# 18 DEAD IN ACTION IN 43 CASUALTIES

## Army Report Today Is the Smallest So Far From U. S. Drive

## 25 SEVERELY WOUNDED

### Wounded, Degree Undetermined, Number 6, With 7 Dead of Hurts

**Washington, Aug. 16.**

Army casualties announced today numbered 43, divided as follows: Killed in action, 18; severely wounded, 25.

Lieutenant Daniel W. Jeffreys, of Marietta, Ill., severely wounded, was the only officer on the list which contained the following names of enlisted men:

KILLED IN ACTION

Sergeant

JOHNSON, PETER DANIEL, Oshkosh, Wis.

Corporals

DIXON, FREDERICK, Catlettsburg, Ky.
WINTER, SNEDDEN E., Ames, Ia.

Privates

ALLARIA, JOHN, Calumet, Mich.
BOSWELL, DANIEL T., Behalia, Miss.
FUREY, PATSY, Uniontown, Pa.
GATES, JOHN O., Kalamazoo, Mich.
GROOMS, ROBERT, Rosiville, Md.
HOEFER, MICHAEL, Marinette, Mich.
KNEER, MATHIAS, Eau Claire, Wis.
KOSSEWSKI, ANTONI, Wallace, Mich.
KRUMREY, CHARLES J., Charles City, Ia.
PELLACCIA, PAULINE, Portland, Me.
PICKREL, ARLO E., Glenwood, Ia.
REED, ROBERT H., Red Oak, Ia.
SOLES, WALTER HENRY, Mansfield, Wis.
WALSH, PATRICK A., New York city.
WHITSON, JOSEPH S., Rose Mary, N. C.

WOUNDED SEVERELY

Sergeants

BARKER, JOHN M., Fairfield, Conn.
CUNNINGHAM, JOSEPH, Waterbury, Conn.
HOLMES, FRED, Milwaukee, Wis.
RADDATZ, ALBERT E., Meriden, Conn.

Corporals

BARCOMB, WALTER F., Windsor, Conn.
BOIKE, MIKE, Zaskov, Russia.
BRANDLOCK, ELMER, Milwaukee, Wis.
BURKE, BRYANT L., Wethersfield, Conn.
CUMMINGS, REN, Baraboo, Wis.
O'DONNELL, WILLIAM L., Hartford, Conn.
ROARK, DEWEY R., Ashland, N. C.
TALBOT, MILTON A., Wallingford, Conn.
TOWNSEND, WARREN R., Grand Rapids, Mich.
YOUNG, GILBERT A., Waterbury, Conn.

Privates

ARGENTE, FRANK, Waterbury, Conn.
BISHOP, CHARLES CLARKSTON, Richmond, Mich.
BOWTIE, EDWARD V., Deep River, Conn.
BRUSK, HOWARD J., Pond, Wis.
BUIKMA, THOMAS, Zeeland, Mich.
CASEY, JAMES J., Willimantic, Conn.
CHAMPION, WILLIAM ARTHUR, Coldwater, Mich.
DERVISHIAN, KAHNE, Turlock, Cal.
DESPINS, NAPOLEON J., Meriden, Conn.

## TO ARGUE RIGHT TO BUY BONDS

### Case of B. & L. Associations to Be Presented Before Brown

Questions relative to the right of building and loan associations to invest certain funds in Liberty Loan bonds will be argued before Attorney General Francis Shunk Brown at his office in the Morris Building next Tuesday afternoon.

Following an opinion by the State law officer that associations cannot invest capital funds in Liberty Bonds, officers of the Pennsylvania Building and Loan Association League sought for and obtained a right to have their counsel argue the law in an effort to change the views of the Attorney General.

## NEW HALL DEDICATED

### Celebration Held at Dickinson School of Law, Carlisle

**Carlisle, Pa., Aug. 16.**—Trickett Hall the new building of the Dickinson School of Law, was formally dedicated today. This marked the end of a two-day celebration and scores of distinguished alumni were here.

An alumni reception was held this morning, with John W. Kephart, justice of the Superior Court, presiding. This afternoon the main services were held. An address was delivered by Justice W. I. Fox, of the Supreme Court, and one by Dr. George Edward Reed, former president of Dickinson College. Presentation of a service flag with 126 stars by Major William G. Murdock, head of the selective service in Pennsylvania, featured. The flag bore 126 stars for alumni and students in the service.

## NEW YORK HAS POLICEWOMEN

### Six Are Appointed, but May Not Get Uniforms

**New York, Aug. 16.**—Six women were appointed yesterday by Police Commissioner Enright to serve on the city police force.

While the policewomen will be vested with the same authority as policemen, police department officials doubt that the women will be obliged to wear uniforms. Three of the appointees are from Manhattan and three from Brooklyn.

## FINDS BURIED VALUABLES

### Whitings, N. J., Man Digs Up Box of Silverware on His Farm

**Whitings, N. J., Aug. 16.**—David Harris has found a box containing a lot of old silverware and other valuables buried at the foot of a tree on his farm.

The discovery recalled to his mother a story told when she was a girl that the box had been buried when Indians made raids in the vicinity and that her grandfather had been killed by Indians and no one had ever learned where he had hidden the household valuables.

### 200 Motorists Arrested

**Harrisburg, Aug. 16.**—During the last week more than 200 motorists have been arrested on charges of violating traffic regulations on the roads leading to the Government plant at Marsh Run, across the river from Harrisburg. The arrests were made by the State police. During two days the officers took 198 license numbers and notified the owners to appear before a justice of the peace.

# HISTORIC GLOUCESTER TREE FALLS VICTIM TO HIGH WINDS

## Old Walnut, Under Which Annual Meeting of West Jersey Proprietors Was Held for 233 Years, No Longer Exists

The Gloucester division of the West Jersey Proprietors can no longer hold its annual meetings at the Gloucester river front under an old walnut tree, because the tree no longer exists.

It fell a victim of the high winds on Wednesday evening and it was carried away piecemeal today by members of the Gloucester Historical Society and others who will preserve the pieces as

The tree was one of the oldest in Gloucester and until ten years ago it flowed with a buttonwood tree. The [illegible] a victim of its [illegible]

[illegible] years [illegible] Elias [illegible] Gloucester [illegible] was more than 250 [illegible] General Assembly which meets in Burlington. The meeting very seldom lasts over one minute and is participated in by three or four persons, although many others are usually present through curiosity.

The West Jersey Proprietors is an organization connected with the early settlement of the State of New Jersey and at one time owned much of the land in New Jersey through grants to Lord Berkeley and Sir George Carteret. The Burlington division meets under a tree at Broad and High streets, Burlington each year.

The tree was located a short distance from the hulk of the old British frigate Ann [illegible] Gloucester river front, [illegible]

CAPTAIN C. J. BIDDLE

Philadelphia aviator with the American army in France, who yesterday bagged a German airplane north of Flirey

## CAPT. BIDDLE VICTOR IN AIR

### Philadelphia Aviator Brings Down Foe Plane in Fight

Captain Charles J. Biddle, of this city, is the latest American aviator to bring down a German airplane. While out with a patrol Captain Biddle met three monoplanes north of Flirey.

The Americans attacked and one of the German machines fell, apparently out of control. It vanished in the mist, so that Captain Biddle's victory has not yet been confirmed.

Captain Biddle was commissioned a captain in the aviation section Signal Officers' Reserve Corps, United States army, in November last. He is a great-grandnephew of Captain Nicholas Biddle.

He enlisted on April 10, four days after this country entered the war.

He is a son of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Biddle, of Andalusia, a Philadelphia suburb. He was named for his grandfather, Colonel Charles J. Biddle, commander of the famous Bucktail Regiment, which won commendation in the Mexican War. Later Colonel Biddle represented a Philadelphia district in Congress.

Captain Biddle shot down his first plane in December of last year; and in May of this year he was injured when his plane fell in No Man's Land.

## TIPPECANOE SURVIVORS HERE

### Twenty-Four Philadelphians Who Were on Torpedoed Ship Home

Twenty-four Philadelphia survivors of the torpedoed cargo steamship Tippecanoe have reached home.

On July 18, when about 500 miles off the French coast, early in the evening, a torpedo's wake was seen on the port quarter of the ship. A moment after ward a terrific explosion shook the ship from stem to stern and lifted it bodily six feet out of the water. Four minutes later it list'd to the right, and, within a half hour of the time in which it had been first hit, it had plunged beneath the sea.

One member of the crew lost his life. He was William Detter, an oiler, whose home was near Broad street and Montgomery avenue. He happened to be oiling a part of the machinery near where the torpedo struck.

The others, eighty-one officers and men, with Captain Edward P. Bartlett, were picked up the next morning by an American destroyer. Four members of the crew were from Lansdowne. They are J. J. Wright, the executive officer, and E. B. Wright, sons of Mrs. Frank G. Burrows, 46 East Stewart avenue; Richard Wager-Smith, son of Mr. and Mrs. E. Wager-Smith, Marshal road, and Frederick Milliken, son of Mr. and Mrs. F. C. Milliken, 52 East Stewart avenue.

## AUTO CHASE ENDS IN ARREST

### Follows Crash in Which Two Women Were Hurt

An automobile chase of nearly three miles through the center of the city ended last night in the arrest of George E. Cantrell, thirty-five years old, of Seventeenth street and Snyder avenue, who had fled from Thirty-fourth and Walnut streets, after colliding with another machine and throwing its occupants to the ground. He was arrested at Twelfth and Market streets.

Mrs. Louise Hefferman, fifty-seven years old, of 1223 South Twenty-sixth street, and Miss Annie Barnes, forty years old, of 256 South Twenty-second street, were in the automobile struck by Cantrell's car. They were taken to the University Hospital, where it was said that they had received lacerations and contusions and were suffering from shock. Edward Boyle, of 613 South Sixty-first street, chauffeur of their car, was uninjured.

## EXEMPTION FOR R. R. MEN

### Crowder Tells Boards Not to Accept Those Needed on Lines

Provost Marshal General Crowder has directed district appeal boards to exercise care in the cases of skilled railroad men drafted for military service, and see to it that no one is taken whose services are essential.

It is declared that many railroad men have been taken who are needed, and that care must be exercised by the district boards, even up to hour of induction of a man into the service, to see that no one is taken whose services are essential. It is also stated that Class 1 should be scrutinized carefully, and that the difference between skilled and unskilled labor, especially after a year of operation of the draft and advancement of a man in his trade, must be taken into account.

# TO STAY IN SCHOOL OR TAKE A WAR JOB?—CYNTHIA'S TALK TO GIRLS

## YOUNG AMERICA MUST KEEP THE SCHOOL FIRES BURNING

*A Little Letter Friend Wants to Leave in Her Sophomore Year to Take Up War Work—Tearing Down Something for Which Our Men Are Fighting*

A SIXTEEN-YEAR-OLD girl, a sophomore in the high school term that begins this September, writes to know if it is the patriotic thing for her to stop school and take a war job.

"I have been thinking things over," our letter friend, R. C., says, "and it seems to me I could be more good to my country working than keeping on at school. What would you advise me to do? I know that in ordinary times every one advises a girl to stay in school and get a good education, but I should think the country would come first in wartime."

THIS letter is particularly interesting because it presents a thought that is keeping many a girl awake these nights. Shall she keep on at school or join this marvelous woman movement that is swinging down the middle of the road?

It is indeed hard to go back to books when the unusual is in the air. Patriotism, youth and the love of new paths that might never be open again are urging our girls to break away from the ordinary and do the extraordinary. Yes, R. C., it is easy to understand just how you feel.

BUT if I were you or any of the other girls who are wondering about this same thing, I should do the brave and right thing and go back to school. I say brave, because it is infinitely harder right now for you to return to your studies than it would be to take up any war job, however arduous. War jobs bring their own enthusiasm.

You have said "the country should come first in wartime." Indeed it should, and the very best way to put it first is to keep the home fires burning by going on with your schooling. These home fires have been talked about a great deal. I am afraid some of us do not quite understand them. You see a great land like ours is built of big institutions. Education of the young is perhaps the greatest of these, because without this it would be very hard for any of the others to flourish. Men have devoted their lives to persuading the people that the hope and prosperity of any country lay in opening the eyes of the young to the world about them. It has taken hundreds of years to bring our educational progress to the present height.

NOW, little Miss R. C., does it seem to you that I have traveled far from my point? Please be patient. The idea is this: While it seems your leaving school in September cannot possibly affect the educational system of America, it is true that it can. Mr. Hoover has taught us the value of single action. Thousands and thousands of dollars have been spent on signs and circulars to tell each single woman and man to save, say, a certain quantity of sugar. It takes team work to win a war! It is the same way with our high schools. Just at this minute, perhaps, all over the United States young girls just such as yourself are wondering whether to go back or not. And they forget or they have never stopped to think that it takes team work to keep our schools filled. Just such girls as you, R. C., have the power to undo the work of years and years. And whatever is undone now we will have to do over again later on.

No, little patriot, let the older girls take the war jobs. Let the women who have nothing to do but walk the dog have a hand at them, too. It is for such as you we are fighting this war. Our schools and the fine women they are able to turn out are fine, strong anchors of America. Don't let our men come back and find their homeland in a whirl. Go back to school. They will have planned for you a great deal of urgently needed "part-time" war work. Do that and you will have done your best.

## An Interesting White Wool Jersey

*A Daily Fashion Talk by Florence Rose*

F.Q.8-13

This velour and beaver suit was imported from the house of Brant, in Paris. The cut is unusual

TO HEAR some people talk, the impression is sometimes given that all women are going about in "sackcloth and ashes." But the ambitious woman is making a greater effort than ever before to look her very best.

Women are not buying as many clothes as they did two years ago. By that I mean that each woman is restricting the number of garments which she buys. But it is more than evident that the few that they do select are simple and the material of the best quality. It is true economy these women are practicing, for they give so much concentrated thought to what they buy that it is seldom they make a mistake. Therefore nothing is wasted by being hung in the wardrobe, without being worn, as has hitherto been the case when women plunged into thoughtless buying.

Only yesterday I lunched on one of the roof gardens and saw many a good-looking model. I saw a most unusual dress. It could not have been a very cool frock for so frightfully hot a day.

Nevertheless the young woman who wore this dress of white wool jersey betrayed no signs of being anything but comfortable. The interesting part of the frock was the yoke, which was of white crocheted wool, made in fancy stitch, similar to the tidies that used to hang on our grandmother's mohair furniture. The neck was round and the upper part of the sleeves, which extended just below the elbow, was crocheted in one with the yoke. The lower part of the sleeves, as well as the bodice, was of the jersey.

The skirt of jersey was ornamented on either side by bands of the crocheted pattern about five inches wide. With this frock the young woman wore a hat of black organdie. There should be an idea in this costume that you can use in the construction of some garment for yourself.

Today I am showing you a fall suit, imported from the house of Brant in Paris. The material is a beautiful quality of velour and is trimmed in beaver, this fur being used for the deep cuffs, wide revers and the adjustable collar. The coat shows an unusual cut and has a narrow belt which buttons on either side on the underarm seam with bone buttons.

### Ask Florence Rose

If you want her own personal advice on materials, colors and styles suitable for you, Address Miss Rose, in care of the EVENING PUBLIC LEDGER'S woman's page. Send self-addressed stamped envelope for reply, as all inquiries are answered by mail.

(Copyright, 1918, by Florence Rose)

## Please Tell Me What to Do

By CYNTHIA

**Cynthia is a real woman who knows and understands girls. In this department she stands ready to help them with the intimate problems somehow easier to confide in a letter than in any other way. If you are worried or perplexed write to "Cynthia," in care of the woman's page, Evening Public Ledger.**

### May More Follow Her Example

Dear Cynthia—I am going to give a farewell surprise party for a chum of mine who is going to take up nursing September 1. There will be about twenty-four present, probably an even number of boys and girls. Could you give me any suggestions for games—something that will be easy to prepare, but will make a lively evening? I also would appreciate any suggestions for refreshments. CONSTANT READER.

Three cheers for the girl who is going to take up nursing! The suggestions for games have been mailed.

### As His Sister Saw It

Dear Cynthia—Your column for the last few weeks has been very interesting and amusing to me, especially the articles about a homely looking girl marrying a good-looking man. I have shared the opinion of the one signing herself "Twenty-one" until August 14, the evening when I read "From One of the Fellows" and heard of the announcement of my brother's engagement. You might ask why my brother's movements altered my opinion. To state the facts in full would require a complete novel, but I will be as brief as possible.

My brother graduated from R—— H—— College in June, 1918, one of the finest private schools. He was known as one of the greatest athletes of that city. His photograph appeared at least once a week in the daily papers, stating his skill and popularity. He has met every type of girl in society. He has more girl friends than friends of his own sex and relatives put together. The day of his graduating exercises I went down to see him at his "sudio" with one of my dearest schoolmates. When we arrived he had just been called out, so we made ourselves as comfortable as possible. The posters on his floors and walls and all around were so interesting that we looked everything over. Beside his school colors and clippings of his photograph from the daily papers were some beautiful pictures of young girls. I thought they were movie stars, they were so elaborate and beautiful. At this very puzzling moment my brother appeared in the room. When he heard my flattering remarks he answered: Oh, sis, don't bother about them. They are only friends of mine who gave me their photographs." I must say I was simply shocked today to hear that he is going to be married to my schoolmate whom he only knows since June, 1918. He entered college at thirteen, graduated at twenty-one. Think of meeting all those dolls and the thought of marriage never entered his head till he became better acquainted with my best friend.

Dear Cynthia, isn't this world full of surprises and life a wonderful thing? Why do we bother our heads to think of such problems when they solve themselves in a wink of your eye? I think it depends entirely on the couple to be married whether they will be happy or not afterward, no matter who is the better looking. If they are broad minded nothing can make them unhappy. It is only the narrow-minded persons that never will get along, but I am sorry we have so many although the world is so big. A.

Welcome to our corner, little philosopher. Yes, it is a world of lovely surprises! It was a treat, Miss A., to have a straight-from-the-shoulder story from a man's sister. Some time tell us some more secrets.

### From One Reader to Another

Dear Cynthia—I happened to read the note in your paper about the fellow who was disappointed and he also said that he lost faith in other girls. I think he is wrong, because not all the girls are the same. Sometimes the girls get disappointed also. What can they do? I hope he reads this and knows about it and I hope he will take heart, for the girls are not all the same.

I think there are many pretty girls and he could forget her, I am sure, because she did not love him. For I am a girl myself who is writing this note.

I am sure that the girl did not understand true love. But when Miss Right shall come around I am sure that you won't be disappointed. Some girls don't understand what love means. It means only your sympathy. Please take courage and wait.

FROM DAILY READER.

### How to Make Friends

Will the young lady who wrote the very nice letter asking how to make friends please let us hear from her again?

### A Little Too Young

Dear Cynthia—I am very much interested in your column and now I am coming to you for advice. I am a girl fifteen years old and fairly good looking. There is a boy of about seventeen or eighteen who belongs to the same church as I. I like him very much and would love to become acquainted with him. I have never had boy friends, as my mother is very strict concerning this.

My brother is in this other boy's Sunday school class. But I will not ask him for an introduction, as I fear he will refuse, and that would make me feel very cheap. Am I too young to have a boy friend of that age?

Dear Cynthia, couldn't you suggest a way in which I could become acquainted with him? ANXIOUS.

Yes, dear, you are a little too young to have a boy friend of that age. Just at present I would try to content myself walking to Sunday school with boys of my own age, especially since your mother is strict about these matters. In a year or so the difference between your ages won't seem much at all and then by that time I am sure your brother will introduce you and your mother won't mind.

## Adventures With a Purse

**FOUND TODAY**

1. **A captivating little Miss Splash-Me doll for holding invisible hairpins.**
2. **Cool heavy net bathing corsets.**

HAVE you seen the captivating Miss Splash-Me? She is slightly larger than the best-known-size Kewpie doll. She is seated with feet drawn up and elbows on knees. Her well-modulated little chin is cupped in her hands, and her big eyes regard you with a most selfish expression, while her smile is irresistible. She is clad simply in a brightly colored Annette Kellermann bathing suit, plentifully bespattered with black polka dots. But her hair—or I should really say her coiffure—defies description. In the first place, it is real hair, piled high on the top of her head in stately fashion. And the waves! Well, you could put your hair up many nights in "electrics" without coming anywhere near to securing such perfect undulations. Over it is spread a net to hold each hair in place. "One of her" has auburn tresses, another's are silvery gray, and a third's is black. And her purpose? Oh, yes, we are told that that elaborately coiffured hair, with its protecting net, is to hold your invisible hairpins, which will scatter all over the bureau. But I think her main purpose is to bring a smile by her chummy position and adorable expression. Do not fail to see her.

The new loose bathing suits tend to do away with corsets, but there are some of us who still feel much more self-respecting if we confine our unruly "fat" to the snug confines of a bathing corset. They can be had in cool, heavy net for $1.75.

## Alice Kent and the Day's Work

*The Story of a Business Girl Who Would Not Fail*

By MARTHA KEELER

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CHAPTER LXXXIX

COLONEL SOUTHARD did offer me a place as reporter on the paper and I accepted it; what is more, the whole business was settled before you could say Jack Robinson, or I bethought myself of the Blake family and their belief that Bellington was not large enough for both Barbara and me. The editor was a man of broad build and medium height, his brow was seamed with wrinkles, and his gray eyes were scrutinizing, inquisitive, practical. When I entered he looked up with a grunt, which I tried (and failed) to find encouraging, but as he motioned me to a chair I took it without a word, and also took for granted that at least he meant to give me the benefit of the doubt. This proved to be the case, for although the colonel was brief beyond the point of bluntness, and in one glance searched me through and through as if I were weighed in the balance and found wanting, and he wondered why a higher power permitted me to live, he did open his lips a little way and throw out the life-line by telling me that on the fifteenth—two days later—there would be a vacancy which, in accordance with out previous understanding, he expected me to fill. "Report Thursday morning at 8," said he in a tone suggesting "May the Lord have mercy on your soul," and turned abruptly to a pile of copy paper on his desk.

"Yes, sir," I replied, intending to supplement these words with a mild "Thank you" or "Good morning," as I headed for the door; but something told me that this sanctum was no place for superfluities; and so in silence and in haste, leaving the editor to the comfort and support of his blue pencil and enormous waste basket, and the satisfaction of his own society, I stole downstairs in chastened mood. This state of mind would have been but seemly in the moment of being taken in the act of sliding down the banisters by a grim-visaged great aunt Jane, but it struck me as a strange feature of my triumph of landing a long-hoped-for job.

But, despite the inauspicious start, the follow-up was full of interest. If Colonel Southard was a stern taskmaster (which no one on the staff would have denied), he was also a good friend, and kept more closely in touch with the reporters than is possible for the managing editor of a larger newspaper; and a single word of praise from him went further and meant more than ten times as much from other folks. Of course, I made mistakes and was called down for them, but that I didn't form the habit of making the same mistakes twice is evidenced by the fact that I "lasted" on the paper as the weeks were by and the city editor no longer doomed me daily to call up the undertaking establishments and keep track of the vacations of the clerks in the department stores, but told me to go as far as I liked with the local brand of weather in dog days, and smiled when I turned in a front page story now and then. I came to have a sense of permanence, the feeling that I belonged in Bellington. And the day when I was first referred to in company as "Miss Kent, of the Era," poor as I was, I would have given a week's salary just to have grandfather hear!

By this time I was out of debt. The superintendent of the Memorial Hospital out of consideration, so he said, for the service I had rendered in the spring, made only a small charge for my ten days in June as a patient in the hospital, and by eliminating the midday meal at Mrs. Bordon's and substituting a nourishing and inexpensive drink at a drug store, I saved carfare and cut down my board bill. Other expenses I had long since reduced to the minimum, and although that meant renouncing such innocent delights as sashes, beads and parasols, it also bisected my ever-present fear of running into debt.

This was the situation on the last day of August. About 2 o'clock that afternoon I walked wearily into the office, after covering an assignment at the Board of Trade, and reported to Mr. Parks, the city editor. The weather was trying, and I had had a long walk in the sun, so I stood listlessly by Mr. Parks's desk, waiting for him to finish using the telephone. "I'll have some one there in fifteen minutes," he exclaimed. Then, handing up the receiver, he turned to me and said: "You're just the one I want. Bad accident in Ennunda. Dr. Blake's horse ran away and he and Barbara—that's the daughter—were thrown out. Go over there and get the story. Don't come back," here he gave me a quick look, "without seeing Mrs. Blake."

(CONTINUED TOMORROW)

## THE DAILY NOVELETTE

### RUTH'S WEDDING DRESS

By Josephine Murphy

RUTH was making her wedding dress; a dainty gown of fine sheer white organdy and cobweb lace, just such a dress as she had dreamed of having ever since the day Alan White had put a little ring, with its three blue turquoises, on her slender brown finger.

"Isn't it pretty?" she said, wistfully. "I'm real glad we made out to manage it. Your father thought at first that it was foolish to spend money on a white dress when you needed so many other things. But I insisted. I remembered when I was married. I wanted a white dress, too, but they all said it was such foolishness that I gave up the idea and was married in my brown silk. But as I have ever since wanted one I was determined you should have yours.

"Dear me! There's Miss Helen coming across the field!"

Irene, who had entered a few minutes before, ran and opened the door for her, while Ruth hurriedly gathered up her ruffles. "Mother, help me get these out of sight. Miss Helen mustn't see this dress. She's such an old gossip."

Although the dress and ruffles were safely tucked away before Helen came in, her sharp eyes did not fail to notice a piece of lace on the carpet, and a white thread clinging to Ruth's skirt. She had a feeling something unusual was taking place, but said nothing about it, although she prolonged her visit, and talked until Ruth almost lost her patience.

So Helen went home without having been taken into Ruth's confidence. Neither Miss Helen nor any one else in Westwood was destined to see that dress of Ruth's.

Irene, who was inclined to be absent-minded, entered the room shortly after to curl her hair. She lit the lamp, gave a little "pouf" at the match and tossed it carelessly away. In another minute Ruth's dress lay a heap of charred rags.

When Ruth came in and beheld the remains of the gown she had made with such pride and delight a flood of tears streamed down her pale cheeks. She would now have to wear her dark blue silk, and it wouldn't seem like a wedding at all!

After tea Mrs. Mills went over to Miss Helen and poured out the dismal story. This young lady listened intently, and for once was not forward with comment.

After Mrs. Mills had left to go uptown Miss Helen threw a shawl over her shoulders and wended her way across the meadow to the Mills's homestead.

She found Ruth curled up on the sofa, her head buried in a pillow. She sat down beside her; putting her arms around the little figure, she pressed it closely to her heart. "I've heard all about it, dear," she whispered, "and I'm so sorry. Don't cry any more. Come over to my house, I've something to show you."

Having reached Miss Helen's house, they went upstairs to the second floor, on which were four rooms. Pausing before the door of one, she turned to Ruth and said tremulously: "I've never taken any one in here before. This was my room long ago, when I was a young girl. I've never used it since—since I put girlhood behind me forever."

Opening the door, she went to a chintz-covered chest near the window and opened it. A sweet, faint spiciness floated up into the room as she lifted out a dress of white embroidered muslin, ivory tinted, from its long seclusion.

"This, Ruth, was to have been my wedding dress," said Helen softly. "Long ago I was engaged to a young sea captain. When he left to go on his last voyage I promised to marry him when he returned, but his ship was lost, with all on board, during a terrific storm. My youth and happiness died then. Now, Ruth, I want you to take it to be married in."

"Oh, dear Miss Helen!" cried Ruth tenderly, "I couldn't; why, it would seem——"

"Wait, dear," interrupted Helen. "I don't want you to think I am making any sacrifice in giving you this dress. I've always wanted to see it worn by a bride; that is what it was made for."

"Thank you," said Ruth. "Oh, dear Miss Helen, thank you!"

No bride could have looked sweeter and fairer than Ruth on her wedding day, and Miss Helen wept tears of joy.

*Tomorrow's Complete Novelette—*
*"MABEL MAKES THINGS RIGHT."*

## The Heart Hunters

By MARY DOUGLASS

*Author of "Hunting a Husband"*

(Copyright)

CHAPTER XXIX

*Mr. Deland's Studio*

WE HAD come to some very old houses shut in with iron railings.

"Why does he need to live in this dilapidated neighborhood?" I thought.

Mr. Deland had open a little iron gate. We walked up the narrow path. As I stood on the doorstep I thought I saw the figure of Agnes Carter on the sidewalk. Agnes Carter from the art school. But it could not have been she for she turned her head aside as if she did not recognize me.

Up the narrow flight of steps Mr. Deland led me into his rooms. They opened one into another.

I gave a little cry of surprise. For from the dingy exterior, I should not have expected the charming sight that met my eyes.

"You look around while I get some tea."

I was only too glad to.

His polished floors were covered with Chinese rugs of blue. The soft brown of the wall covering was almost toneless. On this background hung sketches, water colors, a Kakemono; each thing a treasure in itself. Around four sides of the room were low book shelves overflowing with books.

I was sorry when Mr. Deland returned with queer old Chinese cups and a bulging brown pot of tea.

"I wonder if you could butter the bread?" he asked.

I went into the tiny, dark pantry that showed so plainly that it was owned by a man. A careless disorder invaded everything. And I longed just to have time to put things right.

I cut thin slices of bread, buttered it and made finger-like sandwiches.

As I came out of the pantry that strange sensation flooded me. Somewhere, sometime, I had done this very thing before! When? How? Then, like the glancing of a ripple, the sensation was gone. Yet the memory was strong on me. I had known all this—some time.

Mr. Deland sat in the brown chair before the tea things. I poured the tea and sat back, eating bread and butter. We were silent. The pleasant restfulness of the hour held us.

Suddenly Mr. Deland sprang up.

"Why, I've forgotten all about the Chinese things I brought you here to show you."

He carried them out in a huge pile of barbaric color.

Gold dragons sprawled over a crimson sea; strange creatures of deep blue lent a rich color note. Panels, umbrellas, the wedding robe. He showed them all—pointed out their designs, their symbolic meaning.

The clock on the mantel struck eight silvery notes.

I started to my feet with a little cry.

**Tomorrow—The Tiny Secret**

## THE WOMAN'S EXCHANGE

### TODAY'S INQUIRIES

1. **What is the age requirement for nurses' aides to go to France with the Red Cross?**
2. **How much training is necessary for this service?**
3. **What is the newest shade of brown?**
4. **How should corneal be treated in order to get the best results from using it as a substitute?**
5. **What style of veil is most popular this summer?**
6. **How can a pair of extra cuffs, to go with a ruffled collar, be made very inexpensively?**

### U. S. N. Man Would Adopt Family

*To the Editor of Woman's Page:*

Dear Madam—I am coming to you for information concerning the adoption of a child after the war. I am a bachelor, with three years in college, belong to one of the strongest lodges, am also of good moral character, from which I have recommendations. Is it possible for me to adopt a boy or girl or both unless I have a wife? An answer through your column of the Woman's Page would be appreciated greatly. I am leaving for France very soon. J. H.

You may adopt as many little boys and girls as you like, provided you can prove you can support them and you mean to take very good care of them. A wife doesn't enter into the question. But, J. H., why are you so determinedly leaving her out of it?

### No Longer a Reject

*To the Editor of Woman's Page:*

Dear Madam—I was deeply interested in the letter of "A Daily Reader," appearing in your paper of August 8.

I have been called for military service and I went to camp, but I was rejected from the draft and after twenty-three days they sent me home.

In two days they sent me a note that I was rejected by an error and I must be ready for the next call.

Will I be sent back again to camp or will they use me for guard or special service work in the United States? REJECT.

Since you were told you were rejected from the National Army through an error you will cease to be a "reject" and will most likely be sent back to camp.

### Sending Stories to Syndicate

*To the Editor of Woman's Page:*

Dear Madam—If you will answer me these questions I shall be greatly obliged to you:

It is seven weeks since I sent a story to a syndicate and I have not heard from it since. Was it right of me to send a note asking for the return of story or a check? If my note is not answered may I send the same story to a different syndicate, as I have another copy? Thanking you. S. S.

Did you send postage for the return of your story when you sent it to the syndicate? If so, and you do not hear from them within a reasonable length of time after you sent your note, I would send the story to another syndicate. First, you might drop them a little line saying you are going to do this. It was all right to have written for the return of the story if it was not returned, although it is sometimes a good sign if stories are not sent back. They are being [illegible]

### YESTERDAY'S ANSWERS

1. **Shipley Newlin, the seven-year-old nephew of Admiral Sims, runs a machine at the Red Cross factory for making refugees' clothes in Philadelphia.**
2. **The War Camp Community will appoint a mother to entertain and look after any soldier in camp in this country if his family writes to the branch of that organization in the nearest town to the camp in which he is stationed.**
3. **Eggs should not be dropped into the pan in which they are to be poached while the water is boiling, but the pan should be pulled aside from the fire and the eggs dropped in while the water is still.**
4. **To save labor and fuel in ironing towels fold them as if to put them away and run them through the wringer until quite flat and dry.**
5. **The silhouette of the new evening dress will be flaring, with a minaret tunic at the hips, and slim and narrow below the knees.**
6. **The French influence has introduced the "Blue Devil" cap of Angora, with a quill stuck through the middle.**

### Part-Time Employment

*To the Editor of Woman's Page:*

Dear Madam—Can you inform me where a man can get work to do during afternoon spare hours—anything at all? (Mrs.) H. B. M.

A man would have no trouble in getting gardening work for a few hours in the afternoon. I mean mowing of lawns, etc. Such workers are badly needed in the suburbs. Let the man watch the ads or insert a little one of his own, stating how much time he can give. He need not have experience. The man might also go down to the Federal Employment Bureau, at Third and Walnut streets, and to the State Employment Bureau, at Fifteenth and Arch streets. It is possible he may be able to get part-time employment through these Government agencies.

### Name for Club

*To the Editor of Woman's Page:*

Dear Madam—We are young girls and boys and have formed a club. We ask you to name it for us. CLUB MEMBERS.

Sans Souci is a French name, meaning without care. The a in sans is pronounced as the o in on, and souci is suesee, with the accent on the last syllable. Semper Fidelis is a Latin name, meaning always faithful. Fidelis is pronounced fee-day-lis, with accent on the second syllable. Either of these would be appropriate. If it is a pleasure club you might call yourself the Happy Day Society or Happy Hour Club. Other names are the Strivers, meaning those who are always trying to be better, the Co-ed Club or Knights and Ladies.

### Baby'll Have a Sweater

*To the Editor of Woman's Page:*

Dear Madam—Kindly send me name and address of young lady who does knitting, as I would like to have a sweater made for baby now coming very soon. [illegible]

## GIRL ON WAR STAMP RIDE

### Frances Kelly, Touring Jersey on Horseback, Visits Woodbury

Miss Frances Kelly, a pretty girl of military bearing, is touring New Jersey on a war savings stamps campaign. Like Paul Revere, she rides from place to place on horseback and often delivers her speeches from the saddle.

Today Miss Kelly is in Woodbury, where she intends to remain for a week. With $700 worth of stamps she left last night in Gloucester, [illegible]

WAR WINNING HELP No. 6

"This Is An Outrageous Time to Quit Work"

So said one of our boys in the trenches when told that a strike was contemplated in the factory of an essential industry. Help the boys, you shipbuilding, munition and other war material workers, by the best that is in you. Help them win a lasting peace and make the world a safe and decent place to live in.

Stick to your job.

H. O. WILBUR & SONS., Inc.
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*Makers of Wilbur's Cocoa, Wilbur's Chocolate Buds and Wilburmilk Chocolate.*

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Save labor, worry and uncertainty by using

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The baking powder that rises in the oven instead of wasting away in a mixing bowl.

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When you can get excellent furniture at less cost here? Save the money charged for high-priced rentals and ornate displays. Our selling cost is low and so are our prices to you. We have prepared our

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to meet the needs of every home. Plain or pretentious, dignified or striking, our stock contains every kind to meet varied desires.

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If the Soap is used for everyday toilet purposes, assisted by occasional touches of Cuticura Ointment to first signs of redness, roughness or dandruff. Do not confound these fragrant supercreamy emollients with coarsely medicated, often dangerous preparations urged as substitutes.


## The Tale That Grips

*¶ There is love in it.*

### A Maid and Two Men

*¶ It is the oldest theme in the world, and the most exciting. To tell it properly one must be a graphic writer and a shrewd psychologist.*

### Hazel Deyo Batchelor

*¶ Here is one who fills the role. Of course, it had to be a woman. Only a woman can do the subject justice.*

### Serial Begins Monday

*¶ Look for it on this page and read every installment. You will find it brimful of interest.*