE FARRAR "THE TURN OF THE WHEEL"

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voyage; there would have been editorial speculation as to the possible delays she might encounter; predictions of the outcome ARCADI of her snail-paced journey and, finally, state-ments—bogus or otherwise—would have come every now and then from the important per-sonage who headed the list of the Barce-lona's passengers. For there was an un-happily important personage on board—a personage who, much to his own amaze-ment, had helped in the making of history, and who was now on his way to report to the President of the Republic the details of what he had done. JOHN BARRYMORE "ON THE QUIET"

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to quell any and every unrising which might occur on the Colombian coast he had gone with his army to the Isthmus, where, he had "WHO'S MY WIFE?" been told, something like a revolution was in progress. At Colon he had been courteously Clara Kimball Young, "The Claw" B. F. KEITH'S THEATRE met on shipboard by representatives of this McINTYRE & HEATH In THE MAN FROM MONTANAT Gus—VAN & SCHENCK—Joe

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right into the cellar. Several times whole building shook.
"My home is in ruins! My home is ruins!" walled Jonathan Hardist. "And s

money, Oh, my money!" With a new cry of fear, he ran up the stairs into the house Soon be came back dragging a heavy iro

"Help me bury this." he urged. There was a spade in the cellar, and com a hole was dug in a pile of coal. There the chest was buried. As they finished they heard guttural shouts and a loud tramping over-

head.

'The Huns are in the house!" whispered Billy Belgium. There was the sound of snashing glass and splintered wood.

'They are wrecking my beautiful home. I'll not stand it. I'll make them stop it!" walled Jonathan Hardfist, driven frantic by the noise of the work of destruction. He turned toward the stairs, only to meet German soldiers coming down.

man soldlers coming down.

At that moment, Billy Belgium jerked Peggy through a secret door he had discovered in a great chimney that rose from the cellar through the house, up to the roof above. The secret door closed after them and for a moment, at least, the children were safe.

(Tomorrow will be told what befalls Jonathan Hardfist at the hands of the

HONOR VAN PELT STREET BOYS

Liberty Sing to Mark Raising of Service

Flag Tonight The raising of a service flag containing time stars will be the feature of the Liberty Sing to be held tonight by the residents of the 2100 block on Van Pelt street. The program will be held in the middle of the block, above Diamond street, at 7:30 o'clock. The

stam will be held in the middle of the block, above Diamond street, at 7:30 o'clock. The flag will be unfurled by Master Carson Beckman.

An address will be delivered by the Rev. J. G. Wilson, district superintendent of the Methodist Episcopal Church. Another feature will be a song, "Hats Off to Uncle Sam." led by the author and composer, Mrs. Emily D. Wilson

D. Wilson. D. Wilson.

The community singing will be in charge of John Curtis, Jr. The soloists will be Mrs. Maud Holzer Evans. Albert Okenleander. Miss Gwendolyn Morgan, William Nevin and Daymond McNally. Raymond McNally.

A girls' chorus will sing "I Salute Thee, Old Glory." They will be in charge of Mrs. Carrie Wineholz and accompanied by Mrs.

Beila Ritter. The nine stars in the service flag represent the following: Lieutenant W. John Davis, 2122 Van Pelt street; Sergeant W. G. Leon, 2125; Privates Arthur Wagner, 2125; Herbert Beattle, 2150; Warren H. Powell, 2121; George M. Heller, 2143; Paul Chris-tian, 2151; Joseph A. Fleming, 2152, and Harry M. Helm, 2138 West Susquehanna

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