

PROMINENT YOUNG SOCIETY WOMEN WHO ATTENDED THE CHARITY BALL



ARMY GETS BETTER CARE THAN PUPILS

Jersey Teachers Told That Health Supervision in Camps Outweighs Schoolroom

ATLANTIC CITY, Dec. 28.—The soldiers of our army are receiving better health supervision and care today than the school children of America. Dr. Thomas D. Wood, of Columbia University, told the New Jersey teachers in convention this morning. "Neglect of physical training leads to malnutrition, to starvation of the soul. A weak body is a moral liability, because the character is stunted. Between 60 and 75 per cent of American recruits have been rejected because of physical infirmities. This percentage was higher in the case of country boys than those who came from cities. Between 50 and 75 per cent of school children have physical defects, and the percentage among city children is lower than in the case of country children."

Many of the women teachers went on knitting busily while Doctor Wood declared that our education today neglects severely the instincts of the emotions. Improvement of the morale of the troops is the primary purpose of the national commission on camp activities, which holds that soldiers must play in order to be good fighting men.

Z. E. Scott, New Jersey's new director of physical education, said teachers owe it to the nation to impress upon boys that every youth who develops a sound body is helping to pay interest on the Liberty Loan, he said.

"Help the boy to cultivate muscle and the girl grace and poise. Every community should have community games and vie with other communities in the physical progress of its boys and girls. We need to train for personal leadership, because the day of hero worship has passed and gone for good. This world war has placed a premium on leadership never before recognized."

Commissioner Scott declared for a pupil census of the State and said the real function of physical training is good health, mental and moral, as well as physical. Lorne W. Barclay spoke upon the wonderful results in health and initiative and independence which the Boy Scout movement has developed among the youth of the nation.

FIRST MOTOR SQUAD REACHES BALTIMORE

Trucks End Journey Halfway Across Continent With Receptions and Luncheons

BALTIMORE, Md., Dec. 28.—Ugale Ben's first motor truck squadron to travel half way across the continent under its own power arrived in Baltimore shortly before 11:30 o'clock today. The squadron spent the night in Westminster, Md., where it left at 7:15 o'clock.

Buglers in advance of the squadron proclaimed its coming and crowds greeted the travelers with cheers. The squadron was met at Pikesville, Md., by the local reception committee and escorted to the city. A luncheon was served at the City Club to members of the party soon after their arrival.

This afternoon the squadron will move on to Colgate Creek, Md., where it will encamp.

NEW VICTOR RECORDS

Philadelphia Orchestra's First Registrations Highly Artistic

Patrons of the Philadelphia Orchestra and admirers of the conductor will be able to enjoy its artistic interpretations in their own homes from now on, thanks to the enterprise of the Victor Company, which has made the first of a series of records by Mr. Stokowski and his notable band. Two of Brahms' "Hungarian Dances" have been chosen for the first offerings and the recording is clear and "orchestral."

Adriana Gall-Care, the sensational coloratura soprano of the Chicago Opera Company, who has not yet been heard in Philadelphia, has added to the Victor list of records Fruch's "Air and Variations." Alma Gluck records the old Victorian ballad, "She Wandered Down the Mountain Side"; Madame Schumann-Heink revives "Danny Boy," and John McCormack sings "The Rainbow of Love."

The January list is rich in other old favorites and selections from the best of the popular hits.

"MESSIAH" AT ACADEMY

Choral Society Will Sing Handel's Oratorio Tonight

A chorus of 300 selected voices will sing "The Messiah" at the first concert of the Choral Society, which will be held tonight in the Academy of Music, under the direction of Henry Gordon Thayer. Many soldiers and sailors will attend in body.

The soloists include Henri Scott, basso; Ella Lyons Cook, soprano; Christine Miller, alto; and Arthur Hackett, tenor. Members of the Philadelphia Orchestra will accompany.

"LONG LIVE THE KING"

A Human Story of Child-Deceit, Court Intrigue and Love, the Latest Novel By MARY ROBERTS RINEHART

THE STORY THIS FAR
Livonia is threatened with revolution. It is a republic, but the military and the clergy are ready to overthrow the republic and install a monarchy. The king is dead, and his son, Ferdinand, is only eight years old. The time is propitious for revolt, and the king and his household, including the young prince, are fleeing for their lives. The king's secretary, Niko Karhinen, is ordered to take the young prince to safety. He is to take him to the town of Helsingfors, where he is to be hidden. The king's secretary, Niko Karhinen, is ordered to take the young prince to safety. He is to take him to the town of Helsingfors, where he is to be hidden.

CHAPTER VII TWO PRISONERS

HERMAN SPIER had made his escape with the letter. He ran through tortuous byways of the old city, under arches into courtyards, out again by doorways set in walls twisted, doubled like a rathole. And all this with no pursuit, save the pricking one of terror.
But at last he halted, looked about, perceived that only his own guilty conscience accused him, and took to the house in the town of the Good Children, the letter now buttoned inside his coat, and finding the doors closed, lurked in the shadows of the park until an hour later, Black Humbert himself appeared.
He eyed his creature with cold anger. "It is a marvel," he sneered, "that such flight as yours has not brought the police in a pack at your heels."
"I had the letter," Herman replied sulkily. "It was necessary to save it."
"You were to see where Niburg took the substitute."
But here Herman was the one to sneer. "Niburg? He will take no substitute, tonight, or any night. You strike hard, my friend."
The concierge growled, and together they entered the house across the street. In the absence of Humbert, his niece, daughter of a milk seller, near the bureau, answered the bell, and after 9 o'clock, when the doors were bolted, admitted the various occupants of the house and gave them the tiny tapers with which to light themselves upstairs. She was sewing and singing softly when they entered. Herman Spier's pale face colored. He suspected the girl of a softness for him, not entirely borne out by the facts. So he straightened his ready-made tie, which looked to his collar-button, and ogled her.
"All right, girl. You may go," said Humbert. His huge bulk seemed to fill the little room.
"Good-night to you both," the girl said, and gave Herman Spier a nod. When she was gone, the concierge locked the door behind her.
"And now," he said, "for a look at the treasure."
He rubbed his hands together as Herman produced the letter. Heads close,

deperate eyes. Beside him on a chair were the fragments of a meal, a bit of broken bread, some cold soup on which grease had formed a firm coating.
"It was a moment of intense disappointment. In Humbert's mind had been forming, for the last hour or two, a plan—nothing less than to go himself before the council and, with the letter in hand, to point out certain things which would be valuable. In this way he would serve both the party and himself.
"Professant would follow. He could demand under the coming republic some high office. Already, of course, he was known to the committee, and known well, but rather for brawn than brain. They used him, now."
"So?" he said. And struck the paper with a hairy fist. "Everything goes wrong. That blood will interfere, and now this letter speaks for of blankets and leaves."
The bell rang, and taking care to thrust the letter out of sight, the concierge disappeared. Then ensued in the hall a short colloquy followed by a thumping on the staircase. The concierge returned.
"Old Adelbert, from the opera," he said. "He has lost his position and would have spent the night airing his grievance. But I sent him off."
Herman turned his pale eyes toward the girl. "So?" he said. And after a pause, "He has some influence among the veterans."
"And is Royalist to his marrow," sneered the concierge. He took the letter out again and, bringing a lamp, went over it carefully. It was signed merely "Oiga." "Blankets and leaves" he frowned.
Now, as between the two, Black Humbert furnished the strength, but it was the pallid clerk who furnished the cunning. And now he made a suggestion.
"It is possible," he said, "that the upstairs could help."
"The other. He knows codes. It was by means of one we caught him. I have heard that all these things have one basis and a simple one."
The concierge considered. Then he rose. "It is worth trying," he observed.
He thrust the letter into his pockets, and the two conspirators went out into the gloomy hall. There, on a ledge, lay the white tapers, and one he lighted, shielding it from the draft in the hollow of his great hand. Then he led the way to the top of the house.
Here were three rooms. One, the best, was Herman Spier's, a poor thing at that. Next to it was old Adelbert's. As they passed the door they could hear him within, muttering to himself. At the extreme end of the narrow corridor, in a passage almost blocked by old furniture, was another room, a sort of attic with a slanting roof.
Making sure that old Adelbert did not hear them, they went back to this door, which the concierge unlocked. Inside the room was dark. The taper showed little. As their eyes became accustomed to the darkness, the outlines of the attic stood revealed, a junk room, piled high with old trunks, and in one corner a bed.
Black Humbert, taper in hand, approached the bed. Herman remained near the door. Now, with the candle near, the bed revealed a man lying on it and tied with knotted ropes; a young man, with sunken cheeks and weary,

and slow startings. It did not seem to him that he had done anything wrong. He broke down his resistance. Not immediately. He fought hard, when the matter was first broached to him. But in the end he took the letter and, holding it close to the candle, he examined it closely. His hands shook, his eyes burned. The two Terrorists watched him narrowly.
"Brandy or no brandy, however, he had not lost his wits. He glanced up suddenly. 'Tell me something about this,' he said. 'And what will you do for me if I decide it?'"
The concierge would promise anything, and did. Haeckel listened, and

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"I'll Write the Kaiser"

declared Minnie Jahke, an American girl, when told by the German authorities that she would be held indefinitely in Berlin. What she wrote and what the Emperor replied, what she observed during her three years in the heart of Germany and her deductions from these observations are told in her own story in

The Sunday Magazine Section of the PUBLIC LEDGER December 30

A California schoolgirl piloted an airplane 8000 feet high and then made a 610-mile trip in nine hours and ten minutes. Charles W. Duke and a page of pictures tell all about her.

What part will Sweden and Norway take in the war? William W. Thomas, former United States Minister to Stockholm, predicts that Scandinavian developments will be extremely interesting.

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