NANCY WYNNE DISCUSSES SUBJECTS OF SOCIAL IMPORT

Entertaining at Narragansett in Full Swing—Children's Party for Fifi Widener at Newport—Some Bits of Polo Gossip

THE Philadelphia colony at the Pier is constantly growing, and a list of "among those present" includes so many from our own town that one might well be attending a similar affair on the Main Line, were it not for the difference in temperature. Jack and Dorothy Randolph Fell, who have been cruising around on their yacht, the Dorothea, have returned to Narragansett, and gave a dinner of 20 or more covers there on Monday evening. Among their guests were the Harry Harrisons, Tom McKeans, Petey Roberts, Alec Browns, Bertha Snowden, Mrs. Plunkett Stewart, the Phil Stevensons, the Roche twins and Willie Carter.

Mrs. Phil Stevenson, by the way, played a regular position on the polo team at the match held at the Westchester Polo Club in Newport on Tuesday. Both she and Eleo Sears ride their ponies as if they were part of their mounts, and, as a veteran of the game said on witnessing a recent match in which they took part: "I have often seen these women play, and what always strikes me as remarkable is the fact that they never appear 'stale.' Now I certainly can't say the same of any man I know, and I believe I am acquainted with nearly every polo player of prominence in the country."

And now here is Fifi Widener celebrating her fifteenth birthday, if you please, with a dinner-dance in truly grown-up fashion, lasting until 11 o'clock, only three or four hours behind her mother's parties. She was born in Newport, and as the Joe Wideners always spend their summers there, her birthdays are always celebrated at their villa. It seems hardly any time since she was a tiny tot, but now she has suddenly sprung up and is taller than her mother.

I am told that Leopold Seyffert, who, with his young wife, is spending the summer at Seal Harbor, is making a series of charcoal sketches of celebrities and will exhibit them in this city, Boston and New York in the fall. He has already done Kreisler, Godowsky, Stokowski and his attractive wife, Madame Samaroff; Kindler and Friedburg, and intends doing Hofmann, Damrosch, Schelling, Bauer and Gabrilowitsch. With a list like this, the exhibition will undoubtedly be most interesting—and popular.

NANCY WYNNE.

Personals

The marriage of Miss Emily Beatrice Saunders, daughter of Mrs. Walter B. Saunders, and Mr. Charles Callahan Perkins will be solemnized at 4 o'clock on the afternoon of Saturday, September 16. A reception at Ivy Lodge, Overbrook, will follow the ceremony.

Mr. and Mrs. Craig Biddle entertained at dinner last night at Newport.

Mrs. E. H. G. Slater gave a luncheon yesterday afternoon at Newport in honor of Mrs. Nicholas Longworth.

Mr. and Mrs. Sydney Emlen Hutchinson, who have been cruising in New England waters aboard their yacht the Admiral, have returned to their summer home, Beverly Farms, Mass.

Mr. and Mrs. George Brooke have left Newport and are in Saratoga for several days.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph F. Page, 3d, who have been spending some time at Cape May, have returned to their home in Haverford.

Invitations have been received for the marriage of Miss Dorothy Gardner Nichols, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Waldemar John Nichols, of East Jaffrey, N. H., to Mr. George Francis Stratton, formerly instructor in science and mathematics at the Tome School.

Along the Main Line

ST. DAVID'S—Mr. and Mrs. Frank Disston have returned home, after spending several weeks at the Traymore, Atlantic City.

Mr. and Mrs. William H. Brooks, of Crossways, St. David's, accompanied by Mrs. Brooks's mother, Mrs. Doran, of Philadelphia, are spending the remainder of the summer at Dixville Notch, N. H.

WAYNE—Mr. Edward Pugh is spending a fortnight at Lake George, N. Y.

Mr and Mrs. H. K. Mulford and their family, of Wyndhurst, left this week to spend the remainder of the summer at Lake Placid, N. Y. The engagement of Miss Esther Stewart Mulford to Mr. Arthur Leon Meyer, of Trenton, N. J., has just been announced.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel A. Abbott, of Lancaster avenue, are spending several weeks at Rangeley Lakes, Me.

Mr. W. H. Adams is a member of a party which left here last Saturday for a three weeks' tour of New England.

DEVON—Miss Sylvia Barnes, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John H. Barnes, of West Acres, Devon, is spending several weeks in Quebec.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward E. Mandeville have gone to Atlantic City, to remain until September.

Mrs. W. B. Paxson and Miss Alice Paxson, of Devon, are spending a few weeks at the Chelsea Hotel, Atlantic City.

Along the Reading

Mr. and Mrs. John Frazier, of Washington lane, Jenkintown, are spending some time at their summer home at Northeast Harbor, Me.

Mr. and Mrs. William H. Palmer, Jr., and their family, of Greenwood avenue, have left for Stone Harbor, N. J., where they will spend a fortnight.

Mr. and Mrs. Edgar Hand, of Webster avenue, Wyncote, have left for Bermuda.

Mr. and Mrs. James Dey Rowland, of Ashbourne road, Elkins Park, have left for Mt. Kineo, Me.

Miss Helen Wentz, of Ashbourne, is the guest of friends at Blandford, Pa., for several weeks.

Mr. Edward Ervin, of Ashbourne, has left for Eagles Mere, where he will spend several weeks.

North Philadelphia

Mrs. Augusta Price, of 2436 North Twentieth street, announces the engagement of her daughter, Miss Minnie Bernice Price, to Mr. Nathaniel E. Jaffe, of 1935 South Ninth street.

Miss Emily J. Howe, of Fairmount avenue, is visiting Miss Bessie B. Watson at her summer cottage in Wildwood.

Miss Genevieve Carpenter, of 1915 North Thirteenth street, has returned from Atlantic City.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert E. Gamble, of 2842 Girard avenue, will motor to Wildwood on Saturday, where they will spend some time at the Hotel Winona. Before returning home they will motor to New York to visit Mrs. Gamble's father, Mr. Joseph Goodrich.

Mrs. M. C. Hayes, of 3002 West Susquehanna avenue, has returned home from Atlantic City.

Northeast Philadelphia

MISS ELIZABETH MORRISON

A delightful surprise party was given by Mr. James Morrison, of 895 Wingohocking street, on Tuesday evering in honor of the eighteenth birthday of his niece, Miss Elizabeth Morrison. Among the guests were Miss Elizabeth Kennedy, Miss Marie Stacer, Miss Lillian Hanna, Miss Bessie Hanna, Miss Effie Miller, Miss Portia Watson, Miss Helen Cliff, Mr. Robert Lamont, Mr. Herbert Lamont, Mr. John Marsh, Mr. Edward Reilley, Mr. Harold Simonds, Mr. Edward Frick, Mr. John Carson and Mr. David Mull gan.

Germantown

Mr. Edward Clark, 3d, of Cedron, Indian Queen lane, has left for Portland, Ore., where he will be the guest of Mrs. Cyrus A. Dolph for a fortnight. The marriage of Mr. Clark and Miss Hazel Dolph will take place in October.

Mrs. Joseph C. Ferguson and Miss Emily W. Ferguson, of 426 West School House lane, will remain in Ocean City, N. J., until after Labor Day.

Mr. Walter Ferguson, has returned from Westside Camp, near Warwick, N. Y.

Mr. and Mrs. George G. Cookman, of West School House lane and Morris street, are spending several weeks in Beach Haven.

West Philadelphia

Mrs. J. Edward Lutz and her niece, Miss Constance Gill, who have been spending the summer in Chelsea, will return to their home, 4222 Walnut street, late this month.

Mr. and Mrs. H. L. Dougherty, of 353 North Horton street, are visiting friends in Scranton for a few weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Flannery, of 6108 Westminster avenue, and their three children have returned from Mahanoy City, after spending two weeks as the guests of Mr. Flannery's parents, Mr. and Mrs. P. J. Flannery.

Tioga

The marriage of Miss Christine Geyer, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James H. Geyer, of 3228 North Sixteenth street, to Mr. Lester Stinson Dickensheets, of Gloucester City, N. J., will take place on the afternoon of Wednesday, September 6, in the Evangelical Lutheran Church of the Nativity, Seventeenth and Tioga streets. Miss Florence Geyer will be her sister's maid of honor, and Mr. Thurston Davies will act as best man.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur E. Nitzsche, of 1234 West Hilton street, are receiving congratulations on the birth of a daughter, Margaret Ellen Nitzsche, on July 28.

Roxborough

Miss Rena McCartney, Miss Mabel Shields and Miss Ina Shields have left for a trip to Niagara Falls and Canada. Upon their return they will spend some time in Atlantic City. Mr. Frank Shields has just returned from a stay at Clementon, N. J.

Mr. and Mrs. John Wilde, of East Shawmont avenue, have gone to Ocean City, N. J., to remain until autumn.

Mr. and Mrs. William F. Steele, of 8629 Ridge avenue, will leave during the week to spend the remainder of the season in Wildwood.

Miss Martha Jeuther has returned from the Pocono Mountains and has left for Sellersville, Pa.

Mrs. Johanna MacFadyen, of 4451 Fleming street, has gone to Shelly, Pa., for a visit of several weeks.

South Philadelphia

Miss Agnes V. Mohan, of 1527 Ritner street, entertained the I. C. Club recently, her guests including Miss Louise Worth Conant, Miss Vera Dorothy Terry, Miss M. Isabel Steinhauser, Mr. D. Chester Lippincott, of New York; Mr. Basil M. Harrison, Mr. Gordon J. Wallace, of Baltimore, and Mr. Cyril V. Hallowell.

Mr. Herman Levine, Mr. Joseph Freedlander and Mr. Paul Cohen have returned from a fortnight's trip through the Middle West, stopping in St. Louis.

Camden and Vicinity

The marriage of Miss Mary Magoun, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Henry A. Magoun, of Madison avenue, Haddonfield, to Mr. Fourney Parker, of Lebanon, will take place on September 8.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Hillman, of King's Highway, East, will remain in their bungalow at Pocono Pines, near Summit, Pa., until the middle of September.

Wilmington

WILMINGTON, Del., Aug. 24. — Mr. Charles P. Warwick gave a dance at Naaman's last night for his daughter, Miss Elizabeth Warwick.

Miss Elizabeth Knight, of Baltimore, is visiting Mrs. Charles Copeland and Mrs. Pierre S. du Pont. Mrs. Copeland gave a luncheon in her honor this week.

Notices for the Society page will be accepted and printed in the Evening Ledger, but all such notices must be written on one side of the paper, must be signed in full, with full address, and when possible telephone number must be given.

Send all such communications to "Society Editor," Evening Ledger, 60th Chestnut street.

Unless these requirements are carried out, so that verification may be possible, the notice will not be published.

SHE STOLE MIKE'S HEART AWAY, NOW MIKE'S WRITING POETRY

But Mike Can "Lick" Anybody in Georgia to Win This Fair Southern Beauty

Met Her on Atlantic's Sandy Shores, but Even So She Is True to Her Beau at Home

Nellie Riley stole big "Mike" Devine's heart away and went back home to Georgia.

That's the entire story except for some details which have to do with Devine looking at the moon as he walks his beat in West Philadelphia, writing poetry, reporting for duty on his day off and vowing that he can "lick" any baker or Baker in the State of Georgia.

No one can deny that Devine is in love—"Mike" Devine, whom woman had failed to charm all these 45 years or more, that began when he was born in County Derry, Ireland. He admits that when he went to Atlantic City for his vacation about three weeks ago he met his fate in pretty Nellie Riley, who owns a millinery shop in Atlanta, Ga. He wouldn't have to admit it, says Lieutenant Ben Savage, of the Thirty-ninth street and Lancaster avenue police station.

Devine is waiting for the answer to his plea, made while he and pretty Nellie Riley were sitting on the sands watching the waves come swishing into shore. He knows there is "some one" else, either a baker or a Baker—he doesn't know which—down in Atlanta. But he's hoping. And he says he would go down to Georgia and wallop every baker by trade and Baker by name in the State if that would help his suit. His friends agree that he could do it, for his 6 feet 2 inches of muscle is topped by a shock of red hair, and everybody knows how a red-headed man can fight. All his 21 years on the force Devine has been known as a "scrapper" and a "bear."

But he's grown very gentle of late. His dreams of Nellie Riley, with her Irish blue eyes and her black hair, have set him to writing poetry, an art which he's cultivated from time to time. Here is his "Locksley Hall," the rhymes of which he composed while walking his beat and the words of which he wrote down on the walls of corner buildings by the light of arc lamps:

JUST A GIRL FROM GEORGIA.

Of late I paid a visit to the Atlantic shore,
Where thousands there assembled from places near and far.
I there saw one amongst the rest who stole my heart away
And left me here to languish on the Atlantic bay.
By a friendly introduction I did obtain her name
And slowly did inquire from her from whence she came.
Said she: "I came from Georgia State, that fair and sunny land,
And for recreation I have strayed to the Atlantic strand."
Said I: "Fair maid, be not afraid, although you're far from home,
For I am a man of high renown, and very well it's known.
I would make you my equal could I obtain your hand
And stay with me and bid farewell to Georgia sunny land."
"I am sorry, sir," she did reply, "I am not of your degree;
Therefore I am not equal your partner for to be,
As I left my true love in Atlanta until I return again,
We expect to spend our happy days in Georgia's sunny land."
With due respect she bid good-by and walked along the shore,
Left me behind for to lament—I could see her no more.
My life I would surrender could I her love but gain
To stay with me and bid farewell to Georgia's sunny land.

NEEDED A WIFE.

The other "coppers" at the station house say that "Mike" decided recently, when he was frying some eggs in the bachelor quarters which he maintains at 3510 Race street, that he needed a wife. He went to sleep while the eggs were sizzling, the story runs, and the next thing he knew was that half a dozen burly firemen with a hose were tramping up the steps in response to an alarm turned in by neighbors who saw the smoke.

Be that as it may, he is more than willing for Nellie Riley to settle down with him on one of his two farms near Palm Beach or his farm in County Derry as Mrs. Michael Devine.

MISS NELLIE RILEY
OFFICER MICHAEL DEVINE

WELSH STRAWBRIDGE MARRIED IN HOLLAND

Society Here Surprised by Wedding of Banker, Club Member and Horseman

Philadelphians learned today that Welsh Strawbridge, erstwhile popular bachelor, banker, horseman, polo player and clubman, had gone to Rotterdam to get married. His bride was, until August 16, the date of the wedding, Miss Irene B. Thomas, of Dresden, Germany, where she has been living for three years with an aunt.

When Mr. Strawbridge went to Europe a month ago he took no one into his confidence about his plans except his mother, Mrs. George Strawbridge, with whom he lived at Wissahickon avenue and Westview street, Germantown. His father, an eminent ophthalmologist, died several years ago.

The wedding announcement, cabled to friends here yesterday by Mr. Strawbridge, came as a big surprise.

Mr. Strawbridge is 38 years old. His mother and sisters, Miss Anna Strawbridge and Mrs. Joseph Sailer, are spending the summer at Camden, Me. The bride's father now is in New York, and is said to be a wealthy business man of Chicago, with business interests in Dresden.

The romance began three years ago when Mr. Strawbridge was introduced to Miss Thomas on a steamship going to Europe. He returned when the war began, but returned to Europe on July 8 on the New Amsterdam.

John Strawbridge said today that he felt quite sure his brother was not engaged when he left last July. No details of the wedding were given in the cablegram, he explained.

The bridegroom has the reputation of being one of Philadelphia's most daring cross-country riders and has ridden many winners at steeplechase events about this city and New York. He has been injured several times when thrown in racing events. He played polo extensively, and in 1908 was rescued from drowning in the Schuylkill River when his shell capsized. He then took up aeronautics and has made several balloon trips.

Mr. Strawbridge is a member of the stock brokerage firm of J. & W. Strawbridge. Some of his clubs are the Union League, Radnor Hunt and Philadelphia Cricket. He has been M. F. H. (Master of Fox Hounds) of the Whitemarsh Valley Country Club.

GENERAL GREGG BEQUEATHS $20,000 ESTATE TO TWO SONS

Gettysburg Hero Makes Charities His Residuary Legatees

READING, Pa., Aug. 24.—The will of General D. McM. Gregg, late of this city, was filed for probate with the Orphans' Court here today, disposing of an estate of more than $20,000.

The will provides that the two sons, George S. and David M. Gregg, shall have the income of the estate during their lifetime. In the event of their deaths without issue the estate is to be divided in three equal shares among the Prince of Peace Episcopal Church, Gettysburg; the General Clergy Relief Fund of the Episcopal Church and the Home for Friendless Children, of Reading.

General Gregg bore a conspicuous and heroic part in the battle of Gettysburg as commander of a cavalry division.

BOY'S BATH COSTS FREEDOM

Lad Under Bail as Result of Fireplug Shower

One bath: $300 bail!

Such was the decision of Magistrate Baker today when he discharged 15-year-old John Carr, 2223 Dickinson street, into the custody of his mother and fixed bail at that amount to insure the lad's keeping the peace.

The boy was arrested by the police of the Twentieth and Federal streets station yesterday, accused of turning on fire plugs in the neighborhood to bathe and keep cool. Magistrate Baker did not object so much to the impromptu baths, but the plugs were left open to such an extent that the water supply in houses nearby suffered.

TODAY'S MARRIAGE LICENSES

William F. Morrison, Pittsburgh, and Jessie Miller, Mt. Washington, Pa.
Frederick Wolf, 238 W. Thayer st., and Marie Hiem, 757 Hilton st.
Otto J. Nath, 2511 N. 7th st., and Katherine Messick, 2511 N. 7th st.
Joseph Couto, 3225 Howard st., and Venolia Brown, 3242 Hope st.
Morris E. Jewett, Amesbury, Mass., and Mary Thompson, Washington, D. C.
Walter Hanson, 5936 Webster st., and Helen B. Walter, 5936 Chestnut st.
Robert Peace, 1429 S. 20th st., and Bessie Buggs, 2221 Latona st.
Raymond P. Fraser, 165 Arnold st., and Kathryn A. Nilesie, 4626 Richmond st.
Enrico Amato, 5136 Lancaster ave., and Gilda Gallo, 4808 Woodland ave.

One Wore His Overcoat, Another His Palm Beach

WASHINGTON, Aug. 24.

GIRLS who wear furs in summer are no more "advanced" in style than Senator William J. Stone, of Missouri, chairman of the Foreign Relations Committee. Today he appeared in the Senate chamber wearing an overcoat. Washington's street temperature the day before was 110.

While it was somewhat cooler today, Senator James K. Vardaman, of Mississippi, wore an immaculate white suit and many other legislators were wearing Palm Beach suits at the Capitol when Senator Stone appeared in his tan overcoat that reached to his knees. Several of the Senators joked with him about his winter apparel. The Missourian wore a straw hat.

"THE PRIVATE WAR"

BY LOUIS JOSEPH VANCE — Author of "THE BRASS BOWL"

CHAPTER XVIII.

The Darkness Made Light.

THE night air was cold and still. A heavy frost was settling upon the countryside. No wind stirred, and the quiet was intense. The barking of a dog miles away came to us with wonderful distinctness. We walked in silence, up and down on the driveway near the lodge, within the gates, each deep in meditation, the gravel crunching briskly beneath our feet. After a long interval, Sevrance drew my attention to a light moving within the Hall.

"He spoke of a signal," said my friend. "Perhaps——"

There was no need to add anything. Upon the word we set off toward the house. The light—evidently that of a hand lantern—was visible through the windows of the lower floor. It moved hither and thither, and in the end abruptly approached the door, which was heard to close gently. Then there was the sound of feet upon the piazza, ending in a thud as a man leaped lightly to the ground.

We followed the light, which made off at a swinging pace down the avenue of trees that led to the sea, the two of us dogging it closely, satisfied that the man who carried it was none other than Fritz.

If he heard us following, he did not pause to investigate. Very likely Von Holzborn had warned him that we would be on the lookout; we made no attempt to walk silently, but Fritz kept on swiftly until he had reached the landing.

Here, however, he stopped and began to busy himself mysteriously, placing the lantern on the ground at some distance inland. Sevrance and I walked boldly to his side, but he paid us no attention.

I failed to understand precisely what he was about, but it was soon made clear. After he had arranged everything to his satisfaction, the man produced a box of fusees, struck one, shielding it with his hollowed palms against the slight airs that breathed in from the sea and touched the light to something which he had placed on the rail of the stairway, at the same time stepping quickly back.

A broad, red flame leaped high in the air with a roaring sound, brightly illuminating the little space about us, making the radiance from the lighthouse in comparison seem pale and puny. Sevrance and I started back, slightly surprised, half blinded. Fritz stolidly turned aside and ignited two other flares at distances of 20 feet one from another. When all were blazing full they formed a rough triangle.

The answer presently came—three brilliant rockets, soaring in flaming arcs, far out at sea. Fritz grunted satisfaction and lit another flare, this time of blue light. When it had disappeared, two more rockets darted toward the zenith.

Without noticing us, the man turned sharply about and made for Saltacres Hall. From this, concluding that the pyrotechnics were over for the evening, we followed, gradually permitting the lantern to gain upon us. When he was out of earshot Sevrance spoke.

"Our future ally, Von Holzborn," he mused aloud, "has a decided genius for organization. He sees far ahead and makes his plans accordingly—with a most infernal ingenuity. I confess I'd like to know just what those signals spelled out to De Netze and the others on the yacht."

"We'll have to take them on their face value," I said, "for what the Prussian says they mean."

"Of course. But I distrust him, Gordon; I distrust him!"

"And I no less than you," I told him stoutly. "Notwithstanding that fact, I have put my hand to the plow, and I'm not going to turn back."

"We're agreed there," he pledged himself, with a hearty handclap on my shoulder. "Whither thou goest," he laughed, "there go I—we'll see this thing through to the finish."

Von Holzborn was ready for us when we knocked. Fritz opened instantly, waved us respectfully into the farther apartment and unostentatiously sidled out.

His master was reclining, as before, propped up in the bed by a number of pillows.

He seemed to be suffering severely from his wound. But he made no complaint, and with a frank brutality rejected our—I admit somewhat forced and stilted—expressions of sympathy.

"We'll waive all that and consider it said," he suggested. "This is a business matter, pure and simple. We'll transact it without frills. I am aware that you would gladly see the last of me—just as gladly as I will of you, when we've come to the end of the passage. Frankly, I despise you both heartily, even as you despise me, and the sooner we are agreed and parted, the happier for all concerned."

"We'll subscribe to those sentiments unreservedly," I told him, without resentment. "And now?"

"And 'now into the breech,' dear friends. You'll find cigars on the dresser. Settle yourselves. This is likely to be a long conference—longer than I might wish. Still, 'needs must when the devil drives.' You concur?" He grinned maliciously.

"We concur," stated Sevrance solemnly.

He took a chair in the shadow, and I followed his example. Von Holzborn puffed at his china pipe and appeared to cogitate deeply.

"You've no intention of backing out?" he asked bluntly.

"Not in the least. You are to state the case," I said, "and we will do our part."

"Word of honor, you understand?"

"You are dealing with gentlemen," asserted Sevrance.

"Well and good. We understand one another thoroughly." He laughed as though immensely pleased with himself. "Well, honor among thieves," he murmured philosophically. "You're ready for anything, I suppose?"

"Highway robbery and arson by preference," said Sevrance, falling in with his humor. "But we shan't balk at homicide, kidnapping, or barratry—upon one condition."

"You pledged yourselves unconditionally," said Von Holzborn quickly.

"Then we retract, and pledge ourselves anew conditionally."

"Well, what is it, then?" growled the scoundrel.

"It is understood that nothing which you may ask us to do will react upon England—that the project will involve her in no foreign difficulties."

"Make your minds easy on that score. You will be obliged to violate the laws of neutrality and shatter a few clauses of the Decalogue, perhaps, but no more."

"Fire away, then."

Von Holzborn settled himself comfortably, pulled once or twice at his pipe, and scowled into the smoke.

"The Russian Government," he said, "has purchased through our friend, De Netze, a yacht—a small vessel built for speed, and convertible."

"A torpedoboat?" Sevrance inferred sharply.

"It might be used as a torpedoboat, should occasion arise. In fact, I am able to inform you that a number of torpedoes form part of the cargo of the vessel, and it is provided with the regulation number of tubes—masked. In short, should the vessel get out of English waters, she could be transformed into a lively little torpedoboat at a moment's notice."

"I see."

"Naturally, you undoubtedly appreciate that it would be a violation of the laws of nations for England to permit such a craft to be transferred to the Russian agents. For that reason the negotiations have been conducted with the utmost regard for secrecy. Nevertheless, the agents of the Russian revolutionary party have winded the affair. What the vessel is, where concealed—they suspect. But they know nothing positively; they have not enough to go upon to warrant their lodging information with the authorities. You follow me?"

"Perfectly."

"They have even managed to discover—by what means we cannot tell—that Netze was the ostensible purchaser. For that reason they have dogged his steps persistently, attempted to assassinate him, or to capture him alive—in order that they might procure the papers and other necessary information in the case. It would be madness for him to attempt getting the vessel out of England. For that purpose my services were demanded. Unfortunately, as you understand, I have become too closely identified with the affair—and you see the result."

He smiled grimly, continuing: "It will, therefore, be your part to procure the services of a competent crew—particularly of an engineer and a navigator—men upon whom you can rely to take their pay and keep their lips tight—and to steal the vessel and run it to Libau, where you will deliver it to the Russian authorities."

He made the statement quietly, with no emphasis, with nothing to indicate that he considered the proposition anything out of the ordinary. As for me, it fairly took my breath away—the audacity of the conception, the magnitude of the task. For Sevrance, however, it plainly offered alluring possibilities. I saw him flush with excitement, and his eyes shone with the light of his enthusiasm.

Yet, "Is that all?" he questioned, as though disappointed.

"That is all. You will have plenty of difficulties to encounter and to overcome, with a multitude of dangers which cannot be overestimated. If caught in the act, you'll spend some valuable time in an English prison; if you permit yourselves to be overhauled by a British warship, a cruiser or a destroyer of the Channel Squadron, you will probably be blown out of the water. You will, in short, run the gantlet from Barmouth to Libau on the Baltic—and if you get through unscathed, I shall be surprised."

"Or disappointed?" I put in.

"Both," he said curtly. "There, in a nutshell, is the situation you have to face, gentlemen. And now for particulars." He lay quiescent for a space, smiling inscrutably.

"And now for details," he resumed. "The yacht lies at anchor at Barmouth, already thoroughly equipped, ready in every respect to undertake a long sea voyage—coal in her bunkers, ballast and cargo in her hold. Every detail of her fitting out has been looked to with a careful eye. You will want for nothing of your complement—save men. Those you must engage at your discretion—that alone is your affair.

"The shipyard is that of Rogers & Greer—you will note the name. Greer is the man with whom you deal. You will go to his office, give him the countersign with which I shall acquaint you presently, show him the bill of sale and other papers I shall hand you, and inform him of the day and hour when you will be ready to steal the Clymene—that is the present name of the yacht. Greer will have all ready for you when the time comes. You——"

"Why do you say 'steal'?" I asked. "If it is sold and ready for delivery——"

"You forget that the law prohibits the sale of war vessels to foreign nations which happen to be at war at the time of sale. To protect the owners, the builders, Rogers & Greer, it will be essential that the yacht be taken from them with a show of force. The matter must be reported and commented upon as a robbery. It will take place at midnight, by preference. You, with your crew, will break into the yards, overpower the watchmen—who will be paid for permitting themselves to be overpowered without serious resistance—and make way with the vessel before the authorities get wind of the affair. Do you comprehend fully?

"Now as to funds. You will need money. In the inside pocket of the coat hanging on the back of that chair you will find notes—Bank of England—to the amount of £2000. This will serve for all preliminary expenses, such as the engaging of the crew. Everything else is provided for. You will also find a wallet containing the papers I have mentioned."

Sevrance rose and investigated the indicated coat pocket, offering the contents to Holzborn, who waved them gently back.

"Keep them," he said; "they are now yours. The countersign which I have mentioned is one word, 'Cronstadt'—you will find it an all-sufficient introduction. If, he replies 'Midnight,' you will be able to repose every confidence in him, to rely upon him for every aid within his power to give you. That, I think, is about all—the rest is in your hands. When shall you be able to make the passage, do you calculate?"

Von Holzborn seemed to address me; I looked to Sevrance. The latter knitted his brows thoughtfully. After a moment or two—

"Within one week from today," he announced with decision.

"That will be fast work," the Prussian commented.

"It will be done by then—or not at all," Sevrance promised, with more confidence, I confess, than I found warrant for.

"One question," I interrupted, seeing that Von Holzborn considered the matter settled. "As to the final outcome—if we succeed——"

"Well?" asked the Prussian impatiently.

"As to Lady Herbert and the Myosotis? It is our agreement that you surrender all rights to her ladyship's hand, release her from her engagement. What assurance have we——"

"You will find all information on such points in the paper in the wallet," he said. "For your personal satisfaction I may inform you that it is arranged that the Myosotis, with Monsieur de Netze and Lady Herbert on board, will stand off the mouth of the bar from midnight to dawn of every day during the coming fortnight. You will announce the success of the attempt by means of a single rocket, to be sent up at a point two miles off shore. The Myosotis will respond with two rockets, whereupon you will show a red flare on the port bow. The Myosotis will then join the Clymene and convoy her to Libau. With your glasses and the signal code you will have no difficulty in assuring yourselves that Lady Herbert is aboard. If such is not the case—you are masters of the situation. You have but to turn around and give up the project—in which case I am a ruined and disgraced man."

"That seems satisfactory," Sevrance advanced tentatively, looking at me.

"It will have to be," said Von Holzborn without visible emotion.

I nodded briefly. "Very well," I said. "And you?" I added, questioning the Prussian.

"I? Oh, I shall be safe enough in hiding here. I shall get well at my convenience. This cursed wound is likely to keep me in bed for weeks, but Fritz is a good and faithful nurse, and you will find us here on your return—if I live. You will comprehend that I would not be seen abroad in deference to my health—with consideration also to the activity of the Secret Chapter. As for a return to London, that is out of the question," he added frankly, "until I get money."

"That is all right, then," said Sevrance. "We start tonight. Good night."

"Good night and—good luck to you—as far as Libau, gentlemen."

But when we were about to leave the room he called us back.

"One final word," he said weakly. "If you must go to London, keep away from your lodgings and your clubs. Be seen by day as little as possible. That is good advice, my friends. Good night. Oh, by the way, send Fritz. God, I'm afraid I've overdone it——"

Abruptly his voice died, and as we looked the man fainted.

(CONTINUED TOMORROW.)

FARMER SMITH'S RAINBOW CLUB

THE SIMPLE THINGS OF LIFE

I hope, my dear children, it is not too late to tell you how sorry we all should be that our very good friend James Whitcomb Riley will write for us no more.

He was great because he wrote of the SIMPLE things of life.

Your Editor could talk to you on very learned subjects, such as the discussion of whether we descended from monkeys or not, but the most interesting things are those which are all about us.

Riley loved to write of the old swimming hole and of little boys who went out into the woods and met bears, and when he went away the Governor of the State said James Whitcomb Riley belonged to the people of Indiana and they must have a look at him before he was put back in Mother Earth, from which we all came and to whom we must all return.

Talk simply.
Write simply.
Live simply.

All will understand you if you make your meaning so clear that a little child will understand you.

We must all become little children twice—once in the morning of our lives and once in the evening—at the sunset of our lives.

When a man loses his mind he becomes "simple"—he has the mind of a child.

It is better to be simple than to be so learned no one understands what we are talking about.

Let us love the simple things of life.

FARMER SMITH,
Children's Editor, EVENING LEDGER.

A Rainbow Hero

Perhaps the Rainbows have read of the little 7-year-old who, having suffered and survived the ravages of infantile paralysis in his babyhood, is now offering his blood to be injected into the poor, weakened bodies of the present-day sufferers. Perhaps you know that the little boy's name is Stanley Reddick; perhaps you even know that he lives at 432 Courtland street.

Perhaps you do not know, however, that little STANLEY IS A RAINBOW—a stanch, faithful Rainbow!

If you are reading your club news tonight, little boy hero, and we know you are, please know that we, your comrade members, are very proud of the little man who, realizing the awfulness of the disease of which he was cured, is not afraid to serve the little ones now in its clutches.

Things to Know and Do

Anagram—A telegram came to Washington saying, "The troops are now in Texas. They have been O DR SENT PART." What is the last word in the dispatch?

FARMER SMITH,

I wish to become a member of your Rainbow Club. Please send me a beautiful Rainbow Button free. I agree to DO A LITTLE KINDNESS EACH AND EVERY DAY, SPREAD A LITTLE SUNSHINE ALL ALONG THE WAY.

Name .....
Address .....
Age .....

JIMMY MONKEY FREEZES

By Farmer Smith

Mrs. Monkey was so surprised to receive a gallon of ice cream from Ginger Pop, the grocer, that she could not speak.

Mrs. Baboon, however, said, "Well, I didn't think ice cream was curiosity. You told Ginger Pop to send a gallon of curiosity or we would come over and spank him."

"Never mind," answered Mrs. Monkey, "you get your baby over here and we will have enough ice cream for once."

Mrs. Baboon went to the telephone and called up her home.

When the Baby Baboon answered the phone she told him to come over to Jimmy's at once.

Nothing was said about the jars of curiosity which the boys had had.

Mrs. Baboon tucked a napkin in the Baby Baboon's neck and Mrs. Monkey did likewise to Jimmy.

"That will keep your stomach from freezing," said Mrs. Monkey to Jimmy.

"Now," began Mrs. Baboon, "we want you boys to eat all you can. For once we want you to have enough."

Jimmy's eyes almost popped out of his head.

He ate and ate and ate. Finally he stopped and his mother felt under his napkin.

"Mercy me!" she exclaimed. "My precious boy is freezing."

With that she hurried him to bed and put a hot water bag on his stomach, and as Jimmy lay there, freezing on the inside and roasting on the outside, he said to himself sadly:—

"I wish I had never tried to find out what curiosity is!"

Branch Club News

The Taggart Playground at Fifth and Porter streets has a wonderful Rainbow branch! Miss Helen Duffy, the principal of the playground, is to be thanked for the founding of this. The members are as follows: Goldie Nameroff, president; Minnie Mandel, Fancis Luty, James Byrne, Miriam Weinstein, Bessie Finkelstein, Lavinia Hiller, Lillian and Bessie Wachter, Cecelia and Ida Kaplan, Alex. Rudolph, Minerva Cooke, Rhea Casnett and Mary Rinse. With only one or two exceptions the members contributed "safety first" stories. Undoubtedly these little girls and boys are sincerely interested in their branch club—accordingly we look for an early report on further activities.

Germany's Financial Situation

By WILLIAM C. BULLITT

"THE closing of our borders to exports and imports has been of the greatest benefit to German banking. Our money loops the loop in inside our borders at the greatest speed."

GERMANY is fighting the war on the tribal plan. She is buying no munitions and few foodstuffs from abroad. German money remains in Germany. It goes from the Government to the war industries, the army, the bank, and then, through a war loan, back to the Government. Twice each year a war loan is issued. German money thus dashes around the nation once every six months! Germany believes she can keep on as a self-supporting unit. Read Bullitt's article in

Sunday's

PUBLIC LEDGER