

JUST GOSSIP ABOUT PEOPLE

Nancy Wynne Hears That Miss Williams Will Go Abroad for Red Cross Work—Games and Races Will Entertain the Kiddies at War Horse Show on Friday

I HEAR there's another girl going over to do Red Cross work. Elizabeth Williams, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. David E. Williams, of Bala, and a sister of Mary Williams and Mrs. John Hopkins and of Dave Williams, Jr., who married Malda Dale, Emilie married John Hopkins quite recently and he is now in France. He is a brother of Bill Hopkins, who is with the 11th Regiment of the 28th Division. Their mother, Mrs. John Hopkins, died about two months ago.

Elizabeth is the second sister in the Williams family and a great favorite. She is a most sensible, charming girl and will be able to do splendid work for the Red Cross. The time of her going is not quite settled as yet. She is coming home from Prout's Neck this week, I believe. Her parents have a house up there and Emilie and Elizabeth have been with them most of the summer.

DID you know that Hansell Patterson and her baby daughter have come home from Watertown, N. Y., and will spend the winter with Hansell's parents, Mr. and Mrs. George H. Earle, 3d., at their home in Bryn Mawr?

It appears Bud, who has been in the ordnance department, has been transferred into active service and is now at a training camp and will likely go over soon. So I suppose as Hansell's baby is still young it will be far less lonely for her to remain with her family than to open her house in Ardmore. I do feel so sorry for these young wives whose husbands have to leave them. It's the same story everywhere, and they are all as brave as brave can be, but it must hurt, you know, and hurt awfully at that. Gladys Earle Mather, who came on to pay a few weeks' visit to her family, is with her mother in the Adirondacks, but will shortly join Captain Mather out West again.

THE season such as it will be really opens this week, for the three last days of the week will be given over to the big war benefit horse show, gymkhana and sports carnival at the Bryn Mawr polo grounds.

The kiddies are to have lots of fun on Friday morning, for there are to be all kinds of races in which they will participate. This being a part of the gymkhana, they are to hold potato races, egg and spoon races, needle-and-thread contest, musical chairs, nightshirt and pig-sticking contests. It's going to be fine fun, don't you think? Then there's a dog show on Thursday, besides the horse show, so you see there's an awful lot going. And everybody will be there, every one will come home to go pretty much, for there's so little doing socially every one wants to get in for what there is.

About all the women on the Main Line are patronesses and a number of men are interested. Among the patronesses I noted Mrs. Charlie, who 'e's name, and as a train of thought so often follows a name I began thinking of the death of her grandson, Dick Elliot, last year, and then I thought of his little wife, who has been so brave under the trial. They had been married such a short time when the ship on which he was blown up and Dick was killed instantly.

Have you seen the beautiful bronze memorial tablet for him that has been on exhibition, together with two other tablets, in a Chestnut street window? It is very beautiful. You should look for it. It's on the south side of the way between Twelfth and Thirteenth streets.

Mrs. Elliott, who was Joan Packard, has been staying up in the Adirondacks with the George Packards for several weeks and now comes to visit her sister-in-law, Mrs. Robert Newsome Donner, in Buffalo. You remember Mrs. Donner was Suzanne Elliott; she came out just about two years ago.

WHITE SULPHUR SPRINGS is pretty nice these days, and a lot of people are going down there for autumn visits. Mr. and Mrs. Peety Roberts, of Villanova, are there now, and Mr. Roberts is riding a lot over the mountain roads. Frances and Bertha Clark are also enthusiastic riders and so out quite often with Natalie Smith. And, of course, Carol and Suzanne Smith never miss a day in the saddle. Mrs. Bruce Ford, of Chestnut Hill, went down last week for several weeks.

Mrs. Archibald Barkle, who is running the Bryn Mawr Horse Show cafeteria, is among the patronesses for the White Sulphur Neighborhood Association, which has recently been organized down there. It is the purpose of this movement to provide to the mountain families an exchange where they may market their farm produce and their mountain hand-crafts. The association hopes to render practical aid to all in distress or need and to promote the spirit of fellowship throughout this district. An opening exhibition sale was given at the Greenbrier Public Library building last week, and a great many of the visitors at the resort were present to buy the unique handmade things and carry away with them a pot of genuine apple butter and other delicacies. Mrs. Edward R. Steintinus, who conceived the idea, is honorary chairman of the association; Mrs. Thornton Lewis is acting chairman. Mrs. George D. Kahlo is vice chairman and Miss Nancy Reid, who has devoted much of her time to mountain work, is social worker and manager. Mrs. George Lander Carnegie and Mrs. Andrew Moreland, of Pittsburgh, are among the patronesses, and Mrs. William Gibbs MacAdoo and Mrs. Cary Grayson have taken an interest in the work. Mrs. George Blumenthal and Mrs. Parnely Herrick, who are staying at the Greenbrier, have also been active in this movement.

KRUSEN GIVES ADVICE TO PUPILS' PARENTS

Director Urges Attention to Important Hygienic Hints Affecting Children

In a message to parents, Director Krusen, of the Department of Health and Charities, urges daily science hints to regulate the moral and physical conduct of the child and advises the grown-ups as to hygiene. His bulletin in part is as follows:

"First of all, children should not be permitted to go to school without a good, substantial breakfast.

"Then again, all too often, parents allow children to attend school with unclean hands and face. Disease spreads much more rapidly among unkempt children and affects not only themselves, but others around them.

"Instruct the children not to purchase foods from the street vendors, for their wares are often contaminated by street dust.

"Don't permit the children to stay up late at night. They require plenty of sleep in a well-ventilated room.

"Teach them not to wet the fingers when turning the pages of books. Don't permit them to play with pins or other objects in the mouth or wet them with the lips.

"A clean handkerchief should be provided for each child. Too often the sleeve is used for this purpose—a cause for just criticism of the parent.

"Teach them that disease may be contracted from other sick children and may be transmitted by coughing or sneezing into another's face. They should be taught to turn the face to avoid this."

SILK FLAG PRESENTED TO ODD FELLOWS' HOME

Special Musical Program at Interesting Services Held on Lawn of Home

A large meeting was held on the lawn of the Odd Fellows' Home, Seventeenth and Tioga streets, yesterday, when a large silk flag and pedestal for the chapel was presented.

The Rev. Chantry I. Hoffman made the opening prayer and there was a special musical program of vocal solos and quartets.

MRS. MARY CROZER DIES

Devoted Her Closing Years to Establishment of Charities

Following an illness of six months, Mrs. Mary Stotesbury Crozer, widow of J. Lewis Crozer, cotton manufacturer and philanthropist, died yesterday at her home, Upland avenue and Summit street, Upland, Pa., at the age of eighty-two years.

Mrs. Crozer died on April 7, 1897. She left the evolution of important institutions to her son, Mr. H. M. Crozer, who provided \$500,000 for the establishment of a home for incurables and a hospital to be operated under the care of the Homeopathic School of Medicine, University of Pennsylvania.

WILL REAFFIRM LOYALTY

Americanized Italians Plan Mass-Meeting September 20

A mass-meeting of Americans of Italian birth or descent will be held September 20 in Independence Square to reaffirm loyalty to the United States.

FRATERNALS TO AID LOAN

Plans to be followed by fraternal organizations in coming Liberty Loan campaign will be made at a meeting of the fraternal committee of the Council of National Defense tonight in the Mayor's reception room, City Hall.

Mrs. Truxton Beale Dead

Mrs. Truxton Beale, oldest member of a distinguished family, died Saturday at her summer home in Devon. She was ninety years old and had been ill only three weeks.

THREE LIBERTY SINGS

Patriotic Neighborhood Exercises Include Two Service Flag Raisings

Residents of Woodstock street, between Dauphin and York streets, will hold their first Liberty Sing this evening under the leadership of J. Miller. Twelve boys from this block are in service and a service flag was raised in their honor next Monday evening.

PENN KEEPS GIRLS' COURSES

University Opens Wharton Night School to Women

In view of possible changes in the curriculum of Barnard College, the women's branch of Columbia, following the alteration in the men's division, the University announces that the women's courses at Pennsylvania will remain unchanged.

MRS. M. T. HERRICK DIES

War Exertions Hasten End of Wife of Former Ambassador

Bar Harbor, Me., Sept. 16.—Mrs. Myron T. Herrick, wife of the United States ambassador to France, 1914, is dead here after a lingering illness, the result of overwork in Paris during the days of the first German invasion. Both the ambassador and his wife worked incessantly for Americans as well as the subjects of other countries.

BRIDE OF NAVY MAN



MRS. WILLIAM F. DENNY. Photo by J. Mitchell Elliot. A bride of last month, who will be remembered as Miss Edna Marie Fox, of Washington, D. C. Mr. Denny, U. S. N., has gone overseas.

THE GILDED MAN

By CLIFFORD SMYTH

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THE STORY THIS FAR

While hunting for treasure in Lake Guatemala, his partner, David Meudon is injured and he is left for dead. His last wish is that three months later he should appear to no one except the woman he loved, Una Leighton. She is a young girl, twenty years old, who has been brought up as an orphan. She is the daughter of a wealthy man who has died. She is now living in a small room in a tenement house.

CHAPTER X-Continued

RAOUL flinched perceptibly under this statement. His cool indifference took on a sort of cordiality that repels one more than open enmity. Bending over the table before which he was standing, he occupied himself in elaborately sorting and rearranging some papers at which he had been working.

"Of course," he said, "I know you now." Mr. Harold Leighton. "I didn't place the name at first, which was altogether stupid of me. I have often wanted to meet you. As a matter of fact, I heard of your coming. It's a rare treat in this out-of-the-way part of the world to run across a man who has advanced our knowledge of psychology as you have."

"The profuse compliment was not relished by the old savant. 'I am not aware that I have advanced our knowledge of psychology as you put it, one time,' he said testily. 'I could see why you should need them.' 'You must have found David a rare problem!' exclaimed Raoul.

"You know him, perhaps, better than I do." "Yes, I know him. That is, in a way. Engaging sort of chap. Clever and all that. Mysterious too, don't you think? So, he has disappeared again, you say? I don't know of it! The whole town has been talking about it."

"Rumors, only rumors," protested Raoul. "I would like to hear the real facts." "This gentleman, General Herran, with whom Mr. Meudon was traveling, can tell you the facts, such as they are. But I can see why you should need them."

Raoul turned to Leighton's companion, who had been trying to follow what the two men were saying. As they talked in English, a language of which he knew scarcely a word, he could make very little of it. Asked, in Spanish, to give the details of his ride with David, he made an excellent story of it, relating something of the discussion that had absorbed them while on the road together, the friendly feeling that had grown up between them, its touch of conviviality, and their abrupt separation in the midst of their encounter with the regiment of volunteers.

Raoul listened intently to Herran's narrative, his glance reverting restlessly from the narrator to his companion and back again, as if to compare the effect on both of what was said.

"It's a strange tale, Senor," he commented when Herran had come to the end. "These things, with a touch of mystery in them, are always fascinating—until you stumble on the clew. Then it's very simple. I suppose you have no theory to explain our friend's disappearance?" "None, Senor."

"You have just told me, Mr. Leighton," he went on, addressing the latter "that you are here to add to your knowledge of psychology." "I did."

"Well, what do you make of it? Here's what you are looking for—a neat psychological problem. But the fact is," declared Raoul, a note of triumph in his voice; "absolutely simple—if you know David as well as I do."

"If said a word," he said, "I don't know what you do with it. David was not spirited away, as you seem to imagine. He disappeared of his own accord." "There is every reason to think the contrary," said Leighton contemptuously.

less state of bewilderment at the turn the interview between the two men had taken.

"This young man will help us find Meudon," said Herran, in a broken Spanish. "He knows where he is!" asked Herran eagerly. "He knows—something," replied the savant with significant emphasis. "For one thing, General, those pistol shots you had with Meudon seem to have played the devil." "Caramba! Does he say so?" but that is his foolishness."

"No," he is theory," said Leighton dryly. "How will he prove it?" "By finding Meudon."

There was a finally in the tone of Leighton's rejoinder which, more than the words themselves, indicated the seeker's conviction that the road to David's discovery was in plain view. Raoul, Arthur, however, said nothing. Standing aloof from his two visitors, apparently not hearing them, his silence aroused Leighton's curiosity.

"Naturally, I depend on you, Arthur," said the old man, with an emphasis that sounded like a threat. "I don't know why," he demurred. "David was your party when this happened. I failed to find him three years ago, you know."

"That's all very well," replied the other, "but I think it is my duty to see I have done my part naturally, it seems to me—to help in the recovery of your friend. My niece and I are in this country for the express purpose of solving David's former disappearance."

"Your niece?" "Yes, the woman whom David expects to marry."

DREAMLAND ADVENTURES

By DADDY

(Continued Tomorrow)

"SKY SOLDIERS" CHAPTER I

The Gilded Shrub

PEGGY was watching moving pictures of the war being thrown on an outdoor screen in the public playground near her home. Her pulse beat faster and cheeks glowed with excitement.

"What about the mission he was on? I have an idea that it was of absorbing importance to him. Remember, he was rejected by the military service because for some years he has been trying to forget, but which he now wants to revive. And then, to cap the climax, suddenly he comes along here, right into the middle of a rabble of people who would be only too glad to kill him, or imprison him, or torture him, or anything else unpleasant. The same crowd that got me once, so I know what it all means."

"All this is true; but the excitement was hardly enough to drown David's normal personality."

"It all helps, though. It predisposes things. It is, I think, the final stage setting, with all the characters in their places awaiting the entrance of the villain to finish up the tragedy. And in this case the villain is Raoul!" he asked abruptly. "Have you ever known David to drink a glass of wine?" "I can't say that I have," he answered doubtfully.

"Well," he said, "if you have known David, you will have noticed that he is a very abstemious man. He never drinks a glass of wine. He never drinks a glass of wine. He never drinks a glass of wine."

"That's not it," said Raoul. "It is not that he is abstemious. It is that he is a very clever man. He is a very clever man. He is a very clever man."

"What do you want me to do to you?" asked Leighton. "I want to make me tiny so I can ride my airplane. And I want my airplane to be so fast that it can carry me to Europe in half an hour," answered Peggy. "You're fooling me. There isn't any magic about these leaves."

Stanley

MARY PICKFORD JOHANNA ENLISTS

PALACE MARGUERITE CLARK

VICTORIA THE PRUSSIAN CUR

REGENT BERT LYELL

CROSS KEYS A. SEYMOUR BROWN & CO.

BROADWAY BERT LYELL

GLOBE PARDON ME

CROSS KEYS MARGUERITE CLARK

BROADWAY BERT LYELL

GLOBE PARDON ME

while her airplane suddenly awoke into being life. She hopped aboard, and it darted away. General Swallow, to keep from being left behind, seized her dress in his beak and was carried along in the wild rush. Up, up, up went the airplane, so high that the earth, instead of being spread out flat, was round, just like a geography globe at school. Peggy saw a stretch of land spin past, then a great mass of ocean. Land appeared on the other side of the ocean, and down swooped the airplane into the midst of a great roaring noise.

"Thunder!" thought Peggy. But a moment later she knew it wasn't thunder. It was the pounding tumult of the big guns at the battlefront in France.

"My, that was some ride!" thrilled General Swallow, as the airplane slowed up.

They dived through a big cloud bank, and as they came out into the clear air beneath, they suddenly found bullets whizzing all about them. A great winged monster was cooping up at them, and right behind it was a second monster in deadly pursuit of the first. Peggy and General Swallow were having their wish—they were seeing an airplane fight. And more than that, they were right in the midst of it and in mortal peril of being hit.

(Tomorrow will be told how they go to the aid of a brave American aviator.)

PHILADELPHIA LEADING THEATRES

Sam S. Shubert Theatre, TONIGHT AT 8. Special Mat. Today SEATS \$1.50

ADDELPHI ADELPHI REVIEWS AT 8:15. Mat. Thurs. & Sat., 2:15. Pop. Mat. Thursday SEATS \$1.00

The Blue Pearl

Diverting drama with a mystery interest, with George Nash and an excellent supporting cast.

CHESTNUT OPERA HOUSE

Entire Floor BUSINESS BEFORE PLEASURE

LYRIC Eves. at 8:15. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:15

FORREST—Mat. Today TONIGHT TWICE DAILY—2:15 and 8:15

HEARTS OF THE WORLD

Not With My Money

NOT WITH MY MONEY

GARRICK LAST 8 EYES AT 8:15

CHARLOTTE WALKER

CHARLOTTE WALKER

HENRY MILLER RUTH CHATTERTON

Second Bryn Mawr War Horse Show

BRYN MAWR POLO FIELD

B. F. KEITH'S THEATRE

PHILADELPHIA ORCHESTRA

STRAND GYM AT VENANGO

CASINO

GAYETY AL MARTIN

GAYETY AL MARTIN

THE JOELY GIRL

GAYETY AL MARTIN

GAYETY AL MARTIN

GAYETY AL MARTIN

GAYETY AL MARTIN