JUST GOSSIP ABOUT PEOPLE

Italian Committee of Emergency Aid to Give Entertainment on Friday Night at Academy of Music. Nancy Wynne's Daily Comment

ANY of us who heard Will Irwin last Monday at the Independence Square Auxiliary of the Red Cross will certainly want to go on Friday night of this week to the Academy of Music to hear him once more, for he is going to speak that evening at an entertainment gotten up by the Italian committee of the Emergency Aid. There will be some wonderful pictures of the Italian front, too, and there will be music furnished by an Italian orchestra.

Mrs. Benjamin Miller, who is head of the committee, was among those who heard Mr. Irwin last week at 608 Chestnut street. On Friday night he will speak about "The Latin at War." He has just come back from the Italian battlefront and has wonderful experiences to relate. Indeed, Mr. Irwin is a splendid talker and most simple and modest. He scarcely ever speaks of himself, save in a very impersonal way, and yet I hear that he personally is suffering from shell shock and that he went through many privations with the suffering people over there.

Associated with Mrs. Miller on the Italian committee are Mrs. J. Gardner Cassatt, Mrs. Bertram Lippincott, Mrs. Herbert M. Fisher, Mrs. George Harrison Fisher, Mrs. James Mifflin, Mrs. Albert Weimer, Mrs. Robert B. Haines, Mrs. Charles Houston, Miss Mary Beath, Mrs. William Worth, Mrs. Charles Huston, Mrs. Sydney Wright, Mrs. John Morgan, Mrs. Edward Troth, Mrs. William Law, Mrs. William Gibbons, Mrs. Henry Evans, Mrs. Walter Banes, Miss Virginia Hartshorne, Miss Mary McCullough, Miss Mary Tattersfield and Miss Ruth Globons.

Among those who will occupy boxes are Mrs. Robert Strawbridge, who, by the way, is going to live permanently in Washington soon, I hear; Mrs. John C. Groome, Mrs. George Horace Lorimer, Mrs. Robert Haines and Mrs. Miller.

ISN'T Mary Brooke having a wonderful time? She's been staying with the Josephus Daniels down in Washington. She is coming home this week and will bring Mary Daniels, who is a niece of the Secretary of the Navy, with her to spend several weeks. Mary Brooke is very pretty, don't you think? She has that soft, bright, brown hair and warm coloring and looks utterly sweet in various shades of blue. She is a sister of Eddie Brooke, you know, and would have come out this year had there been any coming out. Of course, these would-have-been debutantes are wisely considered "out" and so they do the things "out" girls are permitted. And I don't know but what they have a better time, since they don't have to worry to have quantities of new gowns and lose all their beauty by continual late hours and rich food. The war has its good aspects, you see.

SHE was such a beautiful mother and Marjorie wanted to grow up to look and act just like her, for daddy said if little daughter copied mother and grew to be such a fine woman he would "love her more than tongue could tell."

Now Marjorie watched faithfully and was a splendid imitator, particularly when she desired to make people happy. Mother had fallen into the habit of using the word "exceedingly." Without thinking she would say: "Mrs. Smith is an exceedingly beautiful woman; Mr. Jones an exceedingly handsome man; Captain Thompson such an exceedingly noble officer." Even the family doctor had said to father, "What an exceedingly fine Airedale." But alas! Rover, the Airedale, met with an accident and father telephoned at once to his suburban home for the veterinary surgeon. Just before the latter arrived poor Rover died.

Marjorie kept watch at the window, and as the maids were all as much agitated as the master and mistress, Marjorie hurried to the doors with the sad news. Said the veterinary, "Well, Marjorie, how is Rover?" With a quaint, grown-up air Marjorie replied graciously, "Rover is exceedingly dead, thank you."

Photo by J. Mitchell Elliot.

MRS. JACOB RIEGEL, JR.

Of 5118 Newhall street, Germantown, who before her recent marriage was Miss Georgiana Gaylord Pitfield, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Robert L. Pitfield, of 5211 Wayne avenue, Germantown.

Social Activities

Mr. and Mrs. Harry C. Thayer, of Bryn Mawr, entertained informally at dinner last evening. There were twelve guests.

The guests at the luncheon given by Miss Mary Little, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. Ashton Little, of Strafford, on Saturday, in honor of Miss Maud Peyton were Miss Helen Peyton, Miss Corrinne Freeman, Miss Claire Spenser, Miss Frances Clyde Brodhead, Miss Marian Button and Miss Beatrice Cerboni.

Miss Charlotte Brown spent the week-end with Miss Valentine Mitchell in Atlantic City.

Miss Elizabeth Miller and Miss Mary Miller, daughters of Mr. and Mrs. Philippus W. Miller, of St. Davids, spent the week-end as the guests of Mrs. Charles B. Penrose at the Chelsea Hotel, Atlantic City.

Miss Fanny Travis Cochran has returned to her home, 131 South Twenty-second street, after spending a few days in New York.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Edwin Shull, of Wayne, are spending a few days at the Dennis, Atlantic City.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Grey Emmons are receiving congratulations on the birth of a son. Mrs. Emmons will be remembered as Miss Anna P. Stuart.

Captain Robert Drane, of the U. S. medical reserve corps, was lent to the British army some time ago and is now serving with the 52d Field Ambulance, British expeditionary forces in France.

Lieutenant David L. Farley, M. O. R. C., is serving with Base Hospital No. 31 in France.

Major Robert L. Denig, of 2131 Porter street, who is commissioned in the U. S. Medical corps, is now on duty with the American expeditionary forces in France.

Mrs. Harry Purdy announces the engagement of her daughter, Miss Margaret L. Purdy, to Mr. Warren B. Engle, of 1213 South Forty-seventh street.

The engagement has been announced of Miss Mildred M. Williams, of 6148 Walnut street, to Mr. William C. Stokes, of Collingswood, N. J. Miss Williams is a graduate of the Girls' High School and of the Philadelphia Normal School, and is well known in West Philadelphia social circles. She is a daughter of Mr. Samuel Williams, of Ardmore, Pa.

The bridegroom-to-be is a son of Mr. Josiah Stokes, ex-Mayor of Collingswood, and is a relative of Mr. Samuel S. Stokes, president of the Philadelphia Stock Exchange. The wedding will take place in the spring.

Business Career Of Peter Flint

A Story of Salesmanship by Harold Whitehead

(Copyright)

Mr. Whitehead will answer your business questions on sales, advertising and business ideas. Address your questions clearly and give all the facts. Your address will not be published. Only initials will be used in the column. The most interesting problems of readers will be woven into the story of Peter Flint.

XXVII

BILLY MURRAY came to me the first thing this morning and said: "Say, Flint, I'm awfully sorry you got in so bad with Fifi. I told him yesterday it was as much my fault as yours, and that I was willing to pay half the price of the china plates you broke."

"What did he say?" I asked.

"He said he wouldn't let me do it—that could have to pay for them as a lesson," said Billy.

"How much were they?" I asked indifferently.

"Two dollars and eighteen cents to you," he replied.

"Two dollars and eighteen cents!" I gasped.

"Sure," replied Billy, "what did you think they would be?"

"Oh, I guess that's about right," I answered, and then walked absently away.

I have been extravagant this week and have had to borrow a couple of dollars from my landlady, which I must pay back on Saturday. Let's see, that's $10 for room rent, $2.18 for plates and $2 for the landlady. That's $14.18, which leaves me only ninety-two cents for all next week. That's going to be pretty tough on me. I took the girls to lunch at all. Besides I had promised to take Rosie to the movies tonight to make up for being so grumpy to her night before last. Then I remembered Daniel Moss, the money lender. I had to pay him a dollar against his loan of $20. I realized I could not possibly do it. I would be eighteen cents short—and then I laughed aloud. I couldn't help it. Here was I, who a few short weeks ago had all the money I needed, now, for the sake of eighteen cents, suffering more mental anguish than I ever dreamed possible. Then I decided I would just give my landlady a dollar and would give her the remainder a week later. But what am I going to do with Rosie? I can't take her out and I can't let her know that my folks are so mean as to let me almost starve.

I remembered the letter Mother wrote me a few days ago, in which she said Dad wouldn't allow her to send me any money. One phrase burned itself into my brain. This it is: "Remember, my boy, that we love you dearly, but you have to fight your own battles, and what you become is the result of what you do, do right and you will become a respected, successful citizen.

"What you become is the result of what you do"—those words repeated themselves again and again in my brain. What had I done that I should become so worried and disliked? I never have had a chance here. I wish that Father had never given me a letter to those people—I could have got a better job by myself, and I'd leave on Saturday if it wasn't that Dad might stop even the ten a week he sends me if I did. I shall be mighty glad when Monday comes, so that I can get into another department; and perhaps if I can get away from Phillips, who never liked me, and Billy Murray, who, I cannot help feeling, double-crossed me, I can start with a clean sheet. I wish I could get into the carpet department with Boynton. There's a fellow who would help me I know. * * * I wonder which department I shall go into—and then a thought occurred to me—suppose Benton fired me! My heart almost stood still at the thought. What would father do? I don't think I could face Dad if I got fired from a job. These and similar thoughts were in my mind all day, with the result that I made blunder after blunder and Flip was continually correcting me. I notice, however, he didn't call me down much, but his voice was as cold as ice every time he spoke to me. I know I was negligent all day, but I just couldn't help it. I made one very bad blunder. A customer bought some kitchen goods, the amount of which was three seventy-five. I made a mistake in the addition and made it two seventy-five. The customer noticed it and gave me the other dollar back. I was just wondering what I ought to do with it, whether I should make out a fresh sales slip or merely send it in in the cash carrier, explaining what it was for, when Phillips came along and said: "What are doing with that?"

I started because I didn't know he was so near me. Of course, I told him what it was and asked him what to do with it. He smiled in such a grim way that I knew he thought I had done it on purpose and was trying to steal the money.

"I may have made some blunders, but I'm not a thief," I said to him. "You don't think I was swiping it, do you?"

"Oh, no, of course not," answered Flip, and he walked away.

Every move I make here seems to get me deeper and deeper into disgrace.

TODAY'S BUSINESS EPIGRAM

What you become is the result of what you do.

What does this mean to **YOU?**

Business Questions Answered

"Can words be registered as a trademark?"—E. N. H.

Words from modern languages cannot be protected, but words from dead languages may.

Where do you think the most loss comes from in a retail store?—Merchant.

From overweight and overmeasure.

If you are called in to see what's wrong with a business, what do you go for first?—Quiz.

The accounting records. If they are well kept, they will tell you where the weakness is in the store. If they are not well kept, you know at once that the supervision and control is lax.

We are selling a specialty, which requires some technical knowledge, and are appointing agents in various towns to represent us. Our specialty sells to banks and trust companies and the larger business organizations. We want to send a letter to the financial institutions in the town, advising them we have appointed an agent. We do not want to use the ordinary selling letter, for ours is a high-grade proposition—and yet we want to send a letter which makes it easy for our agents to get an interview. Would you care to suggest something?—R. J.

Without knowing exactly what your specialty is, it is somewhat difficult to help you, but the following might give you some ideas. This letter should be neither too formal nor too cold, nor too friendly, nor too familiar:

Dear Mr. ——

You will be pleased to know that we have completed plans to have a special representative in your city, Mr. John Doe, who is a specialist on ——, has been appointed resident manager to look after the interests of our clients.

You will find Mr. Doe a gentleman, and our representative in every sense of the word. We place the highest trust and confidence in him, as must be evident to you by our placing the interests and representation of our house in his hands.

He purposes making himself known to you in a few days with a very interesting business proposition. The courtesies which we know you will extend to him will be very much appreciated.

Very truly yours.

How long is a patent protected?—Inventor.

Seventeen years.

(CONTINUED TOMORROW)

LANSDOWNE HAS KITCHEN DISPLAY

Patriotic Women Teach Others to Conserve Food in Most Approved War Methods

Some of the women in Lansdowne have thought of a splendid way to be of real service. They have established a community war kitchen in the center of the town, where for two weeks they are exhibiting all sorts of appetizing dishes which are made in accordance with the rules of the food administration. Most of these are new to the housewife, and as it is necessary that she should learn to use them a practical demonstration is of great value to her.

The war kitchen is most attractive. The windows are covered with patriotic posters, which every one stops to read, and there are several cheerful brass bowls filled with pussywillows. Inside the dishes are arranged on tables. The cost of each one is given, and it is for sale at a slightly advanced price. The recipes used are those which have been issued by the food conservation department of the Government and also others which have been tested by the women in charge of the kitchen. All of these recipes are gladly given to any one who wishes them.

Mrs. S. H. Guilford is chairman of a committee of six women, who are at the head of this novel community kitchen. Each one of these six has a subcommittee, and on the day of the week which has been appointed her she directs them in the preparing of the food and remains on duty with them at the kitchen. Mrs. Guilford's committee includes Mrs. F. H. Goodwin, Mrs. John Solenberger, Mrs. John Jackson, Mrs. Thomas M. Love, Mrs. Robert Anderson and Mrs. G. P. Williams.

Mrs. Goodwin's committee includes Mrs. John Crawford, Mrs. R. M. Hannum, Mrs. Samuel S. Pennock, Mrs. David R. Richie, Mrs. Thomas C. Satterthwait, Mrs. John Way, Mrs. Barclay White and Mrs. H. N. Willits.

Mrs. Solenberger's committee includes Mrs. G. Harry Case, Mrs. Delany, Mrs. John B. Davis, Miss Nellie Garrett, Mrs. William R. Huttinger, Mrs. William C. Jackson, Mrs. J. V. Sealey and Mrs. William J. Stahl.

Mrs. Jackson's committee includes Mrs. J. Eugene Baker, Mrs. Samuel D. Bartram, Mrs. William R. Fogg, Mrs. Albert F. Griffith, Mrs. W. H. Johnson, Mrs. C. Carroll Lippincott, Mrs. Richardson Shoemaker and Mrs. J. William Ziegler.

Mrs. Love's committee includes Mrs. Herbert M. Adams, Mrs. Isaac H. Adler, Mrs. Eugene A. Carroll, Mrs. H. B. Clark, Mrs. T. J. Collins, Mrs. D. H. DeVaux and Miss Ella Rudolph.

Mrs. Anderson's committee includes Mrs. William Brown, Mrs. John C. Cooper, Mrs. O. M. Hokanson, Mrs. William Keene, Mrs. A. H. Kneer, Mrs. W. Horace Long, Miss Frances Maris and Miss Sara Maris.

Among the women on Mrs. Williams's committee are Mrs. Belfrey, Mrs. Arthur M. Brereton, Miss Sophronia Beatty, Mrs. Robert Dewar, Mrs. Maxwell K. Fay, Mrs. Isaac D. Fleming, Mrs. G. Victor Janvier, Mrs. W. R. Livingston, Mrs. Leander Marshall, Miss Florence M. Paul, Mrs. C. W. R. Smith and Mrs. George P. Williams, Jr.

A substitute committee includes Miss Florence Adair, Mrs. J. W. Davis, Mrs. Alice Hadley, Mrs. D. T. Mitchell, Miss Mabel Phillips and Mrs. Charles Riddle.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert F. Irvin left on Saturday for Japan, where they will spend six months near Tokio.

Miss Grace P. Bond entertained the members of the girls' auxiliary of the Presbyterian church at her home on Tuesday evening. The girls are planning to give a minstrel show in the spring.

The Woman's Home and Foreign Missionary Society met at the Presbyterian church on Wednesday.

Mount Sinai Hospital Annual Charity Ball

The eighteenth annual charity ball of the Mount Sinai Hospital will be held Monday evening, April 8, at the Academy of Music. This event is considered one of the leading social attractions as well as one of the most enjoyable functions of the season.

Each year the attendance exceeds the previous one. Boxes are occupied by well-known men and women of the city and State. It is the aim of the managers of this year's ball to excel all previous social affairs, and they have undertaken to surpass the successful work of last year.

This ball is given at a season of the year when florists have an abundant supply of greenery, and palms, ferns and potted plants, as well as cut flowers, will be displayed profusely. The electrical scheme, in which myriads of colored electric lights will throw off their rosy hue, will be novel, and in the background lights forming the words "Mount Sinai Hospital Charity" will add to the splendor of the scene.

An excellent dancing program is being arranged by the best modern dancing masters in the city. The proceeds realized from this event are for the maintenance and completion of the present hospital building, which has become necessary on account of the extraordinary increase in demand by the sick poor who apply for treatment, and especially this year, when the demands upon this institution have been greater than at any other time in its history.

The arrangements this year are being made by a committee of prominent women under the chairmanship of Mrs. Philip Rosenbach, president of the Mount Sinai Hospital Auxiliary.

THE YELLOW DOVE

A Romance of the Secret Service

By GEORGE GIBBS

Author of "The Flaming Sword," "Madcap," etc.

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THE STORY THUS FAR

All England is mystified by "The Yellow Dove," a 1000-horsepower airplane that drops phantom bombs over British lines and that makes periodic trips to England. Months of search have failed to locate the hiding place of the great plane, and attacks against it by the air defenses have been equally futile. The thing that makes "The Yellow Dove" even more terrible is that there is a "leak" in the British War Office, and the "Dove's" flights are invariably simultaneous with the movement of troops.

LADY BETTY HEATHCOTE had a rendezvous for giving the most successful dinners in the restricted circle within which some cabinet members and England's most powerful men. On this night she is the hostess at a party given in honor of JOHN RIZZIO, dean of collectors and a recent artist, whose intimacy extends even to the King himself. According to custom, Rizzio is permitted to select his own guests, who include:

CYRIL HAMMERSLEY, gentleman sportsman and manabout-town, with the reputation of being an idler, his fingers, DORIS MATHER, daughter of an American millionaire residing in London, and CAPTAIN BYFIELD, a retired cavalry officer, now on special duty at the War Office. The others remember the circle. During the dinner and even after the departure of the ladies, Hammersley is chided for "slacking" but he calmly reveals the selection chosen "for the service" and hints with an impressive "Hush!"

During a lull in the conversation Hammersley asks Captain Byfield for some cigarette papers and tobacco. Later Rizzio intercepts him when alone in the smoking room and offer a few minutes of uncomfortable morning blunts asks for the cigarette papers which Byfield had passed to him.

CHAPTER II—Continued

HAMMERSLEY at upright a moment his hands on the chair arms and then sank back in his chair with a laugh.

"Not yet. I can take a hint as well as the best boy—what's the answer?"

Rizzio rose, his graceful figure dominant.

"I don't think that sort of thing will do, Hammersley."

His demeanor was perfectly correct, his hand-wave easy and a well-bred smile flickered at his lips, but his tone matched a mystery. Hammersley rose, removing his cigarette with great deliberateness from its holder and throwing it into the fire.

"If there isn't anything else you want to see Cyril—" He took a step in the direction of the door.

"One moment, please."

Hammersley paused.

"I think we'd better drop subterfuge. I know why you were here tonight, why Byfield was here and perhaps you know now why I am here."

"Can't imagine, I'm sure," said Cyril.

"Perhaps you can guess, when I tell you that this party was of my own choosing—that my plans were made with a view to arranging your meeting with Captain Byfield in a place known to be above suspicion. I have been empowered to relieve you of any further responsibility in the matter in question—in short of the papers themselves."

"Oh, I say," vanished youth, cigarette papers and all that. "You're goin' it a bit thick, Rizzio, old boy."

Rizzio put a hand into the inside pocket of his evening coat and drew out a card case, which he opened under Hammersley's eyes.

"Look, Hammersley," he whispered. "Maxwell gave me this! Perhaps you understand now."

The Honorable Cyril fixed his eyeglass carefully and stared at the card case.

"By Jove," he muttered, with sudden interest.

"Now you understand?" said Rizzio.

"You!" whispered Hammersley, looking at him. The languor of a moment before had fallen from him with his dropping monocle.

"Yes, I. Now quick, the papers," muttered Rizzio, putting the card case in his pocket. "Some one may come at any moment."

For a long space of time Hammersley stood motionless, staring down at the pattern in the rug. Then he straightened and, crossing the room, put his back to the fireplace.

"There may be a mistake," he said firmly. "I can't risk it."

Rizzio stood for a moment staring at him as though he had not heard correctly. Then he crossed over and faced the other man.

"You mean that?"

Hammersley put his hands in his trousers pockets.

"I fancy so."

"What are you going to do?"

"What I've been told to do."

"My orders supersede yours."

"I'm—I'm not sure."

"You can't doubt my credentials."

"Hardly that. Er—I think I know best, that's all."

Rizzio took a pace or two before the fireplace in front of him, his brows tangled, his fingers twitching behind his back. Then he stopped with the air of a man who has reached a decision.

"Do you understand what this refusal means?" Hammersley shrugged.

"You realize that it makes you an object of suspicion?" asked the other.

"How? In doing what was expected of me?" said Hammersley easily.

"You are expected to give those papers to me."

"I can't."

Rizzio's fine face had gone a shade paler under the glossy black of his hair and his eyes gleamed dangerously under his shaggy brows. He measured the Honorable Cyril's six feet two against his own and then turned away.

"I think I understand," he said slowly. "Your action leaves me no other alternative."

Hammersley, his hands still deep in his pockets, seemed to be thinking deeply.

"Oh, I wouldn't say that. Each man according to his lights. You have your orders. I have mine. They seem to conflict. I'm going to carry mine out. If that interferes with carrying out yours, I'm not to blame. It's what happens in the end that matters," he finished significantly.

Rizzio thought deeply for a moment.

"You'll at least let me see them?"

"No, I can't."

"Why?"

"I have my own reasons."

Another pause in which Rizzio gave every appearance of a baffled man.

"You realize that if I gave the alarm and those papers were found on you—"

"You wouldn't do that."

"Why not?"

"Because of your card-case."

"That signifies nothing to any one but you and me."

Hammersley smiled.

"I'll take the risk, Rizzio," he said finally.

The two men had been so absorbed in their conversation that they had not heard the drawing of the curtains of the door, but a sound made them turn and there stood Doris Mather.

DORIS MATHER

"You'll be safe in Scotland at any rate, Cyril," she was quite too unimportant up there to be visited by engines of destruction—" she laughed meaningly. "That is—always excepting Jack Sandys."

Sandys looked self-conscious, but Lady Joyliffe merely beamed benignly.

"It will really be quite restful, Pug cure," she said easily. "Is Cyril going to be at Beechwood?"

Hammersley awoke from a fit of abstraction.

"Quite possible," he murmured, "getting to be a bit of a hermit lately. Like it though, rather."

"Cyril bores any one to may wife," said Betty Heathcote, "so he has taken to building chicken houses."

"Fearfully absorbing chicken houses. Workin' 'em out on a plan of my own. You'll see. Going in for hens to lay two eggs a day." And then to Kingsbates, "So the submarines can't starve us out, you know," he explained.

"I don't think you need worry about that," said the Earl dryly, moving toward the door.

Doris Mather went upstairs for her wraps and when she came down she found Hammersley in his topcoat and with his hat. As they went down the steps into the waiting limousine her companion offered her his arm. Was it only fancy that gave her the impression that his glance was searching the darkness of the Park beyond the lights of the waiting cars with a keenness which seemed uncalled for on so prosaic an occasion? He helped her in and gave the directions to the chauffeur.

"Ashwater Park, Stryker, by way of Hammerstead—and hurry," she heard him say, which was surprising since the nearer way lay through Harlenden and Harrow-on-Hill. The orders to hurry, too, gave in the stress of speed, were under the circumstances hardly flattering to her self-esteem. But she remembered the urgent look in his eyes in the hall when he had silenced her questions and sank back in the seat, her gaze fixed on the gloom of Hyde Park to their left, waiting for him to speak. He sat rigidly beside her, his hands clasped about his stick, his eyes peering straight before him at the back of Stryker's head. She felt his restraint and a little bitterly remembered the cause of it, moved by a hope that since he had thought it fit to exact a lie, the whole tissue of doubts which assailed her might be based on misconception also. That he was no coward she knew. More than one instance of his physical courage came back to her, incidents of his life before fortune had thrown them together, and she only too well remembered the time when he had jumped from her car and thrown himself in front of a runaway horse, saving the necks of the occupants of the vehicle. He had lied to her. But why—why?

She closed her eyes trying to shut out the darkness and seek the sanctuary of some inner light, but she failed to find it. It seemed as though the gloom which spread over London had fallen over her spirit.

"The City of Dreadful Night," she murmured at last. "I can't ever seem to get used to it."

She heard his light laugh and the sound of it comforted her.

"Jolly murky, isn't it? I miss that fireworks Johnny pourin' whiskey over by Waterloo Bridge—and Big Ben. Doesn't seem like London. All rot anyway."

"You don't think there's danger," she asked cautiously.

He hesitated a moment before replying. And then, "No," he said, "not now."

Silence fell over them again. It was as though a shape sat between, a phantom of her dead hopes and his something so cold and tangible that she drew away in her own corner and looked out at the meaningless blur of the sleeping city. Her lips were tightly closed. She had given him his chance to speak, but he had not spoken and every foot of road that they traversed seemed to carry them further apart. The end of their journey—! Was it to be the end * * * of everything between them?

After a while that seemed interminable she heard his voice again.

"I suppose you think I'm an awful rotter." She turned her head and tried to read his face, but he kept it away from her, toward the opposite window. The feeling that she had voiced to Betty Heathcote of wanting to "mother" him came over her in a warm effusion.

"Nothing that you can say to me will make me think you one, Cyril," she said gently.

"Thanks awfly," he murmured. And after a pause, "I am though, you know."

She leaned forward impulsively and laid a hand on his knee.

"No. You're acting strangely, but I know that there's a reason for it. As for your being a coward"—she laughed softly—"it's impossible—quite impossible to make me believe that."

He laid his fingers over hers for a moment.

"Nice of you to have confidence in a chap and all that, but appearances are against me—that's the difficulty."

(CONTINUED TOMORROW)

CHAPTER III

RICE PAPERS

DORIS looked from the man whose hand she had accepted to the one she had refused. Their attitudes were eloquent of concealment and the few phrases which had reached her ears as she paused outside the curtain did nothing to relieve the sudden tension of her fears. She hesitated for a moment as Rizzio recovered himself with an effort.

"Do come in, Doris," he said with a smile. "Hammersley and I were—er—"

"Discussing the scrap of paper. I'm sure of it," she said coolly. "Nothing is so fruitful of argument. I shouldn't have intruded, but Cyril was to take me home and I'm ready to go."

A look passed between the men.

"By Jove—of course," said Cyril with a glance at his watch. "If you'll excuse me, Rizzio—"

"Betty is going to Scotland tomorrow early and I think she wants to go to bed."

Rizzio laughed. "The war has made us virtuous. Eleven o'clock! We're losing our beauty sleep."

He followed them to the door, but pleading a desire for a night-cap, remained in the smoking room.

"I promised that you should take me home," said the girl to Hammersley as they passed along the hall. "But I'm sorry if I interrupted——"

"Awf'ly glad," he murmured. "Nothing important, you know. Club matter. Personal."

Doris stopped just outside the drawing room door and searched his face keenly, while she whispered:

"And the threats—of exposure. Oh, I heard that. I couldn't help it—Cyril—"

He glanced down at her quickly.

"Hush, Doris."

Something she saw in his expression changed her resolution to question him. The mystery which she had felt to hang about him since he had said he was a coward had deepened. Something told her that she had been treading on forbidden ground and that in obeying him she served his interests best, so she led the way to the drawing room, where they made their adieux.

Byfield had already gone and Sandys and Lady Joyliffe were just getting into their wraps.

"You'll meet me here at 10?" their hostess was asking of Constance Joyliffe.

"If I'm not demolished by a Zeppelin in the meanwhile," laughed the widow.

"Or the Yellow Dove," said Jacqueline Morley. "I'm sure she alights on the roofs of the Performance Houses."

Wedding Yesterday at Home of the Bride

A wedding of interest in this city and in Allentown took place last evening at 6 o'clock at the home of Mr. and Mrs. M. Stiefel, of 1803 North Thirty-third street, when their daughter, Miss Dorothy Stiefel, was married to Mr. Robert R. Nathan, of Allentown, Pa. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. Jacob Tarshish, rabbi of the Keneseth Israel Congregation of Allentown. The bride was given in marriage by her father and was unattended. A dinner for the families followed the ceremony. Mr. Nathan and his bride left for a trip south, and upon their return will be at home after March 18 in Allentown.

WORMS—ULLMAN

A wedding of interest in this city and in Richmond, Va., took place yesterday at the Traymore Hotel, Atlantic City, when Miss Viola Ullman, daughter of Mrs. Flora Ullman, of Richmond, Va., was married to Mr. Leon Worms, of Philadelphia. The ceremony was performed at noon by the Rev. Henry Fischer, rabbi of the Beth Israel Congregation, Atlantic City, and was followed by a breakfast for the families. Mr. Worms and his bride will spend several weeks in Florida and upon their return they will live at the Penn Athletic Apartments.

Hunting a Husband

By MARY DOUGLAS

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Jeanne

CHAPTER II

"A LOVELY morning, and I am free," I thought as I rose.

For one year I shall live. I am using the $300 that I have saved so carefully for the last five years—for no great purpose—to find a husband.

I have a great change to make. It is in myself. For again I hear Tom's words: "You're so businesslike, Sara; outside interesting about you?"

It is a very different Sara who looks at herself at the end of the first week—a very different outside Sara. For I have allowed the brushed-back hair to fall softly over my forehead. My nails are pink and faintly shine. My plain white waist and tailored skirt have given way to a dress of long, flowing lines—and my chin is lifted.

And now—at the very end of a day I am not tired, but waiting and eager to see Tom and the "wonderful girl."

"Jeanne, I want you to know my old pal Sara," was Tom's way of introducing us.

I knew her after one look. My five years in business are not wasted. Jeanne is the type of girl who looks at a man with admiring eyes, who flatters him with every tone of her voice, in short, who lives for men.

I saw the boy, she gave me held surprise to it. She had expected to see a plain, uninteresting person. But I knew I have changed slightly. Now I am not Tom's businesslike woman, outwardly, at least.

I studied Jeanne carefully. The graceful way she sat. Her slow convenients. Her soft glances at Tom. The pretty drawling voice with low inflections. No wonder Tom was charmed.

When they left I went to my room, and—do not laugh at me—I practiced. Slowly I said, "Take you chair, I clasped my hands loosely in my lap. I did the tiny things that Jeanne had done. As I was leaning forward, my chin clasped in my hands (as Jeanne had done) the tinkle of the telephone bell aroused me.

It was Tom's voice. "I have something to ask you. May I come right over?"

"About Jeanne, of course?" I asked.

"No, about you, goose!" He rang off.

I am standing in the hall startled. What can it be?

Tomorrow—"A House Party"

CURRENT EVENTS TALK AT WAYNE CLUB

Informal Dance Given Last Week for Members of Younger Set of Main Line

The regular stated meeting of the Saturday Club, of Wayne, of which Mrs. Marshal H. Smith is president, was held at the home of Mrs. Pierson Conrad on Tuesday afternoon. After the business meeting Dr. Earl Raiguel gave a lecture on current events. Among those present were Mrs. Smith, Mrs. Frank Bodine, Mrs. Arthur Holmes, Mrs. Mitchell, Mrs. Thornton, Mrs. A. H. Elliott, Mrs. Charles Tatnall, Mrs. John Rogan, Mrs. Frederick Bisline, Miss Josephine Scott, Mrs. John Dotterer, Mrs. Barrett, Mrs. A. H. de Canizares, Mrs. Eccles, Miss Wood, Mrs. Clark Wood, Mrs. Leonard, Mrs. Painter, Mrs. Charles Kennedy and Mrs. Ware.

The Westminster Guild of the Radnor Presbyterian Church met at the home of Miss Katherine Bunnam on Tuesday evening.

The prayer meeting on Wednesday evening was held at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Roever, on Audubon avenue, Wayne.

Mr. and Mrs. David Henderson gave an informal dance at their home in Wayne last Saturday evening in honor of their daughter and son, Miss Helen Henderson and Mr. Earl Henderson. Among those present were Miss Ruth Scheer, Miss Marion Kerk, Miss Anna Jones, Miss Marion Law, Miss Anna Wood, Miss Marion Roberts, Miss Isabel Lehman, Dr. Otto Stadir, Mr. Saville Crowther, Mr. Arthur Ferry, Mr. Wayne Reed, Mr. Leslie Crell, Mr. Robert Field and Mr. S. Mifflin Bunting.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick de Canizares, who have been spending two months at Sarasota, Fla., returned to their home in Wayne on Tuesday.

Miss Mildred Jones entertained the Red Cross Class at her home in Wayne on Tuesday afternoon. Among the members are Miss Katherine Putnam, Miss Esther Campbell, Miss Dorothy Painter, Miss Dorothy Tingley, Miss Elizabeth Tingley, Miss Molly Obdyke, Miss Josephine Obdyke, Mrs. Duffield Ashmead and Miss Leonard.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles A. Magruder, whose wedding took place last month, are spending some time with Miss Magruder in Bryn Mawr. Mrs. Magruder will be remembered as Miss Elizabeth Comegys Boardman, of Chester, Pa.

Academy of Music—Tonight, 8:15
THE GREATEST STORY OF THE WAR AS TOLD BY SERGEANT ARTHUR GUY
EMPEY
Vivid Demonstration and Lecture of
TRENCH WARFARE
THRILLING—SENSATIONAL—ELECTRIFYING
Seats at Heppe's, 1119 Chestnut Street. Tickets Fifty Cents to $2.

ACADEMY OF MUSIC
PHILADELPHIA ORCHESTRA
LEOPOLD STOKOWSKI, Conductor
FRIDAY AFTERNOON, MARCH 8, AT 2:30
SATURDAY EVENING, MARCH 9, AT 8:15
Soloist: PABLO CASALS, Violoncellist
RIMSKY-KORSAKOW . . . Symphonic Suite, "Scheherazade."
DOBLAY—Concert Fantasie, for Violoncello and Orchestra.
WAGNER . . Overture, "The Flying Dutchman."
Seats Now on Sale at Heppe's, 1119 Chestnut.

B. F. KEITH'S THEATRE
The Ever-Popular Songstress-Comedienne
BLANCHE RING
in a Series of New Song Hits
Little Billy—Maud Earl & Co.
HELEN GLEASON & CO., KIMBERLY & AROLD, and OTHER STARS.

LITTLE THEATRE, 17th & De Lancey. Tonight 8:30. Pop $1 Mat. Tomor. Double Bill. "A GAUNTLET" and "THE GOOD MEN DO"

Trocadero DARLINGS OF PARIS and LA FATIMA

GAYETY FLORINTA, with BEDINI'S NEW SHOW

Items of news for the society page will be accepted and printed in the Evening Public Ledger provided they are written on one side of the paper only and are signed with full name and telephone number of the sender, as it must be possible to verify the notes. Address "Society Editor," Evening Public Ledger, 600 Chestnut street.

Germantown

The Delta Chapter of the Phi Delta Epsilon, of Germantown, which just recently gave its midwinter dance, will give a dance on Saturday evening, March 23, at the Germantown Automobile Club. This affair will be followed by an April dance to be given on Saturday, April 20, at the same place.

KLAW & ERLANGER'S IMMENSE "LAND OF JOY!" COMING TO THE FORREST NEXT MONDAY, MARCH 11

THE DAILY
JOY NEWS
FORREST THEATRE

VOL. 1776. PHILADELPHIA, THE LAND OF JOY, MARCH 4, 1918. No. 41144.

"THE LAND OF JOY"
THE BIG K. & E. SPANISH SPECTACLE
The Great Seat Sale Opens Thurs., 9 A. M.

[Special to The Joy News]

Washington, Mar. 3.—For the first time in Diplomatic History in Washington, a theatrical company was, last week, socially invited and entertained at an Embassy by an Ambassador. The host in this instance was the Spanish Minister and the Distinguished Guests the entire membership of "The Land of Joy!" Company.

The show is appealing—clear as a bell—you don't have to understand Spanish.

George W. Lederer is again home. He vows "The Land of Joy!" is the limit—the greatest ever a triumph for Senores Velasco, the producers.

Dolorites is her name! Dancing is her fame! She is the Blazing Arrow in "The Land of Joy!"

American dancers are slow compared to the Spanish Girls in "The Land of Joy."

Everybody will walk Spanish, talk Spanish, think Spanish. Hoop la!

On scouting seats for "The Land of Joy!" at the Forrest you will be likely to hear the Spanish exclamation "Presto!" "Pronto!" means "You'll have to hurry!"

The rapturous music in "The Land of Joy!" was written by the Spanish Waltz King, Vaverde.

The Chorus Girls in "The Land of Joy!" are all Beauties and all Principals, 93 of them, including the Bull.

The egotistic New Yorkers call us Philadelphians "sleepy." Were we "sleepy" in 1776 with the Liberty Bell?

The only glorious thing the New Yorkers can boast of is Teddy Roosevelt, and as Teddy's grandsires were Rip-Van-Winkles in the Catskill Mountains.

On this date, 1492, Brave C. Columbus arrived in this country to discover it.

"WHAT'S DOING TONIGHT?"

Northwest Business Men's Association meets, 2336 Columbia avenue. Free.

Chester Avenue Improvement Association meets, First U. P. Church, Fifty-second street and Chester avenue. Free.

Passyunk Avenue Business Men's Association meets, Passyunk avenue and Moore street. Free.

Meeting Wissinoming Improvement Association, Toomey's Hall, 3320 Van Kirk street. Free.

Lecture by Arthur Guy Empey, soldier-author, Academy of Music. Admission charge.

Lecture by Frank B. Riley, writer, mountain climber and explorer, before Germantown Cricket Club, Manheim. Members.

Lecture, "Review of Mammalian Types," by Dr. Spencer Trattler, Academy of Natural Sciences. Free.

The Stanley MARKET STREET ABOVE 16TH 11:15 A. M. TO 11:15 P. M.
ALL THIS WEEK
It's a Goldwyn Picture
MAE MARSH