JUST GOSSIP ABOUT PEOPLE

Nancy Wynne Talks About Various Doings in Society-Newton Wigton Invalided Home and in Cape May Hospital-Other Matters

IT WAS good, wasn't it, after Monday's excitement to have time to sit down a minute and think? Really, I was about dead, and I guess you were, too. I met a certain tall and handsome member of the Emergency Aid on Monday afternoon.

She looked so smart and was carrying a She looked so smart and was carrying a small flag. "Well," I said, "how do you feel?" I expected much enthusiasm, needless to say. She smiled wearily upon me and remarked, "My feet never were made for parading; I'm dead," and she wearily wended her way up to one of the boxes at the musicale at the Bellevue. However, I noted her later waving her flag with much enthusiasm when Muratore sang the "Mar-

AND now for the readjustment. I wonor if they ever will be normal again? I suppose so, however, and the next thing you know I'll be telling you that So and so is to make her debut at this or that tea or dance or supper. However, I don't think real social festivities will start up this season. There's too much to be done yet for the sick and wounded. The Red Cross must continue to get out bandages and surgical dressings. Just because the war is over does not mean that the wounded are well or anything like well,

DID you know that Mrs. John B. sketches that were made by our leading artists during the recent Liberty Loan drive at the Bellevue? Yes; and she's going to exhibit them for the French war relief committee. I understand the exhibition will last for two weeks, and I'll tell you more about it when I hear more myself, about where it will be and who will help Mrs. Thayer. Isn't she beautiful? I just love to look at her, and I am always glad when I look at Polly, her younger daughter, who has inherited that wonderful warmth of coloring that makes her mother so unusually lovely. Polly still wears her hair down her back, but she will soon be in the debutante class, and something tells me she'll be a winner.

THE Harrison family seem to have all rushed for sea air at the same time, for I hear that the George Leib Harrisons, Mrs. Harry Waln Harrison and Mrs. Emory McMichael, who was Ellen Harrison, you know, are all down at the Chelsea. Having a sort of family party, as

SHOULD think it must be with a feeling of great security and happiness that the Draytons said good-by again to Bill on his way back "over there," for this time there will not be the danger at the front there has been all along. In fact, pretty soon "there ain't golh' to be no front." Bill came over with some sick soldiers about three weeks ago and ther, was given ten days' leave, which he and his wife spent here, staying at Bill's parents' home on Twenty-first street. He went over first with Base Hospital No. 10 in May of 1917, and later was transferred to the expedi-

tionary forces, Of course, there's an awful lot for the doctors over there to do, so Bill is going back, even though peace has come. But gracious, he's glad to go. All the men are! They are and have been so devoted

Don't you think his wife is pretty? She was Frances Dunning, you know, a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George A. Dunning and sister of Norman, Leighton and Nancy Dunning. She is one of the smartest looking members of the younger married set and is a great favorite.

ALREADY there are plans Scot for parties for the school set in the Christmas and Thanksgiving holidays. The Charlton Varnalls will give a dinner for Sophie before the holiday meeting of the Saturday Evening Dancing Class, which takes place on December 28. That's going to be quite a big week, and it would not surprise me if I heard of one or two other small affairs around that time.

DID you hear that Newton Wigton has been invalided home and is in a hospital at Cape May? He was wounded about two months ago and the family didn't hear from him for weeks, and naturally they almost "passed out" with anxiety, but they finally heard that he had been shot in the arm and then he was sent home. He is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Wigton, of Schoolhouse lane and Wissahlckon avenue, Germantown, and a brother of Bob Wigton and a nephew of the Louis Ketterlinuses. Bob Wigton married Elizabeth Smucker, you remember, and they have a young daughter now. Bob and Newton are both Princeton men-Bob 1912 and Newton 1914; NANCY WYNNE.

Social Activities

Mr. and Mrs. George Brooke will enter-tain in their box at the opera on Tuesday next, the opening night.

Among those who will attend the dinner to be given on Thursday night by Mr. and Mrs. John White Geary for their daughter. Miss Mary de F. Geary, before the first meeting of Mrs. Charles Stewart Wurts's dancing class at the Bellevue-Stratford will be Miss Mabel H. P. Reid, Mise Virginia Heckscher, Mr. Edwin G. Fox, Mr. Daniel Dent, Mr. Donald Ross, Mr. Charles Stewart Wurts, Jr., Mr. N. Myers Fitier, Jr., and Mr. Kenton

Miss Lucretia Heckscher is visiting her brother, Mr. Gustave Heckscher, at his home in Strafford, Mr. Heckscher's other sister, Mrs. Henry Burnham, and her daughter, Miss Lena Burnham, of Boston, will arrive ember 20, to spend some time

Miss Constance Vauciain, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Vauciain, of Rosendont, is spending a few days in New York.

Mrs. Robert W. Daniel, who has been spending the winter in Washington, where her husband, Captain Daniel, is stationed, is now visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. James A. Hughes, in Huntingdon, W. Va.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel B. McCabe, of Wayne, are occupying their new house at 2217 St. James place.

Friends of Ensign Willbert J. Craig, of 5409 Walnut street, will be glad to hear of his safe return from his third trip to France.

Mrs. Richard Hey will give a luncheon to-day at her home, 6816 Lincoln drive, Ger-mantown, for a group of friends, who are

Mrs. John Burns and her daughters, Miss Blanche Burns and Miss Edna Burns, of Roxborough, have returned from Atlantic City, where they have been spending the

Mrs. George Wagner, of School lane, who Mrs. George Wagner, of School lanc, who organized an auxiliary to work for the French and Belgian war relief two years ago, which meets each Tuesday evening in the old Acadamy Building on Queen lane, has formed a second group. The members will meet this evening in the parish house of St. James the Less Protestant Episcopal Church and will be directed by Mrs. Frank Grant.

Mrs. Terrance J. McIlvaine, of 1241 West Lehigh avenue, will entertain at luncheon and bridge today. Her guests will include Mrs. H. Harrison Parker, Mrs. John Mc-Cracken, Mrs. Desile Craver, Mrs. M. H. Mansfield, Mrs. Emma Doyle, Mrs. William B. Morrison, Mrs. Horace Strang, Mrs. Ed-ward Cruegar, Mrs. William H. Jungkurth, ward Cruegar, Mrs. William H. Jungkurth Mrs. Frank Gaskill and Mrs. Carl Mac-

WAR CHEST FILLERS IN "VICTORY JUBILEE"

Governor-Elect Sproul to Preside at Welfare Council Mass-Meeting

Governor-elect Sproul, making his first appearance at a public meeting since his election, will preside tonight at the "victory jubilee" mass-meeting to be held at the Metropolitan Opera House under the auspices of the war-welfare council of Philadelphia and its vicinity

Purposes of the gathering, to be explained by Edward Bok, E. H. Sothern, the actor, and other speakers, are to inform contributors to the War Chest how the funds are being spent by the relief and recreational organizations active among the troops in France, Italy and Russia, and Impress upon them the necessity for carrying on the work indefinitely. No appeal will be made for subscriptions tonight. Another campaign for funds will be held next May. Tickets for the event were exhausted at noon yesterday.

A leading feature of the meeting will be a concert, from 7:30 to 8:15 o'clock, by the famous all-hero French Army Band now touring the country at the request of the War Department. Interspersing the program, the band will play the "Marseillaise" and the "Sambre et Meuse." the song with which this band has led French troops into action right up to the firing line.

The band is under the leadership of Captain Gabriel Pares. Every member of the organization has participated in actual fighting and has been wounded or gassed. All of them wear decorations conferred by the tors to the War Chest how the funds are

them wear decorations conferred by French Government

French Government.

Other musical features arranged include community singing, led by Miss Nella Allen, an artist of the Keith circuit, recently returned from overseas, where she sang to American soldiers in the trenches and to Four-Minute Men.

Mr. Bok, who a short time ago went abroad on a special mission at the invitation of the British Government, will tell ef conditions on the English, Belgian, French and American fronts as he saw them. Mr. Sothern's address will be devoted chiefly to his experiences with the Yanks as an entertainer. Other speakers will represent the Y. M. C. A., Salvation Army and the Knights of Columbus.

SAVANTS TO LECTURE HERE

French Educational Mission Will Arrive November 20

A mission composed of seven of the leading educators and scholars of France now visiting American universities will arrive at the University of Pennsylvania on Novem-

ber 20, it was announced teday.

While here the members of the mission will inspect the University and give several lectures on the dominant characteristics of French national life. Inc men will led in English.

are in English.

The members of the mission are Professor Enganuel de Hartonne, of the Universit sor Emanuel de Hartonne, of the University ef Paris, exchange professor at Columbia in 1916: Dr. Theodore Reinbach, editor of the Gazette des Beaux Arts, lieutenant colonel in the French army; Professor Fernand Baldensperger, of the University of Paris, now of Columbia University; Prefessor Charles Cammian, of the University of Paris, captain in the French army; Dr. Etienne Burnet, of the Pasteur Institute, Paris, surgeon in the French arm; Charles Koschlin, composer and musical critic, and Koschlin, composer and musical critic, and Seymour de Ricci, art critic and secretary of the Gazette des Beaux Arts. The commission is in charge of the Ameri-

can Council on Education, whose headquar-



MRS. JOHN WHITE GEARY, JR. Who will be remembered as Miss Elizabeth Wister. Mr. and Mrs. Geary, who have been living in the South since their marriage, will spend the winter with Mr. Geary's parents, Mr. and Mrs. John White Geory, of Chestnut Hill

ART ALLIANCE PAYS PAINTER DUAL HONOR

Reception to Daniel Garber Features Opening Exhibition of His Works

The Philadelphia Art Alliance opened its exhibition of the works of Daniel Garber with a reception in the Alliance's rooms, 1823 Walnut street, this afternoon, in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Garber.

The reception committee included: John F. Braun, Miss Susanna Dercum, Mrs. John Harrison, Mrs. Alba B. Johnson, Paut King. Harrison, Mrs. Alba B. Johnson, Paul King.
Mr. and Mrs John Frederick Lewis, Mr. and
Mrs. E. J. Lavine, Mr. and Mrs. Harrison S.
Morris, Miss Violet Oakley, Mf. and Mrs.
Joseph T. Pearson, Jr., Miss Emily Sartain,
Miss Harriet Sartain, Dr. and Mrs. Felix
E. Schelling, Mr. and Mrs. Leopold Seyffert,
Mrs. W. Yorke Stovenson, Mrs. Grahame
Wood, Miss Frances C. Griscony and Mrs.
Alexander Van Rensselaer,
The paintings represent the work of Mr.

The paintings represent the work of Mr. Garber during the summer and has never been shown before. Owing to the influenza epidemic the open-

ing afternoon of the Art Alliance was post-poned from October 29 to November 26 and the first program will be recitations in French by M. Rudhyar. The Alliance's afternoons this season will be devoted to work of the Entente Allies with a view to augment-ing, through art, expressions of international sympathy and understanding. French posters will be on exhibit from November 26 to November 30, inclusive. These will be sold for the benefit of the musical games and records committee of the pational league for

woman's service.

During the same period French relics of the war and French handicraft will be shown under the auspices of the arts and crafts Early in December there will be an exhibition of paintings by Ellen Priem Bryant and furniture by Ethel De Coursey.

BECOMES BRIDE OF SAILOR IN ST. SIMEON'S CHURCH

Wedding of Miss Elizabeth Chapman and Mr. Frederick J. Harkins, U. S. N., Solemnized

An interesting wedding took place last evening in St. Simeon's Protestant Episcopal Church, Ninth street and Lehigh avenue, when Miss Elizabeth Chapman, daughter of Mrs. Margaret Chapman, of 2511 North Twelfth street, was married to Mr. Frederick J. Harkins, first-class carpenter's mate, U. S. N.

The ceremony was performed by the rector.

mate, U. S. N.

The ceremony was performed by the rector, the Rev. George John Walenta, and was followed by a small reception at the home of the bride's mother. Miss Anna Chapman was her sister's only attendant and Mr. C. O. Brown, U. S. N., was the bridegroom's best man, Mr. Harkins and his bride left or and the bride left. for a trip to Washington, D. C., and upon their return they will be at home at 2523 North Twelfth street.

DREAMLAND ADVENTURES

By DADDY . A complete new adventure each week, brain-ning Monday and ending Saturday

(Peggy, made into a whiff of air, is called to Cloudland by Crystal, Queen of the Snows, who asks her aid in taming two Giants, Bloocy and Blizzy.)

Blizzy and Blooey PEGGY was shocked to see the damage that Blooey the Giant had done in cele-brating his victory at checkers. Half of the beautiful palace was in ruins while broken

beautiful palace was in ruins while broken Frigids were scattered all over the place.

But she soon found that things were not so bad as they looked. A cloud that happened to be drifting by was seized by the uninjured Frigids and quickly attached to the palace, forming a new and handsome wing in place of the part that had been wreceked. As for the broken Frigids, they were just stuck together again, and soon were as good as new, all except one chap whose head happened to get put on wrong side to. He had an awful time trying to straighten himself out until he twisted so far that he himself out until he twisted so far that he broke his head off again and was able to put

it on right,

Just as the Frigids finished the new cloud
addition to the palace, there was another
loud rumbling from beneath the palace, a great shaking, and for a third time it came

"This is too much," exclaimed Queen Crys-"This is too much," exclaimed Queen Crystal, much exasperated. "I wish I were ten thousand times bigger so I could give those playful monsters a sound spanking. When you tame them, you just give them a rewextra slaps for me."

Peggy was growing less and less anxious to tackle the Glants. She was afraid that

if they tore her to pieces, she couldn't get erself together again. 'W-w-w-where are the Giants?" she

muttered.
"Down in the dungeon, below the palace,

answered the queen.
"Oh, they are in prison!" exclaimed Peggy
much relieved. She much preferred trying
to tame Glants confined behind bars than Giants running loose in the open,
"Of course they are," answered the queen.
"We always keep them locked up when they
are not on a rampage. Then they can only

wreck one palace at a time instead of smash ing up all of Cloudland."
"Why do you have to "Why do you have to tame them if you have them locked up? Why not leave them in these ruins and build your palace some

Because they like company," sighed the queen. "And besides, our locking them up doesn't do any good if they don't want to stay locked up. If they feel like strolling about the earth and kicking up a rumpus, they just burst right out of the strongest Clouds and walls we have and we can't do a thing to stop them. Would you like to take a peek at them?" Peggy hesitated. If walls couldn't hold

the Giants, what chance would she have to escape if they came after her? But her curiosity got the better of her fears. She nodded her head and Queen Crystal led her to a pipe sticking up out of the ground like periscope.
"Look down this," she said. Peggy, obey-

ing, found that the pipe really was a periscope and that by placing her eye to it she could see what was going on in a huge durgeon far, far below the ruins of the palace. In the dungeon were two immense Glants facing each other across a large table, which was a large checkerboard. One of the Giants was as white as frost. The other was the color of lead. Both were hearded and had long tangled hair. They were dressed in streaming clothing the same color as them-

selves.

They seemed very keen over their game of checkers and smoked furiously at big pipes as they kept their eyes intent upon the board.

"The white one is Blizzy, and the dark one is Bloosy." whispered the queen.

As she said this Bloosy made a move that cornered Blizzy. As Blizzy disgustedly gave.

up, Blocey let out a wild whoop of triumph and rushed around in a frenzy of joy. The dungeon became just a swirling dark mass, and the ruins of the castle above it heaved and shook. It was as though a hundred elephants had broken loose all at once.

Peggy, thrown from the periscope by the violence of the upheaval, turned a pale face toward. Ouesn Crystal, who was clearly

toward Queen Crystal, who was closely

watching her.

"Poor little Giant Tamer." tinkled the queen, stretching out her hand in quick sympathy to Peggy. "You've got an awful job on your hands trying to handle those chaps! But come with me, and I'll show you why it must be done."

Tomorrow will be described the strange sights the Queen of the Snows shows Peggy J

OFFICERS OF NAVY HOUSE AIDES



MISS ROSALIE HOBAN AND MISS KATHERINE SCHLATER Miss Hoban is captain, and Miss Schlater is lieutenant of the Navy House Aides who are taking active part in the work of the Navy Auxiliary of the Red Cross, with headquarters at the Navy House, 221 South Eigh-teenth street. They are members of St. Francis's Junior Aides.

THE MAN WITH THE CLUB FOOT

By VALENTINE WILLIAMS

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CHAPTER VII (Continued) A SPECIAL? By Jove! I was evidently a personage of note. But a special would

never do! Where the deuce was it going to take me? "The Berlin train was to have been held back until your special was clear," the Ma-jor went on, "but we must stop her at Wessel until you have passed. I will attend to that

after a brisk conversation turned to me with a beaming face:

a beaming face:
"They will stop her at Wesel and the special will be ready in twenty-five minutes.
But there is no hurry. You have an hour or mere to spare. Might I offer the Herr Doktor a glass of beer and a sandwich at our officers' casino here?"
Well I was in for it this time. A special Well, I was in for it this time. A special

bearing me Heaven knows whither on un-known business * * ! Perhaps I might be able to extract a little information out of my fat friend if I went with him, so I

The Major excused bimself for an instant and returned with my overcoat and bag.
"So!" he cried, "we can leave there here
until we come back!" Behind him through
the open door I saw a group of officials peering curiously into the room. As we walke through their midst they fell back with precipitation. There was a positive reverence about their manner which I found extremely puzzling.

A wagonette, driven by an orderly, stood in the station yard, one of the customs officials, hat in hand, at the door. We dreve rapidly through very spick-and-span streets to a little square where the sentry at an iron gate denoted the Officers Club. In the antercom four or five officers in field-gray antercom four or five officers in field-gray uniforms were lounging. As we entered they sprang to their feet and remained stiffly standing while the Majer presented them—Hauptmann Pfahl, Oberleutenant Meyer • • a string of names. One of the officers had lost an arm, another was very lame, the remainder were obvious dug-outs.

"An American gentleman, a good friend of ours," was the form in which the Major intro-duced me to the company, Again I found myself mystified by the extraordinary demon-strations of respect with which I was received. Germans don't like Americans, est cially since they took to selling shells to the officers must know more about me and no mission than I did myself. A stelld orderly

wearing white gloves, brought beer and some extraordinary nasty-looking sardine sand-wiches which, on sampling, I realized to be made of "war bread."

While the beer was being poured out I glanced round the room, bare and very simply furnished. Terrible chromo-lithographs of the Kaiser and the Crown Prince hung on the walls above a case filled with war tro-

With a horrible sickness at heart I recogwith a northle sickness at heart I recog-nized among other emblems a glengarry with a silver badge and a British steel hel-met with a gaping hole through the crown. Then I remembered I was in the region of the Seventh Corps, which supplies some of our toughest opponents on the wester-

front.

Conversation was polite and perfunctory.

"It is on occasions such as these," said the lame officer, "that one recognizes how our brothers overseas are helping the German cause."
"Your work must be extraordinarily interesting," observed one of the dugouts.

"All your difficulties are now over," said the Major, much in the manner of the chorus of a Greek play. "You will be in Berlin tonight, where your labors will be doubtless rewarded. American friends of Germany are not popular in London, I should

degraph rewarded. American Friends of Germany are not popular in London, I should imagine!"

I murmured: "Hardly.""
"You must possess infinite tact to have aroused no suspicion," said the Major.
"That depends," I said.
"Pardon me." replied the Major, in whom I began to recognize all the signs of an unmitigated gossip, "I know something of the importance of your mission. I speak among ourselves, is it not so, gentlemen? There were special orders about you from the corps commander at Munster. Your special has been waiting for you here for four days. The gentleman who came to meet you has been in a fever of expectation. He had already left the station this morning when * * * when I met you. I sent word-for him to pick you up here."

The plot was thickening. I most certainly vas a personage of note "What part of America do you come from, Mr. Semlin?" said a voice in perfect English from the corner. The one-armed officer was

speaking. "From Brooklyn," I said stoutly, though my heart seemed turned to bee with the shock of hearing my own tongue. "You have no accent," the other replied

"Some Americans," I retorted senten-"would regard that as a compliment

tiously, "would regard that as a compliment. Not all Americans talk through their noses, any more than we all chew or spit in public,"

"I know," said the young man, "I was brought up there!"

We were surrounded by smiling faces. This officer who could speak English was evidently regarded as a bit of wag by his comrades. I seized the opportunity to give them in German a humorous description of my simplicity in explaining to a man brought up in the United States that all Americans were not the caricatures depicted in the European comic press.

There was a roar of laughter from the

There was a roar of laughter from the "Ach, dieser Schmalz" guffawed the Major, beating his thigh in ecstasy, "Kolossal" echoed one of the dug-outs. The lame man smiled wanly and said it was "incredible how humorous Schmalz could be."

I had hoped that the conversation might how he carried that the conversation might

now be carried on again in German. Noth-ing of the kind. The room leant back in its chairs, as if expecting the fun to go on. It did.
"You get your clothes in London," the young officer said.

He was a trimly built young man, very pale from recent illness, with faxen hair and a bright, bold blue eye—the eye of a fighter. His left sleeve was empty and was fastened across his tunic, in a buttonhole of which was twisted the black and white ribben of the Iron Cross.
"Generally," I answered shortly, "when I go to England. Clothes are cheaper in Lon-

don."
"You must have a good ear for languages,"
Schmalz continued: "you speak German like
a German and English " " " he paused appreciably. " " " like an Englishman." I felt horribly nervous. This young man never took his eyes off me; he had been staring at me ever since I had entered the com. His manner was perfectly calm and

Still I kept my end up very creditably, I "And not a bad accomplishment; either," I aid, amiling brightly, "If one has to vigit

Condon in wartime."
Schmalz smiled back with perfect courtesy, but he continued to stare relentlessly at me, i felt scared.
"What is Schmalz jabbering about now?"

said one of the dug-outs. I translated for the benefit of the company. My resume gave the dug-out who had spoken the opportunity for launching out on an interminable aneedote about an ulster he had bought on a holiday at Brighton. The story lasted until the white-gioved orderly came and announced that "a gentleman" was there, asking for the Herr

Major, "That'll be your man," exclaimed the Major, starting up—I noticed he made no attempt to bring the stranger in. "Come, let us go to him!"

I stood up and took my leave. Schmalz

me to the door of the antercom with us.
"You are going to Berlin?" he asked.
"Yes," I replied.
"Where shall you be staying?" he asked

"Oh, probably at the Adlon!" "On, probably at the Adlant"
I myself shall be in Berlin next week
for my medical examination, and perhaps we
may meet again. I should much like to talk
more with you about America. * * and
London. We must have mutual acquaint-

I murmured something about being only too glad, at the same time making a mental note to get out of Berlin as soon as I con-veniently could.

CHAPTER VIII

I Hear of Clubfoot and Meet His Employer As WE went down the staircase, the Major whispered to me:

"I don't think your man wished me to know his name, for he did not introduce himself when he arrived and he does not come to our Casino. But I know him for all that; it is the young Count von Boden, of the Uhians of the Guard; his father, the General, is one of the Emperor's aides-decamp; he was, for a time, tutor to the Crown Prince."

A motorcar stood at the door, in it a

young man in a gray-blue military great-coat and a flat cap with a pink band around it. He sprang out as we appeared. His manner was most empresse. He completely ignored my companion.

mored my companion.

"I am extremely giad to see you, Herr obtor." he said. "You are most anxiously pected. I must present my applogies for being at the station to welcome you, it, apparently, there was some misunder-

The arrangements at the station for your reception seem to have broken down com-pletely * * * " and he stared through his monocle at the old Major, who flushed with

"If you will step into my car," the young man added, "I will drive you to the station. We need not detain this gentleman any

I felt sorry for the old Major, who had remained elient under the withering insolence of this young lieutenant, so I shook hands with him cordially and thanked him for his cospitality. He was a jovial old fellow

The young Count drove himself and chatted amiably as we whirled through the streets.
"I must introduce myself," he said: "Lieutenant Count von Boden of the Second Unians of the cluard. I did not wish to say any-thing before that old chatterbox. I trust you have had a pleasant journey. Von Steinbardt, of our Legation at the Hague. was instructed to make all arrangements for your comfort on this side. But I was for-getting, you and he must be old acquaintnoes, Herr Dokter !!

I said something appropriate about Von Steinhardt's invariable kindness: Inwardly, I noted the explanation of the visiting card

in the portfolio in my pocket,
At the station we found two orderlies, one
with my things, the other with Von Boden's luggace and fur pelisse. The platforms were now descrited save for sentries: all life at this dreary frontier station seemed to die with the passing of the mail train.

I could not help noticing, after we had left the car and were strolling up and down the platform waiting for the special, that my dar, and that brown boots are seldom worn

in Germany after September 1.

Our special came in • • • an engine and tender, a brakesman's van, a single carriage and a guard's van. The stationmaster bid us a most ceremonious adieu, and the guard, cap in hand, helped me into the train.

(TO BE CONTINUED TOMORROW)

BAZAAR FOR WAR ORPHANS Ladies' American-French Club to Oper Benefit Tomorrow

three-day bazaar for the benefit of French war orphane will be opened tomor-row afternoon at 1826 Arch street under the auspices of the Ladles' American-French Club, of which Madame Marie Couche is president.

Fancy goods, cake and candy, ice cream and other refreshments will be on sale aft-

and other refreshments will be on sale afternoon and evening tomorrew, Friday and Saturday. There will be dancing from \$:30 to 12 o'clock each evening.

The benefit was planned some time ago, but was twice postponed, once by the influenza and once by a fire that destroyed the building in which it was to have been held.

TO EXPLAIN RED CROSS WORK Dr. J. H. Mason Knox Will Lecture Tonight

at College of Physicians "What the American Red Cross is Doing for French Children and its Application at Home" will be the subject of an illustrated lecture by Dr. J. H. Mason Knox, of Baltimore, assistant director of the children's bureau of the American Red Cross in France,

bureau of the American Red Cross in France, fit 8:30 this evening.

The lecture will be under the auspices of the Babies' Welfare Association and the Philadelphia County Medical Society and will be given in the College of Physicians, Twenty-second street above Chestnut.

Doctor Knox has just returned to America.

after a year's service in France. He will tell of the remarkable results obtained in the fight against infant mortality in Europe. It is believed some of the same methods may and Philadelphia to some its problem. The public is invited to attend and take part in the discussion which will follow the



AB. 16TH EXCLUSIVE FIRST PRESENTATION OF NORMATALMADGE

"HER ONLY WAY" Added Attraction—First National CHARLIE CHAPLIN A L A C

CHARLIE CHAPLIN MADGE KENNEDY TOM th First Showing, "The Kingdom of Youth."
Thurs. Fri. Sat.—Mae Marsh in "Hidden Firsa"
Next Week.—"AMERICA'S ANSWER"

A R C A D I A A 15, 2, 3,45, 5,45, 7,45, 9,50 P, M. 10 15 A. M. 12 2 3 445 CHAPLIN CHARLIE CHAPLIN WALLACE REID THE MAN FROM FUNERAL RANGE Next Week THE RENOWNED TENOR C A R U S O Makes Photoplay Debut in "MY COUSIN"

VICTORIA MARKET ST. ADOVE PTH P A. M. to 11 15 P. M. ALL THIS WEER CHARLIE CHAPLIN NEXT WEEK

"The Romance of Tarzan" CONCLUDING CHAPTERS OF

REGENT MARKET ST. Below 17TH MAY ALLISON IN RETURN OF MARY MARKET STREET AT JUNIPER CONTINUOUS VAUDEVILLE

"Blow Your Horn" TABLOID ODDITY SAN FRANCISCO'S CHINATOWN. Others. CROSS KEYS MARKET ST. Below 66th "PRETTY BABY" COMPANY OF 85

BROADWAY BROAD & SNYDER AVE.

"Among Those Present" MUSICAL

FARCE Douglas Fairbanks "HE COMES FARCE D. W. Grimth's WALNUT Walnut St., at 9th



FIRST TIME AT POPULAR PRICES Matines Dally at 2-23 and 50 cts. Performance nightly at 8-25 cts. to \$1.

METROPOLITAN OPERA HOUSE METROPOLITAN OPERA COMPANY, N. T. Opening Night, Tues., Nov. 19, at 8 FIRST MAROUF Mms. Aida, Howard, TIME Mm. De Luca, Rothier, IAERIE Balls. Conductor, Mr. Montetx, Seata 108 Chestnut St. Walnut 422; Race 67.

B. F. KEITH'S THEATRE Grand Anniversary Jubilee! VALESKA SURATT & CO. BERT BAKER & CO.

"BY PIGEON POST" IS WAR MELODRAL

Florenz Ziegfeld, Jr., Entera Dramatic Field as Producer at the Broad

Florenz Ziegfeld, Jr., famed for the blue ribbon winning qualities of the "ponies" conthe "chickens" in "The Follies" and his other musical shows, has gone in for pigeons is melodrama. The term in the latter house is not figurative, although it is granted that the figure is a conspicuous feature of EDZiegfeld's entries in the first mentioned each hibits.

Cleafeld's entries in the first mentioned cohibits.

"By Pigeon Post" is the title of the paythrough which the world-renowned commiseur in pretty faces and anatomical curjoined the ranks of the producers in the file
of drama. It was presented for the first the
in America at the Broad Street Theatre has
inght before a large and decidedly fashionable audience. If the amount of applausand the number of curtain calls may be talend
as criteria for measuring the success of the
piece, then "By Pigeon Post" got over in
fine shape. It was a sympathetic crowd,
many in which, doubtless, feeling kindly deposed toward Mr. Ziegfeld, wished to give his
a good send-off in his newest adventure in
theatricais.

If seemed just a little unfortunate that Mr.
Ziegfeld chose a war play, and one of the say
variety—for that is what "By Pigeon Post"
is—for his entry into the dramatic field. The
war is over, and theatre-goers have been far
up on this kind of fare. The piece, which is
from the pen of Austin Page, has had a long
run in London, but that was during wartings
when the interest in spies and the confinit
was keyed to a high pitch. Also there is a
certain kind of talky drama that appeals to
the average Englishman as bully enterthisment.

It must be confessed there are thrills and

the average Englishman as bully entertainment.

It must be confessed there are thrills and tense situations apienty in Mr. Page's play, and suspense, that quality which adds to the enjoyment of a dramatic offering, is not issuing. But after all it is a war melodrams of the type that some years back stirred the galleries of popular-priced houses.

Mr. Ziegfeld has gathered an excellent company. The acting last night was splendid. "By Pigeon Post" deals with the Pronch sorred to there are a dozen or more of them—are measage-bearers, and it is around these birds and measages that the story of the play is woven. There is a bere interest, and two good rough-and-tumble fights in the style william S. Hart and William Farnum is the movies. The last act is the weakest and the climax might be made stronger.

The scene is laid near the front. The sotion takes place through three acts all is the same setting. Upon this piece of stagearst praise may justly be lavished. It is the weak of Joseph Urban. Belasco has never dozenything better in realism. The doors are of real, heavy oak and thick. There is likely make-believe in the furnishing. All is artistic and substantial.

Jerome Patrick, in the role of the here, scored a big personal hit. So did Phone Foster as a Red Cross nurse. Others whose

Frank Patrick, in the role of the he scored a big personal hit. So did Phos Foster as a Red Cross nurse. Others who capable work helped put the play "acros were Vincent Serrano, as a traitor; Harris Hunter, as a spy: Margot Mower, contributing much of the comedy; John Sainpul Frank Kemble Cooper, Ida Waterman and Clair Bayfield. And, of course, the pigeon PHILADELPHIA'S LEADING THEATER
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