

And So They Were Married

By HAZEL DEYO BATCHELOR

START THIS STORY TODAY

RUTH went home that night furious with Jane, to find Scott waiting for her. He was amused at finding her so cross, but when she told him in detail what she had done and the money she had spent on Joy, his face grew grave.

"Don't you think that was foolish?" he asked. Now it is one thing to spend nine dollars on another woman's child and to do without a hat, and quite another not to have it appreciated. She had thought that Scott would approve what she had done, would approve her unselfishness, instead of that he thought her foolish.

"You see," he went on, "you evidently rushed into it without thinking; you could have managed without an expenditure of that kind. Besides, if you had waited for Jane she might have found some things for you."

"But Scott, it was so fascinating buying baby's things, you can't imagine. Little soft things, and somehow you must buy the best, you feel that you can't economize. And Joy had nothing, absolutely nothing to put on."

Ruth's tone was soft and reflective, her eyes were dreamy. Scott looked at her and caught his breath suddenly. He had never seen Ruth just like that. Many times he had seen her softened, but it had been through love of him; now he felt as if she had cut him entirely out of her thoughts; he had never felt so remote from her. This was a new Ruth, a surprising one. A woman, who for the first time since he had married her, had considered something that left him out of her considerations.

It was not surprising that as Ruth and Scott were in the midst of their dinner, the bell rang and Jane appeared. She looked jaunty and Jane appeared. She wore a slim little silk frock, modish and trim, and a little dark blue hat with a feather brim. Her slim feet were encased in brown silk stockings and pointed brown suede pumps. She carried a new handbag.

"How do you like me?" she bubbled. "I hurried right over to show you, and I have the most wonderful news."

Jane was at her best, and tonight she had everything, all her irrepressible personality without her usual casual grooming to detract from it. She was radiant, entirely self-assured. But Ruth could remember nothing but desolate little Joy in her dirty play clothes as she had seen her that afternoon, for the moment she hated Jane.

"I've sold my story," Jane put in here. This was excitement enough to detract Ruth's thoughts from Joy for the moment.

"O, Jane, really?" "Yes, hence the frenzy."

"It's great," approved Scott. Jane preened like a satisfied little bird under his admiring look, and then with one of her quick changes, turned back to Ruth.

"I was so sorry to have missed you this afternoon. Was Joy all right? Did she get her dinner?"

"Have you been home?" "Not yet."

The new tenderness toward Joy that had been born that afternoon when Ruth bathed and dressed her suddenly flamed up again and Ruth exclaimed, "O, Jane how could you leave Joy that way?"

"How could I leave her? Why, what do you mean? I have to go to the office, you know."

"Yes, but you went shopping this afternoon."

"I know I did, but it's the first day I have ever done such a thing, and heaven knows I needed the things."

"But Joy hadn't a clean thing to put on, Mrs. Mapes and I looked everywhere."

"That's true, the laundry hadn't come when I left this morning. I expect she was pretty bad when you saw her." And Jane laughed her pretty little girl laugh that was at once so irresponsible and so sweet.

Ruth's face was so heartless concerning Joy? She didn't deserve to be the mother of such a darling baby. Why hadn't Jane spent some of the money for that story on some things for Joy, instead of a new outfit for herself?

"I went downtown and bought some things for the baby," Ruth said deliberately. Ordinarily she wouldn't have mentioned it, but now she felt that if she could reach Jane in any way, destroy her confidence and bring her to a realization of her selfishness, she would do or say anything at all.

Jane looked curious that was all. "You bought some things for Joy?" she repeated.

Scott looked uncomfortable as any man would have under the circumstances, but Ruth went resolutely on. "I had to," she said, "the baby was in an awful condition, she had to have things. Didn't you think of her at all this afternoon when you were shopping?"

(Tomorrow—Jane Apologizes to Ruth.)

Striking Actors to Play Here

Definite announcement that the Academy of Music has been leased by the Actors' Equity Association production department for play purposes is made in a dispatch from New York.



MRS. ROBERT H. SCHAUFFLER

MISS WIDDEMER WEDS ROBERT SCHAUFFLER

Writer, Well Known Here, Becomes Wife of Noted Musician

Word came from Lake Sunapee, New Hampshire, today that Margaret Widde-mer, the novelist, had become the wife of Robert Haven Schaufler, musician, writer and traveler. The wedding had been set for September 9, but an earlier ceremony was decided upon because of a reunion of the Schaufler family at Lake Sunapee. The Rev. Henry Park Schaufler performed the ceremony.

Mrs. Schaufler will continue to write under her maiden name. Two of her novels are "A Rose-Garden Husband," and "The Whistling Ring Man." Last June the Columbia university poetry prize was divided between Miss Widde-mer and Carl Sandburg. Miss Widde-mer's winning book was "The Old Road to Paradise."

"Margaret Widde-mer is the daughter of the Rev. and Mrs. Howard Taylor Widde-mer, of Doylestown. She was graduated from Drexel Institute in 1900. She is a member of the Play-ers and Players Society of Philadelphia, the Poetry Society and the Pen and Brush Club of New York.

Mr. Schaufler was graduated from Princeton in 1902. In 1906, he was decorated by the Queen of Italy for winning the national tennis championship.

"GET OFF THE LINE!"

Remark Justified if You Talk 15 Minutes on Phone, Is Ruling Harrisburg, Sept. 3.—(By A. P.)—It is the duty of telephone patrons, particularly on party and other lines, to use the telephone in such a manner as not unduly to interfere with the use of the line by other patrons, and a fifteen-minute conversation, except under unusual circumstances, is not fair, says Chairman Ainey, of the Public Service Commission, in ruling in complaint of D. Elmer Hough against the West End Rural Telephone Company.

This is the first official utterance by the commission in a case where it was alleged that people used telephone lines for such prolonged conversations that it prevented other subscribers from getting service.

The complaint was that the telephone company had cut off service after a dispute over a bill in which it was also alleged the complainant and his family had abused the privileges and annoyed and inconvenienced other subscribers by not "getting off the line."

43 IN CASUALTY ROLL

Eight Pennsylvanians in List Reported by War Department

Washington, Sept. 3.—Eight Pennsylvanians are named in a casualty list of forty-three names made public by the War Department today.

A summary of the losses for the state is as follows:

Killed in Action PRIVATE—Fredrico Vedio, Wilsonboro. Died from Accident and Other Causes PRIVATE—Martin P. Skubala, Forest City; Raymond Stewart, Tarentum.

Wounded (Deaths Undetermined) PRIVATE—George P. Solah, Scranton. Wounded Slightly PRIVATE—Thomas A. Morgan, Sewickley; Joseph Marchione, Philadelphia.

Previously Reported Died PRIVATE—Ralph S. Armstrong, Ertz. Killed in Action, Previously Reported Died PRIVATE—Zygmund Jablonowski, Philadelphia.

General Enjoys Golf at \$2

Wilmington, Del., Sept. 3.—General James H. Wilson, Civil War veteran, celebrated his eighty-second birthday yesterday by playing a strenuous round of golf in the afternoon and entertaining a number of old friends at dinner in the evening. It was the cavalry troops commanded by General Wilson who are given credit for the capture of Jefferson Davis during the war. Many congratulatory messages were received by the general during the day.

Whether you "crawl" or "trudgeon", use

BAUME ANALGESIQUE BENGUE

after swimming for relief of muscular strain

These Loening & Co., N. Y.

Wholesale Prices to the Retail Trade

Highest Grade Furs at Wholesale Prices

L. Rappaport

DAILY NOVELETTE

LITTLE THINGS THAT COUNT

By Mary McMain

"HELLO, Miss Nan! Margaret wants to know if you'll please come over this afternoon and tell her some stories."

Little Ted Morrison stood at the cottage gate and waited for the reply of the pretty curly-haired girl in the porch hammock. Nan's first impulse was to refuse, for she had made other plans, but she instantly checked herself, and cheerily called:

"All right, Teddy. I'll be over early, and we'll have some brand new ones today," and Ted went happily on his way.

Margaret was his little sister, just recovering from a long illness, and Miss Nan's visits, with her never-failing supply of stories, helped the child wonderfully in her struggle to win back her health. Nan was usually delighted to go, but today she couldn't help wishing there was some one else who could take her place and leave her free to carry out her own plans.

With her aunt, she was spending the summer at a little beach in Maine. There were several other young people in the colony, and they were constantly planning trips and outings of all kinds. This afternoon they were going to one of the islands down the bay, to a picnic supper on the rocks, coming back by moonlight, and Nan had looked forward to the trip with more than usual pleasure.

There was another reason she felt so eager for the good time. Among the more recent arrivals at the beach was Dr. Robert Gordon, a young physician. Nan had heard so much of Dr. Gordon's skill and of his kindness to children especially, that she became quite interested in him. Now that she had met him at the beach, he had proven altogether likable, and she found great pleasure in his company. With his boyish love of fun no gathering was considered complete without him. But though he was always courteous and agreeable, Nan could not see his enjoyment of the doctor's society, and she had therefore been very anxious to go on the picnic this afternoon.

For a few moments Nan sat there, trying to get over her disappointment. Why should she always have to be the one to make the sacrifice? Did it really pay? She almost wished she were Helen or Ruth or Marjorie, whom every one seemed to admire so much, but to whom they would never think of going for little favors as they did to Nan. It was always, "Ask Nan, she'll do it," or "Get Nan to wait for you, she won't mind," and so on. Oh, well, perhaps some day some one would think she was important enough to have her pleasure considered first of all, and with a last sigh she rose and went about her few duties, mentally constructing a story that would bring forgetfulness of pain to little Margaret.

Later in the day, while Margaret lulled to sleep by her sweet tones, was seeing wondrous visions of fairies who made little girls well. Nan again fell to dreaming. But now her thoughts were happier. After all, wasn't it worth any sacrifice to bring to a little child's face that look of eager joy with which Margaret had greeted her? And wasn't it a wonderful thing to be able to ease the pain by the magic of her stories? Suddenly she started. Could that be

Doctor Gordon coming up the path? It was! With cheeks flushing rosy, Nan greeted him.

"Why, I thought you were on the picnic, doctor."

"The doctor sank down upon the steps close to where Nan was sitting, and for a moment sat gazing out over the golf course. Nan studied the strong but gentle face of the doctor, the slender, skillful hands, and found nothing to disappoint her.

"Do you really want to know why I am not on the picnic, Nan? You're the reason! When I learned that you were not going to be there (Oh, I always make it a point to find out if wherever we go), I asked to be excused from this trip. That seems to surprise you, but if it does, you are the only one who hasn't realized that to me you are the most attractive girl in the colony."

"Will you let me tell you something, Nan? I have had my dream girl in my heart for a long time. Sometimes I wondered if she were too beautiful a dream to come true. But at last I've found her. She does not consider herself very good looking, but to me she is the most beautiful girl in the world. She is small and dainty, with brown curly hair in which the rays of sunshine love to hide. She has wonderful hazel eyes, which betray the beauty of the spirit within—the mind that ever puts others first, of the heart so quick to respond to another's sorrow or joy."

"The admiration I felt for her from the first moment I met her has daily grown deeper. She thought no one saw the many acts of kindness she did, the cheerfulness with which she sacrificed her own inclinations to please others, the patience she had with little children. Oh, there are so many beautiful, womanly traits that she is unconsciously shows—my girl of the loving heart. Is it any wonder that I have learned to love her?"

Suddenly the doctor rose and leaned over her. "Nan—dear, dear Nan—can't you give me a little of the love in that wonderful heart of yours? I am not worthy of it, but no man living is, and oh, how happy I shall try to make you!"

As Nan raised her eyes to his, and read therein the love his lips had spoken she knew that she had indeed come into her own, and that nothing in this world could equal the happiness that now was hers—this little dream girl, his girl of the loving heart."

The next complete novelette—"The Confusing Jacks."

TWO PHILADELPHIANS IN LIST

Two Philadelphians are named in a casualty list of forty-three names made public by the War Department today. Private Joseph Marchione, 1036 Federal street, has been slightly wounded. Musician Zygmund Jablonowski, 2623 Birch street, has been killed in action. He had been previously reported as having died of disease.

AGED ENGINEER DIES IN CRASH

Toledo, O., Sept. 3.—(By A. P.)—George Bracht, seventy-four years old, an engineer on the Wabash Railroad for forty-five years, was killed here last night when the yard engine of which he was in charge collided with another switching locomotive in the Wabash yards. Bracht was taken off the road recently and placed in the Toledo yards to conform to the government age regulations, it is said.

Georgette Frocks demand Hairless Arms

'Twas all very well in the days of heavy woolen and cotton dresses—but NOW, never! indeed! Fashion and Personal Beauty simply won't permit superfluous hair. You had best remove it with

MANDO

BUYING A WATER HEATER IS LIKE BUYING A HOUSE

THE Lovekin AUTOMATIC GAS WATER HEATER

Free—A 10-Day Tube

Millions of Germs Breed in Tooth Film—Keep It Off

Film Wrecks the Teeth

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See the Results, Then Decide

The results of Pepsodent are quickly apparent. Some are instant. We ask you to see them—watch them ten days—then decide for yourself about them.

Pepsodent is based on pepsin, the digestant of albumin. The film is albuminous matter. The object of Pepsodent is to dissolve it, then to constantly combat it.

Pepsin long seemed impossible. It must be activated, and the usual agent is an acid harmful to the teeth. But science has discovered a harmless, activating method. The inventor has been granted patents by five governments already. It is that invention which makes possible this efficient film combatant.

Pepsodent PAT. OFF. REG. U.S.

The New-Day Dentifrice

MUNICIPAL HOSPITAL PLANNED FOR BYBERRY

Educational Campaign to Be Launched for Benefit of Tuberculars

Members of hospital and welfare organizations of the city are planning an educational campaign to arouse public opinion in favor of establishing a municipal tuberculosis hospital on the Byberry farms.

Representatives from the Bureau of Public Health and Charities, the medical department of the Municipal Court, home service department of Red Cross, Pennsylvania Society for the Study and Prevention of Tuberculosis, Federal Board of Vocational Training, Society for Organizing Charity, Phipps Institute of the University of Pennsylvania, tuberculosis department, Jefferson Hospital, and the State Department of Health, division of dispensaries, will meet at 3 o'clock Friday afternoon at the state dispensary, 1724 Cherry street, to discuss plans for furthering the movement.

"At a recent meeting of representatives of these organizations," said Dr. Thomas Klein, first assistant state physician, "it was decided to select a committee of seven or more to act as a permanent board to formulate and promulgate plans for obtaining in Philadelphia a municipal hospital for the treatment of pulmonary tuberculosis."

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WANAMAKER'S WANAMAKER'S

WANAMAKER'S DOWN STAIRS STORE

Not a Fair-Weather Friend

is a good raincoat—it's the friend of the rainy day, the friend worth having! New

Raincoats for Men are ready for the September rains. They are of double texture, rubberized material with seams securely cemented and collars that can be buttoned close under the chin or left open. "Good length, too, and roomy enough not to bind in the shoulders. In tan or gray, \$8.50.

Men's Nightshirts of smoothly woven, durable white muslin are topped off with braid and cut with a generous hand. Special at \$1.45.

Serge and Tricotine Come First Among the Dresses

And you will find no better serge or tricotine dresses in Philadelphia than you will find right here in the Down Stairs Store. After careful investigation we make that statement. In fact, we don't know where you will find many as good.

Navy Blue is the Color

that women are asking for and braid is the trimming. Sometimes the braid is used in straight rows, sometimes to carry out an elaborate embroidered design.

Many of the dresses are in the fashionable chemise style with loose girdles of self material or of silk cord, twisted or plaited.

Serge dresses are \$15 and \$19.50.

Tricotine dresses—and they are not the "cottony" kind—are \$25.

Neat Frocks and Aprons for the House

House aprons, to cover you all over, are like house frocks, except that the sleeves are short. Some, of percale, have round necks, pockets, and belts trimmed with gingham. \$2. Others, of attractive plaid gingham, are finished with white ric rac braid. \$2.50.

Two House Frocks at \$3

Pink or blue striped gingham house frocks show plain pink or blue gingham pockets and neck and sleeve trimming to match.

Neatness is the watchword of a house frock of striped gingham. It has a Peter Pan collar and is ever so clean looking.

Billie Burke Dresses of Plaid Gingham

They're of excellent quality, smoothly woven and in pretty color combinations. The collar is of white pique embroidered by hand, in color. \$3.85.

Shoes to Run and Skip to School

Children's Sizes 8 1/2 to 2

Careful mothers want sensible wide-toe shapes for children who wear these sizes, as the feet are still growing and the sensitive toes are greatly influenced by the shapes of shoes.

Black calfskin lace shoes on the correct lasts for growing feet have sturdy welted soles. \$3.75 and \$4.25 a pair.

Girls' Sizes 2 1/2 to 7

High shoes of black or dark tan calfskin are in lace style. The heels are medium or low and the soles are welted. \$4.90 to \$5.40 a pair.

White Canvas Shoes

in button style are on wide-toe shapes. The soles are welted and the shoes are in sizes 6 to 2. Special, \$1.60 a pair.

A Dozen Models in Schoolgirls' Blouses, \$2.75 to \$5

We have had these made especially for schoolgirls, and sizes begin at \$4. Shoulders are right, cuffs are snug and collars fit comfortably and well.

Most of the waists are neatly tailored—batiste, voile and dimity. The Peter Pan model that is sketched is \$3.25 and the other blouse is \$3.50.

A touch of hand-embroidery gives individuality to another model, while a few are trimmed with dainty lace.

Middies for Gym

All-white middies and middies with red collars are well made of good white jean. \$1.25, \$1.75 to \$2. Sizes 34 to 44.

Quite the Right Frocks for School

It isn't always easy to find just the school frocks for young daughter, but as we have many models that were made particularly for that purpose you are sure to find several that will please.

Here, as an instance, is a well-tailored white jean regulation in sizes 6 to 16 years at \$5.50. The box pleats hang straight from a shoulder yoke, and there is a loose belt. The collar and the cuffs are of blue gingham.

Navy Blue Serge

is made in several styles, one of the most attractive having a guimpe of white pique. Sizes 10 to 16 years. \$16.50.

Another little frock of blue serge, in sizes 10 to 14 years, is \$7.50.

Skirts

of navy blue serge are box pleated or side pleated. There are lengths for girls in the upper grades of grammar school and for high school girls. \$6.50 to \$8.25.

Good Gloves to Wear to School

Chamois like gloves are practical for children; they are so easily washed and wear remarkably well. In white, brown, gray and beige, made with two clasps. 75c.

Children's tan capeskin gloves, for colder weather, are outseam sewn and in sizes 6 to 14 years. \$1.35 and \$1.65.

Capeskin gloves for older girls going to high school or college are in tan and brown with one clasp and spearpoint or embroidered backs. \$2.25.

Women's Flannellet Pajamas—Special

It's wise to put a couple of suits in the trunk of the girl going away to school. There will be some nights next winter when she will need them.