JUST GOSSIP ABOUT PEOPLE

Nancy Wynne Anticipates a Delightful Evening at Opera With Debut of Spanish Tenor-Junior Music Club's Successful Affair

WELL of course, there's opera tonight. | Earnshaw is in France, has returned from a visit to Atlantic City. there will be the new Spanish tenor, Lazaro, to hear, so that will put interest into the performance. The last time I heard "Rigoletto" Titta Ruffo sang, so you may imagine the memories of the great baritone. I wonder where he is now, There have been rumors that he has been killed, other rumors that he is in the trenches and still others that he is singing in Italy, De Luca will be the Rigoletto tonight,

and the New York papers speak very highly of him in this role. I dare say the grand tier will again be a blaze of light and beauty. There is virtually nothing else for society to do, you know, and it is proper to keep up the music of the country in spite of wars, so there society makes its appearance week after week.

SPEAKING of music, you should have been out at Mrs. John B. Thayer's home in Haverford on Saturday afternoon. You never heard anything so remarkable, considering the ages of the members, as the recital of Scandinavian music by the Junior Music Club of the Main Line.

The club was started only two years ago by Mrs. Burton Chance and Mrs. Caroll Hodge, of Radnor, and the members are children whose ages range from sever to seventeen years. They have been giving two recitals a year so far, one at the Charlton Yarnalls, one at the Edward Beales, one at Mrs. Hodge's and another at the Merion Cricket Club.

The recital at the club was given as a benefit berformance and \$500 was raised for the French and Belgian orphans. They have also pledged \$50 a year to the Philadelphia Orchestra.

Speaking of the orchestra, I wish you had seen Polly Thayer (who is in the Junior Club, by the way, as she is not yet eventeen talking to Leopold Stokowski list Tuesday night at the opera. She had on the pearl gray frock she were at Jack and Lois Thayer's wedding and her hair, which is just like her beautiful mother's, was caught up in a soft knot at the back of her head.

She was sitting on the rail talking to Mr. Stokowski with all the "savoir faire" of a girl of many seasons, but with the added attraction of exquisite, unconsclous beauty and youth, for she is but sixteen, though large for her age. She is very like her mother, that same warm coloring and lovely curriage.

Polly played "Romance," by Christian Sinding, at the concert Saturday afternoon, and she certainly was a picture standing there in the soft light, with her violin tucked lovingly under her chin and all the mischief gone from her roguish eyes us the music in her carried her along. She has spent two summers out in Minneapolfs studying under a very fine master and certainly has remarkable talent. She and Margaret Joyce played Grieg's "Solveig's Song" on harp and violin on Saturday,

Alice Benedict did some very tine violin work, too, accompanied by her mother, and the Norris twins, Louise and Virginia, played a duo on the plane. Altogether it was charming. The other children who played—and admirably, too—were Maisie and Helen Chance, Anna Pratt, Muriel and Derethy Hodge, Sarah and Elizabeth Barringer, Gwendolyn Roberts, Dolly Duane and Eleanor and Conway Clark.

Lois and Jack Thayer were in the audience, which I thought was pretty sweet, because these young officers do not often get up from camp to see their brides, and it would have been but natural for them to go off somewhere by themselves rather than to a children's concert, but they did not. Jack came up from camp to the Ritz-Carlton, where Lois and Mrs. Cassatt are living, and he and Lois dined at Mrs. Thayer's that night.

Another interesting person in the audience was the wife of Ossip Gabrilowitsch. who is, as you know, a daughter of the late Mark Twain.

MET her just the other day, and I said, "When are you to be married?" "Well," she said, smiling, "in April, but don't say anything about it to mother." It is hard on mother; she's her only daughter. but then these things do happen and mother had to leave her mother. Anyhow, the wee bird asked mother, "When is daughter to be married?" And mother said, "Oh, not for a long time."

That sounded fine for mother, but, or the other hand, a house has just been bought out on the Main Line by the young man whose engagement to daughter was announced just about three months ago, and somehow I don't foresee that he will live in it all alone. So I guess mother will have to give in, for there's no objection whatever to the match and father, if the bird tells true-and it generally manages to give a decided semblance to the truthhas had a finger in the Main Line house, too. Time will tell. NANCY WYNNE.

Social Activities

Dr. and Mrs. George Fales Baker will en-tertain at dinner this evening at the Bellevue-Stratford, where they are spending the win-ter. Their guests will be Mr. and Mrs. Charles Francis Gummey and Mr. and Mrs. Howard Lewis. They will afterward attend the opera.

Dr. and Mrs. Wilbur Paddock Klapp will entertain informally at dinner tonight before the opera, where they will also entertain in

Mr. George H. Frazier, father of Lieutenant Harrison Frazier, Jr., now in the avia-tion service in France, who has been recuperating after his attack of grip for the last six weeks at the Bellview Hotel, Belleaire Heights, Fla., with Mrs. Frazier and their daughter, is expected back in the city during the coming mean

Mr. and Mrs. Armitt Brown, of St. Davids, have returned home, after spending two weeks at the Dennis, Atlantic City.

Mrs. Herbert Lincoln Clark, of Radnor, has been spending a few days in Washington, where Mr. Clark is doing Government work.

Mrs. W. W. Bodine and her small son, of Villaneva, have returned from a visit to Mr. and Mrs. Alfred G. Clay, 1229 Spruce

Charles, Atlantic City.

Mrs. Henry C. Earnshaw, who is living th her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Tat-ill, of Bantherpe, Bryn Mawr, while Doctor

Mr. and Mrs. Victor J. Mulford, of Wyncote, who have been staying at the Chalfonte, Atlantic City, have returned to their home. Mr. and Mrs. Anthony A. Hirst, Haver-ford, spent the week-end at the St. Charles, Atlantic City,

Licutement II. C. Milson, of the First Canadian Cavalry, will sheak at the Bryn Mawr Theatre tomorrow afternoon at 5.25 for the benefit of Main Line Branch No. 1 of the Red Cree

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Belliy, who have been living at the Bellevue for the winter, are now spending several months in the Seuth.

Miss Walburga Relly is attending school at Tarrytown-on-the-Hudson.

Mr and Mrs. Roy Stockwell Bulger, of Jenkintown, are receiving congratulations on the birth of a daughter.

A spring tea was given by the Jenkintown Choral Sesterday at the Amiltorium, Old York road, An interesting program was given. The churne was assisted by Miss Jennnette Craig Dutt, sofrano: Mrs. Athert is, Billstein, sofrano, and Miss Mary Rogers, render, Another concert will be given by the Chural in Philadelphia on the infermous of March 26, assisted by Mr. Louis James Howell.

Miss Marie Molinari, of South Pholadelphoa, who has been spending some time in Atjantic City with her aunt. Miss bully del Rossi, will remain until after faster at the home of Mr. and Mrs. David del Rossi, who were recently married in this ent.

ning at the freeting of the storary truth, accompanied on the plant by Mr. Herman Carter. Miss Brooks has sung at various training campo and Y. M. C. A. hats for the amusement of the soldness.

Mrs. A. D. Edelman, Mrs. Jean Edelman and Mr. Roger Edelman instituted to Weightstewn on Sunday, steenting the day at Camp Dix as the guests of Mrs. Edelman's isn-in-law, Lieutenant William MacMarkin.

ANOTHER RUMMAGE SALE FOR WAR RELIEF

West Philadelphia Women Will Sell Everything From Bric-a-Brac to Women's Clothes

The West Philadelphia Unit of the The West Philadelphia Unit of the Woman's Council of National Defense, which has its headquarters at the Philomonian Curk, will give a runmage scale tomorrow. Thursday and Friday. The precedes from this sale will be devoted to the war activities of the unit and will be divided between the fund set aside to sid the work of recunstruction in France and that which is used to provide the Sanday night suppers for enlisted men, which are given every week at the

Mrs. Joseph H. Parvin is chairman of the finance committee and Mrs. Henry R. Swoje is secretary of the runnings sale committee. Each department of the sale is in charge of a sweial group of women.

Mrs. Alfred Porter will be in charge of the hate, assisted by Mrs. Harry A. Pelzer, Mrs. Charlest E. Cattel, Mrs. S. H. Chawford, Are. Frederick B. Gilbert, Miss Lillian B. Crawford and Mrs. Frismuth.

Mrs. Alfred M. Maddocs will sell men's suits. Her assistants are Mrs. John Kendig, Mrs. William L. Welsh and Mrs. William Breitenbaugh, Shoes will be in charge of Mrs. John P.

Bowker and Mrs. Albert L. Coffin, Mrs. 191 Parry, Mrs. Henry Rifs, Mrs. Robert H. Hayes, Mlss Daffron, Mrs. E. H. Caives and Mrs. Alice B. Longworth. Pictures will be sold by Mys. David Hisley.

Pictures will be sold by Mrs. David Hisley, chairman, assisted by Mrs. Robert Parman, Mrs. Edward Caleb Dixon, Mrs. Saverna. Portuondo, Mrs. Cardinal, Mrs. Carl M. Kneass, Mrs. Edward N. Haag, Mrs. Henry R. Thomisson and Mrs. Charles Wessels. Mrs. Victor Cöchran is in charge of the heating and Miss. Ruth M. Israel has charge of the printing. The auto service has been arranged by Mrs. J. Walter Maxwell. Collars, shirts, cuffs and ties will be sold.

Cottars, shirts, cuffs and ties will be sold by Mrs. Richard Randall, chairman, and Mrs. Frederick Smith, Mrs. William Ruth, Mrs. John A. Donovan, Mrs. Buchanan Harrar, Mrs. Walter Maxwell and Mrs.

George Scranton.

The bric-a-bras is under the care of Mrs.
William J. Potter, chairman, Mrs. John
Kendig, Mrs. Robinson, Mrs. William L.
Welsh, Mrs. Taplin, Mrs. Samuel B. Vrooman,
Mrs. Matthew J. Grier, Mrs. Raiston and Mrs. Davis. The housefurnishings will be sold by Mrs.

Edward G. Whitman, chairman; Mrs. Lydia V. Curtis, Mrs. John C. Hancock, Mrs. Robert Leinau, Mrs. W. Ross Wilson, Mrs. Joseph Harian and Mrs. J. Allison O'Daniel. The restaurant is under the direction of

Mrs. Sherman Reid, chairman; Mrs. Victor Cochran, Miss Susan Y. Hurlick, Mrs. Mary P. Roberts, Mrs. Robert F. Dobbin, Mrs. James Harlan and Mrs. Gustavus Bisler. Women's clothes will be gold by Mrs. Louis M. Silance, chairman; Mrs. Robert Riddeil, Mrs. J. Elmer Troth, Mrs. Howard Park, Mrs. Victor Cochran, Miss S. Hurlick,

irs, Joseph Stopp, Mrs. James Duffy, Mrs. Howard Minster and Mrs. Lec. Children's clothes will be sold by Mrs. William P. Mifflin, chairman; Mrs. Price Patton, Mrs. Nichols, Miss Jane M. Eglin and Mrs. Mark Meredith.



MISS HAZEL SWITZER Of 3222 Susquehanna avenue, whose engagement to Lieutenant John L. McMichael, Jr., U. S. R., has recently

Business Career of Peter Flint A Story of Salesmanship by Harold Whitehead

the Waltehood out unever your business quot-tions on busing, actions, adjustingly and employ-ment. Ask your questions every and give all the facts. Your correct union every and full adjusts must be again to all anythine. These value are contin-sated must be gravities. These value are contin-sated must be gravities. I wrong a realising question will be some by must. Others will be enhanced in the column of the most interesting problems of inquieres will be only into the story of Peter Film.

I WAS at the Metropolitan Cambiovment Agency by 7 Getock this morning. A bimeli of about a dozen fellows were listening to a slight-huilt, imarti-leoling young fellow got up like a fashion plate who while sheaking took sty pulls at a cigarette.

"I called that guy down all right though," to said assertively as I mane up. "Can you beat it? Just wouldn't give no a chance he cause. There he attempted to minde the man of whom he had been speaking? "Young man, you have eigarette stains on your lingals. Cigarettee are deleterious to the mind." Then he recommed his matural yoke, "What the heak does deleterious mean, any-hour"

TODAY'S BUSINESS EPIGRAM

It is easy to debit you with more rices than you have if you show evidences of

What does this mean to YOU?

Business Questions Answered

Welcome to our city, and congratulations on being born in such a beautiful place in-lev such fortunate elecumistances. This is a glorious world you have come into, and it is our hearty wish that you will get and give much happiness while

here.

We can help to give you some happiness if you will let us. For mitiance, after your bath it is lovely to have your dear little hody dabbed with pure, fragrant talcum powder. powder.
Sometimes you may have a little pain or sche. If so, we probably have just the thing that will cure it.
We have lots of toilet daintles to make habies happy and comfr. Ask mother to telephone.

or head to us for your

May you live long and be a constant joy to your parents and friends.

P. S.—If you don't get what you want.

This letter, being unusual, will probably be kept as the first letter taky ever re-......

Let me unswer you by giving you the answer contributed to the late Mr. Pierpont Morgan, who, when acked if the beauti industry was worth while, gaid, "Yes, if you sell enough of them." (CONTINUED TOMORROW)

Hunting a Husband

By MARY DOUGLAS

CHAPTER IN Fate Clears the Way

With had I so thoughtlessly declared that It was a graduate of a French convent in France? If I had grounds—but I do not speak French. I have never been in France. And now I was to pay well for my lie! Here before the eyes of my bostess I should be exposed.

Mademoiselle was presented. A sober-elad figure with said eyes. I thought I caught a look of fright in those brown eyes for was it merely the reflection of my own? We threaded our way to a corner of the

caught a look of fright in those brown eyes. Or was it merely the reflection of my own? We threaded our way to a corner of the room. We sank down upon a davenport. At least I did. I hotleed Mile. Verin entered, her feet close together. She rolled and unroiled a tiny wad of handkerchief. I sat mute—fearful. Should I throw myself on her mercy, confees my silp, or—Mademoiselle spoke. It was in English. I would ask a favor of you—she paused, and I noticed the beat-beat of a little pulse in her throat. "You're kind—you are young—you are beautiful—(I, beautiful, not by the largest stretch of imagination) and she ended "you are a woman. I am not French!" Then to the startled question that sprang to my eyes. "No, no, I am not a German spy." She spoke fast. Almost incoherently she told me of herself she was a German girl, who without friends in this country, was dependent on herself for bread.

"They do not like me, they do not wish me to work when they learn that I am of Germany. I would starve." Her voice broke. A tear slipped down her cheek. "So I say I am French. A norphan, which I am. At once I have work—friends—sympathy. Ain, you cannot be cruel to me. You will not tell," her voice pleaded.

"I am the governess of Mile. Merle's tiny sister. I speak French. Oh yes, but I knew you. a Parisian, would know too soon."

She stopped. "Tell." I said earnestly, "of course I won't tell. I know how hard it must be." At the note of sympathy in my voice she went on. She told me of her life alone in this strange land. Of her intense loneliness. Of the terrible fear that obsessed her day and night when she could find no work.

"I would wash. I would clean. But I was not the strength. I knew that was

A tear slipped down her cheek. "So I say i am French. An orphan, which I am. At once I have work—friends—sympathy. All, you cannot be cruel to me. You will not tell." her voice pleaded.

"And what do you do?" I asked.
"I am the governess of Mile. Meric's tiny sister. I speak French. Oh yes, but I knew you. a Parisian, would know too soon."

She stopped. "Tell," I said carnestly of course I won't tell. I know how hard it must be." At the note of sympathy in my voice she went on. She told me of her life alone in this strange land. Of her intense loneliness. Of the terrible fear that obsessed her day and night when she could find no work.

"I would wash. I would clean. But I have not the strength. I knew that way meant sickness. I felt myself lost."

Dell Meric was coming toward us. "Let us speak English. Mile. Verdin," I said hurriedly, "just as a favor to me." Our hostess was with us. Mademoiselle spoke in English. "It has meant much to meet Mile. Lane." then bowing to us she left the room.

I leaned my head against a cushion. Saved! It was all I could think at first. By a lucky chance I was saved. But I was resolved. Never again should I lie. No matter what my predicament. I shall be utterly truthful.

Temorroy—"The Fire Pelits of the Game."

All the bar of the middle them?"

You—you burned them?"

"Yes—lonight."

Rizzio peered at her in alleace in her mid then shringed. "On " be said. "In that case. I have made two errors in under them throughed. "You'll make a third, if you're not out of that window in half a second." said Cyril.

But Rizzio laughed at him.

"You'll make a third, if you're not said that would be wise to make a disturbance—" he said coolly. "I think disturbance—" he said coolly. "I think it would be wise to make a disturbance—" he said coolly. "I think and the window in half a second." said Cyril.

"You'll make a third, if you're not said that it would be wise to make a disturbance—" he said coolly. "I think the would have half a second." Said coolly. "I think dissible when he is a said coolly



MRS, J. NORMAN JACKSON Photo to taked & Potters

Mrs. Jackson is very prominent in social and charitable affairs. Mr. Scotch Terrier looks rather prominent also, does he not? Mrs. Jackson is interested in the rummage sale which opens tomovrow at 1024 Chestnut street.

The Yellow Dove A Romance of the Secret Service By GEORGE GIBBS

of trombs.

LADY RETTY HEATHCOLE had a reputation for giving the most successful dinners in the restricted circle within which move cabinet members and Emiland's most proverful men, on the night the stary successful dinners in the night the stary successful in the night the stary successful in the light that the stary successful in the light that the stary successful in the first start a party given in home of 20118 REZIO dean of collectors and a great griet, whose stands of collectors and a great griet, whose stands are started to constain. Right is permitted to constain, Right is permitted to constain and manufall RESION. Conference sources of the land of the started of the land that the successful in the constaint of the land of the land

Britain and lave for the man who now americs to be a spx. The next day Captain Byfield is arrested.

Bizzlo does not give un the chase, but follows Doris to Luib Heathcote's estate in Scutland Just as Doris is about to throw the topers into the fire, following a dramatic series with the art callector. Heatmersley's voice is unexpectedly heard in the ball and he enters the room. Now it is Hammersley's turn to try to gain possession of the outers, and after Rizzlo leaves the room he tell: Doris, in answer to her questineling as to his bouilty, to horn the papers. Wondering, and reassired, she dues. Then Heatmersley surprises her such to which she agrees after futile protesting. During the night she is anothered by the moffled sound of sectifies to the room which was to have been occupied by her. Captional she was rolling on the floor.

I'm all right," she heard in a breatile as whisper. "The back to your room. It's

A whisper. "the back to your room. It's nothin."

But having ventured thus far she did not hesitate, and closing the door behind her came forward. Upon the floor, half against the wall, was the figure of a man. Cyril was sitting on his legs and floiding him with one hand by the necknoth.

"You're safe?" she whispered.

"You're safe?" she whispered.

"You're safe?" she whispered.

"I don' care." Her curiodly had triumabed. She leased forward and saw that it was John Rizzlo.

"Rizzlo!" she whispered. "My recon!"

"I ought to kill him, boris, said Cyril savagely. "but I've only cheiced him a little. He'll come around in a minute." And then more quietly. "Let me a glass of water, but don't make a fuss and don't make a light. There are men outside.

She obeyed and in a moment litzro revived and sat up. Cyril standing over him, his fiat clembed.

"Oh, let him go, Cyril please." Doris pleaded.

At the sound of the girls color fizzio started and with Cyril's holp strugglod to his fact.

"Yes, he's going the way he came—by the

eet.
"Yes, he's going the way he came—by the xindow," growled Hammersley. "Head first, f I have my way."
Hizzlo succeeded in a sintle though he was

Rizzio succeeded in a sintle though he was still struggling for breath.

"I suppose—I must thank yout for your generosity, Hammersley," he said with as line a return of his composture as his throat permitted. "I have been guilty of—of an error in judgment—"
"I'm sorry you think his only that," said tyril dryly, "Now go," he whispered throateningly, pointing to the window.
"In a moment—with your permission," he said, recovering his suavity with his breath. "In extenuation of this yier, terribe as it seems to Miss Uather, I—I can only say that if I had succeeded I would have saved her from remembering some day that soe mad given England's secrets into the harsis of the energy. You're mistaken," said Doris quietly. "I

have burned them."
"You—you burned them?"
"Yes—tonight."

THE STORY THES FAR

All Londard is mystifled by "The Yellow Dave," a 1000-biorsepower sirplane that draise channels over livides into the most sure sirplane that draise channels over livides in the said that makes periodic trips to Empland. Houses of the great plane, and attacks against the time air defenses have been equally tothe. The thing that makes "The Yellow Dave" or more terrible by that there is a "look" in the Hritish War Office, and the "Dave" with are invariably simultaneous with the movered of troops.

LADY BETTY HEATHCOIE had a remaining a party given by the shadow had been expected members and England's most powerful men, on the night fee story owns ske is the hestes at a party given in homor of JOHN RIZZIO, dean of collectors and a zerot grid, whose days of the days of the grid to the collector of the party of the pa

CHAPTER VIII tridence

TNSTEE her own room sur stood for a I moment tremulously in the dark, fingering the guilty thing in her hands he sto had

sant be. About message it should be moving quietly to the bed lit the candle nowing quietly to the bed lit the candle on the night-tand. Another packet of flighetrols, new like the other, with its tiny thin rubber band. She onened it quickly and seamed the pages, finding what she sought without difficulty. The writing was not in the same hand. It was reunder and less minute, covering in all seven pages, and it was witten carelessly as if the writer had been in a hurry. Cyril's own handwriting it seemed. The purport of its nessage was the same.

been in a leary. Cyril's own handwriting it seemed. The purport of its message was the same.

No. She remembered the dates. These were somewhat different. The names of the regiments were the same, but the dates instead of days in April and May gave days in the mouths of June and July. And the numerals which at first had puzzled her were smaller. For instance, among "Highland Regiments Foot" the numerals of which she renombered particularly, instead of 129,000 she raw the numerals 12,000. It was the same under other headings in the remainder of the items. Under "shrappel" there were changes and under "artillery.

She closed the packet in key lingers, for the figures swam before her eyes. They were all true—all the horrible things that she had thought of tyril. This was later and more accurate information—the exact reason for which she did not pretend to understand—and was intended to follow the previous message—perhaps to be treed as a code in connection with it. Cyril was—Oh, the dishonor of it! And she had gene to sleep abnost ready to believe in him again—because he had let her burn the other papers. What did it matter to him whether she burned the papers when he had other messages to send and had committed to memory the facts he had let her destroy? He had led to her. He was faise as Judies and more dangerous, for now she knew that he was desperate as well as cannot grow and he end.

means, no matter hew ignoble, to gain his ende.

And John Rizzio! Rizzio, Cyril's enemy, stood for England and right, and she had been to be a considered to see through Cyril's eye just as Cyril had wanted her to see.

Suddenly she started up and sat clutching the yellow packet to her breast, her gaze fixed on the door into Cyril's room. Had his heard a kneek! Or was it only imagination? Yes. There it was again. She leaned over hurriedly and blew out the candle and lay very still, her beeth chattering with the cid, her body trembling. He was knocking again, a little louder this time, and she heard his vokes through the keyhole whispering her name. She made no response and felgned sleep. He knocked again still louder and she heard her harne spoken outse distinctly. He would awaken the house if this went on When he knocked again she got up and went over to the door.

"Doris!" he was saying. She answered him.

"Will you open the door—just a crack."

"No," she whispered,
"I want to speak to you."

"You cannot."

You cannot."

Please.

"Please the property of the property

ie denr."
"No." she lied, trembling. "I didn't."
She heard him mutter.
"You're sure?" came his voice again.

And then in dubious tones:
"Oh, very well, then. Scrry to have troubled you. Good night."
She dim't reply and stole back through the darkness to her bed, into which she crept, like some thin wraith of vengcance, biding her time. like some thin wraith of vengeance, biding her time.

Into hed, but not to sleep. She watch the moonlight grow pale into the west and saw the first gray streaks of dawn paint the wooded slopes of Ben Darrah across the valley of the Dorth. In plty for herself and Cyril she watched the new day born, a new day, bleak and cheeriess, which seemed by its very aspect to proncunce a sentence upon them; the new day which was to mark the passing of all the things growing womanhood holds most Grar, her first faith, her first tenderness, her first passion.

Dorts kept to her room until Betty came in, awakening her from a heavy sleep into which she had fallen just before sunrise. Lady Heathcote rang for Wilson and then

lieum of news for the society page will be accepted and printed in the Evening Public Let the provided they are written on one aid the inverted of the page only and are signed with full name and leienboine number of the sander, as it must be passible to verify the notes. Address "Society Reiter," Byening Public Leiger, 606 Chosinat street.

he said at last taking the built by the horns. "I shall miss my ride"

They're taking the long road to Ben-a-chielt. Fit take you there in the motor and send your mount on by a groom."

She acquiesced with a cool shrug which but long at once upon his guard, but Doris had reached a pass when all she wanted was to bring their relations to an end as speeding and with as little pain as possible. So that when the others had gone she such into a chair before the line, coldly asking him what he wanted. He stood with his back to the hearth, the hands classed belief him, a long moment of silence as though trying to find the words to begin.

"Well' she asked havelenth."

"What has happened since last night to change you so Doris?"

"I've had a chance to thin!

"of what?"

"That it was thine you and I had an inderstanding."

"I don't see—

"Wait " she commended, with a wave of

"I don't see—
Wait "she commanded, with a wave of
the hand. "There isn't anything that you
can say that will make me change my mind.
Therefore the sooner this talk is over the
better for both of us. I've told you and
you know already that my whole soul is
vramped in the cause of England in this war,
I can have nothing but pity and contempt for
any Englishman.

She paused, for at this moment, the parbor maid appeared and, gathering some
trasses on Lady Heathcote's desk, went out
of the room.

I beg you will be more careful, Doris"
tyil whispered.

She was silent a moment, and then after a

She was silent a moment, and then after a stance at the dining-room door, went on with more restraint.

Pity and contempt are hardly the kind of ingredients that love can live on. They've poisoned inthe, it's dead. I don't want to see you again," she thinhed coldly — ever. I hope you miderstand."

howed his head and for a moment

see you again," she finished coulty—'ever. I hope you inderstand."

He howed his lead and for a moment made to reply.

"I asked—" he sald slowly. "I hoped—that you would be willin' to trust me—that you'd wait until I was able to speak to you—jo explain the—the things you do not understand."

"Unfortunately." sile put in distinctly, there is nothing that I do not understand. I know—tool help you'—what you are. I have done what I can to save you from the fate you're couring—and I shall still do so, for the sake of—of what once was—was between its. But I do not want to see you again. I have put you out of out life—completely—as though you never had been in it. And now," site rose, "will you let me e." "One moment, please," he said caimly. "You found those papers last night."

"Yes," she said coolly. "And if I did." He seemed to broathe more freely.

"I have nothing to say, he muttered. "Oh, she said quickly, "I'm glad of that. You don't deny—"

"I deny nothing." he said with a shrug. I see that it would be useless."

"I'm glad you give me credit for that much intelligence, she said scathingly. "You haven't done so before.

"It was not your intelligence," he said gently, "so much as your heart that I had relied upon."

"Oh, you thought I was a fool that you could use—indefinitely.

Something in the tone of his own voice made her turn and look at him.

"A woman—yes, but not an enemy of Emisiod."

He was silent again, and when he spoke it was not to argue. His voice was subdued—chames even it seemed.

"And now, I suppose you will give the—

"And now, I suppose you will give thethe papers to Sandys," he said.

She examined him clorely and pity for him seemed even stronger than shame.

"It is a part of our misunderstanding," she said coolly, "that you should think so little of ine. I have told you that I shall protect you. My hands shall be clean, if my heart heart,"

(CONTINUED TOMORROW)



AN ARTCRAFT PICTURE

MARY PICKFORD AMARILLY

PALACE 1214 MARKET STREET 10 A. M. to 11:15 P. M Edith Storey in "REVENGE" THURS. FRI. SAT.—MAE MARSH in THE BELOVED TRAITOR Next West.—THE CROSS BEARER

A R C A D I OTT A A D I A GEORGE BEBAN "ONE MORE AMERICAN"

VICTORIA MARKET ABOVE 9TH SELECT Presents PRESENTATION OF TALMADGE

in "THE STUDIO GIRL"

Added-"Son of Democracy" (4th Chapter)
Surray Fris Sat - "Price of a Good Time"

Next Week-"CHEATING THE PUBLIC" REGENT MARKET ST. Hol. 17th
ANN PENNINGTON SUNSHINE
ANN.



"CORN-COB CUT-UPS" CROSS KEYS MARKET ST. Bel. 60th

"THE COUNTRY COUSINS" BROADWAY Broad and Snyder Ave "THE BEAUTY FOUNTAIN" WILLIAM FARNUM MISERABLES

ACADEMY-Tomor. Evg., at 8:15 RECITAL By ALMA GLUCK

SOPRANO Asst. by Sig. de Stefano, Harpist TICKETS, 75c, \$1.00, \$1.50, \$2.00, \$3.00. Heppe's, 1119 Chesthut St, Cas. to Geo. T. Haty,

ACADEMY-Thursday Aft., March 14, at 5:00. JASCHA HEIFETZ Tickets at Heppe's, 1119 Chestnut St. Checks to Goo, T. Haly. Stage Sears, 51,50.

CASINO Broadway Frolics



Adelphia, i o'clock. Members. Lecture, "Spiritual Awakening of E Arts and Theology," by Earl Barnes, the auspicies of the University Ext fociety, Association Hall, German

Hustrated address, Director George S.
Webster, of the Department of Wharves.
Docks and Ferries, at meeting of the Business Men's and Taynayers' Association of Frankford, Library Hall, 7:45 o'clock. Proceedings of the Business Men's Association of Germantown Business Men's Association meets Germantown Peys' Club. 8 o'clock.

clock, Members,
Meeting of Catholic Societies to boom "Big
Meeting of Catholic Societies to boom the

Hustrated lectures: "Crucible Process of Making Steel," by A. de Maredo, and "Waste Heat. Bollera," by M. G. Bittel, Junior Sec-tion Engineers' Cub. 1317 Spruce street, \$:35 o clock. Members and friends. Evening in the Galleries, Fellowship Ponn-sylvania Academy of the Fine Arts.

sylvania Academy of the Fine Arts, award of Fellowship Prize and address, "Art a Necessity," by John McLure Hamilton, \$:15 o'clock. Members and friends.

Lecture, "Chemistry, Nutritive Values and Economy of Foods," by Dr. Harvey W. Whey, Wagner Institute, Seventeenth street and Montgomery avenue, \$ o'clock. Free,

LYRIC—Mat. Tomor, BEST \$1.50
GREATEST OF ALL-STAR GASTS
WILLIAM

FAVERSHAM MAXINE ARBUCKLE

Nights \$1.50, \$1, 75c, 50c Matinees, \$1, 75c, 50c TONIGHT AT 8:10 \$1.00 MAT, TOMORROW

NO PRIENDS LIKE OLD PRIENDS NO TUNES LIKE OLD TUNES CROWDED HOUSES ATTEST THE WONDERFUL POWERS OF ARTHUR HAMMERSTEIN'S

ADELPHI EVENINGS AT \$15

POP. MAT. THURSDAY SEAT ST

With MARY NASH and Entire N.Y. Co. GARRICK Last 5 Evgs.

By WILLARD MACK and LOU TELLEGEN Direction Charles Emerson Cook.

NEXT WEEK-SEATS THURS. THE NEW COMEDY DRAMA

T H E

LITTLE BELGIAN

TIMELY PRICES—Eygs, and 50c to \$1.50 Sat. Mat. (except Sat. Eyg.)
POPULAR \$1 MAT. WED. FORREST MATINEE Tomorrow, 2:15 MATINEE

IT'S THE LAST WORD! THE GORGEOUS LAND SPECTACLE: TODAY'S PAPERS

OF JOY 93 Gypsy Heauties and Julius Tannen! The Tip-Toe Show: SPECIAL—BEGINNING WITH TOMORROW MATINEE: APTER-MATINEE-STAGE-RECEPTION APTER-MATINEE-STAND-RECEPTION"
in Response to Many Suggestions, "THE
LAND OF JOY! Company Respectfully Invity the Ladies Attending the Wednessay and
Saturday Matineer to Meet Them on the Stage
of the Forrest Theatre, Immediately After
the Close of Those Performances for
Cordial Tete-a-tete, and a Close View of the
Rare Shawis and Other Garmentry Worn in
the Play. Arrangements May Be Made, at the
Same Time, for Dancing and Castanet Los
come at Private Residences or on the Forrest
Stage.

BROAD MONDAY 18 SEATS NOW

MRS. FISKE

LAVEDAN'S

"SERVICE"

"A Night at an Inn"

STRAND GERMANTOWN AT VENANGE EAST OF BROAD Douglas Fairbanks in "HEADING SOUTH CHAPTER SON OF DEMOCRACY"

BROAD Friday, March 15, 1918
At 1:50 P. M. MONSTER BENEFIT

The Stage Women's War Relie

ALL CELEBRITIES APPEARING AT VARIOUS THEATRES WILL APPEAR TICKETS STUBBLE BY BROAD Street Theatre be leading intein. Popular Prices Will Prevail B. F. KEITH'S THEAT

DE HAVEN & PARKER hy New Songs and Dances.
A. Paul Keith and E. F. Albes Press.
Gladys Hanson in "Liberty Affa.
Hemer B. Massa & Marguertis Rector.
NEXT WEEK—EVA TANG

Metropolitan Cross Hotels Hollan Matropolitan RIGOLE OCLOCK More, factorism De Lines, Markeone, Rorel Mr. Page. Souts 1104 Charton, Walter Trocsdero Charton, Walter Trocsdero Charton, Market Mr. Page Charton, Market Mr. Page Charton, Market Mr. Page Charton, Mr. P