NANCY WYNNE INTERESTED IN WOMEN'S CAMP AT PIER

Women's Section of Navy League to Hold Another School. Branch of Queen Mary's Needlework Guild at Newport Gave Dance Last Night

THE first excitement attendant upon of 5244 Wakefield street, are spending a fortnight at Asbury Park. the women's military camp which was held at Chevy Chase during May has guite subsided, but news of a camp simijar to it which will be opened September 6 at Narraganeett Pier cannot fall to be of interest to all those girls who answered "their country's call," even though it came in the high-pitched treble of Miss Elizabeth Ellicott Poe. This camp will also be under the auspices of the Women's Section of the Navy League and will be known as the National Service School. No. 4, there having been, in addition to the one at Chevy Chase, a camp in New Jersey and one at Lake Geneva, Wis.

Mrs. George Barnett, who has been asked to be honorary commandant, will, during the encampment, be the guest of Mrs. Irving H. Chase, on whose grounds, Sunset Farm, the tents will be pitched. Hannah Randolph, Kitty Smith, Bessie

Samuel and Dorothy Randolph Stevenson have enrolled for the two weeks-these girls are all so athletic that the rigorous outdoor life will be second nature to them; but imagine, if you can, little Olivia Gazzam, clad in khaki, with an imaginary musket on her shoulder, going through the daily routine of camp life! But she has enrolled, I believe, with the firm intention of carrying the thing through, and it's a safe bet she will do it. Christine Biddle is another Philadelphian whose mother "raised her girl to be a soldier." Seriously, in spite of the fact that much amusement is caused by these soldierettes, the students always return from their fortnight's experience with a lot of knowledge stored up for use in case of any national calamity, and the movement cannot fail to accomplish much

Newporters are still actively engaged in charity work, and with this end in view a dance was given last night in aid of Queen Mary's Needlework Guild and the Prince of Wales National Relief Fund under the patronage of Mrs. Ogden Goelet, Mrs. John R. Drexel, Mrs. Vincent Astor, Mrs. William Payne Thompson. Mrs. Colville Barclay, Mrs. William Jay, Mrs. Alexander Hamilton Rice, Mrs. French Vanderbilt, Mrs. J. Laurens Van Alen, Mrs. Arthur G. Glasgow, Mrs. August Belmont, Mrs. Ogden Mills, Mrs. Joseph E. Widener, Mrs. Arthur Iselin. NANCY WYNNE.

Personals

Invitations will shortly be issued by Mrs. Cyrus A. Dolph for the marriage of her daughter, Miss Hazel Dolph, to Mr. Edward W. Clark, 3d, on Saturday, October 14, in Portland, Ore. Mr. Clark, who has been spending several weeks as the guest of Mrs. Dolph, in Portland, returned home today and will leave tomorrow for Manchester, Vt., where he will remain until star Labor Day. after Labor Day. Dr. and Mrs. Alexander Hamilton Rice

gave a dinner villa in Newport. a dinner last night at Miramar, their Miss Nina Lea entertained at luncheou and bridge yesterday afternoon at Lanox.

Mr. and Mrs. George K. Crozer, Jr., have issued invitations for a dinner at the Corinthian Yacht Club, Cape May, next

Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin Rush, of Chesteridge, West Chester, have issued invitations for a dinner-dance on Monday, Sep-

Mrs. Mifflin Rasin, who is spending the summer at the Gladstone, Atlantic City, will remain until late in the fall.

Mr. and Mrs. John P. Slocum, of Albany, N. Y., have announced the engagement of their daughter, Miss Ada Slocum, to Mr. Charles B. Engle, of Denver, Col., formerly of this city.

A benefit will be given tomorrow after-mon at the Hotel Swarthmore, Ocean City, N. J., in aid of the Convalescent Babies' Hospital, at Wynnefield, to which those who are recovering from infantile paralysis are removed. Mrs. George Henry Smith is chairman of the committee which is arrang-ing the affair and among those interested are Miss Eleanor Henessey, Miss Edith Henessey, Miss Delphine Fritz, Miss Hazel Henessey, Miss Delphine Fritz, Miss Hazel Fritz, Miss Katherine Smith, Miss Margaret Sanford Smith, Miss Katherine Alexander, Miss Edith Leech, Miss Isabel Leech and Miss Dorothy Norberry.

Along the Main Line OVERBROOK .- Miss Kathryn Dunn is

spending some time at Island Heights. HAVERFORD .- Mr. and Mrs. Charles

Norris, of Raifroad avenue, have been spending several weeks at the Lake Placid Club, in the Adirondack Mountains.

Chestnut Hill Miss Virginia. Harris, of St. Martins, is visiting friends in Cape May for several days.

Mr. and Mrs. E. Earle Johnson motored to Cape May this week for a short visit.

Mrs. F. St. Clair Edwards and her daugh-

ters, Miss Evelina Edwards and Miss Rhea Edwards, of 7027 Boyer street, who spent the aummer in Ocean Grove, will return home this week.

Girard Farms

Mr. and Mrs. H. M. Berkowitz and their daughter will return to their home, 2008 Shunk street, on Friday, after spending July and August in Atlantic City.

Germantown

Mrs. John Blakeley, of 2803 Queen lane, who is now occupying her cottage in Cape May, gave a bridge party on Tuesday afterhoon at the Corinthian Yacht Club. Mrs. Blakeley also entertained at supper that evening, when her guests included Mrs. Clifford Gwynne, Mrs. Harry Ansell, Mrs. Frederick Dudley, Miss Miriam Partridge, Mrs. Gillburt Harvey, Mrs. Herbert Tilden Mrs. Gilbert Harvey, Mrs. Herbert Tilden and Mrs. A. O. Lawrence.

Mr. and Mrs. S. P. Holton and Mr. Howand C. Holton, of 284 West Upsal street, who are at Poland Springs, Me., will return about September 15

Mrs. G. W. Huston and her daughters his Elisabeth Huston and Miss Helen Huston, will return this week to their home, III West Upsal street, from Montrose, where they have been spending the

Miss Mary C. Pleicher, of 338 East Charles, Atlantic City, will return home

We and Mrs. Frank R. Aphton, of 356 west Sarmour street, accompanied by sent Frederick Ricketta, have returned a weak's motor trip to Dingman's person and the Delaware Water Gap.

North Philadelphia

Dr. and Mrs. Leon A. Halpern, who were married on Sunday afternoon, left on an extended wedding journey and will be at home after November 1, at 2438 North Thirty-third street. Mrs. Halpern was Miss Dorothy Adelson, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Herman I. Adelson, of West Lehigh avenue. Doctor Halpern is dental instructor in the Philadelphia Dental College and secretary

Miss Margaret Lynch, of 1309 Clementine street, who spent a portion of the summer in Virginia and the remainder in Atlantic City, where she was the guest of Mrs. H. Peterman, has returned he

Mrs. Roy Fabian, of 2159 North Fif-teenth street, has returned from a month's visit at Fort Trumbull Beach, Milford,

Weddings

MADER-KANE.

Miss Anna V. Kane, of 1010 West Indiana avenue, became the bride of Mr. Durrell Mader, of 2750 North Eleventh street, yesterday at 4 o'clock in St. Stephen's Roman Catholic Church, Broad and Butler streets The ceremony was performed by Father

The bride was attended by Mrs. Edward Leaborne as matron of honor, and Mr. Fran-cis Kane, a brother of the bride, acted as est man.

After a dinner at the home of the bride's mother, Mrs. Helen Kane, Mr. and Mrs. Mader left for a trip to Atlantic City and New York: Upon their return they will live at 1010 Indiana avenue

FISS-McCOY.

The marriage of Miss Agnes McCoy, daughter of Mrs. John McCoy, of 2346 North 29th street, and Mr. George W. Fiss, Jr., son of Mr. and Mrs. Aaron W. Fiss, of 4715 Sheldon street, Roxborough, took place on Tuesday afternoon at 4 o'clock in the Church of the Most Precious Blood, Twenty-eighth and Diamond streets. Father Fogarty officiated. The bride was attended by Miss Winifred McCann and the bridegroom by Mr. Charles McCoy, a cousin of the bride. Owing to the recent death of the bride's father, the wedding was a quiet one. Mr. and Mrs. Fiss will be at home after November 1 at 2634 Dauphin

JONES-SCOTT. The marriage of Miss Laura L. Scott, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Scott, of 3563 Queen lane, and Mr. William Jones was solemnized on Monday afternoon, at 2 o'clock, at the home of the bride's parents. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. Mrs. Harry La Montagne and the Hon. Dr. Charles L. Seasholes, pastor of the Falls Mrs. Murrough O'Brien. Dr. Charles L. Seasholes, pastor of the Falls of Schuylkill Baptist Church, and was followed by a reception. The bride, who was given in marriage by her father, was at-tended by Miss Marian Oldham as maid of honor. Mr. Harry Binkin was best man. Mr. and Mrs. Jones left for a trip to Cincin-nati, O., and upon their return will live at 3507 Queen lane.

Along the Reading

Mr. and Mrs. George Smith, of Jenkintown, have returned from an extended motor trip through the Pocono Mountains.

Mr. and Mrs. William Stoddart and their son, Mr. John Stoddart, of Woodland avenue, Wyncote, have left for Stoddartsville, where they will occupy their home during

Miss Mary W. Lippincott and Miss Caroline Lippincott, of Rabbit Hill, Chelten Hills, have returned from an extended motor trip to Watch Hill, R. I., where they were the guests of Miss Virginia Lippincott at her

Miss Grace Huber, of 2 Keswick avenu Glenside, will spend the week-end in Ne York as the guest of her sister, Mrs. R. J.

Mr. and Mrs. John J. O'Donnell, of Logan. are being congratulated on the birth of twins on August 26. Mrs. O'Donnell was formerly Miss Helen Regina Desmond.

West Philadelphia

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Appleton and their small daughter, Miss Mary Appleton, of 5544 Locust street, who occupied their cot-tage at Ventnor for the early summer, are spending several weeks at Marblehead Mass. On their return they will move into their new home in Chestnut Hill.

Mr. and Mrs. F. Edward Thunder and Mr. George A. Ford have returned home after an extended tour through the Adi-

daughters, Miss Mary Finnerty and Miss Helen Finnerty, of 5230 Westminster ave-nue, are spending the end of the month at the Hamilton, Atlantic City.

Mr. and Mrs. John J. Finnerty and their

Miss May Bagley, of the Bratton, ac-companied by Miss Mary Nolan, is spend-ing a few weeks at the shore.

Mr and Mrs. Richard O'Brien and their

daughter. Miss Dorothy O'Brien, of 5445 Wainut street, will spend the week-end at Wildwood as the guests of Mr. and Mrs.

Miss Emily Holsworth is spending her vacation in Atlantic City as the guest of Miss Mary Harrison.

Friends of Mrs. Frank McLoughlin, 148 North Edgewood street, will be glad to hear that she has sufficiently recovered from her recent serious illness to leave the German Hospital.

M'ss Elizabeth Kamp, of 1903 East Arisona street, entertained at cards last Saturday in honor of her birthday. The guests were Mr. and Mrs. Hoff, Miss Genther, Miss Anna Meyers, Miss Frances Crawford, Miss Agnes Baird, Miss Edna May Kamp, Miss Charlotta Courtney, Mr. Charles Kamp, Mr. H. Courtney, Mr. B. Courtney, Mr. M. Courtney and Mr. George Sherlock.

Mr. and Mrs. James Craig, of 2064 East mpson street, are spending this week in

street, with a party of friends, motored to Atlantic City for the week-end.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred W. Davis, of 3109 Richmond street, and Mr. and Mrs. John Mckinley, of 3111 Richmond street, have returned from a week's visit at Perry-

Elephant.

"Good morning, Governor; I am very glad to see you—how are the bables?"

Mrs. Giraffa smiled her sweetest.

"How did you know I was a governor in the Bables' Hospital?" asked Mister Elephant, eying Mrs. Giraffe keenly.

"I just met your dear wife and she told me of your good fortune. She seems to be pleased to think you are a governor, but does she not like the \$100 part of it?"

"The the what!" Mister Elephant jumped almost a foot. "Who told her it cost \$100." Mr. Curtis Seegar, of Collins street and Allegheny avenue, and Mr. James Burns, of 3835 Elkhart street, have returned from a week's stay at Delaware Water Gap.

Miss L. & Diestere, of 2022 East York street, is at Wildwood Crest, N. J.

South Philadelphia

A midsummer dance will be given by the Misses Towers, of 1729 Ritner street, in St. Monica's School Hall, on the evening of Friday, September 15, for the benefit of he carulval to be given for at Monica's Church.

Mr. Joseph McGettigan, of 1207 Spruce atreet, is motoring through the New Eng-land States.



THREE PHILADELPHIA GIRLS

State Board Announces 187 of 204 Passed Tests

Three Philadelphia girls successfully assed the State Board medical examination and are now qualified to practice. The State Board of Medical Licensure has made public the names of the 187 applicants who passed the examinations.

The girls are Drs. Elizabeth M. Mayer, street : Ida Louis Donmoyer, of 1319 North Broad street, and Ella Rmykiewicz. The remainder of the 204 who took the

examinations in Philadelphia and Pitts-burgh on July 11, 12 and 13 failed to pass. The next examination will be held in Philadelphia next January on a date yel to be fixed.

n. Leopoid S. Stein, Philadelphia; Fred B. Horace G. Longacre, Wissahickon; Will. MacMurite, Philadelphia; William L. Theodore Meilick, Philadelphia; Joseph r. Chester; Elizabeth M. Mayer, Philadelphia; Jesse R. Patrick, West Chester; e. A. Paulus, Frank J. Pessalando, i. J. Philadelphia; Raiph E. Powell, Philadelphia; Riadelphia; Elia J. Rmyklewicz, R. Sallisbury, William J. Schatz, Philadelphia; Elia J. Schatz, Philadelphia; Don E. L. Stedem, Philadelphia; Max Mton, Swarthmore; Norman A. Timmons, C. Trasoff, Alfred J. M. Treacy, A. L. Harry B. Wariner and Marx S. Philadelphia.

WOMAN PINNED UNDER CAR

Mrs. C. F. Rossell of Lansdale, Hurt in Auto Crash

LANSDALE, Pa., Aug. 31.-The nobile of Thomas Smith Kelly, of White marsh, crashed into the large touring car of Dr. Charles F. Rossell, of this place, near Ambler yesterday afternoon. Both cars turned turtle and Mrs. Rossell was pinned beneath a car and suffered serious in-juries. Other occupants of the car were juries. Dr. and Mrs. Charles Addy, of Philadel phia. They were thrown out and escaped with a few body injuries. Kelly escaped with a few cuts about the head.

Handbag Must Match Hat

NEW YORK, Aug. 31.-Latest in the development of the soft handbag which every woman must now have is one to natch her hat. The work is getting away from the bag manufacturer to the modiste. One of the smartest of the bags is worn with a black velvet hat of the tam variety the crown draped and the wide head band decorated with silver. The bag is one of solid appearance, three-cornered, of the velvet and decorated with silver to match.

WASHINGTON, Aug. \$1.-A contribu-on of \$25,000 by Fritz Achelis, of New York, to complete the equipment of an American Red Cross base hospital unit is announced. The hospital is to be organannounced. The hospital is to be organ-ized with a staff from the German Hospital in New York, of which Dr. Frederick Kammerer, who recently withdrew from active service with the German army, will

AUTOS TO CARRY FOOD TO SHORE AND VISITORS HOME IF STRIKE COMES

Atlantic City Hotel Men Prepare for Railroad Tie-Up; Will Impress Jitneys and Motortrucks

NO DANGER OF FAMINE

ATLANTIC CITY, Aug. 31,—The hotel and business men of this city have planned to take care of all visitors who may be marooned here should the railroad strike orders go into effect next Monday.

orders go into effect next Monday.

At a meeting last night a committee which had been appointed to look after the food supply for this city made its first report. Financed by a number of leading hotel proprietors this committee has arranged matters so that there will be no chance of a food famine in this city on account of lack of railroad transportation facilities. An option on the services of all motortrucks here has been obtained and they will be utilized to carry provisions, vegetables, eggs and milk from Philadelphia and other points to this city during the railroad tie-up. A large quantity of the railroad tie-up. A large quantity of merchandise has been brought here this summer by automobile trucks and the serv-ice has been satisfactory.

It is also expected that the numerous jitney buses in operation in this city dur-ing the summer season will be pressed into service to bring foodstuffs here. On their return trips to large cities they will carry passengers who wish to get home.

All of the large hotels here have store houses, filled at all times with provisions enough to last a week or more, and unless the strike should be of long duration there will be no inconvenience to any visitors.

At the annual meeting of the Chelses Improvement Association, held this week, a tribute was paid to the woman who planned that beautiful seaside resort and through her faith in its ultimate success and her hard work when it was a weakling overcame many obstacles which threatened to nake the original purchasers of the land nental failure.

Mrs. Mary A. Riddle, mother of ex-Mayor William Riddle, was the one who saw the possibilities in Chelsea, and until the day of her health worked along the lines which have made that portion of Atlantic City a miniature paradise. Many property owners, men who have made millions out of the land there, have talked of a monument to this enterprising woman, to be placed at the gateway to Chelsea, and this may be erected some day. There is now talk of starting a fund for that purpose.

Chelsea is to pay particular attention to the improvement of all street ends. Gardens will be planted at every beach end, Penn-sylvania top-soil being used to make the

lowers bloom quickly. Atlantic City proper will also make a move in the same direction next spring. At the beach end of a few of the avenues the flower gardens planted by individuals and by the city have been much admired by visitors and many more of them will be

constructed next year.

The overhanging garden, on the seaward side of the walk, planned by a former Mayor, was never given a chance to be a success, as it was not given the proper attention during the experimental stage. That flowers can be grown close to the ocean has been proved, and an effort will be made to add boxes to the outer rail of the Boardwalk to contain blossoming plants before the start of another summer season.

The filling in of the beach at points where jetties were constructed last spring has proved that these breakwaters are the proper contrivances for saving the bathing beach from destruction and many new ones will be built next spring. Cribs made of piling, filled with heavy rocks, have with-stood the storms successfully, and unless winter tides should wash them away that method of construction will be used on all jettles hereafter built in this city.

MRS, CLARA VARE A BRIDE

Widow of Senator George A. Vare Weds Dr. William S. Ambler, Brother of Speaker Ambler

Announcement of the marriage of Mrs. Clara Vare, widow of Senator George A. Vare, and Dr. William S. Ambler, chief of the staff of St. Luke's Hospital, came as surprise to their friends in the city. Doctor and Mrs. Ambler, who now are on an extended motor trip through New England and Canada, went to New York August 21 and were marired by a Methodist minister. For several years they had been friends, but no one suspected that they intended marrying. Doctor Ambier met his

On the return of the pair late in September they will live at the Ambler home, 4908 Germantown avenue.

Our Postoffice Box

'I will tell you what it is," says Frederick Schu naker, the sturdy little seven-year gallery. "It is not an animal, as you thought. I looked in the dictionary myself and it was not there. I think it ought to be in he dictionary

what a 'aissy' is Bessie Carr, an eight-year-old Rainbow, who lives in idie-wood, N. J., writes: "What I think a 'sissy' is, or rather what boys call a 'sissy,' is a by who is so fussed up he is afraid to move or play any games for foar he will get a spot on his dainty clothes. He is too nice to climb trees or do anything else a real boy likes to do. He would rather use his sister's nail file than do some useful

work that a boy who ever means to be a man should do." Charles Fisher, of Collingdale, Pa., thinks "a 'siesy' is a boy who plays with girls, acts like a girl and thinks like a girl." A grown-up reader who lives in Reading remarks by mail: "Here is the definition as Webster would give it if he yet lived: "A male human being advocating human suffrage."

BY LOUIS JOSEPH VANCE "THE BRASS BOWL

AMEN!" prayed L A little cheer went up from the crew. So small was our deck space that virtually every man aboard was within car range of Sevrance, Garvin and myself, and could hear all that was said. Their spirit was only the more thoroughly evidenced by the ring of that cheer-they were with us to a man.

I think that the Vistula's officers must have been watching us closely through their glasses and have understood our intentions oward them. As Garvin knelt, adjusting the torpedo director, they opened upon us with their rapid-fire guns—happily with execrable aim. At first their shots flew wide—and our men yelped cheerful derision, forgetful of their slain shipmates and the recked lifeboat.

Garvin himself remained unmoved. Imperturbably he adjusted the director, now and again bending to sight along it. Presently I saw him straighten up and raise me hand.

There was a slight, muffled explosion much like a heavy, bronchial cough, with scarcely any perceptible jar. Simultaneously the torpedo slipped smoothly from the tube, seemed to pause hesitant in the ir for a second, then vanished gracefully, taking a long, curving dive over the rail, entering the water with scarcely a splash and disappearing completely.

I fancied that, a moment later, I caught ward toward the surface, far in our rear and directly in a line with the Vistula, then became indisputably patent that were being watched by the officers of that vessel. Abruptly their fire slackened and died, leaving an aching void of silence where, a minute gone, the world had been choing with the drumming of the quickire guns. Sevrance, with our glasses, declared that they had observed the firing of the torpedo, that agitation was plainly visible among the crew of the destroyer. I ould not see, for he clung to the bir lesparately, and vouchsafed me but a few lmost unintelligible monosyllables.

You may guess that we walted with rou may guess that we waited with strained expectancy. Minutes may have passed—it's hard to say. You would not have caught a sound aboard the Clymene, barring the panting of the engines; not a man spoke.

It was only a question of time, we hought, ere would come the total demolition of the Vistula. That vessel had been estimated as well within range; the Whitehead had less than two-thirds of a mile to go-and that at a speed of 31 knots an nour! Only a matter of fleeting sec-

Nothing happened. Those seconds and still the Vistula held on in undeterred pursuit. Reluctantly we were compelled to relinquish hope, to admit that an error had been made, perhaps; that the Whitehead had proved defective; that any one of a thousand-and-one circumstances worked against the true flight of the "death fish"-as Sevrance nicknamed it.

To prove the truth of this conclusion, the Vistula reopened fire. And now her was somewhat improved; missiles shricked across our decks. I saw a man doubled up, as if some one had suddenly struck him a violent blow in the pit of the stomach. He was standing near the starboard rail; the force of the blow tore him in twain and swept him overboard. He died unwept we had stern business to our hands.

Grimly, with determination mastering their wrath, the men labored with the aftertube, reloading it with a torpedo, making all things ready for Garvin's word. Henvaluable and undaunted man: God rest his soul !- frowned over the directing machine, taking full meed of time to insure an accurate aim. In a flash, a thought struck Sevrance. He wheeled about and shouted to one of the crew to hoist the Union Jack above the

Russian ensign, 'We'll fight under our own flag-and die under it, if need be!" he declared. give these Dutchmen the hell they seek, if we can—but we'll unmask to do it!"

a duel it has always figured to me in retro-Steadily we forged on, under forced draught, the labors of our mightly engines shaking the frail Clymene until one fan-cled that she would disintegrate in another

instant. Yet, though we fled at the top of our speed, it was evident that the Vistula was losing no ground. She held on unwaveringly, a white plume of water under her bows.

If anything, she was gaining.

Again I saw Garvin raise his hand in mute command, and again there followed the throaty cough as the Whitehead was launched. A second time we hung upon the flying instants that sped between its imnersion and the explosion that should come

-but did not. And the Vistula was gaining! Strain as the Clymene might, her engines, high

her to outfoot the pursuing destroyer. That fact became self-evident; and my heart sank with the recognition of it. But undaunted, the men were busying themselves with the tube again; there was that one crumb of comfort for us—the supply of Whiteheads and ammunition was vir-ually inexhaustible. Long before it could run out this strange conflict would have passed into history, the Vistula or the Clymene, or both, be at the bottom of the sea. It is not so hard to face death with weapons on one's hands. To be able to fight for life—that, at least, is something.

I had proof of this in the spirit of our en. While the torpedo-tube crew worked over the third discharge I was well-nigh shaken off my feet; a tremendous crash near by sounded in my ears like a trump m, echoed and re-echoed continuously

The crew of the after twelve-pounder had proken bounds. Acting upon their own in-tiative, they had opened fire; and now, for many minutes—or so it seemed—the ship was shaken every five seconds or so by the heavy report; and the mouth of the gun omited an apparently endless torrent of

What effect their fire had will never be nown. It was rapidly growing dark, hough still a little twilight lingered—I recall thinking that curious day was lagging to witness the end of the combat. And the for was closing in irregularly about us. Now and again the Vistula vanished—though you may be sure her well-nigh continuous fusilade left us in no doubt of her whereabouts As for the Asp, she still labored on, with bulldog purposefulness, far in the rear. We were suffering. The Germans had found a fairly accurate range. The rain of their

"The Wings of the Morning"

By LOUIS TRACY the greatest serial story to appear in the

Evening & Ledger BEGINS SATURDAY

In order not to miss any installment of this masterpiece of fiction, do not fall to place your order with your newsdealer now. Because of the return rule that goes into effect Friday he will not order any more copies than have actually been spoken for by his customers.

projectiles swept our decks periodically, ausing more or less damage. Shortly after the beginning of our return fire I counted wo dead and three wounded on our decks. Men fell about me from time to time-one carce noticed them after a while. Almost immediately the Clymene was staggered by a powerful blow—so forcible,

as though delivered by some huge and irresistable battering ram, as to throw men from their feet. I myself fell sprawling upon the corpse of a Norwegian. There was a grinding and crashing noise like the blasting of rock by dynamite. A toud, clear, even, musical and metallic clank sounded, bell-like, through the vessel. She

seemed to halt, plunged forward, limping like a cripple and came to a full stop.
A cloud of steam burst from the engineroom companionway, thick and stinking, rendering invisible the whole of the forward leck. From it I could see, as in a glass darkly, dim shapes of men staggering up from the hatchway and throwing themselves upon the deck out of reach of the

calding vapor, screaming. Garvin rose behind me, shricking with rage, "By God!" he screeched, menacing high heaven with a blasphemous fist, "they've spoiled my aim!" He turned loward me with ludicrous and impotent ex-asperation. "I'd 'a had her that time, ' he roared.

The third torpedo, it seemed, had been aunched just at the wrong moment.

But the consciousness of our fatal catastrophe drowned every other consideration. A shell had penetrated the engine room and put a quietus to our sole hope of and put a quietus to our sole hope of that last time if that infernal shell hadn't escape. The engines were ruined, the torn through to the engines. I want only tent upon the progress of the duel. For as Clymene lay helpless, the carcass of a gal-lant ship, inert upon the face of the deeps -with the sharks plunging onward to their

> CHAPTER XXIL The Last Shot.

T LAY upon the deck, beside the lifeless Norwegian-weeping, I think. It required no second sight to understand what had befallen us-how utterly hopeless was our case. There was now naught for it. I considered, save surrender to whatever mercy we might hope to obtain at the hands of the Germans.

For the moment there was comparative liet. The disaster had silenced the 12-bunder; its crew turned away aghast, oking now to their superiors for direction ant encouragement. The density of the humid atmosphere had pressed down the sulphurous smoke of the guns, and it lay above me as a blinding, reeking, suffocating

Subconciously I became aware that the firing of the Vistula seemed to have re-

doubled in violence. I wondered that they should be so heartless, should show us such slight pity in our extremity. Surely they could not suppose that we contemplated any further resistance! Yet I had reason to bear in mind the cold and heartless and unrelenting rage of the Teuton crossed, both as man and nation. The thought came to me that we had little to hope for from them, even should we at hope for from them, even should we at once cry for quarter.

From some distance to port-and at times it sounded as though from asterndered that the Vistula should wast dered that the Vistula should waste her ammunition so freely upon such small and feeble game. And, wondering, I came to my senses—such as they were—staggered in and out of the sense. up and out of the smoke cloud. Almost at once I stumbled into Sevrance,

who clapped a hand upon my shoulder with a fervent "Thank God, you're safe, old

"But the others?" I asked. He shook his head sorrowfully. "It's a bad business!" he said. "Bad—bad! The deck's a shambles, Gordon. They've shot us to bits—the infamous cowards! I doubt if we've half our men alive or ablebodied.

The engine room's blown to smithereens

Everybody below was all but boiled "Callahan?" I interrupted anxiously. Sevrance bowed his head; he was hatless. "He's-still down there-beyond rescue or aid," he said brokenly. "They tell me he was struck dead by the same shell." "It's good to know that it wasn't the

steam-"Don't!" Sevrance pleaded.
I held silence for a space; then: "What "What can we? We're on the knees of

the gods."
"Well-we can surrender and take our medicine," I suggested.
"Don't be an ass, Gordon. We've got to

fight it out or adopt the Japanese plan."
"Why, what do you—" "Hara-kiri!" Sevrance smiled. "You don't seem to understand. Here's a German destroyer, the Vistula, salling under false colors and wantonly attacking a vessel flying the colors of a friendly power!" He caught at his breath. "Heaven alone knows how Holzborn—that flend!—compassed this business!" he cried. "But the Vistula is business:" he cried. "But the Vistula is in for it. D'ye suppose she can afford to let one witness live to tell the tale? Think what this story would mean—not only for Germany, but for the ship's officers themselves. How they think to keep it quiet. Heaven alone knows, but the fact remains that this business has got to be hughed up. that this business has got to be hushed up at whatever cost of blood and ships. Our turn will come after she's through with the Asp out there. The Asp's the deuce of a damaging witness—what you might call an unforeseen contingency, Gordon; something that the German murderers hadn't counted upon-don't you see? So they're trying to silence her by main strength and weight of ordnance."

"You don't mean that?"
"I would it were not true."
"Then they're not firing on us?"
He smiled bitterly. "What need? We are—out. They can afford to take their time before polishing us off. But the As has got to be attended to right away.

He moved over to the rail, straining his eyes against the blinding fog.

"Nothing to see," he commented, "but from the sound of it, they're at it hammer and tongs, my boy! May Providence be with the British!" As I stumbled toward him, Garvin reeled out of the mist and joined us. He was pale as a sheet, save where blood had spattered

his head and torso-for he was stripped to

the waist. His lips, I remember, were un-cannily blue, his eyes staring, his features working as convulsively as his broad and hairy chest that rose and fell spasmodically. Perspiration ran from him in streams. "Three gun crews left, sir," he reported.
"I've got 'em together, sir, and ready to work the two 12-pounders and the after-

tube. I----"
Sevrance shrugged his shoulders. "Oh, is it worth while?" "Give me another chance at 'em, sir," Garvin pleaded. "They say the third time's luck. I'd 'a' blown them to perdition, sir

one more chance at the tube, and then, if that's no go, I'll give it up, but——"
"Ah, what difference? Have it your own way. I'm only wishing that we could return a part of what they've given us, Garvin—and it seems to me that we could work the

most damage with the guna."

"Thank you, sir. If I don't strike with the first torpedo, then I give it up and take to the 6-pounders. At least, we can help the Asp out a bit."

"If they are not out of range," Sevrance reminded. "We can't move, you know." "But we can sting a bit—if they're in range, as you say, sir."

He seemed struck with an idea, and, turning, instantly vanished.

A whiff of cold air, heavy with moisture blew in my face. I leaped to the rail, and, as I had hoped, synchronously the fitful breeze rent apart the veils of fog. It was now all but night; yet a white light hovered in the mists that hung about us in huge, translucent sheets, swaying slightly, traversing the heaving, sable seas slowly, with imperceptible progress, like gi-

gantic and weary wraiths. (CONTINUED TOMORROW.)

\$2000 Prize Contest

The Public Ledger offers \$2000 in prizes for the best editorial

(1) Why Mr. Hughes Should be Elected (2) Why Woodrow Wilson Should be Re-elected

Prizes for No. 1 First \$500 Second . . . \$300 Third . . . \$200

Qualified Competitors (1) Members of the editorial or reporting staff of any newspaper in the United States.
(2) Editors or contributors to any magazine or weekly periodical in the United States.

Prizes for No. 2 First . . . \$500 Second . . . \$300 \$200 Third ...

Judges

Total \$1000

For question No. 1—
To be announced by William R. Willicox, Chairman Republican National Committee.
Three Republicans of national reput

For question No. 2—
To be announced by Vance C. McCornick. Chairman Democratic National Committee.
Three Democrats of national reputation.

Manuscripts will not be received later than Saturday, Reptember 18. The contrast will close at from on that date. The awards will be anspunded Monday, October 18, 1816, from which date the texts of the successful articles will be released to the press.

articles on the subjects:-

Total \$1000

Manuscripts

Manuscripts
Contestants shall submit articles not exceeding 1909 words bearing an assumed name or other distinguishing mark, together with a scaled envelope bearing upon the outside the assumed name or distinguishing mark, and inclosing the actual name and address of the writer. The scaled envelopes will not be opened until the judges decide on the winning articles. Manuscripts must be addressed: Public Ledger Editorial Contest, Public Ledger, Philadelphia. Pa.

Expiration of Contest

PUBLIC & LEDGER

the grown-ups' troubles are to them. Once upon a time two little girls had a picnic. The very next day they were to have another picnic and the father of one of the girls suggested that it was too often-two picnics in two days. (What do fathers know, anyway?) Well, the second day something dreadful happened. The two little dears were to stay out all day-to be exact, they were to return at 5:30 p. m. At 3 p. m. the two little girls came home. The father of one of the little

MEETS MRS. GIRAFFE

By Farmer Smith Mrs. Giraffe walked along Sunshine lane in Jungletown laughing all the way down her long neck. By and by she met hister Elephant.

Blessed be sleep!

MISTER ELEPHANT

girls asked what the matter was and one of the little girls said:

TWO LITTLE GIRLS

"She wouldn't speak to me! I am not mad at her, but she is mad at me!" Kensington The father thought there was going to be war for sure. "I am not mad at her, but she is mad at me!" What DID it mean? The two little girls took their naps and in about an hour afterward they went for a ride on the merry-go-round. Thus was a great war averted.

"I'm sure I don't know, except I told her I was sorry my husband could not be a governor of something or other, but he couldn't afford it." Mrs. Giraffe was looking her sweetast and smiling at Mister Elephant.
"Don't you think I can do something to
to keep my dear wife from getting very
augry at mat" saised Mister Elephant, who
was quite worried by this time.
"You might have her elected a member



DR. AND MRS. L. A. HALPERN

WIN LICENSES AS DOCTORS

Among those who passed are: Among those who passed are:

William D. Baum, Philadelphia; Charles F.

Isecker, Camden, N. J., Jose J. Benedicto,

hliadelphia; Alfred M. Bernstine, Philadelphia;

rrank E. Boston, Anthony D. Bode, Bennett A.

Irande, Philadelphia; Jacob R. Brobst, Camden,

S. J.; Joseph V. Burns, Philadelphia; Fred W.

Syrod, Jacob M. Cohen, Jefferson H. Clark,

Ilexander J. Conlen, Harry D. Conley, Phila
leiphia; Daniel F. Daley, Ray Deck, Joseph

C. Dolphia, ida Louise Donmoyer, Earl S. Dun
an, Philadelphia; Rica S. Finkler, Camden,

N. J., Alexander P. Harrison, Philadelphia

DeHaven Hinkson, Helen Houser, John A. Huga
tichard A. Kern, Philadelphia; Herace E.

Islein, Abington; John L. Lavan, Ass. M.

ehman, Leopold S. Stein, Philadelphia; Fred B.

ektile, Horace G. Longacre, Wissahlckon; Wil-

Gives \$25,000 to War Hospital

bride through his practice. He is a cousin of Speaker Ambier, of the House of Repre-sentatives, one of the founders of St. Luke's

Hospital and prominent in Germantown medical circles for the last 25 years. This is his second marriage.

FARMER SMITH'S

FARMER SMITH, Children's Editor.

of the Ladies' Auxiliary," suggested Mrs

Giraffe. "Just the thing!" exclaimed Mister Ele

Artiliery. The very thing!"
"Auxiliary, not artillery," corrected Mrs.

"I don't care!" shouted Mister Elephant, as he lumbered away.

Things to Knew and Do

You'd never catch me s x x x x x x x still, I'd be dancing a x x x all the time with

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

Address

Ago

With marvellous, wonderful x x x x x.

Complete the poem-

each x x x x.

FARMER SMITH,

"I'll have her elected to the Ladies

x x x x like a table of



RAINBOW CLUB



What splendid members our club really Listen to the words of those who rushed to tell your poor wondering editor about a "sissy."

'sissy' is a fraid-cat boy. It comes from the name sister. I hope you Frederick Schumaker, Oak Lane,

mais human being advocating human surfrage."

Henry Johns caught two black bass
"way off" up in Maine! They didn't walk
into the boat either, he had to fight so
coas them out of the water!

Everybody can't be a fisherman, especially when she's a dainty young miss
who likes to play "800." Such is Miss Delphine Fits, of Eighth street. Ocean City, N.
J. Recently she sent out very original invitations to a "500" party. These took the
shape of an exact copy of the "Queen of
Hearts" as she appears in a dock of playing
cards. On the face of the card was nestly
printed by hand: "It, the Queen of Hearts
have been sent by Miss Delphins Fitz to
invits you to her "500" party," etc. Wasn't
that a clever idea?