ARMY AND NAVY DAY AT AUTOMOBILE SHOW

Many Officers and Enlisted Men View Newest Thing in Cars

Today is Army and Navy Day at the Automobile Show, held in the Wanamaker garage at Twenty-third and Walnut streets. Soon after the doors opened this morning enlisted men, yeomen and "noncoms," many officers from the League Island Navy Yard, the arsenals and other centers of naval and military activity filtered in to note the latest wrinkles in passenger-car construction.

Another decided stand has been taken by the show committee for the advancement of general war propaganda. It is the abandonment of an exhibit of sample tanks in favor of a central space to be offered the various arms of the service for a spread of general information on recruiting, Red Cross service, nursing in active service, aviation, ambulance and truck service both at home and abroad.

ARCHITECTS WIN AWARDS

Twelve students of the School of Architecture of the University of Pennsylvania have received awards in the second contest of the Beaux Arts Architects. As in previous Beaux Arts contests, Pennsylvania has retained the lead in the number of awards received. Professor Warren P. Laird is head of the Architectural School at the University of Pennsylvania.

The subject of the projet was a legal building in Washington. Of the colleges entered in the competition, Yale, Cornell, California, Carnegie Tech, Tulane and Columbia, the last named was the only one to receive a medal.

Pennsylvania architects were given three of the four second medals, the awards going to A. A. Scheffer, '18; G. A. Anderson, '19, and F. J. Kuchler, '18.

MRS. WARREN SOMERS
Re-elected president of the Child Federation of Atlantic City.

BABY CONSERVATION IN WAR DISCUSSED

Atlantic City Mothers Form Child Federation to Consider Subject

ATLANTIC CITY, Jan. 15.—How best to conserve the baby population against the great toll of war if the United States gets into the world conflict with the full swing of its fighting powers before Germany agrees to a peace acceptable to this nation, is the topic which is bringing the Child Federation of Atlantic City together for weekly meetings to discuss every phase of infantile conservation.

Many of the foremost matrons of the city are active members and less socially prominent but no less interested allies are being enlisted among the poor mothers of Atlantic City's humbler districts. There are outposts for child conservation in million-dollar hotels, $50,000 homes, fashionable apartment houses and $15-a-month dwellings, all of whom are modestly proud of the fact that Atlantic City's birthrate manifests a rising tendency. Mrs. Warren Somers has just been re-elected president because of her indefatigable work during the last year.

EXPECT ORCHESTRA HOME BY TOMORROW

Philadelphians Give Postponed Concert in Grand Rapids and Resume Trip to City

KALAMAZOO, Mich., Jan. 15.—After an enforced stay of seventy-two hours in this city, the Philadelphia Orchestra left Monday morning at 9:30 o'clock for Grand Rapids, where a concert originally billed for Saturday evening was given last night. All members of the party, numbering 102, were in good spirits, and Manager Judson said he expected to begin the return trip to Philadelphia at midnight, arriving home not later than Wednesday.

The orchestra is traveling by special train, consisting of five Pullmans and a baggage car. Grand Rapids and Indiana Railroad officials expressed the belief that the line could be kept open and that the organization would suffer no further delays on its present tour.

It has become known that a proposition made by Manager Judson for a Sunday evening concert had been unfavorably received by certain members of the Kalamazoo Choral Union. This decision is much regretted, as hundreds of music lovers would have welcomed eagerly the opportunity to hear this organization again. There is already a decided movement to bring the Philadelphians to this city for annual concerts.

CABARETS AT SHORE GET ANOTHER JOLT

Uncle Sam Asks 2 Cents for Each Dollar's Worth of Drinks

ATLANTIC CITY, Jan. 15.

Boardwalk cabaret proprietors, hard pressed to make both ends meet because of high rents, declining patronage, Federal regulations extinguishing their outdoor advertising and Mayor Bacharach urging municipal action to put them out of business altogether, have sustained another blow. Agents of the Internal Revenue Department served on every licensee who mixes music and liquid refreshment a demand for a share of his reduced receipts under a provision of a section of the war-revenue act, which has been wholly overlooked or ignored along the Boardwalk.

This provides that where no direct charge for admission is made for such resorts 20 per cent of the charge collected for refreshments shall be construed as an admission price, and 1 per cent for each ten cents of this amount must be paid to the Government for war revenue. For each dollar's worth of drinks the Government accordingly will net two cents, and for each $5 expenditure a dime. Wine parties will add considerably to Uncle Sam's war fund.

Cabaret men said the Federal demand would necessitate a further advance in the cost of fancy drinks, which have soared so high that many of them have ceased to be popular.

THIBAUD IN RECITAL

Mme. Gabrielle Gills, Soprano, Makes Her Philadelphia Debut

Jacques Thibaud, the celebrated French violinist, and Madame Gabrielle Gills, a soprano new here but by token of her exceeding merit of voice and style, one whom music lovers who cannot attend preluncheon concerts will desire to hear, were the soloists at the Monday morning musicale in the ballroom of the Bellevue-Stratford. This was the fourth program of the second season of these delectable musical events, and on the basis of the success that has been attained it is safe to say that the Monday morning musicales have won their way to favor because there is a definite place in the music economics of the city for them. The concert was for the benefit of the American Overseas Committee of the Emergency Aid, and under fashionable patronage. The program was as follows:

Aria ..... Bach
Les Cherubins ..... Couperin-Salmon
Istrada ..... Benjamen-Narbes
Prelude and Allegro ..... Pugnani-Kreisler

Mr. Thibaud

Chanson Triste ..... Dunare
"The Bird" ..... Dwight Fiske
Comment disaient ils ..... Liszt

Mme Gills.

Havanaise ..... Saint-Saens
Scherzando ..... Marsick
Polonaise ..... Wieniawski

Mr. Thibaud

Souvenance ..... Rachmaninoff
Le Thé ..... Koechlin
Mandoline ..... Faure

Mme. Gills

Elegie ..... Massenet
Chanson Arcienne ..... Sadasy
With violin obbligato.
Mme. Gills and Mr. Thibaud.
Nicolai Schneer at the piano

Jacques Thibaud is the French violinist who was the object of sensational advertising just a decade and a half ago and whose art surmounted the circus methods of bringing him before the public. He appeared here with the Philadelphia Orchestra and in recital and made a favorable impression for facility of technique and delicacy of temperament. Unlike most other European artists of note he did not make an annual tour. His present visit marks his first return since that earlier tour. He played recently with the Philadelphia Orchestra, creating again the impression of marked refinement of style and ease and resourcefulness of technique.

In the current program, possibly on account of a list of numbers obviously selected for a somewhat specialized occasion, he failed to give any profound impression of virility and power. His playing seems superficial, not necessarily shallow, but certainly not of the bite and grip that characterize masculine art and violinism at its best estate. This is a day of internationalism in political ideals, but Mr. Thibaud seems unconscious of any world-breadth. He is more national than ever. His playing was all gallic lightness, gracility and sentimentality, yet one is convinced he could play more broadly and deeply. He is too good an artist to limit himself to the epithet of the Massenet of the fiddle.

Madame Gills is a very fine singer. She has a large, clear voice of sweet quality. It is well placed and controlled and her interpretations blend the qualities of heart and head. She sings with a passionate sincerity of temperament. On the demonstration of her local debut Philadelphia will want to hear her again soon.

CAPTURED

A True and Thrilling Tale of the Experiences of a Wounded Canadian Officer Who Fell Into the Hands of the Enemy.

By LIEUT. J. HARVEY DOUGLAS
Fourth Canadian Mounted Rifles
(Copyright, 1918, by Public Ledger Co.)

XXVI

AS SOON as we arrived in Murren we were each assigned duties. Lieutenant Hubbs had been sent away in charge of a party of men to do some civic work for the Swiss Government, and I was appointed his successor as editor of the B. I. M. and business manager of the printing office. This meant a lot of hard work, but I thoroughly enjoyed having something to do productive of tangible results. The subject of my first editorial was Mr. Woods, who had rendered such valuable service in caring for the teeth of the men. I will quote some parts of this article as illustrating the way in which this work was carried on.

"There is hardly a man in Murren who has not paid a visit to the bright and cheery rooms of our dentist, Mr. J. A. Woods. In doing so, few of them realized what a privilege was being accorded them. * * * In spite of his formidable official titles, every one agrees that he is one of the nicest men they ever met.

GOT RIGHT TO WORK

"As soon as Mr. Woods heard that British prisoners were to be interned in Switzerland he at once applied for permission to come here and give them the benefit of his services. He alone knows the difficulties he had to surmount before he finally arrived in Murren, on August 17, 1916, just a few days after the first batch of prisoners. He had to bring all his instruments with him as personal luggage, but did it so effectively that he now has two bedrooms and a bathroom in the Palace Hotel transformed into the finest dental operating rooms in Switzerland. He also enjoys the unique position of practicing at a higher altitude than any other dentist in Europe.

"Mr. Woods wasted no time in commencing his work. He at once asked for lists of men, classified according to the degree of urgency, who wished dental treatment. Two hundred of the original 400 at once went in their names. Each case was given individual treatment, and the patients were made to feel that they were being treated by their own dentist, and not in a clinic. The same system was followed with the second and third batches of men who came in December. There never was any compulsion used; all the patients came of their own free will. A tribute to Mr. Woods's efficiency is the fact that 99 per cent of the officers and 99 per cent of the men have presented themselves to him for treatment.

INTERESTING STATISTICS

"Mr. Woods keeps an exact record of every patient, and below will be found some interesting statistics of his work during the last year:

Number of different patients, over 703
Visits to room, nearly 2000
Operations 4500
Prothesis (artificial dentures, special appliances for jaw injuries, etc.) 268

"Mr. Woods has visited Wengen, Chateau d'Oex and other places, attending to 553 urgent cases among the French and English soldiers. As a result of these visits another dental surgeon, Mr. W. J. Law, has been sent to the Chateau d'Oex district.

"We all appreciate the generous way in which Mr. Woods gave up his large practice in Liverpool and, at enormous personal expense, came here to Switzerland to give us the benefit of his wide experience. All his work has been entirely gratuitous. If he had not undertaken it, no one else would. We all take off our hats to a man who is doing his bit, and doing it well."

While we were in Lausanne many improvements had been made in the camp at Murren. Signboards had been erected calling all the little footpaths by the names of the best-known London streets, such as Piccadilly, Strand, etc. A large fingerpost at the station pointed in a northwesterly direction, and was marked "Blighty."

POPULARITY OF Y. M. C. A.

A new Y. M. C. A. hut had been erected, and was as well patronized as the Red Triangle huts on the western front. This one had an attraction which was lacking elsewhere, in having ladies to assist in serving the tea, which was very good in spite of the following limerick composed by one of the men:

"The tea at the Y. M. C. A.
Is weaker than ever, they say;
When they try to pour out,
It just stops in the spout,
It's too feeble to come all the way."

A moving picture show had been started, and on Thursday and Friday afternoons and evenings the ballroom of the Palace Hotel was filled with Tommies thoroughly enjoying everything from Charlie Chaplin to the latest war film.

A variety entertainment company, composed entirely of interned prisoners, gave very good performances at regular intervals, and smoking concerts were frequently arranged in the various hotels.

SOLDIERS VISITED BY WIVES

Through the generosity of the people in England, an arrangement had been made whereby the soldiers' wives, in groups of eighteen, were sent free of charge to spend two weeks with their husbands in Switzerland. If a man were not married his mother was allowed to come instead. In this way many couples were reunited after three years of separation.

There was a South African officer with one arm who had been taken prisoner on the Somme who had what I consider a rather ghastly experience. He had received a bullet wound in the elbow which, though not serious, caused his temperature to rise. The German doctor who was attending him said that the reason for the fever was that the hole in his arm was not big enough to allow the pus to escape. He advised a small operation to open and clean out the wound. When the officer awoke from the anesthetic he was lying on his back in bed, and unconsciously moved his hand across his chest, where his wounded arm usually lay. The arm was not there. He feverishly felt his body until he came to a large dressing over the stump of his arm, which had been amputated. He almost fainted dead away with the shock. He shouted frantically for the nurse and demanded to see the doctor. She refused to call him. The officer started to climb out of bed, saying that he would go to the doctor if she would not fetch him. Eventually the doctor appeared and received the worst abuse he had ever had in his life—but it was too late.

A CRUEL PRACTICE

I spoke to a great number of men who had had limbs amputated, and in almost every case the bone was not cut far enough back to allow the flesh to grow over the end and form a cushion for an artificial limb. A friend of mine who had lost a leg in this way told me that he had complained to a German surgeon about this method of amputation and asked why it was done.

The German's reply was: "Well, you know that's what the French and English are doing to our prisoners."

A private who had been taken prisoner at Mons told me that, in one camp he had been in there were about 2000 prisoners, mostly Russian and French. The camp was divided by a road into two separate inclosures. In one of these inclosures were about 1000 men who had to go to the main camp every day for their meals. There were two gates side by side—a small one reserved for Germans and a larger one for the use of the prisoners. At meal times the men used to crowd around the gate, waiting for the order to pass through to draw their rations in the other inclosure. They were always hungry and impatient, and one day an English sailor and a couple of Tommies found themselves being forced through the small gate by the crowd in the rear. The sentry shouted at them to go back, but they were unable to do so on account of the pressure from behind. Once more the sentry shouted "Zurück!" (Back), and then ran his bayonet through the sailor and pulled the trigger to facilitate the withdrawal of the weapon. The bullet killed one of the English Tommies and wounded the other.

HARSH PUNISHMENT

Another private who had been taken prisoner at the beginning of the war told me how the men in his camp [illegible] tied with their backs to a post, toes just touching the ground. [illegible] there for hours on end, as a pun[illegible] for refusing to work.

If one of the men in a hut had [illegible] mitted a trivial crime, such as [illegible] indoors, and the Germans were [illegible] to find out who was the culprit, [illegible] man in that hut would be stood [illegible] tention all day, in bitter weather, [illegible] only a single bowl of soup as nourishment. The punishment would be [illegible] peated day after day until the man [illegible] fessed in order to save his comrades.

(CONTINUED TOMORROW)

Civil Service Examinations

The Civil Service Commission has announced open competitive examinations for assistant market milk specialist, at a salary of from $1500 to $1750 a year, and assistant in forest pathology, at a salary of from $1200 to $1440 a year.

Students to Make War Supplies

The manufacture of war supplies by the manual training classes of the high schools of Philadelphia will be undertaken at once, according to educational authorities, provided the consent of Washington officials can be obtained.

"LONG LIVE THE KING"

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

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CHAPTER XX

The Delegation

PRINCE FERDINAND WILLIAM OTTO was supremely happy. Three quite delightful things had happened. First, Nikky had returned. He said he felt perfectly well, but the Crown Prince thought he looked as though he had been ill, and glanced frequently at Nikky's cigarette during the riding hour. Second, Hedwig did not come to the riding lesson and he had Nikky to himself. Third, he, Prince Ferdinand William Otto, was on the eve of a birthday.

This last, however, was not unmixed happiness. For the one day the sentence of exile was to be removed so that he might lunch with the King, and he was to have strawberry jam with his tea, some that Miss Braithwaite's sister had sent from England. But to offset all this, he was to receive a delegation of citizens.

He had been well drilled for it. As a matter of fact, on the morning of Nikky's return they took a few minutes to go over the ceremony, Nikky being the delegation. The way they did it was simple.

Nikky went into the corridor and became the Chamberlain. He stepped inside, bowed, and announced:

"The delegation from the city, Highness," standing very stiff, and a trifle bowlegged, as the Chamberlain was. Then he bowed again, and waddled out—the Chamberlain was fat—and became the delegation.

This time he tried to look like a number of persons, and was not so successful. But he looked nervous, as delegations always do when they visit a Royal Highness. He bowed inside the door, and then came forward and bowed again.

"I am, of course, standing in a row," said Nikky, sotto voce. "Now, what comes next?"

"I am to shake hands with every one."

So they shook hands nine times, because there were to be nine members of the delegation. And Nikky picked up a brass inkwell from the desk and held it out before him.

"Your Highness," he said, after clearing his throat, for all the world as Prince Ferdinand William Otto had heard it done frequently at cornerstones and openings of hospitals, "Your Highness—we are here today to felicitate Your Highness on reaching the mature age of ten. In testimonial of our—our affection and—er—loyalty, we bring to you a casket of gold, containing the congratulations of the city, which we beg that Your Highness may see fit to accept. It will be of no earthly use to you, and will have to be stuck away in a vault and locked up. But it is the custom on these occasions, and far be it from us to give you a decent present that you can use or enjoy!"

Prince Ferdinand William Otto had to cover his mouth with his hand to preserve the necessary dignity. He stepped forward and took the inkwell. "I thank you very much. Please give my thanks to all the people. I am very grateful. It is beautiful. Thank you."

Whereupon he placed the inkwell on the desk and he and Nikky again shook hands nine times, counting, to be sure it was right. Then Nikky backed to the door, getting all tangled up in his sword, bowed again and retired.

When he re-entered the boy's face was glowing.

"Gee!" he said, remembering this favorite word of the American boy's. "It's splendid to have you back again, Nikky. You're going to stay now, aren't you?"

"I am." Nikky's voice was fervent.

"Where did you go when you went away?"

"I took a short and foolish excursion, Highness. You see, while I look grown-up I dare say I am really not. Not quite, anyhow. And now and then, like other small boys I have heard of, I—well, I run away. And am sorry afterward, of course."

Miss Braithwaite was not in the study. The Prince looked about and drew close to Nikky. "Did you, really?"

"I did. Some day, when you are older, I'll tell you about it. I—has the Princess Hedwig been having tea with you, as usual?"

Carelessly spoken as it was, there was a change in Nikky's voice. And the Crown Prince was sensitive to voices. Something similar happened to Monsieur Puaux, the French tutor, when he mentioned Hedwig.

"Not yesterday. We went to the fortress. Nikky, what is it to be in love?"

Nikky looked startled. "Well," he said reflectively, "it's to like some one, a lady in your case or mine, of course; to—to like them very much and want to see them often."

"Is that all?"

"It's enough, sometimes. But it's more than that. It's dreadfully unhappy if the other person isn't around, for one thing. It isn't really a rational condition. People in love do mad things quite often."

"I know some one who is in love with Hedwig."

Nikky looked extremely conscious. There was, too, something the Crown Prince did not recall in the [illegible]

Nikky laughed suddenly and flung the boy to his shoulder. "Of course he is!" he cried gayly. "And you are, and the Chancellor. And I am, of course." He stood the boy on the desk.

"Do you think she is in love with you?" demanded the Crown Prince very seriously.

"Not a bit of it, young man!"

"But I think she is," he persisted. "She's always around when you are."

"Not this morning."

"But she is when she can be. She never used to take riding lessons. She doesn't need them." This was a grievance, but he passed it over. "And she always asks where you are. And yesterday, when you were away, she looked very sad."

Nikky stood with his hand on the boy's shoulder and stared out through the window. If it were so, if this child, with his uncanny sensitiveness, had hit on the truth! If Hedwig felt even a fraction of what he felt, what a tragedy it all was!

He forced himself to smile, however. "If she only likes me just a little," he said lightly, "it is more than I dare to hope, or deserve. Come, now, we have spent too much time over love and delegations. Suppose we go and ride."

But on the way across the Place Prince Ferdinand William Otto resumed the subject for a moment. "If you would marry Hedwig," he suggested, an anxious thrill in his voice, "you would live at the palace always, wouldn't you? And never have to go back to your regiment?" For the bugaboo of losing Nikky to his regiment was always in the back of his small head.

"Now, listen, Otto, and remember," said Nikky, almost sternly. "It may be difficult for you to understand now, but some day you will. The granddaughter of the King must marry some one of her own rank.

"No matter how hard you and I may wish things to be different we cannot change that. And it would be much better never to mention this conversation to your cousin. Girls," said Nikky, "are peculiar."

"Very well," said the Crown Prince humbly. But he made careful note of one thing. He was not to talk of this plan with Hedwig, but there was no other restriction. He could, therefore, for instance, take it up with the Chancellor, or even with the King tomorrow, if he was in an approachable humor.

Hedwig was not at the riding school. This relieved Prince Ferdinand William Otto, whose views as to Nikky were entirely selfish, but Nikky himself had unaccountably lost his high spirits of the morning. He played, of course, as he always did. And even taught the Crown Prince to hang over the edge of his saddle while his horse was cantering, so that bullets would not strike him.

They rode and frolicked, yelled a bit, got two ponies and whacked a polo ball over the tanbark, until the Crown Prince was sweating royally and was gloriously flushed.

"I don't know when I have been so happy," he said, dragging out his handkerchief and mopping his face. "It's a great deal pleasanter without Hedwig, isn't it?"

While they played, overhead the great hearse was ready at last. Its woodwork shone. Its gold crosses gleamed. No fleck of dust disturbed its austere magnificence.

The man and boy who had been working on it stood back and surveyed it.

"All ready," said the man, leaning on the handle of his long brush. "Now it may happen any time."

"It is very handsome. But I am glad I am not the old King." The boy picked up pails and brushes. "Nothing to look forward to but—that."

"But much to look back upon," the man observed grimly, "and little that is good."

The boy glanced through a window, below which the riding ring stretched its brown surface, scarred by nervous hoofs. "I would change places with the Crown Prince," he said enviously. "Listen to him! Always laughing. Never to labor, nor worry, nor think of the next day's food—"

"Young fool!" The man came to his shoulder and glanced down also. "Would like to be a princeling, then? No worry. No trouble. Always play, play!" He gripped the boy's shoulder. "Look, lad at the windows about. That is what it is to be a prince. Wherever you look, what do you see? Stablemen? Grooms? Bah, secret agents, watching that no assassin, such perhaps as you and I, lurk about."

The boy opened wide, incredulous eyes. "But who would attack a child?" he asked.

"There be those, nevertheless," said the man mockingly. "Even a child may stand in the way of great changes."

He stopped and stared, wiping the glass clear that he might see better. Nikky, without his cap, disheveled and flushed with exertion, was making a frantic shot at the white ball rolling past him. Where had he seen such a head, such a flying mop of hair? Ah He remembered. It was the flying devil who had attacked him and the others that night in the by-street, when Peter Niburg lay stunned.

(CONTINUED TOMORROW)

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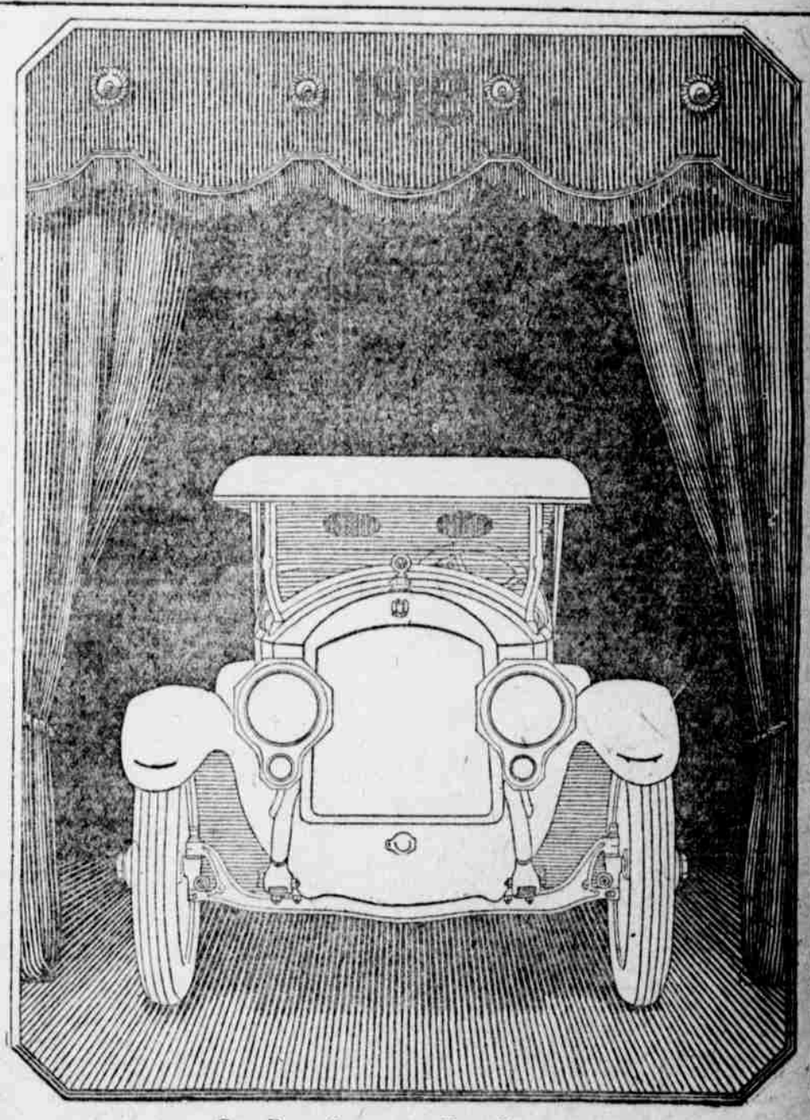

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