JUST GOSSIP ABOUT PEOPLE

Nancy Wynne Tells of New Work That Motor Messengers Are Doing—Another Soldier Returns From Overseas. A Cure for Influenza

ISN'T it wonderful, the amount of hard work women are doing now without saying anything about it? And there's so much going on that most people know nothing about. I'll tell you what I'm getting at.

I heard some awfully interesting news about the Motor Messengers last night which was a great surprise to me and I think it will be to you, too. Did you know that they have been taken over by the Red Cross, and are now the Red Cross Motor Corps? Yes, and more than that, they have three perfectly good ambulances, one large one that holds five stretchers, and two smaller ones that hold two stretchers each—and they have taken more than three hundred cases of Spanish influenza from the Naval Hospital to the Municipal Hospital in the last few days. That is part of their regular work now, and when the wounded men from overseas come here to the various army hospitals the Motor Corps will transport them in their ambulances.

On the first day of January they are going to give up their stunning khaki uniforms and take up the Red Cross Motor uniform which is made of gray and black whipcord, with a gray and black aviation cap bearing the Red Cross on the front, a Sam Brown belt, gray spats and black shoes. Sounds really quite as attractive as their present uniform, don't you think so?

And tomorrow afternoon at 4 o'clock they are going out to Mr. Paul Thompson's in Haverford, to be presented with their regimentals. After the ceremonies, they will give the sanitary and litter drill, which they practice every Tuesday afternoon at the polo field under the direction of a sergeant of Marines. I think we have reason to admire our Motor Messengers, don't you? And I know all this to be a fact, because it was told to me (that sounds like "The Gingham Dog and The Calico Cat") by Mrs. Morgan Churchman, and she is quartermaster and treasurer of the organization. Mrs. Thomas Elwyn is captain, you know; Miss Helen Dougherty is adjutant, and the divisional lieutenants are Mrs. George Dallas Dixon, Mrs. Norman P. Sloan, Mrs. Florens Rivinus, Mrs. Sydney Thayer and Miss Madeline Asbury. I'll tell you all about the stunts out at Haverford on Friday, for I know it will be interesting.

THE Goelet boys, Peter and Ogden, are coming over this week to spend the week-end with their grandmother, Mrs. C. Hartman Kuhn, in Bryn Mawr. They are the sons of Mrs. Henry Clews, Jr., you know, who was Mrs. Robert W. Goelet, and is a sister of Mrs. Craig Biddle. Mrs. Clews is in France now, and has been for some time. The boys are living in New York.

I HEAR that another one of our overseas soldiers has returned. Lieutenant C. Colket Caner, U. S. A., has just come back from France. He is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Harrison K. Caner, of 1707 Walnut street, and a brother of Harrison Caner, Jr, who married Uytendale Baird. The Harrison K. Caners, Jr., gave a dinner in honor of his coming back on Monday evening at their home, 810 Pine street. These men who come back from over there certainly do get a wonderful welcome, and just think of the dinners, and parties, and parades and dances and hysterics and housewarmings that will happen when it's all over and they all come marching home from Berlin. There's nothing like looking ahead—and what's the difference if we do look a trifle far? Stretching is good for the eyes, why wouldn't it help the hope and the imagination as well?

ALL this talk about Spanish influenza reminds me of a funny story I heard about a certain sailor, who has learned a great many things since he became an enlisted member of the U. S. N. He has been living at one of the country clubs lately while he is taking a course in something or other here in town. Another "brother in the bonds," in profession as well as fraternity, lives with him, and the other day "Brother" startled the few other boarders, who were breakfasting en famille, by howling dismally from the top of the stairs, "Come up here, quick, Jim's got Spanish influenza, he's got a fever, and a cold, and I want to send for the doctor and he won't let me." Everybody rushed, and somebody got a doctor. It was discovered that Jim's fever was nothing but sunburn, and that all he had was a bad cold, but the doctor advised safety first in keeping Jim where he was for that day at least.

That being settled, everybody hustled into town, envying Jim. Most of the servants have left the club—it closes in the winter—and the cook had to leave the whole place alone with the patient while she did the marketing. While she was out, the kitchen was empty—and when the rest of the "family" turned in at the entrance to the club that evening, the first thing that greeted them was navy-blue serge fresh from the wash-tub, and adorning every inch of the clotheslines. Taking advantage of the time forced upon him, the sailor had arisen, taken possession of the kitchen and scrubbed his clothes, at the risk of his health and the good humor of the careful doctor. But everybody understood when they saw James in spotless uniform strolling blithely down the drive at precisely half-past seven, with an obvious call on his engagement calendar.

NANCY WYNNE.

Social Activities

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick W. English and their two daughters have returned to their home, 126 School House lane, Germantown, from Upper Saranac, N. Y., where they have been spending several weeks. Miss Elaine English and Miss Beatrice English will spend the winter in Washington, D. C., where they are both engaged in war work.

Mrs. Sigourney Mellor and her two children are visiting Mrs. Mellor's mother, Mrs. Edward C. Lee, at her apartment in Haverford. Mr. Mellor is in Washington, where he is doing Government work.

Miss Elizabeth Lockwood and Miss Louise Lockwood, of St. Martin's, will have their dancing classes as usual this winter, starting in November.

Mrs. Joshua Ash Pearson and her daughter, Miss Bessie Pearson, of West Price street, Germantown, have returned from Cape May, where they have been spending the summer.

The Germantown Chapter, N. T. D. R. R., will hold its first meeting this fall on October 1, in its chapter room in Wistar Mansion, Vernon Park. Mrs. James Starr will read a paper giving the history of Wistar Mansion.

Lieutenant and Mrs. Evan H. Davies, of Tioga, have returned from a week-end visit to their daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin Booth.

The Alpha Chapter of the Phi Delta Psi Sorority will meet at the home of Miss Erma Clower, 6014 Jefferson street, on Saturday afternoon. The following are members: Miss Catharine Becker, Miss Helen Chatham, Miss Mildred Conrey, Miss Elsa Gross, Miss Margaret Gillmore, Miss Jenebelle Harkins, Miss Mildred Pedgeous, Miss Mabel Luccarenie, Miss Sara Miltenberger, Mrs. Lewis Street, Miss Marian Williams and Miss Estelle Wood. Miss Helen Chatham has been re-elected president, while Miss Estelle Wood was elected secretary, and Miss Jenebelle Harkins treasurer for the coming season.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Rauch, of 1949 North Thirteenth street, celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of their marriage last evening at their home. Mr. Rauch is president of the "Bucktails," a Civil War club. For more than a quarter of a century he has been in the Custom House. He is rector's warden in the Church of the Annunciation, Twelfth and Diamond streets. Mrs. Rauch is head of the Electric Printing Company, which she has managed for twenty-five years, and is still in active business life. She is president of the guild of the church of which her husband is warden. They were assisted in receiving by their two daughters, Mrs. Charles F. Feurer, of 1321 Spruce street, this city, and Mrs. Ralph Gibson, of New Orleans, La. There are four grandchildren and one great-grandchild.

The Ardentes Club will give a service flag raising and dance on Saturday evening at Starr Garden, Seventh and and Lombard streets. Prominent speakers have been invited to attend this affair. The music will be furnished by Mr. Abe Neff's orchestra, and the talent that will entertain will be Mr. Samuel Dandy, Mr. Paul Murray, Mr. Barney Baron, Miss Nellie Young and others. The committee in charge of the affair includes Mr. A. Neff, chairman; Mr. M. Drogin, Mr. J. Carson, Mr. R. Forman and Mr. C. Silovitz.

A week-end house party was given by Miss J. A. Henk, at Point Pleasant, Pa. At the party Mr. M. Silverman played a few violin solos and Mr. Irvin G. Worman gave a few vocal selections. Mr. Irvin G. Worman, who has a thirty-two-acre farm, invited the boys on the farm and a watermelon party was held. Those present were Miss Anna Ruth Henk, Miss Helen B. Henk, Miss Jennie A. Henk, Mr. Irvin G. Worman, Mr. Abe Neff, Mr. Maurice Silverman, Mr. Julius Kravitz and Mr. Martin Drogin.

NOVEL IDEA USED AT WARTIME WEDDING

"Usheresses" Take Place of Men in Service Unable to Get Furloughs

Among tonight's interesting weddings will be that of Miss Alice May Smethurst, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles L. Smethurst, of 4627 Pulaski avenue, and Mr. George Bruce Staples, of Alexandria, La., which will take place at 7:30 o'clock in the Methodist Episcopal Church of the Advocate, Wayne avenue and Queen lane, Germantown. The bride's father will give her in marriage and the ceremony will be performed by the Rev. Gladstone Holm, assisted by the Rev. J. Purman Shook, pastor of the church. The bride will wear a gown of white satin charmeuse with pearl trimming and a veil of tulle caught with orange blossoms. Orchids and Bride roses combined in a shower will be carried. Miss Marguerite Smethurst, the bride's cousin, will be maid of honor, and will wear a frock of pink satin veiled with net and lace, a pink net hat, and will carry a shower of pink roses and snapdragons.

Mr. William Henckel, of Wilmington, Del., will be the best man, and the ushers will be Miss Charlotte Doak and Miss Dorothy Barber, who will take the places of the men who were to serve, but were unable to secure furloughs. The ushers will wear silk frocks trimmed with silver lace, one in pink and the other blue. Each will carry a straight staff holding a shower of pink rosebuds. Following the service a reception will be held at the home of the bride's parents. Mr. Staples and his bride will leave on a fortnight's trip and will be at home in Wilmington, Del., after October 15.

PRATT—SMITH

A pretty autumn wedding will take place this afternoon at 4 o'clock at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Preston L. Smith, 2348 North Twenty-first street, when their daughter, Miss Marie E. Smith, will be married to Mr. Walter H. B. Pratt, of 5519 Woodland avenue. The Rev. Doctor Horter, of the Eleventh Baptist Church, Diamond and Twenty-first streets, will perform the ceremony, which will be followed by a small reception. The bride's gown is of bridal satin and she will carry a shower of Bride roses. Her only attendant will be Miss Ethel Engle, who will wear a frock of white French voile and georgette crepe over silk, and will carry a shower of pink roses.

Mr. Joseph Pratt will be his brother's best man. After an extended trip Mr. Pratt and his bride will be at home at 1324 South Guenther street.

CHAPPELL—LEE

A military wedding of the early autumn was that of Miss Ethel M. Lee and Ensign W. Harold Chappell, U. S. N., both of Roxborough, which took place on Saturday evening at the home of the bride's brother-in-law and sister, Dr. and Mrs. W. Thomas Boon, 215 Green lane, Roxborough, with the Rev. Doctor Sanderson, of Ebenezer Methodist Episcopal Church, Manayunk, officiating. Doctor Boon gave the bride in marriage. She was unattended. After a dinner for the two families Ensign Chappell and his bride left on a short trip. They will live in New London, Conn.

SHROM—BARBOT

This evening Miss Marie L. Barbot, daughter of Mrs. Dora Barbot, of 1715 North Sixteenth street, will become the bride of Dr. Ralph E. Shrom, The Rev. Father Boyle will perform the ceremony in the Church of Our Lady of Mercy, Broad street and Susquehanna avenue, and the service will be followed by a reception at the home of the bride's mother. The bride will wear a gown of white beaded georgette crepe, with a tulle veil arranged with orange blossoms. Bride roses and orchids will be carried. Miss Marguerite McManus will be maid of honor. Her gown is of pale blue georgette crepe, and her hat is of black velvet. Larkspurs and roses will be combined in her bouquet. The bridesmaids, Miss Henrietta Riley and Miss Ethel Galbraith, will wear pink georgette crepe frocks with large black velvet hats and will carry pink roses.

The best man will be Mr. Frank Harris, and the ushers will be Dr. Charles Bonney and Mr. Joseph Shrom. Doctor Shrom and his bride will return from their wedding trip the middle of October, and will be at home at 1745 North Seventeenth street.

MARY S. CROZER WILL AIDS MANY CHARITIES

Philadelphia Institutions, Including Temple University, Among Beneficiaries

Three Philadelphia institutions benefit under the will of the late Mrs. Mary Stotesbury Crozer, widow of J. Lewis Crozer, cotton manufacturer and philanthropist, of Upland, Delaware County. The will disposes of an estate running into millions in bequests to charities, relatives and friends.

The three Philadelphia institutions are:

Hahnemann Hospital, $5000, to maintain a bed.

Philadelphia Home for Incurables, $5000, to maintain a bed.

Young Women's Christian Association, $2000.

The city of Chester is left a park of twelve acres and $250,000 for a free library.

Mrs. Crozer's will provides that all legatees, other than charitable institutions, shall give one-tenth of their respective legacies "to spread the Gospel of our Lord, Jesus Christ, either at home or abroad."

Provision for the library was made in the will of Mr. Crozer and it now becomes operative. Mrs. Crozer directed that her home in Upland and a little over four acres of land surrounding it be given to the trustees of the Crozer Theological Seminary, who will have charge of the free library. The codicil directs that the trustees sell part or all of her homestead bequeathed for library purposes, and add it to the $250,000 left by her husband for the erection and maintenance of a free library.

Mr. Crozer in his will directed that the library be built in Chester. This prevented Mrs. Crozer from devising that her home be used for this purpose.

For Public Park

Part of the Crozer homestead and land adjoining for a public park and $25,000 for its maintenance are left to a board of trustees.

Mrs. Crozer bequeathes two tenement houses in Upland to the trustees of the Upland Baptist Church, to be devoted to such uses as shall be directed by the vote of the said church.

By a codicil, Mrs. Crozer bequeathes $25,000 to St. Paul's Episcopal Church, Chester, of which she was a member; $25,000 and a plot of ground in the First Ward, Chester, for the erection of a church. To the same church she leaves $5000 for its negro mission in Chester. She also leaves in trust $10,000, the income to be paid for life to the Rev. Francis M. Tait, rector of St. Paul's Church, and at his death the sum goes to the church.

Other public bequests include the following:

Young Women's Christian Association, Chester, $5000.

Young Men's Christian Association, Chester, $5000.

The McAll Mission in France, $5000.

Union Benevolent Society, Chester, $1000.

Berry School, Rome, Ga., $5000.

National Indian Association, $1000.

Chester Free Library, $500.

Trustees of the Upland Baptist Church, $1000 in trust, the income to be used in the repair of the grave and monument of her husband, and also for the care of the lot in Woodlands Cemetery, Philadelphia, where her father, mother and brother are buried.

Bequests to Relatives

Mrs. Crozer died childless. Her will contains a bequest of $100,000 to Mrs. Lucy H. Stotesbury, a sister-in-law, who lived with her and $100,000 each to Mary H. Jessup and Lucy A. Jessup, nieces, and William A. Stotesbury, a nephew.

To the executors, $125,000 is left in trust to devote the income thereof to the use of Herbert Stotesbury, a nephew, and at his death, to pay $100,000 thereof to the J. Lewis Crozer Home for Incurables and Homeopathic Hospital and continue the trust as to the $25,000 and to devote the income to Emily B. Stotesbury, wife of Herbert Stotesbury, for life or until marriage, then to pay the said $25,000 to the said J. Lewis Crozer Home and Hospital.

The executors also are given $20,000 in trust to pay the income for life to Sarah E. Allen and Lillian Larrabee, cousins of Mrs. Crozer, and at their death the fund is to revert to the Crozer Home and Hospital.

She also left $10,000 in trust to her friend, Sarah Nevitt Owne, and the same amount to S. Katherine Ubil, for life. Sarah Berry and Elizabeth Churchman, friends, are given the income of $5000 each.

For Doctor Conwell

Mrs. Crozer leaves $10,000 in trust for life to the Rev. Russell H. Conwell. At his death the trust is continued for the benefit of the Temple University.

William Lewis is bequeathed $5000.

Dr. Robert P. Mercer, a physician, who attended Mrs. Crozer for years, is given $5000.

The children of Mary H. Jessup are given in equal parts the sum of $25,000. If any of them should be dead and have children, then the shares go to the children. To the children of Lucy A. Jessup is given the sum of $15,000 in equal shares. The children of any of these legatees are to take the parents' part should the parents be dead.

Children of William A. Stotesbury are given $10,000 in equal shares.

Martha K. Caldwell, Anna and Eugenia Beatty, children of Martha Beatty, are given $25,000 in equal shares.

The will also contains bequests to household employes and others.

William H. Jessup, a nephew, and J. Howard Roop, are named as executors of the will, which is dated January 24, 1914.

Nurses Urged to Do War Work

Graduate nurses representing thirty-two hospitals met yesterday afternoon at Peirce's School, Pine street near Broad, where Dr. Charles D. Hart, chairman of the nurses' enrollment campaign committee of the Southeastern Pennsylvania Chapter, American Red Cross, asked them to urge their respective alumnae to build up the quota of 400 nurses needed by November 1.

Photo by Photo-Crafters.

MISS DORIS MARIE GARVIN

Daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas H. Garvin, of Sharon Hill, whose engagement to Lieutenant Lucullus N. D. Mitchell, of a machine-gun battalion, A. E. F., has been announced

RECENT BRIDE WITH MATRON OF HONOR

Photo by Bachrach.

MRS. FRANCIS B. HAYS AND MRS. JOEL COOK HUBER

The marriage of Mrs. Hays, who was Miss Marjory Edwards, of Overbrook, took place last week. Mrs. Huber attended her as matron of honor

DREAMLAND ADVENTURES

By DADDY

A complete new adventure each week, beginning Monday and ending Saturday.

(The Birds take Peggy and Billy Belgium on a fun adventure, which lands them in school. Billy Belgium, to scare the Birds, says the school is haunted.)

CHAPTER III

Peggy Becomes Teacher

BLUE HERON made such a queer looking teacher that Peggy giggled. But the effect on the Birds was entirely different. They didn't seem to like his assumption of authority.

"I'm going to be teacher because I'm the smartest," declared General Swallow.

"I'm going to be 'cause I can scold the loudest," shrieked Blue Jay.

"I look the wisest," hooted Judge Owl.

"I have the sweetest voice," warbled Mr. Canary.

"I'm the most demure," whispered Miss Wren.

"I'm the best looking," cried Bob Oilnk.

"I can rap loudest on the desk," screamed Reddy Woodpecker.

"I know the most about catching grasshoppers," declared Bob White.

The school was in a perfect uproar. Every Bird wanted to be teacher. Peggy saw only one way of settling it.

"I'll be teacher," she said.

"Fine!" chorused the Birds. "Princess Peggy will be our teacher because she is the smartest; she can scold the loudest; she is the wisest; has the sweetest voice; is the most demure; the prettiest; can rap the loudest and knows the most about catching grasshoppers."

"You will all find seats," she ordered. The Birds at once perched on the backs of the desks.

"What do you do in school besides sitting around," asked Judge Owl.

"Why, you study and learn things," explained Peggy.

"How do you learn things?" demanded Blue Heron.

"Why, from books," answered Peggy.

"That seems stupid to me," replied Blue Heron. "The best way to learn fishing is to go out and fish."

"But you don't study fishing in school," argued Peggy. "You learn how to read and write and do sums and about history and geography and all that."

"Why do you learn all that truck?" persisted Blue Heron.

"So you can earn a good living and enjoy the things of life, and make the world better, and be somebody," answered Peggy.

"I get a good living catching fish, and I enjoy eating 'em," said Blue Heron. "If you don't teach fishing in school there's no sense in my being here."

"When are you going to call the class in finding worms in the ground," asked Mrs. Robin.

"If school can teach me a way to catch more mice and insects, I'm ready to learn," hooted Judge Owl.

"School doesn't teach such things," Peggy had to admit.

"Then school is silly and a big waste of time," declared Judge Owl. "I don't blame Billy Belgium for being glad to get out."

Peggy didn't know what to say. This point of view was strange to her. But Billy Belgium, who had been listening eagerly, now came unexpectedly to her aid.

"Say, I've learned a lot in Peggy's school. I've learned that each person has to learn that which will be most useful to him in life, and the more things useful he learns the better off he will be. To Blue Heron and King Fisher the most useful thing is to know how to fish; to Judge Owl, the most useful thing is to know how to catch his food. It's the same way with all you Birds; all you need to know is how to get what you eat, to build your nests and to protect yourselves from harm. If that's all I learned I wouldn't be any better than a wild man. I could eat and live, but I couldn't have a nice house; I couldn't have good clothes; I couldn't have an automobile; I couldn't go to shows; I couldn't read; I couldn't have all the things that make this life so wonderful. I've learned my lesson right here. I'm going to pitch in and work in school after this so I can make as much as possible of myself."

"That sounds like sense," hooted Judge Owl. "We birds don't have to learn much, because life isn't very big for us, but boys and girls have to learn a whole lot because life has so much for them."

Peggy was going on with the school session, when suddenly a queer noise came from the attic above them. There was a sob, a "Sh-h-h-!" and the sound of some one moving. Instantly the schoolroom became silent as the Birds listened intently.

"Is the school really haunted?" whispered Billy Belgium.

(Tomorrow the mystery of the school becomes deeper.)

CHORUS GIRLS' SCARCITY PROVES SHOW PROBLEM

Good Looks and Fair Figure Find Door Wide Open to Footlights Fame

Though the movie field remains thickly overcrowded, to the despair of the average present-day "flapper," there is room and to spare in the ranks of chorus girls. If you have been waiting for your chance to get a foothold on the ladder of stage glory here it is, and you can get it without hurrying.

Two years ago the girl who was tired of hiding her light under a bushel and longed to be a twinkling star in the front row, simply had to content herself as best she might with the reflection that if she couldn't get into the chorus there were very few who could, since there were chorus girls by the bushel, and only the choicest were selected.

Furthermore, the choicest had to be content with $20 per week at the outside, and as a Philadelphia manager said, "She had to be a good, all-around girl—good looking, well built and able to sing and dance well.

"Today salaries of $15 and $18 per week are offered to beginners. Three years ago the chances for a beginner were virtually nil. Today in answer to advertisements in every theatrical magazine and paper, a scanty and listless crop of damsels drift into the stage recruiting offices."

Raw boned, or sumptuously upholstered, with or without "pep" they are at least given a tryout by the distracted managers. The critical eye of the manager, which once could pick flaws in flawless charms, has grown dim. "Just s'long as she can dance," a multitude of deficiencies are overlooked.

Her dancing aptitude need be only in the rawest stages. If she can keep time the trainer will do the rest, and weeks of work will be spent patiently by trainers who not so long ago would discard the lady who missed a step.

There's a very serious shortage in chorus girls, Philadelphia managers say. Perhaps it's the war or perhaps the perverse feminine doesn't hanker after her early dream of being the brightest star in the beauty chorus, now that she can realize it without much difficulty. One manager even went so far as to say that there seemed to be a shortage of girls in general.

CAPTAIN ASTOR WOUNDED

Younger Son of Viscount, Former American, a War Victim

Special Cable to Evening Public Ledger

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London, Sept. 25.—Captain J. J. Astor, of the Royal Household Cavalry, the youngest son of Viscount Astor, is reported wounded.

Captain Astor's mother is well remembered in Philadelphia social circles. She was Miss Mary Dahlgren Paul, daughter of James W. Paul, of this city. Her death occurred in 1894, sixteen years after her marriage. William Waldorf Astor, her husband, was then a citizen of New York. The elder Astor's naturalization in 1899 as a British subject, and the removal of the family home to England, was a sensational incident of the time, as also was his elevation to the British peerage in 1916.

WALNUT
Opening Next Sat. Evg., Sept. 28th
SENSATION OF THE AGE—GUS HILL'S
LADY BOUNTIFUL MINSTRELS
THE ONE BIG ALL-GIRL SHOW
Nights 25c to $1, Tues., Thurs., Mats. 25c, 50c.
Watch for Big Street Parade Saturday Noon

PHILADELPHIA ORCHESTRA
TODAY Subscribers who applied for CHANGES please call at Heppe's, 1119 Chestnut St., TODAY. ADVANCE ORDERS filled next week, from MONDAY to THURSDAY, inclusive.

B. F. KEITH'S THEATRE
BLANCHE RING
in Topics and Tunes of the Times
RITA MARIO & ORCHESTRA
Dugan & Raymond; Diamond & Brennan; Alfred Latell & Co., and Others

CASINO Ladies' Mat. Today
Star & Garter
Walnut ab. 8th St. A Burlesque Revelation.

Dumont's Minstrels Arch St. Cor. of 9th Mat. Today, 10-20-25c
"ROUNDING UP THE SLACKERS"

Trocadero 10th & Arch Mat. Daily The Big Review

GAYETY THE AUTO GIRLS
VENNITTI-DE PINNA

THE GILDED MAN

By CLIFFORD SMYTH

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THE STORY THUS FAR

David Meudon, with Raoul Arthur, his partner, search for treasure in Lake Goatsvita. David disappears after a dynamite explosion. He shows up three months later. He doesn't know where he has been. Nobody knows apparently.

Three years later he returns to Colombia from Connecticut to solve the mystery. He is accompanied by Una Leighton, his sweetheart; Harold Leighton, her uncle; Andrew Parmelee, and Mrs. Quayle, friends. On their way they meet General Herran and Doctor Miranda. Shortly after their arrival David disappears again. His friends search a tunnel at Goatsvita for him. They find evidences that the cave is crowded and lose their way. But they believe they can find their way back, and Una is delighted with the purity of the air.

Raoul disappears and they cannot find him. As they travel the roof of the cave takes a downward curve.

Mrs. Quayle's jewelry begins to show a queer agitation. She cannot keep it still. Doctor Miranda takes it from her and immediately begins to rush headlong at an object at the end of the corridor.

CHAPTER XIV

The Black Magnet

FOR once Doctor Miranda had nothing to say. To the eager queries of those about him he returned a grimace and a scowl of rage. Then he asked savagely for Mrs. Quayle.

"There is her necklace," he said indignantly, letting go his hold on that extraordinary piece of jewelry and scrambling to his feet with as much dignity as was left to him.

"Will you tell me what all this means?" demanded Leighton sternly.

"How I know?" retorted Miranda, glaring venomously at him. "I pull the necklace from the neck and it fly from me. When I follow, it fly more fast—and it get stronger and it fly harder every time until it touch the rock. Then it stop and not come loose."

Sure enough, on the greenish-black rock over which they were bending, the necklace was spread out to its full length. With a quick jerk, Leighton dislodged one of the ends from its resting place. Letting it go, it returned to its original position with the sharp snap of a steel spring.

"A magnet! The most amazing magnet ever heard of!" exclaimed Leighton.

"A magnet that pull gold!" scoffed Miranda. "That is the foolishness."

But Leighton was right. Each time the necklace was pulled away it was drawn back to the rock by a strong, invisible force. Repeated trials brought the same result. Leighton's curiosity was excited as it had never been before, but his most careful examination of the strange phenomenon failed to detect anything more than the fact that the substance exerting this unknown force was not stone, but something more nearly akin to metal. It was neither so heavy nor so hard as iron. To the touch its surface faintly resembled the adhesive softness of velvet, although a blow from a stone, causing a clear, ringing sound, left not the slightest mark upon it. In the main, this block of metal—or whatever it might be called—was a deep black, tinged with a variegated shade of green that played over it according to the angle at which the ray from a light held above it was reflected. Dark lines of green followed the indentations traversing its surface. Cylindrical in shape, it weighed, according to Leighton's estimate, at least a ton. Imbedded in a deep groove around its center was a rope, measuring two inches in diameter, of pliable fiber, resembling the long lianas that festoon the trees of a tropical forest. This rope lay in a seamanlike coil on the ground, with the further end attached to the transverse beam of the scaffolding overhead.

"It is a magnet, nothing else," reiterated Leighton; "a magnet of a kind utterly unknown to science. All we can say is that this black metal has an affinity for gold—unless it turns out that Mrs. Quayle's jewelry is merely iron gilded over."

This doubt as to the genuineness of the housekeeper's treasures was promptly denied, however, by Una, who guaranteed their sterling quality.

"Let us test the rest of her jewelry," proposed Leighton.

To this further demand on her property Mrs. Quayle, wedged in between two rocks on the path where they had left her, too terrified to move, offered only a feeble protest. It mattered little to her, in her present condition, if her bracelets and brooch followed the necklace to their doom. One by one they were, accordingly, removed by Una, who, probably because she was less excitable than Miranda—and because, too, she had profited by his untoward experience in the same undertaking—was able to handle these pieces of jewelry without mishap. The force with which they were pulled towards the Black Magnet, however, and the tenacity with which they stuck to it, gave ample evidence that they answered to the same influence that still held the necklace.

"That is enough," said Leighton triumphantly. "The thing is proved. This is a gold magnet. If we lived in the Middle Ages we would call it the Philosopher's Stone. The theory that such a substance exists has attracted scientists who were more given to dreaming than practical observation. In this age we have neither looked for it nor believed in the possibility of its existence. And here it is!"

"What it make here?" demanded Miranda. "Tied by a rope to the machine—some one use it."

The inference, logical enough, certainly increased Leighton's excitement. That the magnet was known and used by the inhabitants of the cave—if there were inhabitants—was evident. Under certain conditions a bar of metal could attract gold with such force as that displayed by the Black Magnet would be of untold value. Here, where there were no evidences of mining operations, and attached to this primitive machine, it was difficult to explain what it was actually used for.

Leighton, more and more mystified, determined that the best way to solve the puzzle was to operate the machine in the manner indicated by its structure. It was not, as he pointed out—but as they in their first excitement imagined—a gallows. Instead, it was a winch, built in the most simple and archaic fashion; and as the Black Magnet was attached to it, the evident purpose was to hoist that huge body from the ground. Before testing this theory, Mrs. Quayle, who had recovered from her collapse sufficiently to join the others, insisted that her jewelry should be released from the magnet. Suspicious of the intentions of some of her companions, she was determined to regain possession of her treasures at once. But, as it was apparently impossible to wear her jewelry with comfort, or even safety, in the immediate vicinity of the Black Magnet, necklace, brooch and bracelets were removed to a distant corner of the corridor and there placed beneath a pile of stones. This done, the four men started to work the two long handles of the winch. At first these were turned with difficulty, the resistance proving, at least to Leighton's satisfaction, that the machine had not been used for a long time. Gradually, however, the coil of liana was transferred from the ground to the transverse beam overhead until it pulled taut with the magnet beneath.

Then came the real trial of strength. The magnet wouldn't budge.

Miranda puffed and grumbled over the task, declaring it impossible. The rest stopped and rubbed their arms ruefully. But Leighton was inexorable. Encouraging the others, and keeping them at it, by dint of increased exertion—to which Una brought additional assistance—the great Black Magnet was finally dragged from its moorings and held suspended just above the ground. It formed a perfect cylinder, about four feet long by a foot and a half in diameter, and must have weighed, they estimated, considerably over a ton—ten tons, vowed Miranda. On a winch of modern design this weight would not have been difficult to lift. But the hoisting apparatus they were using lacked the ordinary adjustments for counterbalancing such weights; hence, the muscular force needed proved no small matter.

"It take twenty men to lift this magnet," growled Miranda.

"Twenty men could do it more easily than four men and a woman, undoubtedly," replied Leighton. "But four can do it."

And he was right. Inch by inch the magnet rose from the ground—for what ultimate purpose was not very clear, any more than that it was thought necessary by Leighton, in order to discover the use to which this strange bar of metal had been put, first to test the appliance obviously intended to bring it into action. It reached a height of one foot from the ground, then two, then three feet; then it stopped. There were groans and smothered imprecations, and it looked very much as if the huge bar of metal would come crashing down to the ground again. But the men, urged by Leighton, did not give in. And then—there was a grating noise, as if some hidden mechanism in the scaffolding had been set free. After which a strange thing happened. The transverse beam at the top of the windlass detached itself from one of the uprights supporting it and, using the other upright as a fulcrum, slowly swung to the wall of the cave, where it rested in a socket, bringing the magnet that was suspended from it, directly over a shelf-like projection beneath.

(CONTINUED TOMORROW)

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