The Lady of the Night Wind

By VARICK VANARDY

Author of "The Two-Faced Man," "Alias the Night Wind," etc

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THIS STARTS THE STORY

A house party is being held at the country home of Katherine and Bingham Harvard. Among the guests is one Conrad Belknap. Katherine discovers him cheating at cards. Convinced that he is concealing his real identity and that he is there for some ulterior purpose, Katherine determines to ferret out the mystery. She has formerly had experience as a police headquarters detective and has been known as Lady Kate of the police. She intercepts a telephone call of Belknap's to a woman confederate named Roberta, and, in turn, speaks to the woman. Realizing that he is suspected by Katherine, Belknap threatens to accuse of a crime her brother, Roderick Maxwilton, who is believed to be dead. Bingham Harvard, who once bore the title of the Night Wind, becomes suspicious of Belknap and of Katherine's attitude toward him. Roberta arrives on the scene under the name of Senorita Cervantez, a pianist, who is to entertain the guests. Harvard attacks Belknap one night, after he has received notes from both Katherine and Roberta from a balcony of the house. Belknap does not recognize his assailant. At midnight Katherine discovers Roberta in the grounds with a strange man whom she believes to be her supposedly dead brother Roderick. Later, hidden in Roberta's room, she witnesses a quarrel between her and Belknap in which he accuses Roberta of deceiving him.

AND HERE IT CONTINUES

Belknap reached out and seized her by one wrist and held it.

"Listen to me," he said, speaking with cold precision.

"Well?" she demanded, meeting his eyes unflinchingly.

"I can't unlock that door—unless I leave you long enough to get my tools to do it with, and I won't bother to do that."

"Whoever went into the bathroom to avoid me has probably gone out of it by way of the window. It is big enough to get out of, and it isn't much of a drop to the ground under it. That incident is closed so far as I am concerned. But I want answers to a few questions. When you have made them, I will go. I will know if you lie to me."

"Ask them."

"Did the man you sent for come—and did you see him when you went out the last time?"

"Yes."

"It was—" he went on, but Roberta interrupted him.

"Yes," she said again.

"Where is he now?"

"I sent him away."

"Why?"

"Because the fact that you had discovered that I had sent for him spoiled my plan. It is evident enough, isn't it? Wait, C. B. You need not ask questions; I will tell you all that I will say in almost one sentence. I sent for Roderick Maxwilton to come here. It was my wish that he should make himself known to his father and mother after he had had a talk with his sister. I believed that I could persuade him to do it. In case he should insist upon not doing it, I had made up my mind to go away with him. Is that plain enough, C. B.?"

He nodded.

"If he consented to my plan, I meant to bring him directly into the house, to Mrs. Harvard's room—and tomorrow morning you would have seen the end of your career, no matter what the consequences might have been to me, or to him, or to anybody. You spoiled both or either of those plans by finding and reading that letter. It told you that I had sent for him, and you guessed the rest. You guessed who I had sent for, and why I had summoned him. He did not come at the appointed hour. I decided that he declined both of my pleas: the one to make himself known to his parents—because he dreads the effect of it upon them as much as his sister does; and the other one (in case he refused the first), my offer to go away with him to the other side of the world—away from you and your schemes, forever and ever. If he had taken me at my word in that I would have gone with him—and that is why I wrote and left that letter for Mrs. Harvard, that you found and read. When I returned and found you here, and knew that you had read my letter, both of my plans, or either of them, were spoiled—particularly that one upon which I had hoped the most: to go away with Roderick Maxwilton, and to escape from you forever."

While Roberta talked, Belknap regarded her with a careless, although inscrutable smile. There was a commingling of amusement, interest, and concern in his expression. He had succeeded in removing nearly all of the outward evidences of his encounter with Bing Harvard under the tree, and he was really handsome—even if a trifle diabolical—in the green tint of the shade over the desk-light. He shrugged when she finished.

"Sometimes," he said, "I wonder why you don't take yourself off with your Roddy-Max. You have succeeded so well in keeping him out of my sight that it is a little bit strange that you don't get out of it, too—only, I guess you know mighty well that you couldn't keep out of it. Also I sometimes wonder why—since I wouldn't know him by sight—he doesn't slip a knife between my ribs, or put a bullet into me; one more crime to his record would not make him so much worse off than he is now. But I guess that——"

He stopped, for Roberta's eyes were suddenly glowing. His words had given her an idea. Roderick had said nothing about it in their interview, but then that would be like him—to keep silent.

She spoke quickly, impulsively. She said:

"There are marks of recent scratches on your face, C. B. You have tried to hide them, but they are there. I saw you fighting, under the trees, tonight. Oh, yes, I saw enough to understand what was happening; and I know now, by your manner and your words, that you have not read the message I dropped to you from my balcony, and so, it follows that the man you were struggling with took it from you. Has it occurred to you that the man might have been 'Roddy-Max,' as you like to call him, in the belief that it angers me?"

Belknap was, however, above being disturbed by that suggestion. He only shrugged again, and smiled the more; and another idea, Roberta's original one about the affair, recurred to her.

"Or," she added, "perhaps it was Harvard himself; the Night Wind."

"More likely than the other, but equally absurd," he agreed, still smiling. "Either of them might have taken your message, having seen you drop it, but neither of them would have stolen my money and watch and stickpin. Oh, no; that man was an accident—a wandering yegg—the subsequent porch-climber of Madame Savage's room, doubtless. But really, Berta, I don't care so much as the flip of a coin who it might have been. However, since you have reminded me of the message, what was it?"

"It was—" she began, and stopped; then she added: "—of no importance. The reason for it has ceased to exist."

Then, before he could stop her, she stepped quickly past him to the door into the hall and opened it.

"Go," she said. "If you stay here another minute I will go to Mrs. Harvard's door and call her."

Belknap smiled more broadly than ever; he bestowed a mocking bow.

"Monday I shall ask you to be my partner at bridge," he said coolly, and went from the room.

Roberta closed the door after him, locked it, withdrew the key and stuffed a corner of her handkerchief into the hole.

The Forbidden Name

KATHERINE had not forgotten her father's lifelong habit of early rising, so, notwithstanding the fact that it was after 3 o'clock that Sunday morning when she lost herself in sleep at the Nest, she was wide awake again soon after five.

It was a bright and beautiful morning in June, as near to perfection as one might wish.

Having selected a dainty morning costume from the abundant wardrobe that she kept at the Nest, she stood at one of the windows that overlooked the lake, beyond which a three-pronged vista through the trees and shrubbery beyond it had purposely been trimmed out so as to command three distinct views of the house.

After a little time, as she had anticipated, she saw the tall, dignified figure of her father as he descended the front steps from the veranda and paused at the bottom of them while with uplifted head he seemed to be drinking in the beauty and peace of that perfect morning. So she went to him, touching the proper mechanical buttons as she left the Nest to restore it to its wonted condition of somnolence and isolation.

The Nest was a wonderful place, the Nest, with its hidden secrets and mysterious mechanical contrivances—more wonderful and marvelous, indeed, than Katherine had intended it to be in the beginning, or than she had dared to hope that it could be made; but as has been said, Bingham had given her a free hand in the construction of it, and there had been no counting of its cost.

Imported labor from far and near, the best mechanical geniuses that could be found in the length and breadth of the land, and the highest skilled artisans in every branch of the work required, had alike given the best that was in them to the working out of Katherine's desires and plans, and her plans had broadened, and lengthened, and deepened as they were fulfilled one by one; others had been added to them until the Nest became, under the skilled touches of those workmen, a veritable network of hidden secrets and mysteries that were almost unbelievable until one actually witnessed the workings out of them.

The Nest was created in the second decade of the twentieth century, when every perfected device and power of our own wonderful and marvelous age was available.

Where hydraulic power was needed, the lake supplied it. Whatever of electricity was required, the lake supplied that, too, through the hydraulics—for the Nest had its own small dynamo, its own storage batteries, and was not dependent upon outside sources for the working of its mysteries. Whatever of compressed-air resourcefulness was employed in the operation of heavy steel blinds and doors, and the like, was produced from that same placid source, the lake. Nature has not blessed us with another power so manifestly stupendous as the pressure of water.

Ah, yes, the Nest was a wonderful place, indeed—as we will discover.

Katherine passed outside on that early Sunday morning in June, and went swiftly to her father, former Senator Maxwilton, "the Senator from Kentucky."

"It is such a comfort to have you here with me," she said softly as she slipped a hand under his arm, and they strolled along one of the paths which would lead, ultimately, to the stables—for well Katherine knew that they would have been his goal that early morning had he been left to his own devices. The senator was all Kentuckian in his love for horses, and Katherine's inheritance of that love had not been marred or lessened by the high-powered cars in her husband's garage.

"I want you to see Daniel Boone, 3d," she said, while her father gently patted the hand that clung to him. "I call him just Dan, and he knows his name so well—all of it, I mean—that it would make you smile to see his appreciation of the different uses of it that I make. You see, he is very playful, and awfully mischievous. When he is just a little bit naughty, I say, in a surprised and dignified way, 'Daniel!' and he looks as conscious as can be. When he is very mischievous, I say, 'Why, Daniel Boone!' and he drops his ears and his tail and looks as sorry out of his eyes as a chided puppy-dog. Then when I think he is thoroughly repentant, I say, 'All right, Dan!' and instantly he arches his neck, lifts his crupper, and dances like a happy child, nozzling with all his might to express his affection. Really, father, he almost talks."

The senator nodded. It was his favorite topic.

"He's a thoroughbred, Kitten; he almost ought to talk," he replied. "Let's see, he's almost five—five next month. He was just three when I sent him to you. He ought to be a beauty by now."

"A beauty! Well, I should say so. He walked off with the blue ribbon in his class at the horse show without a competitor that approached him. The judges pronounced him an absolutely perfect animal."

"Of course," the senator replied complacently. "That is what he is. I could have told the judges that without their bothering about it. That is the only kind we raise on the old place, Kitten. I hope nobody rides him but yourself."

"Certainly not. That is to say, of course Smokie. He is almost as fond of that boy as he is of me. Sometimes I'm almost jealous."

The senator laughed.

"Kitten," he said, "that horse knows how to keep Smokie in his place just as well as you do. He knows, just as well as we do, that Smokie is a little black boy that's his servant, made to wait on him, and he loves him in just the same way that we love our colored people who serve us faithfully and long. Here we are. Has Bingham added any new stock to his stable since last year?"

"Just an Irish hunter that was a present. I'll have him brought out so you can see him."

Thus father and daughter inspected the stables, talking horse, laughing together over the Senator's criticisms and suggestions — father and daughter chums, as they had been in the past, before Katherine went to New York—for this morning, beside her father, with the mysteries and perplexities of the past night temporarily forgotten, Katherine was a girl again.

When they came away from the stables and started to return to the house, Katherine was laughing merrily over one of her father's inimitable stories of the doings of his black retainers on the stock farm— and so they rounded the end of the piazza where they met Bingham.

"Now, that's too bad!" Bing exclaimed with mock regret. "I guessed that you two were at the stables together, and I was going to approach stealthily so as to hear what the Senator had to say about Erin, the Irish hunter."

(CONTINUED TOMORROW)

DREAMLAND ADVENTURES--By Daday

"GRASSHOPPER HOP"

(Grasshoppers threaten the corn field of Farmer Dalton. Peggy and Billy plan to save the crops by leading the grasshoppers into a lake covered with oil. Darter, a fairy-humming bird, makes them grasshopper size and gives them grasshopper wings and legs.)

One of the Hoppers

PEGGY and Billy had been hopping along having such a gay time trying their new grasshopper legs and wings that they hadn't noticed where their jolly long heaps were taking them. So they were much surprised when an extra big hop landed them right in the midst of the grasshopper army.

"Stay close to me," whispered Billy to Peggy, bravely setting himself to defend her from the hoppers, which now looked to them as ferocious as big lions.

But the grasshoppers didn't attack them. Indeed, they were so greedily gnawing, gnawing, gnawing at all the grass and growing things in sight that they didn't pay the slightest attention to the children.

But there was a danger in this greed of the grasshoppers, as Billy quickly learned. He was just whispering to Peggy that if they just pretended to be grasshoppers they would be perfectly safe, when he felt a sharp nip on his leg. Jerking around, he saw that a hungry hopper was gnawing at him.

"Hey, let go my leg," he cried.

"Oh, crickety. I thought it was a grass stem. Keep your leg out of the way if you don't want to get it eaten up," rasped the grasshopper impolitely, and he went on eating more greedily than ever to make up for lost time.

"Let's go hopping," said Peggy, who saw that Billy was beginning to get his dander up to the fighting point. The grasshopper had nipped him pretty hard and had been rude instead of saying he was sorry. There might have been a row if the greedy hopper hadn't leaped away to a more inviting grass patch. Billy leaped after him, but there were so many hoppers that looked just exactly alike that he couldn't possibly find the one that had nipped him.

Peggy followed quickly, and they went hopping across the field amid the hopper army. But they found it wasn't nearly so much fun hopping in the

He leaped upon a tall trunk that stood before them.

crowd as it had been hopping all alone. There were so many hoppers that they were jostled even in the air, while when they landed they were liable to have some other hopper land kerplunk on top of them instead of upon the grass.

"Here's a tree," said Billy. "We will climb it and see where we are." He leaped upon a tall trunk that stood before them and Peggy followed. To their astonishment they found that the tree was shaking as though tossed by a violent storm—and yet the wind wasn't blowing a bit.

"Is it an earthquake?" exclaimed Peggy.

Billy shook his head in a puzzled way and then as he glanced upward he gave a queer giggle.

"It's a man-quake," he gasped. "The tree is the Giant of the Woods."

And so it was. Peggy, glancing far aloft, could see his bushy head towering away, away up—almost to the sky it looked to her grasshopper-size eyes. The shaking was caused by the thrashing about of the Giant's arms as he tried to drive the grasshoppers into the lake.

"We will get on his head. We will be safer there," said Billy. Each gave a big hop and landed with a "plunk" on the Giant's hat. There they found an important-looking grasshopper, cheekily using the giant as a lookout tower from which he was looking over the field and giving orders like a general.

"Tell the right wing of my army to eat faster," he said to three messenger hoppers. "The left wing and center are nearly to the corn field, and we want to sweep through it together. Hurry 'em up and we will lay the whole crop low by sunset. Eat, eat, eat the corn; eat until every blade is shorn."

"Eat, eat, eat. It shall be as you say, Chief Hoppity-hop," rasped the other grasshoppers, and away they sped to carry his message.

"We will make him change his tune in a hurry," exclaimed Billy, leaping before the big grasshopper. "See here, Chief Hoppity-hop, you're not going to ruin that cornfield before sunset. Turn your army toward the lake or I'll send you hoppity-hopping faster than you ever hopped before."

(Tomorrow will be told how Peggy and Billy try to fool the hopper army.)

SWISS MERCHANTS ON VISIT

Two Hundred and Fifty Will Visit Country Between Sept. 3 and Oct. 8

A party of about 250 influential Swiss merchants, manufacturers and students of economics and science will tour this country between September 3 and October 8, to get acquainted with present phrases of industrial, social and intellectual life. They will visit this city.

The party consists of the following groups: Commerce 60, industry 90, construction and machinery 25, textile 30, electricity 10 and public welfare 20. The general itinerary foresees visits to the following cities: New York, Buffalo, Cleveland, Detroit, Chicago, Cincinnati, Pittsburgh and Philadelphia.

PLANE GOLIATH STILL LOST

Paris, Aug. 20.—Nothing has been heard from the French airplane Goliath, which left Mogador, Morocco, for Dakar on Saturday morning, the Farman Company announced this morning. Searchers are continuing their work inland, after scouring the Moroccan coast.

DAILY NOVELETTE

BOB'S BRAVERY

By Dorothy N. Bailey

BOB JACKSON and his best friend, Dr. William Evans, arose from their table after partaking of the justly famous cuisine of that ultra-fashionable business and professional men's club.

"Oh, Doc," said Bob as they secured their hats from the check room, "what do you say to forgetting your worries for a couple of weeks? I am going up to Lake Pleasant for a little vacation. Will you come along?"

"I may lose my only patient if I go," replied the young doctor, "but why select such a quiet place? I thought you craved excitement."

"Well, to tell you the truth, old man, I want to go to Lake Pleasant because the Olivers are summering there, and, to be perfectly frank, I'm desperately in love with Mabel. I am positive she cares for me, but when I popped the question I was referred to that stony-hearted Mrs. Oliver, who refused my request for her daughter's hand in no uncertain terms."

"So you don't appeal to the mother as a prosperous son-in-law?" laughingly asked Dr. Evans. "Yes, I'll act as chaperone, if you can put up with my company."

So it came about that Bob and Doctor Evans leased a little bungalow closely adjoining that of the Olivers on the shores of Lake Pleasant, that wonder spot situated in an almost unexplored wilderness.

But alas, Bob's suit progressed not at all favorably. While Mabel was very friendly toward him, Mrs. Oliver frowned upon their constant companionship and in turn cast covetous eyes upon Doctor Evans, whom she knew did not need to rely for a living upon his rather meager income.

One fine afternoon the doctor asked the Olivers to accompany him canoeing, while Bob, pleading a headache, reclined on the hammock of his nearby piazza.

"Will you be very careful of us?" queried Mrs. Oliver, as she gazed dubiously at the frail craft. "You know neither Mabel nor I can swim."

"Oh, I assure you there is absolutely no danger," he answered in his briskest professional manner.

Hardly had the doctor pushed out from the little pier, however, when he dropped the paddle overboard and, lunging to secure it, overturned the canoe, thereby precipitating the three occupants into the water.

Bob saw the accident from the porch, vaulted the railing and dived into the lake in true hero fashion. A few powerful strokes brought him to the point where terror-stricken Mrs. Oliver was frantically struggling.

Doctor Evans had meanwhile rescued Mabel, whose only grief as she again felt solid earth beneath her dainty feet was that she must indeed appear "a sight."

After a hard fight with his none too tiny burden, Bob finally reached shallow water. Having carried Mrs. Oliver ashore, he suddenly crumpled up and fell to the ground.

"Oh, doctor, what is the matter?" moaned Mabel as she sank by Bob's side and pillowed his head in her lap.

"I will try to help him," gravely said Doctor Evans, "although I'm afraid the poor chap's exhausted."

The physician worked desperately for about half an hour, having as spectators at this grim spectacle the two terrified women. Finally he shook his head.

"Too bad," he sighed. "He is very ill."

"Don't say he's that," shrieked Mabel as she cast herself passionately upon the figure on the sand.

"And to think I refused to allow my daughter to marry such a noble man who saved my life," Mrs. Oliver moaned. "Do please revive him, doctor, and I will apologize upon my bended knees."

As Mabel kissed Bob's lips the supposed dead man's eyes slyly opened, while the girl was sure she felt an answering pressure to her caress.

"Don't faint, folks," cheerily said the corpse as he arose. "I have returned from the dead to claim Mabel as my very own."

Late that night the two men were discussing their coup, which had assured one of them a wife and perhaps ruined the career of the other.

"That worked great, Doc," remarked Bob contentedly; "but I don't think I could stand the way you tickled me while the resuscitation was going on."

"When you get my bill for professional services," was the reply, "you may not be so happy."

"Never mind, old fellow," Bob answered. "Immediately after the wedding I will confess. I will try to square myself by buying mother-in-law the very finest car on four wheels."

The next complete novellette—"Jerry."

RODMAN GOLDEN GATE PILOT

Santa Barbara, Calif., Aug. 20.—Admiral Rodman himself will pilot the Pacific fleet through the Golden Gate and into San Francisco bay. "I shall pilot the fleet myself," said the admiral today, "as a matter of pride in the skill and efficiency of the navy and because I want to demonstrate how magnificent is the Bonita channel to those who really know it."

Quimet and Evans All Even at 18th

Continued From Page One

Gardner. They made a trip around the eighteen holes which was more remarkable for speed than low scoring, the journey taking them only two hours.

Gardner had the same trouble with his putting as he did yesterday morning, with the result that Jones was enabled to eat his lunch three up on the Chicago man.

Their cards for the first eighteen holes follow:

Jones—										
Out	5	3	4	5	4	3	5	5	5	—39
Gardner—										
Out	6	5	5	5	5	3	3	4	5	—41
Jones—										
In	4	4	5	4	5	6	4	4	4	—40—79
Gardner—										
In	4	5	6	3	5	5	5	4	4	—41—82

Immediately ahead of Quimet and Evans were the Philadelphia pair, Platt and Tewkesbury. Both of the Quaker city lads continued playing the wonderful golf they have been showing ever since the tournament got under way. At the end of the first eighteen holes Platt was three upon on Tewkesbury.

On the eighth green Platt had a splendid chance to sink a two-foot putt for a win, but he slapped away at it carelessly and rimmed the cup. Platt is the fastest worker on the greens in the tournament and many of the experts believe that he threw away many a stroke net by not taking more time.

Platt, however, won the ninth by virtue of a wonderful thirty-foot hole out from the edge of the green after being short on his second and third strokes.

Their cards for the first nine holes follow:

Platt—										
Out	5	4	4	6	4	3	4	4	5	—39
Tewkesbury—										
Out	4	3	4	6	5	2	5	3	6	—38

The other Philadelphian, George Hoffner, of Bala, had a picnic in his match with Grant Peacock, a home player. George went out in 41 and was two up at the turn, Peacock's medal score being 44. The Philadelphian struck his gait on the trip in, making the journey in 38 and enjoying a lead of four up at the end of the first eighteen holes.

Hoffner put together a bird on the seventeenth, a 282-yard hole, by driving the green and going down in the regulation two putts for a beautiful three.

The cards follow:

Hoffner—										
Out	5	4	5	6	4	3	4	5	5	—41
In	5	5	6	3	3	4	5	3	4	—38—79
Peacock—										
Out	5	6	4	7	4	4	5	5	5	—44
In	5	5	6	3	4	4	4	4	6	—41—85

Hoffner also shot a bird on the fourteenth when he laid his second stone dead to the pin and was down for a three.

On the second nine holes of the Tewkesbury-Platt match the former ran head on into a poor putting streak and messed things up so on the greens that Platt was not only enabled to get the hole back that he was down on the journey out, but forged ahead three up when the half-way point was reached.

Platt was shooting the best golf he has shown in the tournament thus far on those second nine holes, his medal score being 38.

The cards for the journey in follow:

Platt—										
In	5	4	5	3	4	5	3	4	5	—38
Tewkesbury—										
In	5	6	5	4	4	5	4	4	6	—43

Hole by Hole Detail of Evans-Ouimet Match

MORNING ROUND

First hole, 432 yards, par 5: Evans, 3; Ouimet, 5. Chick Evans had the honor and drove a long ball down the center. Ouimet topped his tee shot. Francis sliced a brassie to the rough and put his mashie on. Evans played a beautiful iron to the green. Ouimet's long putt hit the cup. Evans sank a long putt. **Evans one up.**

Second hole, 367 yards, par 4: Ouimet, 4; Evans, 5. Both hit tremendous drives down the middle. Francis was away and hit his approach on and fifteen feet to the left of the pit. Evans' second was in a trap beyond the green. He required two to get out. Ouimet's third was dead. **All even.**

Third hole, 428 yards, par 4: Ouimet, 4; Evans, 5. Ouimet outhit the champion twenty-five yards. Both were well down the fairway. Francis was away and hit his approach on and fifteen feet to the left of the pit. Evans' second was in a trap beyond the green. He required two to get out. Ouimet's third was dead. **All even.**

Fourth hole, 516 yards, par 5: Ouimet, 5; Evans, 5. Ouimet's hook was trapped. Evans was well out and on the fairway. Ouimet picked his iron shot clean from the flat trap. Francis laid a long mashie six feet above the pin. Chick put a chip up mugg. Francis laid Evans a partial stymie, which he failed to negotiate. They halved the hole. **Ouimet 1 up.**

Fifth hole, 371 yards, par 4: Evans, 3; Ouimet, 4. Ouimet hooked to rough and Evans to trap. Chick recovered with a wonderful out, which sailed high and came five feet above the pin. Ouimet had a beauty to the green. Francis missed a ten-foot putt, and Evans sank. **All even.**

Sixth hole, 172 yards, par 3: Evans, 2; Ouimet, 3. Both irons were on the edge. Chick was away. He sank his approach putt of forty feet. **Evans 1 up.**

Seventh hole, 370 yards, par 4: Ouimet, 4; Evans, 5. Evans hooked to a trap and Ouimet was safe. Evans played out to heavy grass at the right of the velvet. Francis hit a mashie on. Evans chipped three feet short. Ouimet overran a foot. Evans missed. Ouimet sank. **All even.**

Eighth hole, 233 yards, par 3: Ouimet, 3; Evans, 4. Francis was just short and Evans was at the right. Ouimet chipped two feet beyond the pin. Evans left himself another three-foot putt and missed it. Francis was down. **Ouimet 1 up.**

Ninth hole, 462 yards, par 5: Ouimet, 4; Evans, 4. Francis hit a whale and Evans was only six yards behind. They hit terrific woods. Ouimet to a trap. Evans just short. Ouimet ploughed into the sand with all he had, but he cut the legs completely off the ball, and it dropped five feet from the pit. Evans was inside. Both sank for birdie four. **Ouimet 1 up.**

Tenth hole, 461 yards, par 5: Ouimet, 4; Evans, 5. Evans's second was trapped and his out rolled over the green. Ouimet hooked his tee shot and laid a long mashie to the edge. Francis laid his third stone dead. He won with a four. **Ouimet 2 up.**

Eleventh hole—365 yards; par 4. Ouimet, 4; Evans, 4. They drove well, Ouimet being ahead. Both hit beautiful push shots to the green. Each had long putts. Evans being away. They halved in four. **Ouimet two up.**

Twelfth hole, 601 yards, par 5; Evans, 4; Ouimet, 5. Both sliced into rough and were on in three. Evans had to putt first. He sank a 25-footer, his third long one. Francis missed. **Ouimet 1 up.**

Thirteenth hole, 164 yards, par 3; Ouimet, 4; Evans, 4. Both missed their irons. Evans was trapped, and Ouimet was short. They took fours. **Ouimet 1 up.**

Fourteenth hole, 349 yards, par 4: Ouimet, 4; Evans, 4. Evans was well out. Ouimet hooked to the twelfth fairway. The seconds were home with Evans putting the odd from twenty-five feet. Each used two putts for fours. **Ouimet 1 up.**

Fifteenth hole, 430 yards, par 5: Ouimet, 4; Evans, 4. The champion and his opponent cracked their tee shot down the center, with the Boston golfer fifteen yards away. They flicked their irons on, both being perfect shots. Ouimet played the odd and his twenty-foot putt was short. Evans went for his in good shape, but overran. They halved it four. **Ouimet 1 up.**

Sixteenth hole, 226 yards, par 3: Ouimet, 4; Evans, 4. Ouimet slammed his tee on the green. Evans was in a trap at the left. The western champion lifted to within eight feet. Ouimet took three putts and they halved in four. **Ouimet 1 up.**

Seventeenth hole, 282 yards, par 3: Evans, 4; Ouimet, 5. Evans was well down the middle. Ouimet topped his tee shot into heavy rough, 150 yards from the tee. He was eight feet away after playing two more. Evans's second was on. His third laid Ouimet a stymie, and he won 4 to 5. **All even.**

Eighteenth hole, 442 yards, par 4: Evans, 4; Ouimet, 4. Evans was down the center and Ouimet in rough at the left. The seconds were short, with Ouimet playing the odd. Ouimet's chip left him a ten-foot putt, which he sank. Evans's third was dead. They halved in fours. **All even.**

AFTERNOON ROUND

Nineteenth hole, 482 yards, par 5; Ouimet, 4; Evans, 4. Evans teed off at 3:07 before the largest gallery of the week, more than 4000 spectators being lined on both sides of the fairway from tee to green. Both hit long drives, with Evans playing the odd about twenty yards behind Ouimet. Both seconds were well on with Ouimet away. They halved in four. Ouimet overran his fifteen-foot putt, and Evans was still stronger. **All even.**

FIX OLYMPIC ROWING CARD

Five Events on Program for Next Year's Antwerp Meet

The general committee of the 1920 Olympic games, which will be held at Antwerp next year, has drawn up its rowing program. Owing to the fact that there is a strong tide in the river Scheldt, with the possibility of rough water, it is probable that the events will be rowed off on the Ship Canal at Brussels, which has a minimum width of 130 meters (400 feet).

The dates selected for the regatta are August 14, 15 and 16. The program will consist of single and double sculls, pairs, fours and eights, over a straight line course of about 2000 meters in length. Entries will be accepted up to July 5, 1920.

TIE IN PRESIDENT'S SHOOT

Three Sergeants Have Scored 198 Points in Caldwell Feature

Caldwell, N. J. Aug. 20.—The second stage of the President's match, a 500-yard contest, was fired yesterday at the navy rifle range. The weather was good for shooting, the only detriment to a perfect day being a tendency to muddiness on the range.

The contestant making the highest score in the match, which will be finished Thursday, at 1000 yards, receives an autographed letter from the President designating him as "the best military rifle shot in the United States," and a gold medal.

The scores of the five leaders:

First—Sergeant M. Fisher, U. S. M. C. Monday, 99; yesterday, 99. Total, 198.

Second—Sergeant J. Farkas, U. S. Cavalry team, 99, 99. Total, 198.

Third—Sergeant O. L. Dyer, U. S. Infantry team, 100, 98. Total, 198.

Fourth—First Lieutenant T. G. Brown, U. S. Infantry, 100, 97. Total, 197.

Fifth—Charles M. Gettys, Wyoming Civilian team, 99, 97. Total, 196.

TWO WINS FOR MURPHY

Drives Royal Mac and Direct C. Burnett to Victory

Poughkeepsie, N. Y., Aug. 20.—The big event of today's opening card in the Grand Circuit meet, the Knickerbocker 2:06 trot, was won in straight heats by Royal Mac, driven by Thomas W. Murphy, in 2:05½ and 2:06¾. The track was heavy.

Murphy also won the Hudson Valley 2:06 pace handily with Direct C. Burnett. Time, 2:06½ and 2:06¾.

WILLIAMS MEETS MURRAY

Former Champion Plays Title-Holder in Greenwich Finals

Greenwich, Conn., Aug. 20.—The finals in the singles matches between Robert Norris Williams, 2d, and Ralph Lindley Murray, which were postponed on Monday on account of rain, will be played off on the grass courts of the Greenwich Field Club this afternoon at 2:30 o'clock.

William M. Johnston, Maurice McLoughlin, Williams and Murray played practice matches on the club court yesterday.

In Close Match

CHICK EVANS

Who was all even with Francis Ouimet at the end of eighteen holes in their sensational match at Oakmont today.

DAVIS AND DOYLE TRIUMPH AT NETS

Pell and Hall Defeated in Thir Round on Southampton Courts

GARLAND BEATS EMERSO

Southampton, N. Y., Aug. 20.—Con rad B. Doyle, of Washington, defeate Theodore R. Pell, of New York, 6-6-2, in the third round of the Meado Club tennis singles today. Willis I Davis, of San Francisco, disposed Walter Merrill Hall, of New York, 6-6-4. Charles S. Garland, Jr., o Pittsburgh, defeated Gerald Emerso of Brooklyn, 6-0, 6-2.

Play of the first round was com pleted when Dean Mathey, of Cranfor N. J., defeated Clarence A. Parker, San Francisco, 6-1, 6-2, and Eric He strom, of Brooklyn, won by default ov Clarence J. Griffith, of San Francisco

In the second round Gerald Emers defeated Robert Kinsey, San Francisc by default; Conrad B. Doyle defeat William M. Johnston, San Francisc by default, and Lucien E. William Highland Park, Ill., defeated Robe Lindley Murray, Niagara Falls, by d fault.

BUTLER APPOINTS KIRBY

Prominent Official to Serve on C lumbia College Athletic Committe

New York, Aug. 20.—Preside Nicholas Murray Butler has appoint Gustavus Town Kirby, an alumn member of the Columbia Universi athletic committee, to succeed Wi liam M. Symes, Jr., whose term h expired. Mr. Symes served for tw terms of three years each.

Mr. Kirby, who will serve un 1922, was graduated from the Colum bia School of Mines in 1895 and fro the Columbia Law School in 1898. H was president of the Intercollegia Association of Amateur Athletes America in 1895, and has been chai man of the advisory committee of th association since 1896. He has be vice president of the American Olymp committee since 1907. In 1908 he w a member of the American committ d' Honneur at the Olympic gam in London in 1908, and in 1912 he re resented the United States at th Olympic games in Stockholm.

POLO PLAY BEGINS AUG. 2

Thousand Island Club Receives Ma Entries for Tourney

With entries already assured from t London, Canada, and Montreal clu the Miami Valley Club, of Dayton, the home team, and two or three fr about New York, the third annual tou nament of the Thousand Islands P Club, at Wellesley Island, Alexand Bay, N. Y., from August 23 to Septe ber 6, promises to be an internatio fixture. The entries will close on Thu day, August 14, with the Polo Assoc tion in four events.

10 KEYSTONE CASUALTIES

58 Names in All on War Depa ment's List Today

Washington, Aug. 20.—Ten Penny vanians are named in a casualty list fifty-eight names made public by t War Department today. A summary the losses for the state is as follows:

Killed in Action

SERGEANT — Oscar C. Dodso Greensburg.

Died from Wounds

CORPORAL—Ross G. Ingalls, Bu ler.

PRIVATE—John F. Tierney, Pitt burgh.

Killed in Action, Previously Report Missing in Action

PRIVATE — Alexander Meye Green Lane.

Wounded (Degree Undetermined), Pr viously Reported Missing in Action

PRIVATE—Frank E. Treefeln Freeport.

Erroneously Reported Missing in Acti

SERGEANT — Emil H. Rupp Philadelphia.

PRIVATE — Martin I. Costel Lenni.

Killed in Action, Previously Report Missing in Action

PRIVATE—Harvey D. Sweit Thomasville.

Died from Wounds, Previously Re ported Missing in Action

CORPORAL — John L. Schaff Rogersville.

Auto Skids, Girl Hurt

Ethel Peters, nineteen years old, Cornwall, Pa., was seriously injur when an automobile in which she w riding with her father, John Pete skidded and fell over an embankm on Torresdale avenue near Cottm street. The accident happened dur the storm, while the girl and her fat were driving from Cornwall to t city. Miss Peters was pinned un the machine, but her father escaped jury.

State Gets Colors of 111th

Harrisburg, Aug. 20.—The colors the 111th Regiment of the Twent eighth Division, made up of the Sixth Regiment of Philadelphia and old Eighteenth Regiment of Pittsbur of the Pennsylvania National Gu have been received by Adjutant G eral Beary and will be placed with state standards in the rotunda of capital.

Leonard Has Defeated the Athletics 21 Time

The records of the Athletics and D troit twirlers in the interclub seri follow:

ATHLETICS' PITCHERS VS. DETRO

	Throws	Won	Lost	Pc
Win Noyes	R	4	1	[illegible]
Bill Kinney	L	1	2	[illegible]
Ping Johnson	S	2	6	[illegible]
Rollie Naylor	R	0	3	[illegible]
Grand total		8	12	[illegible]

TIGERS' PITCHERS VS. ATHLETI

	Throws	Won	Lost	Pc
Slim Love	L	4	1	[illegible]
Hub Leonard	L	21	8	[illegible]
Bernie Boland	R	6	4	[illegible]
Howard Ehmke	R	3	2	[illegible]
Doc Ayers	R	8	6	[illegible]
Geo. Cunningham	R	5	4	[illegible]
George Dauss	R	18	17	[illegible]
Rudi Kallio	R	1	4	[illegible]
Grand total		66	46	[illegible]

DOROTHY DARNIT—The Crowd Beat Her to It!

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By Chas. McManus

THERE GOES THAT MISS ROSE WEIN
YES, SHE HAS NO FRIENDS
WHAT MAKES HER SO UNPOPULAR?
SHE'S ALWAYS SINGIN'
DID YOU EVER HEAR HER SING?
YES, AT A PARTY SHE SANG SIX VERSES OF A SONG ENTITLED PLEASE TAKE ME HOME"
WHAT HAPPENED?
SHE WENT HOME AL