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 given 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 intercepts a telephone call of Belknap's to a woman confederate named Roberta. Realizing that he is suspected by Katherine, Belknap threatens to accuse of a crime her brother, Roderick Maxwilton, who is believed to be dead, if Katherine makes any move against him. Harvard become suspicious of Belknap and Katherine's attitude toward him. Roberta arrives on the scene under the name of Senorita Cervantez. Belknap accuses Roberta of deceiving him. She admits the secret presence of Roderick and her love for Roderick is revealed. Belknap is suspected of being in reality one Cranshaw Belding, son of a father who murdered his mother. A stranger, whose face is marked with a large scar, has come to the house under the name of Carruthers. He is thought to be Brainard, of the Secret Service. Belknap is hidden by Katherine in a secluded lodge called the Nest. Roberta and Carruthers meet secretly at midnight.

AND HERE IT CONTINUES

"I WAS wonderin'," Rushton said to his companion, as soon as they were in the open, "if you was figurin' on tellin' me anything more about that guy. I could see that you wasn't ready to give it all up to Bing Harvard and Tom Clancy—but me! That's different, ain't it?"

"Yes, Rushton. That is why I came outside with you. This Cranshaw Belding (I have personally known that Belknap is Belding for a long time; and an acquaintance of mine has also known it, although neither of us was in a position to prove it) has a long criminal record, and a bad one. It began when he was a mere boy, and he is now, according to my best information, thirty-four years old. He was born with brains; he is superlatively intelligent and he has courage. I don't think that he knows what physical fear is; nor mental fear, either, for that matter. He has good blood in him, too—the best that Kentucky boasts, on both sides of his ancestry. But he is unmoral; a man who apparently was born without morals. The combination creates a dangerous character to be at large. He is utterly unscrupulous, save in one particular, and that one to which I refer is remarkable because it is the one scruple that one would never expect in a man of his characteristics."

"Say, what is it—that thing that you're talkin' about?" Rushton asked.

"He respects, and is known to be fastidious in his regard for, women. It is an anomaly in his general character, inherited, probably, from his mother's family. At all events, he has it, as has been proved by his acts, many times, to my personal information and belief."

Rushton grunted. It was plain that he received that statement with a large grain of salt; but the only response he made was to put another question.

"Do you mind tellin' me what he's wanted for? Why your department is after him?" he asked.

"Not at all. I have told you that his criminal record began when he was a boy. It is, in fact, nearly as old as he is. He was brought up and trained almost from babyhood in the family of a man who was probably the greatest, shrewdest, keenest and ablest criminal who ever defied the government authorities—the most expert bond-forger, bill-forger and all-around counterfeiter of bond-plate, bill-plates and of all sorts of negotiable securities that the world has ever known."

"Say, Brainard, you didn't happen to mean old Brock——"

"Yes. He is the man I refer to. He has been dead some years, now; but——"

"Eight or ten," Rushton interpolated. "Well, what do you know about that?"

"The old man," Carruthers continued, "found in the young one an apt pupil, a venturesome one, and a competent successor. After the death of the old man the government believed that all of the counterfeit plates with which he had carried on his business had been rounded up and accounted for; but ever since then, at intervals—and in widely separated localities—a counterfeited bond, or stock certificate, or a bill, or something of that character, has made its appearance. So, we have known, without being able to prove it, that young Belding has been carrying on the work of his teacher.

"I am giving you only a bare outline of things, Rushton, and there are two more matters connected with them which I want you to take into consideration. The first one is (I am speaking officially now, not personally, please understand that) that the name Cranshaw Belding has always been regarded by the department as a sort of a myth. It was known that there was said to be such a person, or actually was one, but no definite description of him could be obtained. There were a dozen descriptions of him, but each one was totally different from any of the others, and not one of them could be relied upon as authentic. The other matter to which I referred just now, the second one, is this. Nearly two years ago an operative of the department sent in a report to the chief in which he stated with emphasis that he had succeeded in trailing Belding; that he knew him, and was prepared to prove identity; that he was going after his man as soon as he finished the report he was writing; that he was positive that he would 'get' him, and also many of the plates that were wanted; and that he would have proof sufficient the following day to send Belding away—well, for keeps. That night, Rushton, two men were killed. One of them was the operative in question (whose name does not concern us just now). The other was a youngish man whose pockets contained what appeared to be unmistakable proofs that he was Cranshaw Belding. The two had killed one another when the operative went to arrest his man.

"It so happened that I, personally, was in a position to know that the dead man was not Belding; but I could not prove it. Also, it was a long and a difficult task to convince the department that I was right. My source of information was such that I could not use it—nor could I reveal all of the facts about it that I did know, because my informant was a person whose name must not be mentioned, and whose testimony, even if the name should be revealed, would not be regarded by one of our judges as sufficient proof. The things that I did know—which I thoroughly believed that I knew—were that the real Belding had, for several years, cloaked his identity behind that of the dead man who had posed for him as Belding, and that the real Belding had deliberately supplied the operative who was killed with the information that had taken him to his death. It probably was not withing his plans that his own impersonator should lose his life, too; but it is reasonably certain that he coldly planned the killing of the operative.

So, you see, he is actually responsible, and therefore guilty, of both of those killings.

"That, Mr. Rushton, is all that I need to tell to you now."

"Uhuh," Rushton rejoined. Then he added: "You remarked while we were all chinning together in Harvard's room, that if Belknap didn't make his getaway before 'leven o'clock, he wouldn't get very far, because you are not alone on this case. I'd kinda like to know just what you meant by that."

"When I came to Mxquest, on Belknap's trail—being convinced that he is the real Belding—I was sure in my own mind that he had reasons for being here which were not connected with his past record; and I had my own reasons for determining that he must not and should not escape me this time. So I asked that certain of our men, whom I named, be assigned to assist me. There are several of them in this neighborhood. You can accept it as a fact that Belknap will not be able to get past them, day or night, by train, by automobile, on foot, or by any other means. He would be seen and recognized, and would be stopped before he could go very much farther."

"Suppose he does get through, just the same?"

"He won't. He can't.

"All the same, suppose that when tomorrow comes, he's still missin', and that none of your outfit has pinched him. What will you think about that?"

"I won't think about it; I will know."

"What'll you know?"

"I'll know that while he has been here he has arranged a temporary getaway and hiding place within the boundaries of Mxquest—say at the old mill that Julius told about, or in an outbuilding, or in the ravine below the lake, or something of the sort—to which he has fled, and where he will stay in hiding as long as he pleases, or until he is rooted out. And, Mr. Rushton, believe me, no matter where that hiding place is, or how skilfully he has arranged it, he will be rooted out before long."

"Say, has it occurred to you that maybe somebody might help him to hide, eh? He might have a confederate among the help, in the house, or outside of it. Guys like him don't usually work alone."

"He will be found, Rushton, never fear," was the confident reply.

Belknap's Dilemma

IN THE meantime the object of so much interest had been undergoing—rather than enjoying, he it said—quite a variety of mental gymnastics.

Belknap, for once in his venturesome life, had had "one put over on him."

He was loath to admit the fact, even to himself, at first; but before he had passed an hour in examining his surroundings in the Nest, and in some rather forceful thinking, he was compelled to recognize the bald fact of it.

Katherine's manner of leaving him—the suddenness of her going—the swinging open of the door without visible act on her part as she approached it—the quick and noiseless closing of it after she passed the threshold—and the very apparent fact that he would not be able to open it in her absence, brought plainly home to his understanding the fact that he was virtually a prisoner.

He had walked deliberately, and with wide-open eyes, into a trap that she had prepared for him—a trap that had closed around him as solidly as ever a wire cage has snapped shut upon an unsuspecting rodent.

A very slight examination convinced Belknap that he could not get outside of the Swiss chalet until the chatelaine of it elected to let him out.

Who ever heard of a house that one could not get out of? Not he, certainly.

Even prisons, with their locks and bars and guards and surrounding walls, were negotiable ofttimes, by the wiser ones among the desperate men who were confined in them.

He very quickly discovered that there was no way out, unless, in the event of his applying his brains to the problem, he had the intelligence to find some of those secret buttons and appliances which supplied the open-sesame for doors and windows, and other things.

And Belknap had no notion of passively submitting to imprisonment.

"I will have it out with her the first time she comes to see me," he told himself with one of his wolfish smiles; but even as he made the remark aloud, the smile changed into a half-sheepish grin, for he remembered how perfectly self-assured she had been; how secure she had seemed from any possible attack; how totally without fear her attitude had been.

But this—the condition of his surroundings—was not at all what he had anticipated when he had demanded that she should hide him.

"What a woman! By Jove, what a woman!" he exclaimed aloud and with undoubted admiration and respect. "She has got me dead to rights—literally where I can't help myself, unless—unless I've got the brains to study out and uncover some of secrets of this house of mysteries; and, Jove! I think I have the wit to do that very thing. Yes, I believe I have the brains to do that. Anyhow"—and he again smiled his undoubted admiration of the woman who had bested him—"she's got me where I am utterly helpless to carry into execution any of the threats I have made. I can't tell her father or mother about Roderick for the simple reason that I can't get to them to tell them; I can't cop any more coin at cards; but, more than all, I can't get hold of the thing that I came here after, unless I can induce her to let me loose some night long enough to get it. I wonder if she could be prevailed upon to do that. I wonder. I wonder!

"Lady Kate would be surprised if it occurred to her that my chief reason in asking her to hide me was to provide the opportunity, while I am supposed to be miles away, to get my fingers onto that priceless gem; and now, by jingo, she has got me fixed so that I can't do it.

"She would be still more surprised if she knew that I don't even know that precious brother of hers by sight and that I could no more send him to prison than I could send her to one. I could let the authorities know that he is alive, and I could give a hint that would lead to his trail, but—— Oh, well, there is one thing that I could do in that line if I chose, and sometimes I have thought that I would do it. I could direct them to Roberta. She knows, confound her! She knows who Roderick Maxwilton is, where he lives, what name he uses and how he earns his bread and salt. But I could never make her tell me, and I doubt if all the authorities in existence could force her to tell them. Roberta is—Roberta."

Katherine, it will be remembered, had left a few of the electric lights switched on so that he could make use of them; there was a reading light near one of the easy chairs, and there were others quite sufficient for his needs, but all of them combined were far from providing what one might define as illumination.

Having, in a sense, thought himself out in conjecturing, Belknap devoted nearly two hours to careful search for concealed buttons and springs, for that one beneath the little Japanese idol on the shelf had given him an idea.

He searched with great care and method, but after two hours of utterly fruitless effort he desisted.

"I'll sleep on it," he thought at last. "When I wake up I'll begin where I leave off now."

(CONTINUED TOMORROW)

Belknap devoted nearly two hours to careful search for concealed buttons and springs

DAILY NOVELETTE

HOW DREAMS COME TRUE

By Mary M. Coggeshall

THE summer breeze blew Jane's hair in a riot of golden curls as, perched in the top of the very highest apple tree of the orchard, she sat dreaming lazily. It was a beautiful day, so beautiful that her eyes had wandered constantly from the Latin book in her lap till at last, with a sigh, she resigned herself wholly to the spell of the moment, and let her coming examination take care of itself.

How could one help but dream on such a day, and especially when one had so much to dream about. The day before the hero of all her girlish fancies had come home from college, in a lieutenant's uniform. Ever since he had first donned long trousers and refused to speak to the grade girls and boys Jane's whole-souled devotion had been his. Now that he was a man and a soldier, her little heart throbbed pitifully as she remembered his indifferent smile of welcome. What a chance to win his affection would she have with all her wealthy cousins and their friends, every one almost as fond of her hero as she? So all she had was her helpless dreaming, but it was making her very happy, that afternoon.

Suddenly her dreams were rudely interrupted by the chatter of a bevy of girls. Her cousin and their friends were on their way to prepare afternoon tea on the opposite lawn. They were hardly established, a picturesque group in the distance, when she heard a masculine exclamation of dismay that made her heart race madly, for it was his voice, and he, very angry and impatient, stood just beneath her tree.

"How will I avoid that mess?" John exclaimed aloud to himself.

"Come up here!" Jane called timidly.

He looked up, startled out of his usual composure, to see a lovely young face looking down through the branches at him.

"What are you, Puck or Pan?" he laughed.

"It is awfully easy to climb up if you are really in trouble," she ventured, invitingly. A burst of merriment from the group on the lawn decided him, and he swung himself hastily up beside her.

"They make awfully good tea. Weren't you invited?"

"No. I sent word that I wanted to see your uncle this afternoon if he weren't busy. It's a business call, and I didn't expect to run into that bunch of women—oh, excuse me!" he apologized, remembering they were her family. She giggled, with a pretty little shrug.

"I wasn't asked either, but they probably have that tea just for you, because they expect you." His look of horror put her entirely at ease with him.

"Are you afraid of them?" she asked soberly.

"Yes, I am. You don't know the foolish things these girls say to me!"

John had hardly taken his eyes from the dimpled face and golden curls of little Jane since he first sat beside her. The tree, the day, the glorious sky, were a setting in which her radiant youth shone to its best advantage. Her friendly little manner, her simplicity of dress and lack of paint and powder, were such a novel and wonderful thing to the much-sought-after youth that it was hard for him to keep from outright staring at her.

"What is this you are reading?" he asked, with an effort, taking his attention from her to the book in her lap.

"Oh! my Latin book. I'm studying for my examination, and I don't know a thing," she said dismally.

"I'll help you," he offered, and soon they were in the midst of the subject they both disliked heartily. Jane really learned quickly, he was so very brief and clear in his review outlines.

"Oh! they have all gone and it's supper time, and we aren't half through," she cried.

"I'll be over this evening to see your uncle, and when we are through I'll help you," he offered happily.

That evening when he called the porch was full of expectant young faces, but Jane was nowhere to be seen.

"Where is your father, Alice?" he first asked.

"Father just had to go to a meeting. He waited for you all afternoon," Alice replied in a none too sweet manner, remembering that she too had waited.

"Where is Jane?" he asked, conscious of rising color and a queer tightening in his throat. Alice laughed spitefully.

"Oh, she is inside. Is she going to be your war bride?" An uproar of laughter greeted her attempt at wit, but John faced them with a strangely unsmiling thoughtfulness.

"That is what I've been wondering all evening. Maybe she'll tell you later," he said sarcastically as he disappeared into the house.

The next complete novelette—The Luck of Misfortune.

No Wonder He's Unpopular

One who has been voted the most unpopular bartender in the world holds forth in a place on Third street that used to be a saloon. This bartender carries a flask of whiskey to work every morning and takes a nip, right in front of everybody, every time some one bemoans the passing of alcohol.—San Francisco Chronicle.

DREAMLAND ADVENTURES--By Daddy

"THE WANDERING MONKEY"

(Peggy and Billy, seeking Mrs. Holt's stolen diamond brooch, find a monkey in the woods. He leads them to the roost of a black robber. There the monkey is seized by some dark creature, and Billy goes to the rescue, driving the creature away.)

The Diamonds Play Tricks

ROLLO, the monkey, chattered loudly in pain and anger as he rubbed his badly nipped nose. He was scared, too, but his rage over his hurts was greater than his fear, and if the dark creature had come back to the black robber's roost, it would have found him fighting mad.

But the dark creature didn't come back. It rushed away so quickly that Billy and the monkey never saw more than a flash of black.

"Was that the black robber?" Billy called down to Peggy.

"I couldn't see," she answered. "Everything happened so suddenly.

"Ee-ee-eek! Robber or no robber, I'll give him a thrashing if he comes back," chattered the monkey, patting his smarting nose. In his anger he began to tear the nest to pieces.

"Here, don't do that," objected Billy quickly. "If the diamonds are hidden there you'll lose them."

At that Rollo leaped nimbly into the nest and looked eagerly for the diamond brooch.

"There's nothing here that sparkles like glass," he chattered disappointedly. Billy, climbing up to help him search, found that this was true. There was no sign of a diamond amid the twigs and sticks that formed the nest.

Away he raced with Peggy and the monkey close behind him

"Can I wreck the roost now?" asked the monkey. But Billy had a better idea. He wanted to catch the black robber when the black robber came back to his roost.

In Billy's pocket was a long fish line. He took this out and carefully made a loop in one end. He spread this loop open in the nest, and covered it with twigs so that it could not be seen easily. Billy then made a little hole in the bottom of the nest and poked the other end of the string down through it. The string was long and reached the ground. Billy climbed down and fastened it.

"Now, when Mr. Black Robber comes home, we will give him as much of a surprise as he gave us," he chuckled.

"And I'll pull his nose good," chattered Rollo, the monkey.

"Caw! Caw! Caw!" sounded the warning cry of the crow sentinel.

"Maybe it's the black robber," exclaimed Peggy.

"Caw! Caw! Caw!" warned the crow again, and at the same moment there came another cry through the woods. "Thief! Thief! Help! Thief!"

"Some one is in trouble!" shouted Billy, and away he raced with Peggy and the monkey close behind him. "Thief! Thief!" the cry rang out again in a peculiar voice. The children ran straight for it, and in a moment found themselves beneath the monkey's nest. "Thief! Thief!" sounded the call close at hand, but now they could not tell the direction whence it came. "Thief! Thief!" They all looked up toward Rollo's home in the tree. Then all three gave a cry of surprise.

Sparkling among the twigs of the outside wall of the nest was Mrs. Holt's diamond brooch.

"Thief! Thief! The monkey is a thief!" cried the peculiar voice.

"I'm not a thief!" screeched Rollo, dashing up toward the glittering gems. "Some one has played a trick on me, putting those sparklers in my nest."

But right then came another surprise, for as the monkey's paw was stretched out to clutch the diamond brooch, the gems suddenly vanished. Peggy and Billy robbed their eyes in amazement and Rollo made a quick search of the nest—the diamonds were not there.

From a tree near by came the cry "Thief! Thief!" followed by a queer mocking laugh: "Haw! Haw! Haw!"

(Tomorrow will be told how the black robber is caught.)

THE BUSINESS DOCTOR

By HAROLD WHITEHEAD

Author of "The Business Career of Peter Flint" and "Bruno Duke—Solver of Business Problems"

The Business That Is Run From the Grave

WITH the exception of necessary changes to disguise the real business the following episode actually occurred. I tell it not as an unusual happening, but as a commonplace in business.

George Purvis had been hired by the Rollins Company—a fine old concern with a hundred years' record of success in producing a certain line of polishes.

George had made a name for himself as advertising manager for two concerns. The first was quite a small affair, the second was that of a brush-maker who covered the east. So conspicuous was Purvis's success that the Rollins Company grabbed him.

When a concern with a nation-wide distribution offers a man a 50 per cent increase in salary with a bonus on "increased business" on top of it, he usually accepts—and that is what George did.

He went to the big New York offices of the company and took up his duties with enthusiasm. What a chance to revivify the methods of the old concern!

Before he had been there a week he knew something of its history. For fifty years the Rollins Company had been grocery jobbers who made the "Rollins polishes" as a side line. Then Ephraim Rollins took hold of the business on the death of his father and built up the big business every one in the trade knew so well. "E. R." as everybody called him, had been a wonder and George Purvis heard many things about him. Everybody is familiar with the stern face of "E. R." surmounting the choky-looking stock which he wore. Every can and bottle of polish bore his face, although "E. R." had been dead for a dozen years.

George found that just as his face dominated the package, so the methods of the dead man dominated the business.

At a directors' meeting to which George was summoned he suggested "killing the face" and substituting a vigorous design. He then suggested going right to the retail trade and building up a trade not so dependent on the jobbers as it was at present.

"Really, Mr. Purvis," ejaculated the chairman—a man who had known "E. R." intimately—"you cannot, no you cannot realize what you say. Why, 'E. R.' said that efficient distribution must depend on jobbers' aid and that all advertising should be aimed at the jobber. Why, 'E. R.'s' face is a tremendous asset, he knew nearly all the jobbers personally and his face—they knew it."

George pointed out that "E. R.'s" friends had died and that the present jobbers knew nothing of him and cared less. But he was turned down. He could see that those directors rather pitied him for trying to run against "E. R."

Time after time George offered new ideas, only to be faced with the fatal, "Now 'E. R.' always did such and such a thing and no one can question his success." Now and then George actually did something which departed from the straight and narrow—very narrow business path laid down by the wonderful "E. R." But whenever he did trouble always ensued.

After six months of hopeless struggling George resigned.

"It's no use," he exclaimed, "I can't stick it out. I know I'll get less money elsewhere, but I'll have a chance to do something in a live, modern way. Now at Rollins's I was bossed by a dead man—actually. That's true. Not that I mind that, but you can't explain to a dead man that his methods were for his age and that now times have changed.

"I'll bet if 'E. R.' were alive today he'd change his plans completely—but——" an expressive shrug of his shoulders completed the story.

As I said in the beginning, it's a commonplace story, but if you own or manage a business see that it is not managed from six feet below the green earth. A live business demands live management.

Readers' Questions Answered

Mr. Whitehead will answer in this column questions on marketing, buying, selling, advertising, letter-writing, business education, and on matters pertaining to the choice of a vocation. All questions will be answered in the order of receipt. No anonymous correspondence can be acknowledged. Readers' initials only will be published. It will take from four to fifteen days for a reply to appear.

Q. Will you please inform me as to the practicability of disposing of smaller quantities of stock than 100 shares in the stock market?

I know that I can always buy them, but am not so sure of being able to dispose of them readily. I mean standard stocks that are dealt in actively, but which are of medium price.

J. McH.

A. If you take your stock to any reliable stock broker he will be able to dispose of it for you.

If it is active and listed in the New York Stock Exchange, it can very easily be sold. The purchaser will hold your shares until he has enough to make up a block of 100, and will then dispose of it. The ice you get, however, would be one-eighth to one-quarter of a point less than the market quotation, on account of this complication of handling.

If it is active stock it will very quickly be sold, but if it is slow stock it may take you several weeks to dispose of it.

If it is unlisted stock you may be able to dispose of it on the curb, but, as I said, turn it over to your broker and let him handle it for you.

(CONTINUED TOMORROW)

TUBERCULOSIS HOSPITAL PLAN HAS MANY BACKERS

State Physicians and Nurses Give Their Support to Project for Institution at Byberry Farms

STATE physicians and nurses, as well as representatives of virtually every hospital and welfare organization of the city, are enthusiastically backing the movement for the establishment of a municipal tuberculosis hospital on the Byberry farms.

A committee has been appointed to formulate such plans and recommendations as deemed necessary and these will be forwarded to the candidates for mayor who will be asked to incorporate them in their platforms. This committee will meet at 3 o'clock tomorrow afternoon at the state dispensary, 1724 Cherry street.

"Tuberculosis ranks on a par with heart and kidney diseases, to which the doors of all hospitals are open," said Dr. Thomas Klein, first assistant state physician. "And yet there are only 671 beds in Philadelphia to care for the 40,000 cases harbored here. The city is doing virtually nothing to prevent tuberculosis. To curtail the dissemination it is necessary to attack this problem at both ends, removing the infected individual to a local hospital or sanatoria and placing all contacts, especially children, in ideal surroundings such as will be offered in a preventorium.

Law Gives Protection

"Recently a law was passed making tuberculosis a quarantinable disease as well as a reportable one. It is not the intention of the state department of health to utilize this routinely, but to use it when necessary in obstinate cases where lives of others and especially children are endangered.

"During 1917 the deaths from pulmonary tuberculosis in Philadelphia totaled 29.8 per cent of those in the entire state from this disease. This in reality is a smaller percentage than actually occurred as many cases which should have been charged to Philadelphia died in the state sanatoria and other tuberculosis institutions and were not credited here.

"A large amount of money has been expended to prevent tuberculosis among cattle, which causes about 10 per cent of the cases among human beings. Not so much attention has been paid to the prevention of infection in the remaining 90 per cent."

Physicians, nurses, welfare workers and health experts, who are much interested in the proposed municipal hospital, believe that manufacturers would be active in helping to establish such an institution because, state statistics show, a majority of tuberculosis cases are among employes in the manufacturing industry.

Aid for Service Men

The federal board for vocational training is urging the project on the grounds that it is needed to aid many returned soldiers and sailors who became tuberculous while in service.

Among the organizations which have lined up to push the movement for a new municipal tuberculosis hospital are: American Red Cross, United Hebrew Charities, Federal Board for Vocational Training, Society for Organizing Charity, Municipal Court, Philadelphia Tuberculosis Committee, Visiting Nurse Society, University Hospital, Lankenau Hospital, Jefferson Hospital, Hahnemann Hospital, Polyclinic Hospital, Kensington Dispensary and Phipps Institute.

State nurses actively interested in the movement included: Miss Alice O'Halloran, chief; Miss Margaret Flynn, Miss Helen K. Armstrong, Miss Mae Richards, Miss J. R. Hayes, Miss Blanche Hayes, Miss Rayer, Mrs. Fry, Miss Fox, Miss Phillips, Miss Ella Greenfield, clerk, and Mrs. Huhn, clerk.

Dr. Thomas Klein, Dr. James A. Smith, Dr. Alexander Davisson and Doctor Caffrey, state physicians, are among the leaders in the movement.

Post-War Course Popular

Scores of young men are enrolling in the "reconstruction courses" recently added to the night curriculum of the Wharton School in order to fit themselves for post-war financial and commercial pursuits. The courses include foreign trade, industrial relations and other subjects pertinent to the extension of American manufacture and commerce. They were arranged by Director Theodore J. Grayson, of the evening school.

DOROTHY DARNIT—Dorothy Has Inside Information

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By Chas. McManus