JUST GOSSIP ABOUT PEOPLE

Nancy Wynne Tells of Howard Dunn, Jr.'s Death at the Front. Many Persons to Live in Apartments. French Orchestra Concert

Friends of Mrs. Herbert Jacques, who is spending the winter with Mrs. Joseph B. Townsend, of Overbrook, will be glad to hear

Mr. and Mrs. Richard Madeley, Jr., of the

Mrs. Wayne De Long, of the Delmar-Mor-ris, Germantown, is visiting her cousin, Mrs. Clarence Stilz, at her cottage on Vassar

Mr. Samuel Bowen, of 6407 Wayne avenue, Germantown, and his daughter, Mrs. Paxson

Deeter, of Bryn Mawr, are at the Brighton Hotel, Atlantic City, for an indefinite visit. Mrs. Deeter will later join her husband at Washington, where he is stationed as a cap-

Miss Mary Wright, of 236 South Thirty-

eighth street, is spending a few days at

Mr. and Mrs. Charles A. Daniel, of the St. James, Thirtgenth and Walnut streets,

are spending some time at their cottage a Pacific and Montpeller avenues, Chelsea.

Mr, and Mrs. Howard W. White, Eleventh street below Sixty-sixth avenue, Oak Lane, have taken quarters for the win-ter at the Clinton, on Tenth street below

Miss Eleanor Bromley, Wissahickon, Is taking a motor trip along the New England

Mrs. W. Klopp, of York road, entertained at luncheon and cards vosterday. Her guests included Mrs. A. E. Hill, Mrs. W. Seeley, Mrs. James Dawson Whitall, Mrs. John Crit-fith, Mrs. Howard Colchower, Mrs. Andrew J. Coulter, Mrs. Charles S. Osmond, Mrs. Robert Clymer, Mrs. John Mundell, Mrs. Louis M. Whitall and Mrs. H. P. Scherr.

Mrs. Edward Wallace, of Brackler, Del., is the guest of Mrs. Percy Ingraham, of Sumar street, Wissahlckon.

Dr. and Mrs. Joseph McKiver, of Cricket

avenue. Ardmore, are snending this month at the Dennis, Atlantic City. Discior McKiver is a lieutenant in the United States mays. He is recuperating from the influenza and a bad

WEDS AT HOME TONIGHT

Miss Elise Hepburn Will Become Bride of

Lieutenant Colonel Robert S. Oberly

The wedding of Miss Elise Hepburn, daugh-

ter of Mr. and Mrs. W. Horace Hepburn, of

rector of St. James's Church, Miss Henburn

Engagements

of pneumonia.

of Far Hills, N. J.

vellow chrymanthemums

tain in the ordnance department

avenue, Ventnor, N. J.

Atlantic City.

Spruce.

const

WEREN'T you sorry to hear that Dodge and Energy Joseph Wharton, U. S. Howard K. Dunn, Jr., has been killed N., was announced this summer. Howard K. Dunn, Jr., has been killed

in action? He was the son of Mr. and Mrs. Howard K. Dunn, of Germantown, and was a stretcher bearer. "Pokey," as that she is recovering from her recent illhe was known to many of his friends, went overseas last spring, after having tried to get into the service from the time war was declared. He was refused for Wissahlckon Apartments, Germantown, are being congratulated on the birth of a daughthe officers' training camp on account of ter, Grace Emily Madeley, on October 26. Mrs. Madeley will be remembered as Miss Catharine Sparks, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Sparks, of 4100 Walnut street. being under weight, and he tried the Navy and several branches of the Army, but was not successful until last winter when he finally made the ambulance section.

I always feel that the men who have worked so hard under such trying conditions to get into the service have doubly done their bit, when they give their lives. and I am sure that Howard's death was the kind that he would have wanted, for he was struck by a shell in the open field while he was carrying wounded. As a lieutenant of artillery said at one time the stretcher-bearers are the real heroes. for their life is absolutely self-sacrificing. and there is no chance for them to get back at the enemy. Howard was a cousin of Jack Riegel, who also is in France with a hospital unit. He is in a fourteenth century town now with a wall around it and a moat. It sounds fascinating, doesn't it, like a medieval story?

IT'S quite remarkable the number of people who are giving up theil houses this year and taking apartments. When you remember last winter and the cold houses everywhere, you can't blame them for wanting to "pass the buck" and let somebody else worry about the coal. The Herbert Wardens, have closed their house at Haverford and taken an apartment at the Touraine. Mr. and Mrs. Freeland Kendrick are also occupying an apartment there. Mrs. Bradbury Bedell is there, too, Mr. and Mrs. Heck Wetheriil are at 1830 Rittenhouse Square, and Mrs. Arthur Brock and her daughters will be at the Wellington all winter. Mrs. Alexander Brinton Coxe will occupy her apartments at 1830 Rittenhouse Square.

THE French War Relief ommittee of the E. A. A. had the time of their lives yesterday, didn't they? There was the concert by the French orchestra in the evening and at midday they entertained the musicians at luncheon at their new relief headquarters in the old Roberts Mansion at 1901 Walnut street.

Those musicians are certainly wonderful. It was a great idea on the part of the French Government to send them here. It 1728 Pine street, and Lieutenant- Colonel only seemed to me a pity that the French Robert S. Oberly, U. S. A., of Washington, Committee did not let more people know will take place at 6 o'clock this evening at about it. I saw and heard very little about the home of the bride. The ceremony will be the affair beforehand. But having once performed by the Rev. John Mockridge, D.D., heard several weeks ago that there was to be a concert, I called the Relief Committee will be attended by Mrs. Arthur Meyer, of New Haven, Conn., as matron of honor, and the best man will be Major Frank S. Painter, up to ask when and where it was to be, and bied me up to the Metropolitan last night.

The bride will wear a gown of white satin and tulle, with a tulle vell and will carry gardenias and lilles of the valley. Mrs. EVIDENTLY many others had done the same, for the house was brilliant, Meyer will wear blue taffeta and will carry crowded to the doors. And I should certainly say that the French War Relief yellow chryman nemums. The wedding will be followed by a recop-tion. Colonel and Mrs. Oberly will live in Aberdeen. Md., where Colonel Oberly is Committee and the Matinee Musical Club outdid themselves in selling tickets. The stationed at the proving ground. boxes were crowded with beautifully dressed women. Did you see Mrs. Francis Thorne Patterson? She had the most exquisite shade of turquoise blue girdle on her gown and a wonderful ermine stole.

An engagement of International interest anneunced today is that of Miss Hannah Randolph, drughter of Mr. Philip S. P. Randolph, dr 208 South Twenty-second street, this city, and Mr. Robert Hudson, of London, and Mr. Bublet Hudson, of London, Mrs. Stevenson, who is chairman of the French Committee, had her daughter, Mrs. Yorke Stevenson, and Mrs. Sam Henderson secretary of the British embassy in Wash in her box. Mrs. Tom Robins was wonderfully frocked as usual. And Mrs. Joe Leidy was simply stunning. Mrs. Charles Randolph Wood, who is very musical, you know, was drinking in the wonderful orchestration. She had a high frock of Alice blue topped at the back of the neck with a band of chinchilla fur. Her sister, Mrs. Voorhees Drayton, was with her, dressed in a wine-colored frock. I saw Mrs. Henry Boyer looking handding. somer than ever in a black frock relieved with white, and Mrs. Henry S. Jeanes was also in the orchestra. Aitogether it was a remarkable evening, and Society, with a large S, appreciated it as well as the musicians and numerous French men and women. How picturesque the French officers were in their cief blue uniforms! And our own officers were not so worse, believe little Nancy!

TO BE MARRIED THIS EVENING

THE MAN WITH THE CLUB FOOT By VALENTINE WILLIAMS

Congright, 1818, by the Public Ladger Co. Copyright in Rat S. McBride & Co.

friet

The examination of the door of my from. The examination of the dead much's patients had shown me that he was an American built-to as some, who had just come from London busing but concelly presented to Emiland from the United States What puzzled me was why an American manufacturer, recaining of some substates that decenny dressed, should go to a German head of the possementation of a German.

evil-book or loave with a lorg sum of money on his person the bod several hundred pounds of nonly in Furch currency notes in a tack

the mirror at the end of the passage caught the reflection of my candle. I looked and naw mywelf in the glass a while, taring face.

The next moment I found toyadf in No. 53,

i could see no sign of the key of the room; S-milin roost have drooped it in his fall, so

it behaved me to make hoste for fear of any

netoward interruption. I had not yet heard deven strike on the clock. The stringer's hat and overcent hy on a

cheir The but was from Scott's: there was nothing except a pair of leather gloves in the overcost pockets.

kithag and a large handbag, stood open on the table. It contained a few tollet neces-

verything out of the bng and stacked the

At the bottom of the bag I made a strange discovery. The interior of the bag was fitted with that thin yellow canvas-like mu-terial with which nearly all cheap hags, like this one was, are liked. At the bottom

of the bag on obleng piece of the lining had apparently been torn clean out. The leather of the car showed through the slit. Yet the lining round the edges of the gap showed

to fraying to trace of rough usage. On the contrary, the edges were pasted nearly

ngs on the table

lown of the leather

and gone right through it

This

D. W. Griffith's

URARTIS OF FUR CORRES

Trocadero Mat. The French Fronces

3

A bar, in size something between a small

CHAPTER IV

Destiny Knocks at the Door

THERE are two things at least that modern warfare teaches you, one is to keep cool in an emergency, the other is not to be afraid of a corpse. Therefore I was resurvely surprised to find movelf standing there in the dark, calmy reviewing the entrandinary situation in which I now found encoded That's the curious thing about shell-shock: after it a motor back-firing or a tre larstin will reduce a man to tears, but in face of danger he will probably find binnedf in fr udden and violent noise connected with Brief as the sounds without had then

while the on reflection to identify the gaseling gurgle, that rapid patter of the hands. Any one who has seen a man die quickly knows them. Accordingly I surmised that some body had come to my door at the point of death.

then I throught of the man next door, his Then I thought of the main next dove, his painful breathlesenues, his binish lips, when I found him wrestling with his key, and i guessed who was my nocturnal visitor lying brone in the dark at my lest Shielding the candt, with my hand I re-lighted it. Then I grappled with the flapping contains and with its dark at the standard star-

curtains and not the windows shull clear only did I raise my candle until the bound

only did I raise my coudle until the factors shone down given the silent figure tring access the threshold of the result. It was the man from No. 33. He was quite doad. His face was lived and dimorted, his eyes glazery between the half-closed lids, walls his fingers, will stillly clutching, show-ed mint and varnish and due beneath the nulls where he had neved door and carrot in nalls where he had pawed door and carpet in

The death agony. One did not need to be a doctor to see that a heart attack had swiftly and suddenly struck him down.

attrack him down. Now that I know the worst I acted with decision. I dranged the body by the show-ders into the room until it lay in the center of the varies. Then I locked the door The foreboding of evil that had cast its black shadow score my thoughs from the moment I crossed the threshold of this shift of bate coses of the starting again. Indeed

moments is consequent, increment of one is the function of the strengty argue. Indeed, my position was to say the feast, scarcely enviable. Here was I, a British concerning the British papers of identity, about to be discovered in a therman hotel into which I had introduced any act under raise, pret wes, at dead or each above with the course of a German or Austrian (for such the dead mar pussently ways It was understeelly a most awkward fix.

Everything in the hotel was silent as the

KTILVE. I turned from my gloomy forebodings to look iga it at the stranger. In this crisp black hair and stightly protuberant checkbones I traced again the blat of Jewish ancestry i had remarks before. Now that the main a even-this high thoughtful even that had stared at me out of the durkness of the Cor-Finit ridor-were closed, he tonked far less forman than before; in fact he might almost have passed as an Englishman.

He was a young man-about my own age. T indged-of shall be twenty-eight next bitthdny) and about my own height, which is five feel ten. There was something about his appearance and build that struck a chord

very faintly in my memory, Had I seen the follow before? I remembered now that I had noticed something addity familiar about him when f first saw bin for that belef memori in the

orridor I looked down at him again as he lay on his back on the faded carpet. I brought the candle down closer and scanned his

the table it confished a few foliet neces-saries, a dair of palamus a clean shirt, a pair of slippers • • • nothing of importance and not a scrap of paper of any kind I went through everything again, looked in the sponge bug, opened the safety razor ense, shock cut the shirt, and finally taok verything out of the bug and dashed the features. He certainly looked less foreign th

He certainly booked less foreign than he did before. He might not be a German after all: more likely a Hungarian or a Pole, perhaps even a Dutchman. His Ger-man hod been too flawiess for a French-man-figr a Hungerian either, for that natter

I leaned back on my knees to case my cramped position. As I did so I caught a glimpse of the stranger's three-quarters face Why! He reminded me of Francis i

There certainly was a suggestion of my brother in the man's appearings. Was it the thick black half, the small dark mus-tache. Was it the well-chilsieled mouth? It was rather a blut of Francis than a resemblance to him.

The stranger was fully dressed. The jacket if his blue serge suit had falsen open and I saw a portfolia in the inner breast pocket. Here, I thought, might he a clue to the deaname of the recipient as also the date was on the missing half.

Somewhere in the slience of the sight heard a door bang. I thrust the slips t paper in their canvas covering into my from sers pucket.

of Henry Sendin, a United States citizen, traveling to Europe. Details in the body of the document set forth that Henry Sem-in, was born at Brooklyn on 21st March, 1836, that his hair was black, nose equi-line, chin firm, and that of special marks as had none. The description was good recept to show me that it was undoubt-culy the body of Henry Semin that my at my feet I must not be found in that room. With trembling hands I started to put the things back in the bag. Those slips of paper, I reflected as I worked, at least rent the vell reflected as I worked, at least rent the vell of mystery enveloping the corpse that lay miffening in the next room. This, at any rate, was certain: German or American or hyphenate, Henry Semiin, manufacturer and apy, had voyaged from America to Eag-land not for the purposes of trade, but is set hold of that mutilated document now reposing in my pocket. Why he had only so thaif the letter and what had happened to the other half was more than I could say • • • it sufficed for me to know that is importance to somebody was sufficient to watrant a purpoy on its behalf from one The passport had been issued at Wash-tion three months earlier. The only vise here was that of the American enbassy bore was that of the American chooses a London, dated two days previously. With was it British permit, issued to Henry culls, manufactures, granting her author-by to leave the United Kingdom for the pur-one of traveling to Rotterfulm , facture a bill or hinel.con nerved on board the Dutch or binel.con merved on board the Dutch or 1 binst stranger Konig.a Degenies on windowide data. With to warrant a journey on its behalf from one side to the other of the Atlantic

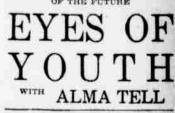
As f opened the bag my fingers encountered a hard substance, as of metal, embedded in the slack of the lining in the joints of the iterday's date. In the long and anguidting weeks that fol-In the long and anguisting weeks that fol-lowed that analous highly in the Hotel of the 't Tunnie, I have often wonder-ed the malecious incorptings, to what insert i.e. I owed the idea that sud-dealy material in my brain as I set insert is the dead man's intersease in that qualid room. The immulas sprane has my brain like a finab and the a mach I acted on it, though I can hardly believe I meant is parene it to its baleat of along in the first of my final in a low and I is dealy more suiside the slow of my form. The examination of the dead man's papers the slave of the lining in the joints of the mouth. At first i thought it was a coin, then i felt some kind of clasp or fastening behind it and it seemed to be a broech. Out came my picket knife again and there lay a small sliver star, about as big as a regimental can badge, embedded in the thin canvas. It bore an inscription. In stenciled letters 1 - ad 1 r.nd:

Here was Doctor Semlin's real visiting



A PLAY WITH MUSIC AND JOHN CHARLES THOMAS John T. MUTRY, DOPOTHE HIRDOW AND ENTINE N. Y. CAST

ADELPHI EVGS, AT \$:15 MATS, THURSDAY, and MATINEE TOMORROW BEAT THE EVES OF YOUTH ARE THE STM



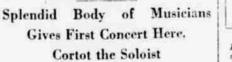
CHESTNUT OPERA HOUSE LAST 6 TIMES Prives, Nichis, 11,50, 21, 75c, Malinese St.00, 75c, 75c, Exect St.15, Mails, Turs, Well, and Set, at 215 Will, JAM ElLIOTT Fundat COMSTOCK MORRIS GEST FOR AUSTER PO MATI TODA BEST SEATS & Next Week--Seats Tomorrow

down of the heather. If lifted the bog and examined it As I did so I have long on the table beside it up and found the under side stained with paste and the bown of the leather. It was the tolssing piece of lining and it

was stiff with something that crackled in-I will the place of enguas on one my penkinife. It contained three long frag-ments of paper, a thick expensive, highly gluzed paper. Top, bottom, and left-hand aide of each was trim and glossy; the fourth a'de showed a broken edge as though it had been roughly cut with a knife. The three slips of paper were the balves of three quarto beets of writing, torn in two, lengthways rom top to bottom.

The orchestra of the Paris Conservatoire gave its long-postponed concert at the Metropolitan Opera House last evening before an audience that almost completely filled the The orchestra is composed of the profes-

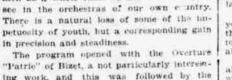
petuosity of youth, but a corresponding gain in precision and steadiness.



huge building.

sors of orchestral instruments at the Conservatoire, augmented by the best of the puplis. Therefore, it is a much older body of men as a whole than we are accustomed to see in the orchestras of our own c untry.

Measager, with never a breach of good taste, even if a little more vigor here and there might have been desired. After the symphony, Debussy's prelude, "An Afternoon of a Faun," was played, and in this number



ing work, and this was followed by the famous Fifth Symphony of Beethoven. This was given a dignified, refined reading by 37.



DREAMLAND SCORES BIG SUCCESS

iBlue Jay turns detective and permudes Peggy to follow a supercrising stranger with a basket. She finds that the stranger is currying food to the children of a man

he found staggering in the street.) CHAPTER III

hide "Why should I let you go? Don't you know it's against the law to peck in other tolks'

fation. "You look like a nice little girl. Why did you do such a sneaking trick?" continued the Mystery Man, and Peggy noticed a kindly he in his voice that immediately banished

defons of him. "Why, Blue Jay and I saw you croeping along with your hat over your eyes, and

brings good eats to children who are hungry,"

By DADDY

"OH. PLEASE, Mr Mystery Man, let me

we thought maybe you were a burglar or a German spy," she blurted out frankly. "He kan't a burglar and he kan't a spy-he's a policeman," cried Helen indignantly. "And he's a nice policeman, 'caure he

poke up Toddy. Peggy had thought the man looked familiar o her. Now she recognized him.

ADVENTURES A complete new adventure each week, begin-ning Monday and ending Saturday

The Mystery Man's Secret

go!" cried Peggy, as the man seized

windows?" Peggy hung her head in humil-

SHE was almost three years old and she'd never been known to be afraid of anything. In fact would toddle along in the dark back to her nursery to get a pet doll; and go to sleep in the "big dark" without a thought. So you will agree with me that her actions at the "Zoo" were not so remarkable after all. But incidentally, rather funny.

You see it was Sunday, and Daddy and Daughter always have a time together on Sundays. So Daddy took Daughter out to the Zoo and into the Lion house. There were lots of other children there, and all, including Daughter, were engrossed in watching the lion cubs playing together. Suddenly Papa Lion roared thundsrously. And the kiddies fled to their various parents and protectors in terror.

All but Daughter, who smiled sweetly at Daddy and then turning to the large parental lion, frowned severely upon him and said in a firm tone: "Moo ! ! 1 ! NANCY WYNNE.

Social Activities

Lieutenant and Mrs. George Wharton Pepper, Jr., are receiving congratulations on the birth of a son, to be named William How-

Licutenant Pepper. Licutenant Pepper is at present in France. Mis. Pepper was Miss Marion Myers.

Mrs. John B. Thayer, Jr., of Haverford has left for Chelsea, where she will spend some time at the Chelsea Hotel.

her house at Haverford after an absence of six months.

Mrs. Horace Howard Furness is occuping her winter home at 2024 De Lancey street.

Mrs. George Fales Baker, of Rosemont, has returned from Saranac, where she spent the summer.

Mrs. James Mapes Dodge and her daughter, diss Josephine Dodge, of Germantown, have sturned from Jamestown, R. L. where they pent the summer. The engagement of Miss

ington. Miss Randolph made her debut s eral years age. She is a sister of Mrs. John R. Fell and Mrs. Philip Stevenson and of Mr. Philip S. P. Randolph, Jr., Mr. Wiete Randolph and Mr. Emlen Randolph. nother, who died some years ago, was Miss Hannah Fetherston, a daughter of the late Mr. Ferdinand Fetherston, of this city. Miss Randolph is well known in social circles here, in Newport, Narraganseti, Paim Beach and New York. She is a most effi-

No date har been set as yet for the wed-

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Dunlop, of 335 Church lane, Germantown, announce the en-gagement of their daughter. Miss Margaret Miller Dunlop, and Mr. Earle H. Price, also of Germantown.

PLEASING CONCERT **GIVEN AT BELLEVUE**

Matince Musical Club Has Appropriiate Setting for Presentation of Elizabethan Music

It was a pleasure to forget the war, the epidemic and the weather for an hour or two and enjoy the restful atmosphere of the music customs, and costumes of the Elizabethan days, at the first concert of the Matinee Musical Club, held yesterday afternoon in the ballroom of the Bellevue-Stratford. The concert was composed of "Music of Forgotten Days," and the whole setting was appropriate, and the audience most appreciative. The quaint harpsichord war on the low stage with high candelabra at each side, and all the artists, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Gideon and Doctor Thaddeus Rich in the costumes of Queen Elizabeth's Rich in the contumes of Queen Engagence time. The ushers, Miss Bess Priestley, Mrs. Joseph Johnson, Mrs. Harold Clark, Mrs. C. V. Jackson, Miss M. Naylor and Miss Edna Haugher, also were in trailing gowns of that period.

The concert itself was altogether charm-The concert used was allogener charm-ing the soft tone of the harps'chord being in perfect harmony with Mrs. Gideon's pleas-ing voice and personality, and the simple old-fashioned songs that she sang. The songs described in an interesting talk by Mr. Gideon were old English ballads, some of the "Borgerettes" of Mar's Antoinette's time and Telsh and Socie h filk works Doo time and Irish and Scotch folk songs. Do time and irish and scotch tok songs. Doc-tor Rich, in curled wis, black velvet and frilly lace, played delightfully on the viola d' amour, an instrument almost obsolete in the orchestras of today. Tea was served in the halloone after the

oncert at tables decorated with huge centerpieces of pink and white chrysanthemuns. Among those who received were Mrs. Samuel Wagner, in an Elizabethan gown of deep yellow: Mrs. George Edmonds, Mrs. Horacè Paist, Mrs. C. C. Collins, Mrs. S. W. Cooper, Mrg. Eugene Pett, Mrs. Edward Lynch, Mrs. Wassili Leps and Mrs. John Dunn, Jr. The Octave Club of Norristown, a club of 300 members, was the guest for the afternoon. Mrs. Hatfield, president of the Octave Club. occupied one of the boxes and acknowledged the welc me of the president of the Matinees Mitsical Club, Mrs. Samuel Woodward was among the audience, wearing a becoming sut of brown with a hat to match. Mrs. James M. Anders wore a sand-color cloak erpieces of pink and white chrysanthemums James M. Anders wore a sand-color cloak with a small, close-fitting feather toque of burnt orange.

M. Messager and his splendid orchestra showed at their best. Both interpretation and performance were thoroughly in the spirit of the composer, and this most famous and probably best of Debussy's purely orchestral works received a really remarkable performance.

The other orchestra numbers were the The other orchestra numbers were the Morcean Symphonique from "The Redemp-tion" of César Franck and the familiar "Carnaval Romain" of Berlioz. The former showed Franck in a highly different style, as the work is not in his customary har-monic scheme nor has it any of that elabor-ateness of design which marked his compo-sitions in absolute music. Played as a con-cert number it does not produce the same effect as in its proper place in the oratorio. cert number it does not produce the same effect as in its proper place in the oratorio. Both numbers were well performed, there being the real French snap and spirit in the Berlioz composition. The concert began with a slow and dignified performance of "The Star Spangled Banner," and ended with a most spirited rendition of the "Maraseil-laine," both of which were very cordially re-ceived by the audience.

ceived by the audience. A comparison of the orchestra with the best American organizations is not easy. The French have a scaling arrangement en-tirely different from those in this country. The basses are massed on the right and the The basses are independent of the violas are b him brasmes on the left. The violas are b him the first violins instead of the seconds, as in our orchestras, and the 'cellos strong across the stage in a row behind the violins and violas. The arrangement of the wood-winds

violate in an annual of the same as ours. The scating of the orchestra causes the tone to come to the audience in : manner un-familiar to American audiences.

The first impression is that we are ac The first impression is that we are ac-customed to a greater sonority of tone than that given by the famous body of instru-mentalists who played hast evening, the tone of the orchestra as a whole being refinen rather than powerful, especially in the strings. The size of the immense auditorium may have had something to do with this impression, as it is too large for an orches-ira to be heard at its best. There is no coubt however, as to the great beauty and doubt, however, as to the great beauty and unusual homogeneity of the wood-wind choir. The French have always had the reputation of being the best players of the reed instruto hear this orchestra to have it proves. Flutes, obols, clarinets and baseoons are per-fect in tone, rhythm and, what is still rarer.

playing in absolute tune. The brass also In playing in absolute tune. The brass also played beautifully in tune and with rare dis-cretion as to volume of tone, which was ar-ways full but never forced. As a conductor, M. Messager is exceedingly economical of motion, and gives the imme-diate impression of the most intense sincer-ity, always subordinating himself to the ideas of the composer. Refinement, grace and

ecable taste mark the readings rather

than great vigor or enthusiasm, althou does not hesitate to bring out the full power of the band at the climaxes. If ways had the orchestra absolutely at his command, both in tone and tempos. The soloist was Alfred Cortot, who played the fourth plance concerto (in C minor) of Saint-Saens. The work, a difficult and nex

Saint-matter in order a under the inter-very inspiring composition, has the one merit demanded of a plano concerto, in that it shows off the fully resources of the solo instrument to good advantage against the colors of the orchestra. M. Cortot played with great spirit, with a sense of rhythm with great spirit, with a sense of rhythm almost unequaled among contemporary plan-ists and with the exceedingly fluent finger technique that the work demands. His tone is good, although the composition does not give much opportunity for the display of its singing qualities. He was accorded a great reception and was forced to play an encore, giving the G-flat Waits of Chopin. "Oh, you're Officer Casey," she exclaimed, much refleved. "You go by our house every day. But why did you act so mysterious when you came have?"

Peggy now turned questioner and officer any appeared much embarrassed. He turn-i very red and twisted his cap in his hands. "He did that because he doesn't want

folks to know how good he is." said Helen, coming quickly to his defense. "He's kind to folks instead of arresting 'em." added Toddy.

"On !" said Peggy, a light dawning upon her, iffere was a man who hid his fine deeds like a criminal hides his evil doeds. It had been an awful mistake to think him a lawbreaker. Blue Jay, who had followed her into

The room, tried to hide in a corner, "You're a great detective," she said to him. "The not a detective, but I'd like to be," said Officer Casey, thinking she was speaking

him. 'I was speaking to Blue Jay," explained PORTS IN

ggy in confusion. "Ob, it's a Bird," cried out Helen and Toddy "Can you taik Bird talk?" asked the as-

ushed policeman. "Yes, I'm Princess of Birdland," answered Peggy.

Peggy, "My gracious," exclataned officer Casey, "Goodness me!" cchoed Helen and Tody, Bul at that moment there came an in-terruption from the man on the bed. He

"Strange". Very strange," he said. "That's sur-ly a wireless outfit stretched between those trees. What can it be doing away up here."

"Now, what does he mean by that," asked

"It is a wireless," muttered the man on the bed, "I must look into this, Oh, oh, my head."

Wircless," mused Officer Casey, "Who'd he having a wireless outfit in these parts They are forbidden by the Government for fear German spice would use them." "An ha' I know this must," shricked Blue Jay, perching on the bed and boking down

on the man lying there. "I saw hi banged over the head this morning away up NILLE

in the hills." "Who banged him?" she cried. "A big foreign-looking chap. This man was standing in the woods, gazing up at a lonely peak that's hidden high among the woods. The other chap sneaked up behind him and hit him on the head with a club. This man fgll down, and the other chap was going to hit him again when men passing was going to hit him again when men passing along a path not far away frightened him

"What's the bird making all the noise about?" asked Officer Casey, Peggy excitedly interpreted Blue Jay's

Pergy excitency interpreter blue days message. "Ah, ha'" said Officer Casey, just as Blue Jay had done. "I'm beginning to figure this thing out. Wireless, a foreign-looking chap, an attempt to kill the innocent man who stumbles on the secret outfit. Perhaps here's the answer to the mystery of the messages going to the submarines off our coast. Can your bird guide us to the spot where he saw tis man hurt?" "Of course this man hurt?" "Of course I can." declared Biue Jay proudly. "I'll prove I'm a real detective."

(In tomorrow's chapter Peppy has a stir-ring adventure up among the hills.)

Evolution Lecture by Dr. Schmucker

Dr. S. C. Schmucker will open the Wither-spoon center season of the University Exten-don Society this aftermoon at 4, with the first of a series of five hotures on evolution. His subject is "Daisies and Chysanthemums-Latent Possibilities."

and some the second second

man's identity. I fished out the perifolio, then rapidly ran my lingers over the stranger's other pockets

I left the portfolio to the last.

The jacket pockets contained bothing els In the jacket pockets contained bothing ease excent a white all handkershief numerical. In the right hand top pocket of the waist-coat was a next all r clearerte rane, per-fectly plain, commaning half a dosen sigar-ettes. I took one out and looked at it. It was a Melahla, a clearerte I happen to know for these stock them at one of any clubs the for they stock them at one of my clubs, the Dionysus, and it chances to be the only place in London where you can get the brand.

ranu It looked as if my unknown friend had ome from Loudon There was also a plain silver watch of

Swiss make. In the trousers pocket was some change,

a little English silver and coppers, some putch silver and paper money. In the right-hand trouser tooket was a bunch of keys, That was all.

That was all 1 put the different articles on the floor beside me. Then i got up, put the candle on the table, drew the chair up to it and

In a little portfolie. In a little pocket of the inner flap were visiting cards. Some were simply engraved with the name in small leasure:

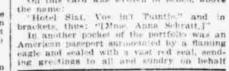
Tr. Scalin Others were more detailed: Dr. Scalin, Dr. Scalin, Brooklyn, N. Y The Halewright Mfg. Coy. Ltd

There were also half a dozen private eards Dr. Semin. 233 E. 7frd St.

Rivington Park House. In the packet of cards was a solitary one, arger than the rest, an expensive affair, p thick, highly gluged utilihoard, bearing

OTTO VON STRINKARDT

On this card was written in sence, above



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