JUST GOSSIP ABOUT PEOPLE

Nancy Wynne Tells of Several Convalescents From Pneumonia. She Visits Navy House—Mrs. Bailey Has Influenza

DON'T you think the panic is a bit less panicky these days? It seems so to me, though illness and sadness are still on all sides. The influenza situation is better though, and let's hope we'll soon be "out of the woods" as to that worry. It's the way in this world. If it is not one thing it's another, and we'll never be perfectly happy till we get to the other side, will we?

However the news is better about the illnesses and people seem actually to be recovering, which in so many cases did not happen at first. There's Lieutenant Carl Shattuck for instance, he has had influenza and pneumonia and is recovering. In fact he is able to visit and is at present staying with Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Adams at their home on Navahoe avenue in Chestnut Hill.

Stanley Ketcham has been ill too, had influenza followed by pneumonia and way out in Seattle too, but he is well on the mend now. Mrs. Ketcham has gone out to Seattle to stay with him for a while. She was Eleanor Edmonds you remember.

DID you know that Junior Bower had been wounded in France? He's in the Marines you know, and has been over there for more than a year. He is a first cousin of Sydney Thayer who was made a second lieutenant the other day.

Syd Thayer's mother was Elise Bower a sister of Mr. George Bower of Torresdale, Junior's mother was Miss Agnes Fuller a sister of Mrs. John Carpenter, Mrs. Rob Griffith, Mrs. W. A. M. Fuller and Laurie Fuller. His brother, Harry, is also in the service. The Bower boys have long been a part of Torresdale life and when they and Dick Bullitt, who died so gallantly in France in July, and Cooper Howell and most of the other young men of Torresdale left for France that once gay little camping ground became a quiet place indeed.

I understand that Junior is not severely wounded and I am glad indeed that this is the case. He is a lieutenant too, and a first one I think.

I STOPPED in at the Navy House yesterday and was awfully interested in the work being done there. It is at 221 South Eighteenth you know, and the various organizations with headquarters there have all offered their services to help the influenza victims.

The Navy House is really a Club house for Navy Officers under the auspices of the Navy Auxiliary and the house has been remodeled and redecorated for this purpose. Besides being a club house there is a cafeteria attached and certainly that is pretty nice, isn't it?

The Navy auxiliary of the Red Cross has its headquarters there too, you know and also the Department of Navy Recreation.

Then the Navy Auxiliary Motor Corps is also at this building and about fifty girls belong to that and work in relays day after day especially through these trying days. The girls in the corps take the Navy Officers to and from the Navy yard but last week they devoted most of their time taking doctors and nurses on hundreds of sick calls and carrying soup and other food and remedies to the stricken households. Pretty good work, that, it seems to me.

The Navy Hospital committee is located in the same building I understand so you see a great deal can be done for the influenza patients. Mrs. Stotesbury is chairman of the Hospital committee and has associated with her Mrs. Dobson Altemus, Mrs. Milton Herold and Mrs. Alfred Grey.

DID you hear that Ethel Huhn Bailey and Pauline Denckla are both down with influenza at Mr. George Huhn's home on Locust street? Ethel and Pauline took up a three months course of intensive training at the University Hospital and when the epidemic came they helped nurse the patients. They both contracted the disease and are being taken care of at Mrs. Bailey's home.

JEAN BULLITT, too! She has been nursing at the Pennsylvania hospital, you know and several days ago started in with a cold and fever, so they clapped her into bed and are keeping her there until her temperature becomes normal. There is no sense in taking any risk these days and so the sensible people are going to bed the minute the chill or fever comes.

Jean is not very ill, and they expect her to be up and around in a few days She and her father are staying at the Cresheim Arms in Mt. Airy.

ARE'N'T children the dearest things? I heard of two the other day, whose father is ill and whose mother left them with an aunt while she went to the hospital to be with him.

That same auntie owing to illness of a number of associates had some very important statistics to compile every night. It was a thing that could not be put off. So when her small niece say that she was bringing these papers home and going over them after dinner each evening she made this proposition. Could'n't she and Brother help Auntie with her "stistics".

Auntie being an understanding person, and realizing that "useful occupation" was the best thing possible for small nieces and nephews, responded with alacrity. And when I stopped in to see her the other evening, there they were; Auntie in a large chair and niece and nephew on small chairs on either side. Auntie with books and papers and pencils; and Niece and Nephew armed with a picture book each and a pencil. And every time Auntie made a mark on her paper, Niece and Nephew made a mark in their books. As I entered I heard Niece remark "Are we really helping you?" while Brother aged three echoed the question in a shrill treble; "Is we 'heping' you?" To which Auntie replied, "Indeed you are!"

And small niece sighing said, "How fortunate it is that we came to stay just when you were so busy!" NANCY WYNNE.

Social Activities

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Wigton, of Haverford, are receiving congratulations on the birth of a daughter. Mrs. Wigton will be remembered as Miss Elizabeth Smucker. Mr. and Mrs. Wigton live on Berkley road, in Haverford.

Quite a number of persons have been stopping in Atlantic City during this month, though others have returned to their winter homes.

Mrs. Zachary Hall, of Ridley Park, has left Hadden Hall, where she has been spending the summer, and has returned to town, where she has taken an apartment for the winter at the Aldine.

Mrs. Davis Pearson and Mr. and Mrs. Donald Flanigen have returned to their home, 5939 Drexel road, Overbrook, from Atlantic City, after having spent a few days at the Brighton.

Mrs. William Holman and her daughter, Miss Louise Holman, of the Bartram, are staying at the Chalfonte.

Mr. and Mrs. Clifford McCurdy and their daughter, of Merion, have taken a cottage in Newton place, Ventnor, for this month.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Shirk, of the Belgravia, are at Haddon Hall, where they will spend the winter.

Mrs. Benson Wigton and her daughter, Miss Theodora Wigton, of Plainfield, N. J., formerly of this city, are at the Chatham Glaslyn, Atlantic City, for an indefinite visit.

Mr. and Mrs. James Barron, of 325 South Thirteenth street, announce the engagement of their daughter, Miss Grace McKee Barron, and Mr. Harry F. Dickinson, of this city.

Owing to death in the family, the wedding of Miss Marion Frances Johnson, of 4527 Kingsessing avenue, and Mr. Matthew Boyd Kemp, C. P. O., U. S. naval aviation corps, will not take place this month. Mr. Kemp is now at the aeronautic station, Pensacola, Fla., and has recovered from an attack of influenza.

The wedding of Miss Mildred Heist, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Harry H. Heist, of 1826 West Tioga street, and Mr. John W. Eisweiler, of 4248 Chestnut street, formerly of Tioga, will take place on Wednesday evening, October 23, at the home of the bride's parents. The bride will be attended by Miss Mary Eisweiler, the bridegroom's sister; while Mr. Harry Eisweiler will be his brother's best man. The bride and bridegroom will be at home after January 1, at 6019 Oxford street, West Philadelphia.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry A. Clayton have returned from their wedding trip and are at home in Ventnor, N. J. The bride was Miss Marian B. Clark, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Clark, of North Twelfth street.

Mrs. William Aldrich and her daughter, Miss Nellie Aldrich, have closed their cottage in Ocean City and have returned to their home, 3429 North Twenty-second street.

An autumn carnival will be held this afternoon and evening at the home of Mrs. Robert Crook, 4253 Ridge avenue, under the auspices of the national service commission of the Falls of Schuylkill Presbyterian Church. The decorations will be the national colors, autumn leaves and late garden flowers. Fancy articles, home-made pies, cake and rolls, ice cream and sandwiches will be for sale. Supper will be served from 5 to 7 o'clock, and there will be patriotic music.

GIRLS FIND LOAN WORK FULL OF ODD INCIDENTS

Something Always Happening, So No One Has Chance to Be Bored

"I think every one of us is a little more human, a little more understanding and a good deal better for having sold bonds for this Liberty Loan."

It was Miss Gretchen Clay, major of the Emergency Aid aides and director of the work of the aides under Mrs. Norman MacLeod during the loan, who thus summed up the result of hundreds of interesting experiences.

For three weeks these young women, many of them descendants of Philadelphia's oldest families, have worked steadily in the booths and in the business sections of the city, rubbing against millionaires and paupers, making lasting friends of all the ragamuffins on the street, the police, the soldiers and sailors and the thousands of laymen that loiter a few minutes each day to talk to the pretty workers.

The ragamuffin bids fair over themselves to tack posters up and run errands for the blue uniformed maidens. The police have aided them in every way possible. Pershing's heroes find it mighty inspiring to help sell bonds in front of the booths "manned" by such femininity. And the mass of people pour out their troubles and their joys and expect these young women to know everything that's going on in the universe.

"We are weather vanes, general information bureaus, father confessors and bond-sellers all in one," declared Miss Victoria Davis, in charge of the American trench-cover booth on North City Hall Plaza. "I'm asked everything from what the weather is to be to where a baby sister who died of influenza may be buried.

"Yesterday a poorly dressed old man came to the booth and said he wanted to buy a bond for his daughter. He was so disreputable-looking I wanted to make certain, so I asked if he had his daughter's consent.

"'That isn't the question at all,' he insisted. 'She's my daughter, and she'll do as I say.'

"He was so insistent that I let him sign a subscription for a $50 bond. Another laboring man who stopped to subscribe told me he made $55 a month, and there were three in his family besides himself. He is paying $8 a month on Liberty Bonds."

"Buy a bond!" exclaimed one man accosted by a pretty woman worker. "Well, I should say not. Don't you know the war's over?"

It took several precious minutes to convince him of his mistake, but he was convinced. At least he subscribed for a $100 bond.

"I've had dozens of people ask me where they can get an undertaker, doctor, nurse, influenza preventive or cure," said Miss Margaret Hart, one of the National League for Women's Service juniors who has been working every day in booths on Chestnut and Market streets.

Mrs. Heckscher Wetherill, of 1830 South Rittenhouse Square, who has been on duty at the Statue of Liberty booth from early morning till 11 o'clock each evening these three weeks, tells the story of one woman subscriber.

"There were perhaps a dozen persons about the booth early one evening when a woman in deep mourning, with a gold star on her left arm, entered quietly and filled out a subscription for $300. She was so sweet-looking I wanted to talk to her, but I had a hesitancy about mentioning the star, so I kept quiet. She started out. Then suddenly she turned to those standing in front of the booth and, in simple, straightforward appeal she said:

"'I've just pledged my last cent to Liberty Loan.' And, pointing to the star on her arm, 'I've given the only son I had. Have you given all you can?'

"She didn't wait for them to answer, but went on her way. The answer was mighty interesting to us, for most of those who heard her came in to subscribe."

Parents who subscribe are prone to stop and tell the sympathetic bond-sellers all about their sons in service, and many of them bring out kodak pictures of the boys in khaki. One man even gave the addresses of his two sons overseas and asked the young women to let him know if they ever saw the names among the casualties.

A negro woman who was asked to buy a bond rather insolently answered "no!" And as she passed the booth the workers heard her explain to her companion that "Them girls gets a dollar apiece for every bond they sells. I'm going to buy from a bank."

EMERGENCY AID WORKER

Photo by Photo-Crafters.

MRS. W. HOWARD PANCOAST

Of 2031 De Lancey street, who is chairman of the house committee of the Emergency Aid and treasurer of the Polish committee of the same organization. Mrs. Pancoast's two daughters, Miss Gertrude Pancoast and Miss Mary Pancoast, are members of the Emergency Aid Aides and are very active workers

THE GILDED MAN

By CLIFFORD SMYTH

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CHAPTER XX (Continued)

"ARE you not content with him as he is?" persisted Raoul.

"What is that to you?" she asked coldly. Then, no longer disguising her emotion, she went on:

"You don't understand what is between us. He comes from a world that I have never seen. In the legends of our kings there is one telling of a stranger who suddenly appears from a land of clouds—a land no man knows—who brings with him the power to make my people, as they once were, rulers of their own land. It is an old tale. Believe it or not—who can be sure of these things? Certainly, the stranger has never come—unless it is David."

"There have been many strangers since that time," said Raoul cynically. "Your people have disappeared before the Spaniard. They live unknown, forgotten, in a cave in the mountains. Why do you think David is the stranger in the legend?"

She drew herself up scornfully. Her dark beauty, flashing eye, quivering nostril, needed not the emerald diadem of the ancient Chibchas encircling her brow to proclaim her royal lineage.

"We are not so poor, so abandoned, as you would seem to think," she said. "This is all that is left of a mighty kingdom, it is true—a cave unknown to the rest of the world. But here we are, at least, free. We live the life of our fathers. Our old men have taught us wisdom that is unknown to you. We have wealth—not only the wealth that you are seeking—but secrets of earth and air you have never dreamed of."

"This may be—I believe it is—all true. But—what is David to do here?" murmured Una.

"If he is the Stranger of the old legend, the Gilden Man we have awaited, this Land of the Condor is his."

"You are its queen."

"He will be its king."

"You have told him?" asked Raoul.

"Years ago. We were happy. I loved him. It was not as the women of your world love. Life was less than his least wish. And he loved me. Plans for the great rejoicing—the Feast of the Gilded Man—were made. Not since the Spaniards came—perhaps never before—has there been such preparation. Then a change came over him. He talked of an outside world he had seen in his dreams. He was bewitched then, as he is now. He had forgotten you, his false friend, and all the life he had lived before. To cure him I sent him out with some of our people. He scarcely understood, but he accepted anything I did as if it came from his own will. Then he disappeared. Without a word he left me. There came long years of uncertainty. The few months he passed with me here seemed like some bright dream that vanishes. I began to think it was a dream—when suddenly I heard of him again. Some of my people found him wandering aimlessly in the forest near the Bogota road. He was looking for me, he said—he had forgotten the rest of the world."

There was an artless simplicity in Sajipona's confession of her love and disappointment that was more than eloquence. Narva stood apart, her face shrouded in her mantle, motionless, as if the remembrance of these bygone matters carried with it something of a religious experience. Upon Una the effect was startlingly different. She listened in amazement, indignation, at this revelation of a passion in which her lover had shared—of which she had known nothing — and that seemed to place him utterly apart from her. If Sajipona's tale was true—the matter of its telling, her own engaging personality, carried irresistible convictions—David's love for Una had been shadowed all along by an earlier, deeper sentiment that gave it the color of something that was not altogether real. Why had he never told her of this Indian romance? Hypnotism indeed!

What man could help kneeling in passionate adoration before this queenly woman, whose beauty was of that glorious warmth and fragrance belonging to the purple and scarlet flowers of one's dreams, whose love combined the unreasoning devotion of a child with the proud loyalty that inspires martyrdom? They had loved—David and Sajipona—there could be no doubt of that. Before he met Una on the shores of that far-off English lake, David had stood soul to soul in a heaven created by this radiant being. He was with her again. The past was completely blotted out; the tender idyl of Derwentwater, of Ryedale, forgotten. Even the sight of Una herself stirred but the vaguest ripple of memory. There was mystery, certainly, in these strange moods of forgetfulness from which David was suffering. Her uncle could give them a learned name and account for them as belonging to something quite outside the man's will, outside his control. But what did Leighton really know of all this? Such matters were beyond the reach of the mere scientist. With a flash of scorn she doubted Leighton's knowledge; his wisdom seemed curiously limited. David's malady—if it was to be called a malady—was nothing less than the delirium caused by love itself, and as such beyond the reach of clinic or laboratory. The spell, the witchcraft, that had transformed him was wrought by Sajipona.

At first Una had not believed this; now the sudden conviction that the man she loved was faithless to her, had always been faithless to her, brought an overwhelming sense of bitterness. Her former anxiety to save him—from peril, as she thought—gave place to a feeling that was almost vindictive. She did not view him with the anger of the jealous woman merely; she wanted to have done with him, to forget him altogether. His name was linked by this beautiful Indian to one of the legends of her race; let it remain there!

"Why disturb him now?" she demanded passionately of Sajipona. "He loves you, he is content."

The revulsion of feeling in her voice was unmistakable. Her cheeks flushed, her eyes eloquent hitherto of womanly tenderness, dilated in anger. Sajipona smiled enigmatically.

"If you had not come," she said, "there would have been no question. But you are here. He seems to have forgotten you. I am not sure. I want to be certain, now that he has forgiven you, that he is still himself."

"Why do you doubt? Yes, he has forgotten me. And he is in your power; he is yours. Why hazard anything further?"

Sajipona ignored the scornful meaning conveyed in the words, regarding Una with a detachment indicating her absorption in a new train of thought.

"A moment ago you were anxious for his safety," she murmured. "You came here to look for him, to rescue him. Perhaps I have been unjust—perhaps you have a claim——"

"I have no claim," retorted Una proudly. "Once you saved his life. He has come to you again. He loves you. What man could help loving you?" she added bitterly.

Still Sajipona smiled.

"I must be sure of all this—and so must you," she said. "If the witchcraft is mine, its power will soon be broken. If there is something else, you, Senor, will discover it."

She turned impatiently to Raoul, desiring him to go with her to David. Una refused to accompany them. The conviction that she had been mistaken, deluded, filled her with an unconquerable aversion to meeting the man for whom she had been willing to sacrifice so much. Aware of the unreasonableness of this feeling, she yet had no wish to conquer it. To escape from this land of mysteries and terrors, to return to the simple familiar environment of Ryedale—to forget, if that were possible—was now her one desire. She did not attempt to explain or justify herself to Sajipona. Nor was this necessary. To Sajipona, Una's anger and its cause were alike evident.

"Stay here, if you will, with Narva," said the queen, with real or feigned indifference. "But remember you have refused to save the man whom you think is in danger."

Una did not reply. For the moment the old Indian sibyl, to whose protection she had been assigned, seemed a welcome refuge. Narva's reserve, her silence, brought a negative sort of relief to her own moods of anguish and indignation. Thus, without regret or misgiving, she watched Raoul and Sajipona disappear through the portal that had first admitted her to the great hall of the palace.

TO BE CONTINUED.

Great demand for the EVENING PUBLIC LEDGER may cause you to miss an installment of this very interesting story. You had better, therefore, telephone or write to the Circulation Department, or ask your newsdealer this afternoon to leave the EVENING PUBLIC LEDGER at your home.

ORCHESTRA'S FINE RECORD

Subscriptions Totaling $532,450 Received at Its Union League Booth

More than $500,000 in Liberty Loan subscriptions up to October 17 is the record achieved by the Philadelphia Orchestra at its booth before the Union League. The exact figures of the subscriptions made at the Orchestra's booth are $532,450. A million dollars is the aim, and if the past achievements are any indication of what the next two days will bring forth, this should be an easy matter. Included in this total is $35,000 which has been subscribed by the Orchestra Association as an investment for the endowment fund. Subscriptions have been taken in all four of the Liberty Loans, the total amounting to $226,000.

During the mornings of this week the booth has been in charge of the women's committee of the Orchestra, of which Miss Frances A. Wister is president. The afternoons have been taken care of by the members of the Orchestra, which comprises men of many nationalities. They entered into the spirit of the sale with great fervor. Eight of the Orchestra members are now in the service of the country.

WOMEN FOR RED CROSS CANTEEN WORK WANTED

Hundred and Eighty of 2000 Needed Sought From This Division

A cable received from the foreign commissions of the American Red Cross asks for 2000 women for canteen and hospital hut service to be sent over during the next six weeks. Of this number the Pennsylvania-Delaware division must supply 180.

To render the most efficient service to troops, in canteens and hospital huts abroad, "these women should be strong, cheerful, good-looking, energetic and typically American. Their very appearance should have an invigorating and refreshing quality, which will bring something familiar, homelike and pleasant into the strange and exhausting conditions of army life."

Women who are "good mixers" and have a "social gift" are particularly valuable for this work; music, ability to read aloud well and to organize entertainments are important assets. The knowledge of French is useful, but not essential. An ability to do good teamwork with the other women in charge of the hut is essential. Candidates must be between the ages of twenty-five and thirty-five.

Volunteers who will pay their own expenses are preferred for this service, but good candidates will be accepted who are willing to serve for equipment, transportation and $120 per month; it being understood that an equitable reduction will be made when all or parts of quarters and sustenance are furnished.

Applications should be made to the Bureau of Personnel, Pennsylvania-Delaware Division, 1601 Walnut street.

QUIET HOME WEDDING TONIGHT IN WAYNE

Plans for Church Service Changed on Account of Restriction by Board of Health

Owing to the continued restriction in the use of church buildings, the marriage of Miss Mildred Harriet Jones, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Tomson Jones, of Wayne, and Mr. DeWitt Crowell Clement, of Overbrook, lieutenant, field artillery, U. S. A., will be solemnized very quietly at 7 o'clock this evening at the home of the bride, 407 Woodland avenue, Wayne. It was originally planned to have the wedding in the Radnor Presbyterian Church. The Rev. Frank Putnam, pastor of the church, will perform the ceremony. The bride, who will be given in marriage by her father, will wear a gown of white satin and georgette crepe with a long tulle veil held with orange blossoms, and will carry a shower bouquet of white roses. Mrs. Frederick Tomson Jones, Jr., sister-in-law of the bride, will be the matron of honor and will wear a gown of yellow chiffon over pale pink and a large hat of brown panne velvet and maline. Her bouquet will be of yellow and bronze-colored dahlias and autumn leaves.

The bridesmaids will be Mrs. Russell Perkins, Miss Josephine Obdyke, Miss Caroline Reed, Miss Catharine Putnam, Miss Gertrude Heerne, Miss Naomi Fithian, Miss Katharine Muller and Miss Gertrude Sherrard. Four of them will be dressed like the matron of honor and the other four will wear frocks of lavender chiffon over pale pink and will carry bouquets of lavender and yellow dahlias, with autumn leaves, veiled with brown tulle.

Lieutenant Clement will be attended by Mr. Loring Van Dam, of Washington, as best man. Upon their return from their wedding trip the bride and bridegroom will live in Baltimore while Lieutenant Clement is stationed at Camp Meade.

DAWSON—ADAMSON

A quiet wedding took place this afternoon when Miss Madeline Adamson, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. McDonald Adamson, of 6620 McCallum street, Germantown, became the bride of Mr. Frank W. Dawson, of Baltimore. The ceremony was performed at the home of the bride's parents by the Rev. Hugh B. McCrone, pastor of the Wakefield Presbyterian Church. The bride was attended by her sister, Miss Helen D. Adamson, as maid of honor. Little Miss Charlotte Carabher, a niece of the bride, was the flower girl, and Master James Shellenberger was the page. Mr. Dawson was attended by his brother, Mr. J. Simons Dawson.

Following a reception, which was attended only by the immediate families of the bride and bridegroom and a few intimate friends, Mr. and Mrs. Dawson left on their honeymoon. On their return they will live in Germantown.

WISE—THEOBALD

The wedding of Mrs. Blanche Billington Theobald, daughter of Mrs. David B. Billington, and Prof. Milton Bigler Wise took place this afternoon at the home of the bride, northeast corner of Fifteenth and Jefferson streets. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. Milton Harold Nichols, of the Park Avenue Methodist Episcopal Church, and was followed by a dinner for the two families. The bride wore a gown of champagne color velvet trimmed with georgette crepe and a hat of turquoise blue. Owing to the ruling of the Board of Health the church service and the reception had to be changed to the quiet home ceremony. Professor Wise and his bride left on an extended trip and will be at home after November, at Fifteenth and Jefferson streets.

FULLER—DANIEL

A wedding of interest in this city and in St. Paul, Minn., was that of Miss Gertrude Daniel, daughter of Mrs. Philip Daniel, and Mr. George W. Fuller, of St. Paul, which took place on Wednesday morning in the Adath Jeshurun Synagogue, Broad and Diamond streets, with the Rev. Max D. Klein officiating. The bride wore a gown of white georgette crepe embroidered with beads and carried a shower of Bride roses. She was given in marriage by her mother and was attended by her sister, Miss Lillian Daniel, who wore a suit of dark blue broadcloth with a dark blue hat.

Mr. Gustav Daniel, the bride's brother, was best man. The quiet service was followed by a breakfast for the families at the home of the bride's mother, 2044 West Norris street. After an extended trip the bridegroom and bride will be at home at 2111 West Norris street.

AWARD CITY SCHOLARSHIPS

Four Girl Students Among Eleven Honored by Mayor

Mayor Smith, upon recommendation of the committee of educators having charge of city scholarships, of which Cheesman A. Herrick, of Girard College, is chairman, has awarded scholarships in the University of Pennsylvania to eleven young men and women, who have been graduated this year from the higher schools. These scholarships are given by the University in return for a grant of land, formerly comprising the almshouse grounds, made by the city to that institution about eight years ago. The scholarships were awarded as follows:

Joseph Rossina, 2223 Callowhill street.
Constantine R. Kraus, 2163 East Cumberland street.
Ida Yesersky, 325 Tasker street.
Rosamond A. Zerr, 127 South Forty-eighth street.
Vera Randall Spencer, 2522 North Sixth street.
Isadore Slominsky, 311 Reed street.
William A. Williams, 1625 South Twenty-seventh street.
Ida C. Wilde, 1137 East Tioga street.
David D. Wells, 4730 Oakland street, Frankford.
Louis B. Cohen, 4673 Frankford avenue.
Max Eade, 2549 South Mildred street.

DREAMLAND ADVENTURES

By DADDY

A complete new adventure each week beginning Monday and ending Saturday

(Peggy and Billy Belgium, aided by Golickety Leaves, go to the rescue of Ben and Bill Dalton, who are surrounded by Germans.)

CHAPTER VI

The Phantom Army Fights

PEGGY rushed back to the shell hole, where Billy Belgium, with the captured machine gun, held the German soldiers prisoners. She had remembered seeing boxes of hand grenades among the German supplies. Now she dug down into these grenades, taking all she could carry.

"What are you going to do?" asked Billy Belgium.

"We're going to clear the way for the American army," replied Peggy.

The Germans were astonished when they saw the grenades moving about, apparently by themselves. Some of those who had got tired of holding their hands in the air now shot them higher than ever, and kept up a murmur of "Kamerad! Kamerad!"

Peggy told her plan to Billy. It was to march the German prisoners to a level place below the shell hole where they could be guarded by Ben and Bill, while she and Billy brought up all the grenades and ammunition.

On the short march Peggy guarded the prisoners with grenades, while Billy, aided by a prisoner, took along the machine gun. After that they brought up all the ammunition.

"Now we can lick all these Germans," declared Ben.

"Let's give them a chance to surrender first," suggested Peggy. "We will have the sergeant tell them they are attacked by a phantom army and advise them to quit."

"That's a good idea," Bill admitted reluctantly; "but I sure would like to shake 'em up a bit with these grenades."

"We'll do that if they don't surrender right away," said Peggy.

"We are pretty good baseball players and can throw these grenades into all the nests, except those up on the other side of the ravine," said Ben.

"I'll clean out those nests," volunteered Billy Belgium. "They can't see me."

This arrangement was agreed upon. Billy told the sergeant just what he was to shout to his fellow-soldiers in the other nests, and Ben, who understood German, said he would see that the instructions were carried out.

Then Billy made his way with a bunch of grenades to a point where he could look down into the machine-gun nests on the farther side of the ravine. Homer Pigeon went with him to act as his "runner." Soon Homer came flying back with word that Billy was ready.

The German sergeant now walked out to a high rock where he could look down on his comrades beneath. He carried a piece of white cloth, which he waved vigorously.

"We have been captured by a phantom American army," he shouted. "This army is all about us. It threatens to blow you all up if you don't surrender immediately."

The German soldiers in the other shell holes looked up in wonder. Then they began to laugh loudly.

"Are you crazy?" they shouted back in German. "If the Americans come we will make them all phantoms."

"Tell them again to surrender," cried Ben. The sergeant hesitated. Peggy, who was behind him, gun in hand, gave him a little jab with the bayonet.

"Kamerad! Kamerad!" he shrieked. "Surrender quick!"

The soldiers below laughed again.

"Jump back here, Princess Peggy," shouted Bill, and, as Peggy obeyed, he threw a grenade with all his strength. It landed among a crowd of jeering soldiers in a shell hole below. There was a burst of smoke, and the Germans vanished. Then followed a regular bombardment, Ben and Bill throwing grenades as fast as they could. Bursts from across the ravine showed that Billy Belgium also was busy.

This bombardment took the Germans utterly by surprise. Those left alive were terror-stricken. White flags shot up everywhere, followed by soldiers holding up their hands and shouting "Kamerad." In a remarkably short time every German in the ravine was rounded up. In response to orders from the sergeant, they marched up the hill and joined the gang of prisoners at the top.

"Now if the Americans attacked they would find the way clear," shouted Ben.

"Then tell them to come on," cried Peggy. "Here are Homer and Carrie Pigeon eager to carry the messages."

So it was done. The Pigeons darted away. And soon after they were gone came a great shout far below. Peggy, looking down, saw American soldiers coming up the ravine as fast as they could climb. At the top of the hill stood the Germans in deadly fear of the Phantom Army, shouting "Kamerad! Kamerad!"

"I guess our work is done," said Billy Belgium. And as he said it there was a quick flurry, and, lo and behold, Peggy found herself safely back in her own bed at home.

(In next week's story Peggy has a queer adventure with the Imagination Stone.)

GIRLS ASKED TO WRITE TO BELGIUM'S SOLDIERS

Relief Committee Says Letters Will Be Appreciated if Done in French

Wanted—Young women, emphasis on the "young," who, equipped with a good writing knowledge of French, are willing to accept the role of "jeunes marraines" (young godmothers) to lonely Belgian soldiers.

Mrs. Joseph C. Clark, Chestnut Hill, chairwoman of the Belgian soldiers' committee of the Belgian relief committee, is endeavoring to find young women who have a sufficiently fluent knowledge of French to enable them to write bright, cheerful, friendly letters to the soldiers, from whom she has received the most touching appeals.

Always the same pitiful story of suffering can be read in the lines which appear in virtually every letter. "I have not heard from my family since the war began."

Belgium is sealed so tightly that neither good tidings nor bad can steal out to soothe the terrible anxiety of the men who are fighting in Flanders and northern France.

A letter was received at the Belgian relief committee today written in Flemish, in which the same appeal might be pieced together out of the strange words. Flemish, however, is a language which need not worry the young women who are tempted to put their French to the test by writing to these young men; all of them can write French and some not only able but eager to write in English.

These soldiers have virtually no one to write to them, and having the natural longing for letters in the mud and loneliness of the battlefields of Flanders suffer from loneliness more than is necessary. And they ask timidly for the kindly offices of "jeunes marraines."

Mrs. Clark said that the girls who wanted to write would have to be able to write in French, and suggested also that professors of French might interest some of their pupils in this work.

"They just want bright, friendly letters from young girls of their own age; simple letters, for they are for the most part simple men, just the poor, lonely soldiers of the rank and file."

Mademoiselle Suzanne Silvercruys, the Belgian girl who is well known in Philadelphia and other cities, was especially interested in this work and made several appeals for it, but was forced to relinquish it in the face of her heavy burden of other duties.

Mrs. Clark has taken it up for her, and asks that girls who are willing to write to Belgian soldiers communicate with her at the headquarters of the Belgian relief committee, 1524 Walnut street.

"Nothing could be more respectful than the attitude taken by these brave, lonely men, and the girl who can write gay, amusing letters will be helping a lot."

HOME SERVICE WOMEN ASSIST 6000 FAMILIES

Organization That Started With Three Workers Now Has Nearly Four Hundred

The workers of the Home Service Section of the American Red Cross, whose work in the influenza crisis has been heroic, are now giving every kind of assistance to more than 6000 families in Philadelphia and its environs.

In spite of the fact that most of these workers are young women—often very young women—and quite untrained in nursing, their work is something all Philadelphians may take pride in.

The regular help given families of enlisted men has been the overseeing of the general welfare of those families. If there was sickness, the workers procured medical assistance; if there was financial trouble, the Home Service would give help there. And the comfort of the enlisted men was greatly increased by the knowledge that their wives and babies were in reach of ready assistance no matter what their trouble.

The spread of influenza gave the workers a new opportunity to be of the greatest possible service.

The workers are especially proud of one young member, Miss Caroline Lewis, whose story was given in spite of her protests that "any human being would have done the same." She was told in reply that her chief virtue had been that she "used her brains."

In Bereaved Home

Miss Lewis looks more like a pretty high school girl than a woman who is working at no child's play.

Going home from work a few evenings ago, she passed a little house in one of the poor sections of the city. The son, a sailor, had died of influenza and had been buried from the house that morning. Two of his married sisters had come on for the funeral. Seven other members of the family of eleven were down with the disease. The two sisters also were stricken.

Miss Lewis entered the house to find four of the family on a mattress in one little room, two on the couch and the mother, with two young babies, in another room. The funeral candles were still burning. Miss Lewis could not get help then, but herself gave all she could, buying food and milk for the children and caring for those who were ill to the best of her ability. Four of the family died, and Miss Lewis had the bodies taken by the Coroner, while she managed to procure hospital rooms for the others, who are recovering.

The Home Service Section of the American Red Cross now occupies not only virtually the whole of the large house at 1607 Walnut street, but has now spread out into district offices, and is still looking for room to establish more offices. Besides those at 37 Lancaster avenue, 19 West Chelten avenue and 2662 North Mascher street, the Home Service is in need of rooms for offices in the southwest district—that is, south of South street, and west of Broad street to the Schuylkill, and in the northern part of the city, from Poplar street to Susquehanna avenue.

Had Small Beginning

Four years ago the Home Service, which was not then a branch of the Red Cross, consisted by Mrs. Henry C. Boyer, Mrs. John C. Groome and a stenographer. There was a modest little office on Rittenhouse Square, and the work was just a good thing or two done at the right time.

When the American soldiers went to the Mexican border the Home Service was able to increase its good offices by giving help both to the men and to the families left behind. About 1000 families received help from the Home Service at this time.

Mrs. Boyer laughingly tells of an occasion when Mrs. Groome came into the little office and suggested a second secretary to "help about the office a bit." Mrs. Boyer properly suppressed the idea of such extravagance. Today there are eighty-four salaried workers in the offices and more than 300 volunteer workers.

At the outbreak of war between America and Germany Mrs. Boyer and Mrs. Groome were asked by the Mayor to do the same work for the families of the enlisted men, and this service now became a branch of the Red Cross.

There are several departments of the work, which has grown complicated with increase of size—legal, application, recording, workers' and clothing and supplies departments. The organization is well nigh perfect. Especially interesting is the department through which clothing is given out in almost staggering quantities.

Consider Quality

A request comes from this department to donors to the effect that in making donations the quality of the garments be considered with regard to the pride of the women who are to receive help from this department.

These women, wives of soldiers, whose financial difficulties rise largely from a sacrifice to the country, do not deserve the humiliation of having to accept a certain type of charity. The Home Service tries to make the gifts of clothing durable. Often there come in donations of warm coats and new underclothes, but the great difficulty now lies in getting these supplies to the applicants in time. Messengers are nearly impossible to get, and the girls have a hard time not only in making up countless packages of babies' clothes and winter garments, but in getting them to the post or to the applicants.

The work of the Home Service is not expected to stop after the war, but will probably be divided into various committees of social service which will be a lasting benefit to the city.

WOMEN'S CLUBS BUSY IN FIGHT ON INFLUENZA

Meetings Suspended, but They Find Plenty of Charitable Work to Do

Although the women's clubs have discontinued meetings because of influenza, the members have been busier than ever with the work the epidemic has been giving.

The Civic Club, through Mrs. Edward Biddle, was the first to make an appeal to its members and many of them responded. This appeal was to as many women as would respond for nursing.

These women have entered hospitals as nurses' aides, doing the more prosaic jobs so that the trained nurses would be free to give their skilled care to the cases that needed it. Other women have been making the influenza masks, and now they are making pneumonia jackets by the thousands.

In spite of the fact that it is said a great many women have "clacked" when the call came for volunteers in this epidemic, those who have unselfishly offered their services have done with all their zeal whatever assigned them. Several of them have secretly managed to raise funds with which to buy delicacies and comforts for families that have been facing the most terrible destitution. Some of them have been caring for the children who have been orphaned, others have undertaken the management of stricken households where often as many as six or seven members have lain without help of any kind, unable even to cook their own food.

SUFFRAGIST LEADER COMING

Alice Paul, who is leading the militant suffragettes in their latest maneuvers to picket the Senate, told the National Woman's party leaders at State headquarters, in the Penfield Building, by telephone yesterday she was coming from Washington either today or tomorrow to consult with them in regard to continuing the campaign to elect pro-suffrage Senators.

The efforts of the local organization will be directed chiefly to defeating Senator Baird, of New Jersey.