# EVENING PUBLIC LEDGER-PHILADELPHIA, MONDAY, NOVEMBER 4, 1918

# JUST GOSSIP ABOUT PEOPLE

Nancy Wynne Tells of Various Things People Are Doing-She Is Interested in Pageant for W. S. S. Campaign.

Mrs. A. J. Cassait a Patroness

D you know that Olivia Gazzam is taking a special war course in steraphy and business correspondence? out in Toledo, Ohlo (don't you love say "Toledo, Ohio"? It has so many o's and hi's and ho's) and expects to come ne about the last week in this month ith her father to take up her work with E. A. A. Mrs. Gazzam has been in Washington for some time this fail with son, Lleutenant Joseph M. Cazzam, Jr., who was seriously ill of influenza. He convalescent now and came up to spend he week-end with his mother. There was A house party there over Sunday. The lisses Strothers, of Baltimore, were there, and Major Eric Bradley, of the Bureau of Aircraft Production, War Department, who as just come back from overseas, where was flying with a British squadron; Lieutenant Simmons, just back from Italy, where he has been with the ambulance, and Mrs. Gazzam's sister, Mrs. Edward W. Robinson, wife of Major Robinson, of New York.

. It sounds quite like before the war, to talk about house partles, doesn't it? But before the war there wouldn't have been anything like all the uniforms and the titles and things. Young Lieutenant Gazsam, you know, is C. O. of the S. A. T. C. Westminster, Md. In case you haven't the slightest idea what that means I'll explain: Commanding Officer of the Stulents' Army Training Corps,

THE War Savings Stamp Committee has a scheme for doing its share in raising the huge sum expected from the sale of war stamps this year. 'It is planning a musical pageant and dance for Saturday ovening, November 16, at 8 o'clock. Every no is asked to subscribe a certain sum. but the ticket obtained in this way has a atub, on presentation of which the owner will receive two thrift stamps That's ne idea, don't you, think?

The pageant is under a special commitce of the Woman's Division W. S. S., and Includes Mrs. William West, Mrs. coo Janey, Mrs. Curtis Patterson, Mrs. C. W. Middleton, Mrs. White Steele, Mrs. E. C. Dendere, Miss Mabel Melick and Mrs. John D. Hammond.

The affair will be given in the large allroom of Lu Lu Temple. Mrs. Phillips Jenkins will direct it and about fifty of her pupils will take part. There will, also dancing under Mr. Ellwood Carpenter and Mrs. Mary Winslow Johnson and Miss Mary Vogt will be at the piano and organ respectively.

The committee has certain! got a repesentative lot of women to act as paonesses. Mrs. Alexander J. Cassatt hends the list and the others are Mrs. Ned Brownng, Mrs. Billie Clothier, Mrs. Harry Coxe, Mrs. Rod Griscom, Mrs. John Groome, Mrs. Arthur Lea, Mrs. Norman MacLeod, Mrs. Willis Martin, Mrs. Tom Robins, Mrs. Cornolius Stevenson, Mrs. Edward Stotesbury, Mrs. Barciay Warburton, Mrs. Reed Morcan, Mrs. Edward Rowland, Mrs. Norman ackson, Mrs. William Warden, Mrs. George Wharton Pepper and Mrs. George Lorimer. This entertainment is but a part of an laborate program which has been aranged by the W. S. S. committee to help this county reach its quota before De-

cember 31

SOMETIMES we think it's very 'unuy if We hear's small person about three or impatiently "darn it," and we ugh. But I wonder when we do if we alize how we are encouraging something which, harmless though it may be, is a ery ugly thing in an older child? I hapned to lunch out recently at a place where every one you know goes. It was the usual crowd for luncheon, so several groups had to sit at the same tables. A young girl of about twenty and her ter of fourteen came to the table. They unged all over it and could not decide hat to order, and the smaller one finally did and wrote the order, while they were waiting for 'Mma,' Almost every other ord that issued from Miss Fourteen-yeardd was interspersed with "darn." "Page evidently the chauffeur) darn near missed a this morning." "Did he?" drawled Sis "Darn it, I wish 'Mma'd come!" Filly 'Mma did come, apologizing profusely ber children and saying, "I brought with me." Miss ---- had eviontly taught the girl French or someing. And if you could have seen the anner in which she was greeted. So What a pity some of us do not stop to nic sometimes and realize that instead of showing off we are actually making it ery evident that we are extremely illwhen there is no excuse for being I-bred. These girls should have been as libred as any girls in this town. Somehow it made my luncheon an un equant affair and I was glad to leave te table before theirs came, as they spent interim wrangling generally. NANCY WYNNE.



MISS ABIGAIL MARIE O'LEARY Daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Timothy O'Leary, of 4444 Walnut street, whose engagement to Lieutenant Herbert Han-nan Schell, U. S. A., song of Mr. and Mrs. Edward Schell, of New York and Neponset, L. L. has been announced

guest of Mrs. Addie Dessnuer, of 2148 North Twelfth street, Mrs. Defining Juas been spending several weeks in Allentawa, Pa., where she visited her brather-in-law and sister, Mr. and Mrs. A. S. Somera

#### Dr. Julius Propper, of Hoxborough, returned on Saturday from Atlantic City.

The fall meeting of the Catholic Club of the Church of the Assumption will be held this evening in the parish hall on Conarroe street, Mittayunk. The officers are Mr. Charles Snyder, president; Mr. William J. Nickels, vice president; Mr. Andrew Smith, secretary, and Mr. Peter B. Liebert, treas-tirer.

Mr. and Mrs. Raynor Bowman, who have been visiting Mrs. Bowman's brother-in-law and Sister, Capitaln and Mrs. Walter, S. Bauer, of Lincoln drive, have returned to their home in Phoenixville.



(In previous adventures Peggy has learned ed Bird talk and has enjoyed unusual experfenses among Birdland folks.)

# CHAPTER I

The Bird in Disguise "DRINCESS PEGGY, come here quick!" Pecreeched a Bird voice outside Peggy's indow. Peggy looked and looked, but ouldn't see the speaker. Puzzled, she opened

the door and searched the hym. "Can't you see me?" chuckled the voice, almost from under her feet. Peggy peered closely, but there were only plies of autumn leaves before her. One of these alles stirred, then out of it walked 'an odd-appearing bird. He was dressed from head to toe in a suit made of the leaves themselves was no wonder that Peggy wasn't able see him. "Fooled you, didn't I?" screeched the stranger. "You surely did," admitted Peggy. "Who

# THE MAN WITH THE CLUB FOOT By VALENTINE WILLIAMS

# (Convright, 1918) CHAPTER I I Seek e Bed in Rotterdam THE reception clerk looked up from the hotel register and shock his head firmly. "Very sorry, saire." he said, "not a bed in ze house." And he closed the book with a

Outside the rain came down heavens hard.

Direct one who came now neaver that it is fivery one who came into the brightly R hotel vestibule entered with a gush of water. I feit I would rather die than face the wind-swent streets of Rotterdam again. I turned often more to the clerk who was now busy at the key-rack.

"Haven't you really a corner? I wouldn't mind where it was, rs it is only for the night. Come now \* \* \* \*

mind where it was us it is only for the night. Come now \*\*\* " "Very sorry, saire. We have two gentle-men alceping in ze bathrooms already. If you had reserved \*\*\* And he shrug-ged his shoulders and bent toward a visitor who was demanding his key. I turned away with range in my heart. What a cursed fool 1 had been not to wife from Growingen! I had fully intended to, but the extraordinary conversation I had had with Dicky Allerton had put everything else out of my head. At every hotel I had tried it had been the rame slory—Comman's, the Mans, the Graind, all were fail to the bath-rooms. If I had only wired \* \*\*. As I pussed out into the porter I he-thought myself of the porter, a molel hor-ter had helped me out of a shullar plight in Breelan once years ago. This percer with the read drink-solden face and hard shull braid, did not promise well, as far as "

his for drink-source has well, as far as " recommendation for a lodging for the night was concerned. Still \* \* \* I suppose it was my mind dwelling on my experience at Breslau that made no ad-dress the man in German. When one has

drass, the man in German. When one has been familiar with a foreign iongue from one's boyhood, it requires but a very slight mental impulse to drop into it. From such

mental impute to drop into it. From show slight beckinings do great enterprises spring. If I had known the immense ramification of adventure that wan to surrend its mote from that single question, i verify believe my heart would have failed me and I would have run forth into the night and the rain and formed the stream till morning. Well, I found myself naking the mean in German if he knew where I could get a German if he knew where I could get a

com for the night. He shot a quick glance at me from under his reddened evelids. his reddened eyglids. "The gentleman would doubtless like a German house?" he queried. You may hardly credit it, but my inter-view with Dicky Allerton that afternoon had

simply driven the war out of my mind. When one has lived much among foreign peoples, ene's mentality slips automatically skin. I was now thinking in German-at least so it seems to me when I look back upon that night-and I answered without skin.

reflecting: "I don't care where it is as long as I can get somewhere to sleep out of this inferval

rain ? "The gentleman can have a good, clean bed at the Horel Sixt in the little street they call the Vog in't Tuintie, on the canal behind the Baurse. The proprietress is a good German jawohi • • • Fran Ann Schratt her name is The gentleman need only say he comes from Franz at the Bopparder Hof."

I gave the man a gulden and bade him part. get me a cab. It was still pouring. As we rattled away

It was the polynomial has been about about the gristening coblectenes, my mind traveled back over the startling events of the day. My talk with old Dicky had given me such a mental lar that I found it at first well-migh impossible to concentrate my throughts. That's the worst of shell-showk. You think one are served you food for and well and then That's the worst of shelleshock. You think you are cored, you feel fit and well, and then anddenly the machinery of your mind checks and halts and creaks. Ever since I had left hospital convaluent after being wounded on the Searche ("gunshot wound in head and cerebel concussion" the doctors called ft) I had trained myself, whenever my brain was en panne, to up hack to the beginning of things and work slowly up to the present by methodical Stages.

things and wark showly up to the present by methodical stages. Let's see then. • • I was "bearded at Millbark and got three months' leave: then I did a month in the Lithejohns' buugal w in Cornwall: there I got the letter from Dicky Allerton, who, before the war, had been in partnership with my brother Francis in the motor business at Coventry. Dicky had been From

partnership with my brother France in the motor husiness at Coventry. Dicky had been with the naval division at Antwerp and was interned with the rest of the growd when they or used the Dutch frontier in these disastrous



like a German, Francis was able, in uldi-tion, to speak Boan and chicages public like a native of these ancient efficiency and be tion, to speak Bonn and Cologen public like a native of those ancient altissicary and by could drill a mund of rescales in their own laterunge like the smartran beginnant ever pleaged from Gross-Lichterrethe

He nover had any difficulty in possing him off off as a German. Well I remains r hi solf off as a German. Well I remainer his deficit, when he was claimed as a repow Rheinlander by a German affects with ammer hofore the war, combining golf with little useful employant Crosser,

I don't think Francis and any ulterio otive in his sindy of German. He store had always interested him, so, even after he had gone into the meter trails, he used is anothe himself on business traps to Germany acquiring new dialects.

His German inditations wore extraord arily funny. One of his "star torns" ey sitting of the Reichsting with associate Prince Bulow and August Robel and Interruptions'; another, a particle ornard by set old Pressian General at a Knimet's birthday dimer. Francis hod a marvelona facility not only of a ending German, but even of almost looking like a German, as greelutely was he able to slip into the skin of th

part. Yet rever in my wildow, moments and I drammed that he would try to get into Germany in wartime, into that land where every efficen is catalogued and placem-holed from the craftle. But first Takin genera-far utterates had made everything bear to me. Why, a mission to Germany would be the very filing that Francis would give his ever to be allowed to atternet. Frances with his utter discussed of damer, his love of taking tisks his immon definite in toking of taking these his indica delight in taking a rise out of the grady  $10m^{-2}$  s why if there were Englishmen brave enough to take bances of that kind, Francis would be th first for voluntant.

Yes, if Francis were on a mission anywhere it would be to Germany. But what pros-pect had he of ever returning—with the frontiers closed and ingress and egress prav-ficilly barred even to pro-German routrils? Many a night in the trenches I had a mental vision of Francis, so debouair and so fearas, facing a firing-squid of Prussian pri-

My beart with with disappointment and redeledness as 1 read the inscription. Here is the document: Here wither van Urutius,

Automobiliteschaft, Nymwegen, Alexander-Strant 81, bls.

Berlin, Iten Jull, 16, O Elchenholz; O Elchenholz, Wie forr sind deine Blätter. Wie Achiller in dem Zelte.

Wo gweie sich ganken

Effreut sich der Dritte

(Translation ) Mr. Willem van Urutius,

Automobile Agent. Nymwegen. St bis Alexander-Straat. Berlin, 1st July; 16.

O Oak-tree! O Oak-trees How empty are thy leaves.

Like Achiles in the tent.

When two people fail out

The third party relotes, I stared at this nonsensical docume My thoughts were almost too hitter

for words At last I spoke "What's all this clamarole got, to do with "What's all this clamarole got, to do with Francis, blocky?" I acked, valuely trying to supercess the hittenness in my value. "This Books like a list of correbools maxima for your boots friend's advertisement cards."" But I returned to the study of the piece of maner.

"Not as fast, old bird," bicky replied coolly, "Not as fast, old bird," bicky replied coolly, "lier me finition my story. Old Stickin-the-mud is a lot sthrewder than we think. "When I read the writing; he told me, "I think he is all coholish, but then I ask myself, who shall put robbirth in my invoices?" And then I read the writing again and once again and then I see he is a message." "Stop, blocky?" I cried, "of course, what an next I am?" Why Elebenhole...."

"Exactly," returned Dicky, "as the old Mynheer was the first to see, Eichenhoiz translated into English is 'Ouk-tree' or "Oak-

" S'ALTH."

weary week.

cruiting

WILL CLOSE SAT., NOV. 9

Sent Sale for OPENING PERFORMANCE, NOV 19. will begin NOV. 13. Subscription Department, 1108 CHESTNUT BTREET, open daily 9 A. M. to 5:30 P. M. Walnut 4424 : Race 67.

- The F

GAYETY THE MONTE CARLO GIRLS



## Alma Tell Wins Approval in Weird Play Built About a Crystal Ball

Not the least one can say about a play is that a is different from the common run, that its authors have achieved for it an in-dividuality. In no backhanded sort of way doer this apply to "Eyes of Youth," the work of Max Marcin and Charles Guernon, which brain its Philadelphia run at the Adelph Cheatro Saturday evening where a big audi the of first-nighters let it be known that

"Eyes of Youth" is a mystic sort of play Even of Fourier is a investment of the also episodic in character, in which the burdles peers into her future through the medium of a crystal ball presented to her by a Hindu Yogi, and thereby is enabled to avoid the militakis in her career which otherwise minitu have hefallen her. Each vision episode is a complete story in itself, although ultimately it dovetatls into the advancing plot.

ultimately it doveratis into the advancing plot. After each transition, with its revelations, there is a reversion to the original scene in the home of Gina Ashling. In author of these cast changes from the original to which Philadelphia is becoming with too well accustomed. Alma Tell succeeds Markelle Ramean, who held the leading role on Broadway. The extraordinary versatility which the difficult part of Gina demands is proceeding simpled by Mass Tell whose stage generously supplied by Miss Tell whose stag career is yet in its infancy. Only now and then is her comprehension of the artistic requirements of the role slightly marred by mannerisms which should easily be overcome. In her support the work of that the char-acter actor, Mario Majeroni, in the diffoult role of Yogi, stands out in strong relief. Gordon Merria gave a forceful interretation of the brother, Gina's suitors were acceptably done by Harry D. Southard, Harold Heaton and Frederick Anneriey. James Applebee, as the father, proved himself most effective in comedy. mannerisms which should easily be overcom-

# NOVEMBER STARTS WITH PRETTY WEDDINGS

Wedding of Miss Rachel Elwell and Mr. Charles L. Bolton

### Solemnized on Saturday

An attractive autumn wedding was that of Mass Rachel Elwell, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Whilam Patton Elwell, of 1933 Wallace street, and Mr. Charles L. Bolton, of 726 North Twentieth street, which took place on Saturday evening at the home of the bride's magnic with the Bay Edwin Hevi Delk of parently, with the Rev. Edwin Heyl Delk, o St. Matthew's Lutheran Church, Broad and Mount Vernon streets, officiating, The bride wore a white satin gown with a vell of title arranged with orange blos-sons and carried a shower of Bride roses. She was given in marriage by her father and was unattended. The ceremony was followed by a dinner for the two families. After a short trip Mr. Bolton and his bride will live

#### ROSENBLATT-WEISS

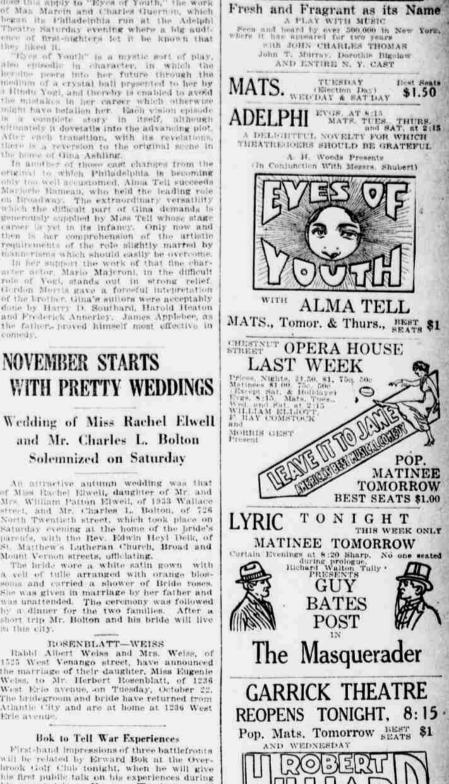
Robbi Albert Weiss and Mrs. Weiss, of 1525 West Venango street, have announced the matriage of their daughter, Miss Eugenie Weiss, to Mr. Herbort Rosenblatt, of 1236 West Erie avenue, on Tuesday, October 22. The bridegroom and bride have returned Atlantic City and are at home at 1236 West Eric avenue.

battlefronts

a this city.

Bok to Tell War Experiences First-hand impressions of three battlefronts

his recent trip to France. The lecture will be for the benefit of the war work activities of the Merion Civic Association. Mr. Bok visited the British, French and American



PHILADELPHIA'S LEADING THEATA Dire tion LEP & J. J. SHUBERT

SAM S. SHUBERT Broad P

WENINGS AT SHE. MATS. AT 2:15.

'MAYTIME is destined to live longer than the

MESSRS, LUE & J. J. SHUBERT Present



Pop. Mat. Tomorrow

#### Social Activities

r, and Mrs, Edward Waln are occupying r new house in Devon. Before her mar-e, last January, Mrs. Waln was Miss Fitz-Hugh Lawrence, of Vicksburg,

frs. Henry Burneit Robb and her daugh-Miss Eleanor Robb, of Acrefair, Haver-t, expect to move into town next week to d the winter with Mrs. Robb's parents, and Mrs. Robert E. Hastings, 1726 street.

Miss Julia Berwind and her niece, Miss resarct Prolap, returned today from New where they have been spending several after a symmer in Newport.

after a symmer in Newport. If fourth annual "Just Plain Dog and Animal Show," under the anspices of uniliary to the Pennsylvania S. P. C. A. he held Saturday, November 16, from 1-0 o'clock p. m. at the headquarters of emassivania S. P. C. A., 922-24 North d street. This show was postponed from mber 2 until November 16 because of health ban. Governor Brumbaugh and W. Freeland Kendrick will judge the al chasses in the evening. bazaar for the benefit of the American Har Animal Relief, which is booking the welfare of the animals engaged in will be held on the same day in the print of the Pennsylvania S. P. C. A.

the the host of the memil

are you, anyway?" "Don't you know my volce?" "You talk like Red-Talled Hawk," decided Pergy daubtfully, "Do I, indeed?" orled the stranger, chang-

"Now, you're like Fine Grosbeak," de-clared Peggy, but the stranger only gave a chuckillig laugh. "Tell me who you are." "I'm a detective in disguise," answered the

Gracious me, what are you detecting?" acked Peggy, quickly filled with curiosity, "Right now I'm detecing that you got up late this morning ; that you carelessly put on to black shee and one brown shee; that one black shee and one brown shee; that you skimned in washing yourself, not giving your neck a single dab of water; that you didn't get all the tangles out of your hair; and that your mother sent you back up stairs to change your shoes, to wash more carefully, and to comb your hair all over again. Am I right?" "Exactly." Pergy was amaged at the

again. Am I right?" "Exactly." Peggy was amazed at the strange bird's uncanny knowledge of all these supposedly secret happenings. "Are you a bird Sherlock Holmes? How do you know all that ?"

know all that?" "Because I pecked into your window," chuckled the stranger. This time Peggy ow the chuckle.

knew the chuckle. "Blue Jay, it's you," she cried. "To be sure it's me, but I had you guess-ing," laughed Blue Jay. "You've disappointed me. I thought you might be a truly detective." "But I am a detective. You come with me and you'll see. I'm running down on

me, and you'll see. I'm running down an awfully mysterious criminal." "A criminal? What has he done?" gasped

Peggy, "That's what I'm trying to find out,"

whispered Bine Jay. "But if you don't know what he has done how do you know he is a criminal?"

done how do you know he is a criminal?" persisted Peggy. "The way every detective does—by put-ting two and two together. Don't criminals sneak along with their caps over their eyes? Don't they look back to see if any one is following them? Don't they try to hide what they are doing?" Peggy nodded. So far as she knew, that was precisely the way criminals acted. "Well, then that proves this chap is a criminal," declared filue Jay, riumphantly, "and if you want, further proof, get behind this tree and watch him, for here he comes." Sure enough, down the opposite side of the street was coming a very suspicious look-

the street was coming a very suspicious look-ing character. He had his hat pulled down over his eyes, he looked cautiously around every few minutes as (if fearful of pursuit, and he seemed to be trying to hide a large basket over which he had thrown a flap of his

cout.

coat. "The Man of Mystery." hissed Blue Jay, just like Peggy had heard villains hiss upon the stage. "Come We must follow to de-tect his dark deeds!" Peggy hesitated. If this man were a crim-

Peggy hesitated. If this man were a crim-inal, this was a matter for the police, not for a little girl. But maybe he was a German suy. He might even be one of the gang that was supposed to be sending messages to German submarines telling them how to catch American suppo-mathematican supposed to prompt ac-tion. The Man of Mystery was dodging around the nearest corner. Hesitating no longer, Feggy joined Blue Jay in pursuit of him.

Dicky wrote from Groningen, just a line. Now that I was on leave. If I were fit to travel, would I come to Groningen and see

travel, would I come to Groningen and see him? "I have had a curious communication which seems to have to do with poor Fran-cis," he added. That was all. My brain was still balting, so I turned to Francia. Here bagain, I had to go back. Francis, rejucted on all sides for active serv-ice owing to what he scornfully used to call "the shirk.cs" alignet, varices velos," d flatly declined to carry on with his motor siness after, Dicky had joined up, although

helr firm was doing Government work. Sinally, he had vanished into the maw of he War Office and all I knew was that he was "aomething on the Intelligence." More han this not even he would tell me, and then he finally disappeared from London, ust about the time that I was popping the upet with my battallon at Neuve Cha-Alle, he left me his London chambers as his nly address for letters. Ah! now it was all coming back • • •

Francis' infrequent jotters to me about noth-ing at all, then his will, forwarded to me for safe keeping when I was home on leave last Christmas, and after that, silence. Not another letter, not a word about him, not a shred of information. He had utterly vanished. I remembered my frantic inquiries, my

at the imperturbable silence of the various

at the imperturbable silence of the various officials I importuned for news of my poor brother. Then there was that lunch at the Bath Clubs with Sonny Martin of the Heavies and a friend of his, some kind of staff cap-tain in red tabs. I don't think I heard his name, but I know he was at the War Office, and presently over our cluars and coffee I laid before him the mysterious facts about

haid before and the hysterious facts about my brother's case. "Perhaps you knew Francis?" I said in conclusion. "Yes." he replied. "I know him well." "Know him." I repeated. "know him • then • • then you think • • you have reason to believe he is still allye • • • •" Dod Tabs cocked his one at the wilded

Red Tabs cocked his eye at the glided cornice of the celling and blew a ring from his cigar. But he said nothing. I persisted with my questions, but it was of no avail. Eved Tabs only laughed and said: "I know nothing at all except that your brother is a most delightful fellow with your own love of getting his own way." Then Sonny Martin, who is the perfection tact and diplomacy-probably on that ount he falled for the diplomatic-chipped of thet in with an anecdote about a man who was rating the waiter at an adjoining table, and I held my peace. But as Red Tabs rose to go, a little later, he held my hand for a

minute in his and with that curious look of his, said slowly and with meaning: "When a nation is at war, officers on active

service must occasionally disappear, some-times in their country's interest, sometimes in their own."

He emphasized the words "on active serv-

In a flash my eyes were opened. How blind I had been? Francis was in Germany. CHAPTER II

The Cipher With the Invoice

The Cipher With the Invoice RED TABS'S sphinx-like declaration was no riddle to me. I knew at once that Francis must be on secret service in the enemy's country and that country Germany. My brother's extraordinary knowledge of the Germans, their customs, life and dialects, rendered him ideally suitable for any such perlieus inission. Francis always had an extraordinary talent for languages; he seem-ed to acquire them all without any mental effort, but in German he was supreme. Dur-ing the year that he and i ment at Con-

would, and I had nothing to hang any theory on to until Dicky Allerton's letter came. Asheroft at the F. O hard up my passports for me and I lost no time in exchanging the white guils and red cliffs of Cornwall or the windmills and trim canals of Holland And now in my lireast pocket, written or

And now in my breast pocket, written on a small piece of cheip foreirn nöteniner, the ildinus I had come to Groniogen to seek. Yet so trivial, so consended, so haffing was the message that I already fell my trip to Holland to have been a fruitizes errand.

I found Dicky fat and hursting with health a his quarters at the internment carry, mly knew that Francis had disappear When I told him of my meeting with Re-Tabs at the Bath Club, of the latter's word o mo at parting and of my own conviction in the matter, he whistled, then boked grave He went straight to the point in his bluir direct ways

"I am going to tell you a story first, Demond," he said to me, "then Til show you ; piece of paper. Whether the two together fi in with your theory as to paor Francis a dis as to poor Francis's d appearance will be for you to judge. Unit now-1 must confers-I had felt inclined i Uniti dismiss the only reference this felt inclined to dismiss the only reference this document ap-pears to make to your brother as a mere coincidence in names, but what you have told me makes things interesting—by Jove, it does, though. Well, here's the yarn first, of all!

"Your brother and I have had dealings in the past with a Dutchman in the motor busi-ness at Nymwegue, by the name of van Uruthis. Its has often been over to see us at Coventry in the old days and Francis has stayed with him at Nymwegen once or twice on his way back from Germany -- Nymwegen

on his way take how to the German frontier, you know, is close to the German frontier, Old Uruting has been very decent to me since I have been in gool here and has been over several times, generally with a box or two of those nice Dutch cigars."

"Dicky." I broke in on him, "get on with the story. What the devil's all this got to do with Francis? The document """ "Steady, my boy!" was the imperturbable reply, "let me spin my yarn my own way. I'm coming to the piece of paper. ""

"Well, then, old Urutius came to see me ten days ago. All I knew about Francis I had told him, namely, that Francis had enhad four hine numery, that prancing had en-tered the army and was missing. It was no business of the old Mynheer if Francis was in the intelligence, so I didn't tell him that, Van U. is a sistanch friend of the English, but you know the saying that if a man doesn't know he can't split.

"My old Dutch pal, then, turned up here 'My out provide the way bubbling over with excitement. 'Mr. Allerton,' he says, 'I haf had a writing, a most mysterious writing—a writing, I tink, from Francis Okewood.' "I sat tight. If there were any revelations

coming they were going to be Putch, not British. On that I was resolved. "I haf received," the old Dutchman went

on, from Gairemany a parcel of metal shields, plates-what you call 'em-of tin, hein? What I had to advertise my business They arrife las' week-I open the parcel myneif and on the top is the envelope with bilities the involce.

"Mynheer paused: he has a good sense of

"Mynhear paused: he has a good sense of the dramatic." "Well," I said. 'did it bite you or say "Gott strafe England," or what?" "Yan Urutius isnored my flippancy and "Yan Urutius isnored my flippancy and resumed. 'I open the envelope and there in the involce 1 find this writing—nore!" "And here." said Dicky, diving into his pocket, "is the writing'." And se thrust into my cagerly outstratched hand a very thin half-shoet of foreign nois-maper, of that kind of cheap glazed note-pager you get in cafes on the Continuat when



BOSTON SYMPHONY

ORCHESTRA

