

SOCIETY

Miss May Pershing, sister of Gen. Pershing, who joined him here for his triumphal parade on Wednesday, has been named sponsor for the Capital of Net evening to be launched by the Mobile Shipbuilding Company late in October.

Mme Domingo de Gana, wife of the former Chilean charge d'affaires at Paris, and her daughters, Miss Elena de Gana and Miss Sofia de Gana, will spend the winter in Washington as guests of the Ambassador of Chile.

Senator D. Cesar, minister of finance of Nicaragua; Senora de Cesar and their niece, Senora Amalia Cesar, are at the Shoreham Hotel. They are here to place Senora Cesar in college.

Cardinal Mercier, Roman Catholic primate of Belgium, arrived in Washington last evening to be the guest of Dr. Edward R. Dyer, president of the Sulpician Seminary at the Catholic University.

The Third Assistant Secretary of State and Mrs. Breckinridge Long, with their little daughter Christine, have returned to their home in Sixteenth Street from York Harbor, Md., where they have had a cottage.

Mrs. Waddy Wood and her young daughter, Miss Lindsay Wood, a debutante of the coming season, who have been spending the summer at the

home near Warrenton, will join Mr. Wood at their residence on Bancroft place October 1.

Mrs. J. C. W. Beckham and Miss Eleanor Beckham, wife and daughter of Senator Beckham, who have been visiting in Kentucky since July, have returned to Washington.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Wahl will move on October 1 from 1800 I Street to the Brighton, where they have taken an apartment temporarily.

Among the guests at the new Hotel Ambassador, Atlantic City, from Washington are Mr. William J. C. Dulany and Dr. C. Jenny.

Mr. Albert Ruddock of the Department of State was host at a small luncheon at the Cafe St. Marks yesterday.

Mrs. Benedict Crowell, wife of the assistant secretary of war, will return to Washington home early this week from Little Boars Head, where she and their children have spent the summer.

Announcement has been made of the engagement of Miss Olive Brown, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Daniel Rollins Brown, of Salem, Mass., to Mr. Maurice Malcolm Moore, of Washington.

Mr. and Mrs. Francis Stephen Merkle announce the engagement of their daughter, Miss Madeline Marie Merkle, to Charles Schwartz Tiers, of Philadelphia. Mr. Tiers recently returned from overseas, where he served as a lieutenant of infantry with both the Thirtieth and Seventy-ninth Divisions. The wedding will take place October 15, and the young couple will reside in Philadelphia.

Mr. and Mrs. George W. Hillman announce the marriage of their son, Julian A. Hillman, to Miss Madeline Krauskopf, daughter of Dr. Joseph Krauskopf, of Philadelphia, September 17, 1919. Dr. Krauskopf officiating.

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Horoscope. Tuesday, Sept. 23, 1919. (Copyright, 1919, by The McClure Newspaper Syndicate.) Astrologers read this as an unusually fortunate day. The Sun, Mars, Venus and Mercury are all in benefic aspect. It is a most auspicious rule under which to seek appointments or positions. The Sun is in a place believed to cause those who rule governments or business affairs to become sympathetic and even conciliatory toward the demands of workers. There is a sign read as indicating the hope of a soldier for an office of great responsibility. Benefits for a diplomatic mission of some sort are promised for the United States. The stars presage the uncovering of hidden conditions of every sort. This period of revelation will affect society, business and government affairs. The new moon of tomorrow takes place two hours after the autumn equinox, and is most significant in its indications. The seers forecast business prosperity that will be hampered by serious labor troubles. Canada comes under a direction not altogether favorable. For Great Britain a powerful trend toward democracy is prophesied by English astrologers. Crime will not abate, but rather will increase during the winter months, the seers predict. Switzerland is to reflect something of the world's upheaval, for the position of return a Vindex is threatening. Persons whose birthdate it is have the augury of an active year, with some success in business is promised. Children born on this day probably will be endowed with energy and intelligence. These subjects of Virgo with Libra traits are usually very fortunate.

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TEN-MINUTE NOVELS

TODAY—"Abbe Constantine," by Ludovic Halevy. Condensation by Charles E. L. Wingate, author of books on Shakespeare and American Actors (Boston newspaperman). TOMORROW—"The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse," by Blasco Ibanez.

HALEVY Ludovic Halevy, French author, was born in Paris on the first of January, 1834. His father was a clever, versatile writer of verse, prose, vaudeville and drama; his uncle, Promental Halevy, was for many years associated with the opera; hence the double and early connection of Ludovic with the Parisian stage. At the age of 6 he might have been seen playing in the "Foyer de la Danse" which he was to make his readers so familiar. At 18 he joined the ranks of the French administration and occupied various posts, the last being that of secretary, redacting in the Corps Legislatif. In that capacity he enjoyed the special favor and confidence of the Emperor, Napoleon III, then the president of the assembly. In the spring of 1860, being commissioned to write a play for the manager of the Varieties, Halevy asked the collaboration of Henri Meilhac, and the proposal was immediately accepted, thus beginning the collaboration which continued for more than twenty years. The joint work of the two authors, and which they all wear, is best known to more recent readers by his "Abbe Constantine," "Les Femmes de Paris," "Le Duc de Gerolstein" and "La Perichole."



LUDOVIC HALEVY, 1834-1908.

ABBE CONSTANTIN

By LUDOVIC HALEVY (Condensation by Charles E. L. Wingate, author of books on Shakespeare and American actors, Boston newspaperman.)

With a step still vibrant and firm, the old Abbe Constantine waded along the dusty road of the village which he had for more than 20 years he had been the cure. At the entrance of the castle of Longueval he stopped and courteously regarded the big blue posters fixed on the pillars. They announced the sale of the castle, the former home of the cure's dear old friend, the marquis, who had recently died. And the result of that auction? The great estate bought by two entire strangers! "Do you know who they are?" asked Madame de Lavardens. "Yes, Mrs. Scott is an American possessing a colossal fortune. Ten years ago Mrs. Scott begged in the streets of New York, they say, that she might be allowed to enter the service of a rich paragon who amuse themselves by throwing handfuls of gold out of the window, and who will turn up his nose at us as an American. It is our tradition or our life." "Such was the story." But when young Mrs. Scott and her beautiful sister arrived to take possession of the castle, they learned a different tale. Religious, generous, amiable and lovable, they proved. And they were certainly beautiful, particularly the younger sister, Bettina Percival. Both had the same large eyes, black, laughing and zany, and the same hair, not red, but fair, with golden shades which daintily danced in the light of the sun. At the cure's little home they met Jean Reynaud, the son of that gallant doctor of the village, who, while assisting with the soldiers in the war of 1870 to carry on his work of mercy side by side with his dear old friend the abbe, had suddenly been struck by a bullet and killed on the spot. Jean, inheriting the noble traits of his father, was beloved by the whole village. "Always quite alone," he certainly was. "You intend to marry?" "Yes, certainly." "Yet you have refused several good opportunities. Tell me why?" "He tried to marry me, but I think it best not to marry rather than to marry without love." "And I think so, too." She looked at him; he looked at her; and suddenly, to the great surprise of both, he burst out laughing and said nothing at all. But now Jean is no longer tranquil, with impatience, and, at the same time, with sorrow he sees the moment of his departure approach. Yet how could he stay and resist the temptation of Bettina's charm? As an honorable man Jean felt for Bettina's money horror, positive hope. In Bettina's mind the sensation of love had come at the same time that it had to Jean's. But while he, horrified, had cast it violently from him, she, on the contrary, had yielded in all the simplicity of her perfect innocence to this flood of emotion and of tenderness. As Bettina grew more tender, Jean became more gloomy. He was not only afraid of loving, he was afraid of being loved. He felt he ought to remain away, but he could not; the temptation was too strong. He tried to avoid Bettina at receptions and even to leave without saying goodbye. "If I touch her hand," he thought, "my secret will escape me." His secret, he knew, was that Bettina read his heart like an open book. When Jean descended the stairs, these words were upon his lips: "I love you, I adore you, and that is why I will see you no more." But he did not utter them; he actually fled into the darkness. Bettina, standing in the hall door and taking no notice of the rain, was watching across her bare shoulders, watched him go. "I knew very well that he loved me," she thought, "but now I am very sure that I, too—oh, yes! I, too—go. My dear friend the cure to tell him that he is going away immediately to Paris to seek exchange into another regiment, to be the little hamlet forever. And then, in his emotion, he confessed to the abbe that he adored Bettina. "It is madness which has seized me," he claimed. "Ah! if she were only poor!" "Do you know what I think, Jean?" exclaimed his good friend. "Jean, I believe that she loves you." "And I believe it, too; but that is the very reason I must go. Her money is the great obstacle." At that moment someone knocked gently at the door. It was Bettina. Going directly to Jean she cried: "Oh, how glad I am you are here!" Then she took both hands in hers and addressing the cure she said: "I have come to beg you, Monsieur le Cure, to listen to my confession." And to herself she was saying, "I wish to be loved! I wish to love! I wish to be happy and to make him happy. And since he cannot have the courage to say it, I must have the courage for both!" "I am rich, Monsieur le Cure," she continued, aloud, "very rich, but I love money most for the good

Virginia Lee's Personal Answers To Herald Readers' Questions

There has been so much talk about the French girls and again about the French girls' clothes that in spite of my loyalty I have felt called upon to investigate.

Now, I haven't a host of statistics at hand, but from all I have been able to unearth it seems that the French girls not only wear keen clothes (some say the most classy), but that the cost of them is about one-fourth of that to us, and it isn't because of the H. C. L. here, either.

Not only are the French girls good little managers about such things, but they undertake the making of the majority of their clothes themselves and they have style to them, too.

Just today a dear little old lady was telling me that the modern girls when old enough to be making their own underclothes at least are still sewing on doll clothes and wasting their time more and more the older they grow.

The worst part about it is that we must all admit that there is a tiny bit of truth in the matter—especially are we slow in realizing the fact and getting started.

Fortunate, indeed, is the girl who can make some of her own clothes for she can afford four times as many as the girl who can not.

Mary Pickford. Dear Miss Lee: Has Mary Pickford ever been married?—No Name. Mary Pickford is married to Owen Moore.

Fudge. Dear Miss Lee: I believe that the proportion in my fudge recipe was wrong because it is so low. I would like to know if you had a good recipe for fudge?—A Constant Reader.

The following recipe I have used for years and found very popular: Two cups of granulated sugar, 1 cup of sweet milk, 2 squares of chocolate, late, and a lump of butter the size of a walnut. Put on stove and allow to boil about ten minutes; until a small amount of the candy will form in cold water. When put in cold water, flavor with vanilla, remove from stove and place in cold water for 15 or 20 minutes. Then beat until the mixture shows it will

harden and pour out on buttered pan. Fudge made this way should be very creamy and is excellent when poured over marshmallows or when nuts are added just before beating.

Night School. Dear Miss Lee: Please give me information concerning the night schools under the public school system? Just what will be taught at which schools?—A Student.

No definite date has been set for the opening of the night classes, but it is believed it will be about October 1. Further information can be obtained at that time from the Board of Education.

new starch for the bunny's collars, and all was well. And if the salt cellar doesn't pour molasses in the sugar bowl and make the ice cream believe it's milk, I'll tell you next about Uncle Wiggily and the corn cobs.

CHILDREN'S SUNRISE STORIES UNCLE WIGGILY AND THE ZOO.

By HOWARD R. GARIS. (Copyright, 1919, The McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

Nurse Jane was making some starch for Uncle Wiggily's collars.

Around and around she stirred the white starch, and she kept on until it looked like a pudding; only, of course, there were no raisins in it. Raisins would not be good for Uncle Wiggily's collars, you know.

As Nurse Jane was getting ready to dip the bunny rabbit gentleman's collars in the starch she heard someone was sick, so she left things just as they were and hopped off to the kitchen table. Nurse Jane hurried over to the mouse lady's house. Uncle Wiggily was just going to put on his tall silk hat, which was called the ZOO, when suddenly there came bounding into the kitchen a bad animal named the ZOO.

He was something like the Pipsissewa and the Skeeceke, rolled up and then cut out with a cookie masher.

"Well, I want some off your ears, and as much as I can get," cried the ZOO. "Hello, who are you?"

"That's all nonsense," sneered the ZOO. "Collars go on the outside of your neck, and my ZOO goes on the inside of my neck. I'm going to swallow it—watch me!"

"On, don't!" cried the bunny. "That isn't pudding, it's—"

But before she could say what the ZOO was the ZOO took up the big spoon Nurse Jane had used to stir the starch and began eating the white stuff.

"Don't tell me it isn't pudding!" he said, as he took the last spoonful. "Now that I've eaten it, I'll take some of your—some of—"

The ZOO looked at Uncle Wiggily and said, "I wonder what makes me feel so queer and stiff?"

"It's just as if I were made of glass, or hard candy, or—"

"What is the starch you ate?" said the bunny. "Starch makes clothes stiff, and it has made you so stiff that you can't bend at all."

"I don't believe it!" cried the ZOO. He tried to stoop and bend over, and as soon as he did he broke into a dozen pieces, all starched stiff, and when he lay flat on his back (after a little was all better) she swept the pieces all up in the dustpan and that was the end of the ZOO for this week. Then the muskrat lady made

which it allows me to do. So I have the care of this money, and I have always wished that my husband should be worthy of sharing this great fortune in order that he should help me make good use of it. I thought of another thing, too—He who will be my husband must be able to take care of me. There is a man who has done all he can to conceal from me that he loves me, but I do not doubt that he loves me. You do love me, Jean?"

"Yes, Jean," said Jean in a low voice, his eyes cast down, looking like a criminal. "I do love you."

"I knew it very well, but I wanted to hear you say it. And now, Jean, I say to you, I love you! Do not come near me, yet. Before I came here I thought I had a good stock of courage, but you see I have no longer my fine composure of a minute ago. And now, Monsieur le Cure, I want you to answer me, not him. Tell me, if he loves me and feels me worthy of my love, should he not agree to be my husband?"

"Jean," said the old priest gravely, "marry her, it is your duty."

And as Jean took Bettina in his arms the cure continued, "You have been told that Monsieur le Cure, that Jean was almost like your own son. Now you will have two children, that is all."

A month later Bettina, in the simplest of wedding dresses, entered the church. The old cure said mass. Jean and Bettina knelt before him. He pronounced the Benediction. Then floated from the organ the same reverie of Chopin's which Bettina had played the first time she had entered that village church, where was to be consecrated the happiness of her life.

And this time it was Bettina who wept.

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Woodward & Lothrop

New York—WASHINGTON—Paris.



Blouses of Net Much In Evidence

Net is the latest Paris sensation, and the Blouse Section is showing many new styles of this favored material.

At \$6.75 are white net blouses inserted with lace and shirred; tucked fronts with plain or tucked backs; lace-trimmed cuffs and round necks inserted with periwinkle blue and other ribbons.

At \$7.50 is a square-necked white net blouse, with rows of lace ruffled to form a square bib front, and closing in the back. One with lace-trimmed Tuxedo roll, net ruffle trimmings and vestee, finished with crocheted buttons. Others liberally tucked and lace-inserted, including a style with periwinkle blue embroidered dots.

At \$9.75, rich imitation filet lace composes a charming frill that partly hides the neat little tucking beneath it. The sleeves of this white net blouse are filled upward and downward.

At \$11.75, a cleverly designed underbodice shows its lace trimmings to advantage through the outside layer of white net, which is also embroidered. A lace tie falls from the lace-ruffled collar.

At \$14.75, an ecru net Russian overblouse, an individual model in quaint bodice effect, with rich lace-enhanced vestee, flesh and blue souchie bindings trimming the entire blouse.

On hastily, "I didn't mean to startle you so. I wish that blush could be for me and not just here."

His voice always drops, Joan, to a note of tenderness that would melt an iron woman.

"Perhaps," I said in a tone that proclaimed my collapse of self-possession, "perhaps it was—for you."

"Oh, Dorothy, do you?"

A sound as of someone stumbling in the thick wood just behind the other end, his words and made us both stare in the direction of the noise.

"I saw Miss Corley struggling to her feet. Linc ran toward her."

"Oh, I have hurt myself so!" she gasped as he reached her and helped her very gently to rise. "My foot—oh, my foot—my ankle's broken! I think—" and a quivering moan escaped her.

Joan, I may be a pig. But nothing could make me believe she didn't do it all on purpose, and that she didn't hurt one bit. It is the rule of a cheap siren, who, having managed to get me out of her path to Tom Benedict, now finds Eric more

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September Clean-up Sale

AUTOMOBILE ACCESSORIES

NOTE THESE SAVINGS—FOR ONE WEEK ONLY

Table listing various automobile accessories and their prices. Items include Spark Plugs, Spark Plugs, Dimming Switches, Battery Voltmeters, Speedometer Lamps, Ford Crank Locks, Carbon Remover, Cementless Patches, Battery Ammeters, Pick-up Lamps, Pump Connections, Radiator Ornaments, Tire Trunks, Rim Tools, Headlight Deflectors, and Air Gauges. Prices range from 25c to \$3.00.

Similar Savings Right and Left

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