



**EWING'S OVERSEAS MILITARY BAND**

Veterans From All Branches—Big Chautauqua Attraction.

William Ewing, one of the most successful band leaders in the country, a director of many years' experience, has literally scoured the country to make his band of overseas veterans this year one of the biggest attractions on any Chautauqua circuit.

These men are recruited from every branch of the service. They have in them and will put into their music under this great leader the pep and go that made the American Army a terror to the German hordes. They will put on a wonderful program with all kinds of variety—a program that will please everyone. To give the proper touch and finish to the program it is understood that the band will appear at night in the zouave costumes of the French Colonials.



**SAND ARTIST-MAGICIAN**

Among Chautauqua Attractions.

Henry, the well-known artist and magician, is one of the few men on the platform doing art work in sand, one of the greatest novelties of recent years. While not detracting from his

work as a magician and manipulator, his artistic work in creating pictures with the aid of colored sand as well as his work with crayon, adds a pleasing variety to an already interesting program, and on Sunday gives him an opportunity to develop a program that is entirely unique and thoroughly in keeping with the day.



**POPULAR VICTOR ARTIST**

And Brilliant Brazilian Violinist in Big Concert Party at Chautauqua.

Christian Mathiesen the popular Norwegian tenor, who has made so many records for the Victor Company, will head his own company this year, and is one of the big musical attractions scheduled for the Chautauqua. He is bringing with him Ignatius Tello, the brilliant Brazilian violinist, whose

impetuous playing has been receiving such favorable comment of late, his work showing refinement and excellent taste. In Pittsburgh, where she holds one of the best church positions, Miss Jeannette Booher, the soprano, is known as a remarkably successful singer, and comes from the Cincinnati Symphony. Miss Margarite Poindexter is the pianist and accompanist of the party and justifies the use of both titles. Temperamentally and technically it is a great combination.

**THE OLD COUNTRY FIDDLER COMES TO TOWN**

Famous Yankee Entertainer to Appear at Chautauqua Here.

Charles R. Taggart did not need to cultivate any yankee dialect, as he comes naturally by it, having been born where it grows. He did not inherit everything else that he puts into his program, however. Practically everything he does is original: monologues, solos, instrumental music and all. Piano, violin and vocal chords are all alike with him. He just puts on his old felt hat and sings and plays and fiddles his way right into your heart. His Victor records are widely known and very popular. We happened to get hold of this characteristic photo where he "hears his own voice."



**Will-O-the-Wisp**  
By FRANK COMSTOCK

With a soft purring sound such as a cat would make before a warm fire, the aeroplane slid through the night, banked, came deftly about as it neared the poplars at the end of the enclosure and dipped.

A shadow fled across the lawn beneath it. Ashcroft lowered the forward planes, the Will-o-the-Wisp settled, ran along the grass for a little way, and a moment later he jumped off and came over where I stood.

"What do you think of it?" he queried exultingly. "I think," I replied "that you have perfected one of the most devilish contrivances ever possessed by a respectable crook. When do we start?"

"Half an hour," he said. "Come inside and have a drink."

When we had seated ourselves on either side of a bottle of sparkling Chablis, he raised his glass and toasted our coming adventure.

"To the safe voyage of the Will-o-the-Wisp and the Honorable Georgia Calendar's diamond dog collar," said he.

And we drank it off with deep feeling.

A month before I had come across Ashcroft, or rather he had come across me, and in a manner that left no doubt as to my intentions in visiting him.

The fact of it was, that his home being one of the most snug-looking villas in the exclusive section of Staten Island, and I being a gentleman living mainly by my wits, I cast my eyes upon it and computed mentally just how much I should be in if fortune should favor me with a clear field.

The upshot of the thing was, that just as I was about to descend from his third-story window, together with what more or less valuable articles I had managed to pick up in the course of my visit, the electric lights were switched on and a bullet splattered the plaster down the back of my neck.

Ashcroft changed his mind after the first shot, took me in, instructed me in what he was pleased to call "the finer points of the game," and from that on we were inseparable.

We distrusted each other most cordially and split the profits.

He looked up at me from a long and silent meditation upon the virtues of the wine.

"The wind will drop in about fifteen minutes, I should say, and the Honorable Mrs. Calendar's little private roof-party takes place at eleven. We shall just make it. Have you a revolver?"

I got out my automatic and inspected its contents, and he nodded in approval.

"Let us pray we shall not have to use them. Where are the masks?"

We climbed aboard. The Will-o-the-Wisp quivered, moved forward like a living thing. Ashcroft tilted the forward planes and we lifted.

An immense shadow was flitting along the ground below us, but presently the moon went behind a cloud and we gazed through darkness. The country below us was an inky surface, with here and there a twinkling light that spoke of a house.

Ashcroft moved the lever a trifle and my seat inclined a fraction. I knew that we were climbing.

Presently we righted and slid along on a level. Ashcroft let out another notch and the purring of the motor increased to a muffled hum. A whirling white ribbon that I knew was the turnpike was discernible below us and a black spot was racing along in our wake.

It was an automobile, and a faint tooting of the horn came up to us, but the men in it never lifted their faces.

"Two thousand feet," said Ashcroft. "We shall just make it."

Far below us to the right one could make out the varied lights of Coney Island.

A little north of them the sharp, knife-like streak of a searchlight from the Navy Yard swept back and forth across the sky, once heading exactly in our direction, but we were beyond its focus.

It looked like a toy city. I could hardly believe it was New York, that vague wilderness of roofs, the long strings of lights that were the streets, the faint glow of Broadway, the crawling things that I knew were the trains of the elevated railroad.

It was exactly 11:00 o'clock. Over Madison Square we circled again and slid down in a long glide until we could have shaken hands with Diana had we been in her vicinity. Then Ashcroft shut off the motor and we nosed earthward in a narrowing circle. Ashcroft is nothing if not accurate.

We made our way cautiously across the two roofs that intervened between the Will-o-the-Wisp and the imitation Italian garden that sent a soft glow of light into the night.

caught the glimmer of the famous Coventry studs.

Then Ashcroft pushed swiftly by me and I followed him into the light. We terrorized them for a moment—to tell the truth, we were a strange sight, in our long rubber cloaks, and vizor caps and the masks across our faces.

The butler near the door must have made some movement, for Ashcroft's revolver barked sharply and the fellow coughed and clumped and crumpled across a little table full of empty dishes.

My lord rose slowly to his feet and his florid face worked in fury. He was no coward, if he did have other defects.

"What do you want?" he said.

Ashcroft waited until the little wreath of acrid smoke had lifted and then stepped forward.

We had no time to lose now. It was unfortunate that we had to kill the butler. No doubt the sharp report had roused the curiosity of some inquisitive citizens, and it was only a matter of time when help might appear on the roof.

"You will unfasten your shirt-studs and drop them on the table in front of you," he said curtly.

He waved his pistol and the rest slunk back. And then while I covered them, he went swiftly to Mrs. Calendar and undid the necklace, holding it up for a moment in the light in a sort of gloating satisfaction, and then slipped it into his pocket.

I swept the studs into the palm of my hand.

There were six of them, large and blue-white, and they clinked together musically as I took them. I could see the lord of Coventry quivering in impotent rage with his hands above his head; then Ashcroft whistled and we backed through the shrubbery.

How we half-ran, half-stumbled across the black darkness of the roofs I do not remember.

I recollect Ashcroft working with sobbing curses at the propellers, the sudden roar of the Gnome as she spun in a shrieking circle, we rolled forward, shot over the edge, dipped with a sickening sensation to what seemed certain destruction—caught the wind on our forward planes and mounted steadily.

For a moment there was a splendid sensation in it all, a sense of power and disdain for the impotent little things that ran and shouted in the streets a thousand feet below us and turned up white faces in the yellow lights, gesticulating comically.

I think they shot at us.

When we had got up 2,000 feet we turned a little, and I could just make out the dark outline of Staten Island in the bay below.

Then the Will-o-the-Wisp quivered and plunged and righted again and swerved and shot upward in an odd manner.

I turned to Ashcroft. He had slumped in a grotesque manner to the back of the seat, and there was a trickle of blood running down the shoulder of his coat. A sudden gust of wind rocked the aeroplane to one side and we dropped and shot forward with frightful speed down an invisible toboggan.

With a desperate effort I righted the planes, and for an instant we sang along steadily.

Then I lost control.

Two thousand feet in the air I lost control of the aeroplane. Another descent and another upward lurch as I recovered. We were rocking furiously now.

I dared to glance down. What I saw was that Ashcroft had fallen so that the engine connection was beyond my reach. I could not stop it. A sudden glare blinded my eyes.

The Will-o-the-Wisp had dropped into the path of the searchlight, and for an instant I looked down into the heart of the dazzling radiance.

I must have raised the planes again, for we shot upward, the searchlight swept by, and I fled into the darkness, helpless on the back of the throbbing monster with a dead man for a passenger.

Then there came a crack from somewhere in the maze of wires that netted and crossed behind me.

In the white glare as the searchlight caught us again, Ashcroft's eyes looked up at me in an unseeing manner.

I think it was the left wing that gave way; the Will-o-the-Wisp ricocheted from side to side in a drunken fashion—collapsed in mid-air, and then turned over and over and hurtled downward.

I don't know how I managed it. The shock of the water revived me a bit—I was more dazed than hurt—and there were one or two bits of wreckage floating about after I managed to dive and shed my heavy coat and get out from under all that was left of the Will-o-the-Wisp.

I could see the searchlight playing about on the water in search of us, and it finally got the machine, but I kept out of its reach and paddled away.

A tug was going by rather slowly and she almost ran me down in the darkness, but I managed to get hold of one of the trailing logs she had at her side, and when we reached a wharf I dropped behind and scrambled ashore.

I skulked about the streets until my clothes were presentable and then made my way to a pawnshop whose owner knew me of old, and disposed of one of the Coventry studs.

I don't know what became of Ashcroft.

The thing made a big sensation in the papers the next day. There were stories columns long about it, but this is about the most veracious account you will ever get of the matter, that is, unless Ashcroft ever happens to crop up again.

**BIG EXTRA ATTRACTION**

Added to Chautauqua Program by Management—United States Major Coming.

Maj. Arthur S. Libby, interpreter on the general staff of the United States army, French instructor to many Generals and their staffs, has just been added to the big Chautauqua program by the Chautauqua management. The big program was already full and really overflowing, but when they found they could secure Major Libby,



who had a wonderful experience both during and before the war, it was decided to crowd the musical program the first afternoon and give the people a chance to hear Major Libby. The Major says that he learned more about his own city while he was at the American consulate in Frankfurt, Germany, than he had known about it by living in it for 15 years. From the far east he watched the approaching struggle long before its outbreak, but was back in Berlin when it actually started. He collected a lot of information among German officers in their clubs and mess, and from actual documents examined. He was a prisoner, and the thrilling details of his escape make a strong background for the presentation of his statesmanlike views regarding our present problems.

**DR. LYMAN P. POWELL**

NOTED EDUCATOR AND AUTHOR OF SERIES OF BOOKS ON AMERICANISM.

Released by Inter-Church World Movement for Chautauqua Lectures.

Dr. Powell, who is one of the leaders in the movement for educational reciprocity between England, France and the United States, author of a new series of books on Americanism



to be used in the public schools, and a contributor to many magazines, has been released by the Inter-Church World movement for a series of Chautauqua lectures, one of which will be delivered here. The doctor is a speaker of much force, virility and originality, and will doubtless have a large audience.

**Mr. Reitzel Brings a Nut to Crack but Also a Nut Cracker.**

Mr. Reitzel, one of our Chautauqua lecturers this season, has for a topic "The Problems of Patriotism." In these chaotic days, that's quite a nut to crack, but we understand that Mr.



Reitzel's philosophy is sound, that he has been trained in the law, spent some years in the ministry and has been for some time on the lecture platform, so we anticipate that he will bring a "nut cracker" with him that will be sufficient at least to open up to view the meat in this topic he is to discuss. Do not be surprised if you find some good stories scattered along during the discussion.

**The Day's End**  
By ALDEN CHAPMAN

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Lesbia Travis arrayed herself as if for a state occasion. Her gowns were few and not strictly elegant, but she looked pretty as a picture as she left her room, pausing to bestow a light but loving kiss upon the engagement circlet upon her finger, only a few days old. Then its presence seemed to act as incentive and reminder. She opened a drawer in the bureau and from a faded, time-worn velvet jewel case removed a ring with an old-fashioned setting surmounted by a brilliant white diamond.

Her eyes were tender and misty as it reflected a light rivaling the pure intensity of her own bright eyes. Memory was sentiment and pervading. "In honor of Alan!" she whispered devoutly. "Surely he is worthy, and it is our last meeting for a long, long time."

The ring was about all in the world of value that Lesbia possessed. Her mother had bestowed it upon her a few days before she died and Lesbia had cherished it a sacred memento.

Alan Rawleigh looked like an artist, and was one. The delicate refinement of his face attracted even those of coarser mold. Art had been his passion, and the scope and encouragement of a small inland city had become too narrow for his ability, his ambition and his genius.

Sadly the day was dying—"before eventide it shall be light!" Air and sky were in harmony with a subdued sentiment. In the west the last rays of the sun formed a fanlike splendor, while a mellow hyacinthine hue, exquisitely diversified, formed a curtain of loveliness and spread over the canopy to the east. Lesbia found Alan on the porch, half-reclining in a hammock, his poetic glance fixed on the far glowing horizon.

"The day's end!" he murmured softly, as Lesbia joined him.

"How beautiful!" she said in an awed, yet enraptured tone, and then, her hand resting in his own, they sat mutely engrossed under the spell of a silence that was eloquent. Soul spoke to soul, but better thus, for the holy calm of the hour seemed to lift them into a higher sphere. They watched the shadows come, the radiant sky colors fade and darken. Then one glowing star came out, only one.

"I shall think of you whenever I gaze at that star," spoke Alan, "and that will be every eventide. Oh, my precious one! this hour of happiness is the supreme moment of our existence."

That star, that one evening, Lesbia's presence, the uplifting soulfulness of all nature molded their eternal fibers inseparably into the warp and woof of Alan Rawleigh's career. After he had gone to the city, weekly a letter came to Lesbia, always cheery and full of optimism. He had found studio room with a veteran portrait painter, one Giles Larne, and his friendship and co-operation had brought a new joy into Alan's life. He had introduced Alan into advanced artistic circles, had found him some stock picture work that afforded him a living, and had encouraged him to make an effort for recognition from the art institute.

"And oh! Lesbia," wrote Alan, "my very being is enwrapped in a picture, the theme of which is the end of that beautiful day when last we saw one another and our souls seemed to merge into a new world of sweetness and beauty. 'The Day's End'—it shall be the effort of my life and the one star may shine on us to illumine our paths to fame and fortune."

It was a little after when a letter written in an unfamiliar hand came to Lesbia. It was signed "Giles Larne," and it told the anxious and alarmed Lesbia that her fiancé had broken down from worry and overwork and was in a serious condition. At once Lesbia arranged to go to the city. An aunt resided there; she went to her home and then to Giles Larne, who informed her that Alan was in a hospital and, according to the doctors, in for a long siege of sickness.

Lesbia stood spellbound, as for the first time Larne took her to the studio and showed upon the easel "The Day's End." The tears would come as she recognized how Alan had imbibed and expressed the soulful beauty of that eventful eventide. And there in the far west was the star—their star!

"That is where Alan broke down," explained the faithful old veteran. "He tried all kinds of paint to get the glow and sparkle of the star and failed. The picture goes to the art exhibition, however."

"Oh, Mr. Larne!" burst forth Lesbia impetuously, "I have a thought, a grand thought!" and she spoke words that caused the old artist to quiver with the rarest excitement.

When Alan Rawleigh was announced it was Lesbia who announced to him that not only had his picture taken the first prize but a rich connoisseur had offered a fabulous price for it. He was spellbound as he viewed his work in the grand gallery. The shining star seemed fairly to pierce his vision. It was that unique emphasis that had charmed thousands.

"Mother's diamond inserted in the canvas," whispered Lesbia, and Alan Rawleigh understood.

Another was substituted before the picture was sent to its purchaser, for the original one that had brought fame and fortune was worn by Lesbia on their wedding eve.