JUST GOSSIP ABOUT PEOPLE

Nancy Wynne Talks About Thanksgiving and Family Parties. She Goes to Penn Cottage for Tea-A Cause for Thanks

THANKSGIVING DAY! And such a Thanksgiving Day! When you think of last year, with some of our boys having just gone over and the time we were having to get their packages off for Christmas, and now to think that some of them are coming back. Isn't it won derful? But alast also to think that some are not coming back and never will come back. Still at least their dear ones have the great consolation that they died not in vain, that their brave young lives were given in a great and splendid cause and that that cause was won by the giving of their lives together with the millions of French and English who died to make this world a safe place for us. Have we not indeed much to be thankful for? Let us not forget that in the years to come. Bright, brave young lives were given for us, and the least we can do will be to make our lives as brave and as bright as we can for those who are left to us.

THERE will be a number of Thanksgiving dinners, family dinners principally, and daughters and sons will be going home with their children to dine with their parents. Wouldn't it be funny to live in a country where they did not have Thanksgiving Day? Now, if you were over in England and France-that is, if you were English or French-November .28 would mean nothing in your young life. Neither will it for you next year, for

that matter, but for different reasons. First, the English and French haven't a thanksgiving day; and second, as it is a movable feast, it won't come for us on the 28th neft year. All of which shows that I have a most complicated mind and talk at random, at times. Oh, only at times, I assure you!

You see, my contention isn't much any how, for this year, with so many American men abroad in both England and France, there will be Thanksgiving Day, for the boys will just have it, no matter where they are.

To come back to Philadelphia. Among the Thanksgiving festivities will be the dinner Mrs. Rundle Smith will give for Ethel Newbold and her fiance, Captain George, Vaughan Strong, at her home, 919 Clinton street. Ethel is such a pretty girl. You know she is the daughter of Mrs. George Newbold, of St. Martin's, and a sister of Katherine Newbold and Mary Newbold. Her uncle, Mr. T. Maxwell Meryweather, married Mary Benson several years ago. Mrs. Newbold and Mrs. Smith were both Meryweathers. A cousin of Ethel's, Tom Meryweather, who is a lieutenant and used to be in the First City Troop, was recently on the casualty list, wounded. Mrs. George C. Thomas, of 301 Spruce street, will give a dinner, too. Her guests will include Maisie Stewart, Carolyn Valentine, Catherine Knight, George C. Thomas Remington, U. S. N., and Denald Ross. Mrs. George C. Thomas, Jr., has gone to South Borough to spend the holiday with her son, George, 3d, who can't get home; I suppose on account of the holiday they all had during the fin.

He's at St. Mark's.

HAVE you heard that John Walton, 2d, has been commissioned a second lieutenant in the military police? He was with the 103d Engineers, you know, and was, with a number of others, transferred to the military police under our own Major Groome. Jack's family received a cable had been made a second lieutenant on the 29th of October. It's always gratifying to hear that another of our Philadelphia boys has made good and shown himself able to command others. He is the sen of Mr. and Mrs. John M. Walton, of Torresdale, you know, and a brother of Mrs. Aller. whose brilliant husband, Major Aller, died about a month ago from the pneumonic influenza, and of Mercedes Walton. His other brother is also in the service. They were both originally members of the First Troop, Pennsylvania Cavairy.

HAVE you been out to Penn Cottage lately? I was there recently for tea, and I want you to know it tasted good, for it was one of those cold days we've been having this week. The fireplace made the rooms look so warm and invit ing, with their rag rugs on the floor wonderful old furniture and attractive china on the tables. Margaret Knight was there in an old-fashioned costume, and she made such a picture that I felt as if the hour hand of the world had suddenly dropped back a few centuries and landed me in the time of William Penn. For it was his house originally, you know, and after that it belonged to the Wister Jones estate, and now it's owned by Mr. Edward Toland.

It used to be a famous house for newlyweds. The Bob Strawbridges lived there for a time after they were married. Now it's a tea house, under the direction of Mrs. John Gibbons, Mrs. Rodman Griscom Miss Sophie Trasel, Miss Gertrude Fetter man and Miss Gamble, and the proceeds are for persons whose incomes have been affected by the war.

Margaret Knight is the daughter of Major Knight and a niece of Mrs. Gibbons. with whom she lives. She is intensely interested in the little house and spends a great deal of her time there. She wears the quaint costume to harmonize with the antique furniture and fixings, and incidentally, although she may not have planned it that way, to rest the nerves of the tired motorist who has seen nothing for many a weary mile but dark coats, huge furs and vells all over the road. The cottage is on Montgomery avenue, near Wynnewood.

OF COURSE we all have our ideas about things and various reasons to be thankful, but Jack found a new one the other day. Sister had been married and everybody missed her very much. In fact there was a sadness about the house because she had been the life thereof, and it seemed a sad place since she had left it for the West. Well, they were talking about Thanksgiving and how sorry they were that the newlyweds could not be there, when Jack spoke up and said emphatically, "Gee, I'm glad sixter is married and can't be here." "Why, Jack!" exclaimed the whole family as one voice. "Well, I am," said Jack. "When I'm wan

here I never could have the drumsticks because he liked them and Sister would have been mad if I asked for them. Now I can have them. Hurrah!

NANCY WYNNE,

Social Activities

Major and Mrs. Robert E. Strawbridge will give a dinner at the Bellevue-Stratford on December 30 in honor of their daughter, Miss Anita Strawbridge, before the Christmas meeting of Mrs. Charles Stewart Wurts danc-

Captain and Mrs. Charles Browne, of Princeton, arrived today to spend Thanks-giving Day with Mr. and Mrs. William War-ren Globs, at Haverford, Mrs. Browne will e remembered as Miss Georgianna Gibbs.

Mrs. James M. Anders, of 1605 Walnut street, will return today from New York, where she has been visiting for several days.

Mrs. Robert Matthews and Miss Alice Mat-thews, of Clarke's Green, Pa., are the guests of Mrs. C. P. Matthews, of West Phil-Ellena

Mrs. Winfield S. Scott, who has been rest-ing in Atlantic City since her active campaign as vice chairman of the fourth Liberty Loan drive for the Thirty-eighth Ward, has returned to her home on West Ontario street.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry M. Hebrank have returned from their wedding trip to Buffalo, Nisgara and Canada, and are at home at 4509 North Thirteenth street, Logan, The bride was Miss May Frances Taylor, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George W. Taylor, of 4829 North Twefith street. North Twelfth street.

A "victory dinner" was given by Mrs. Catharine T. H. McNamara at the Washington Hetel last Saturday evening, after which Mrs. John Sherrick, of 612 West Norris street, entertained the guests at her home. Among those present were Mr. and Mrs. John McCaffrey, Miss Geneva McComeskey, Miss Agness McKenna, Miss Catharine Regan, Miss Margaret Sherrick, Miss Mary Sherric Anna Seilneicht, Miss Regina Kohlscreiber Miss Lillian Kohlscreiber, Mr. William J. Mitchell, Lieutenant Kohlscreiber, Mr. Thomas P. Rush, Mr. James P. Dugan and Mr. J. Francis Molloy,

The auxiliary of the Northeastern Ladies' Benevolent Society will give a sacred concert and dance on Sunday evening, at the New Apollo Hall, 1710 North Broad street. The hall will be decorated with American flags and lighted with red, white and blue lights. The proceeds will be devoted to the poor and needy for food, coal and clothing.

A community Thanksgiving peace service for the northwest section was held this morning on the Hunting Park boulevard, opposite the Catholic Home. All soldiers, sailors, yeowemen, Boy Scouts, patriotic organizations and citisens of the vicinity were present. More than 100 residents took part in a natificial salication said. patriotic tableaux representing America and the Aliled nations. The Rev. Henry A. Nay-lon, rector of Corpus Christi Church, made an address, and singing and prayer concluded

DREAMLAND

ADVENTURES By DADDY

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

JUDGE OWL IN TROUBLE

(Judge Owl sings for a wife, but when Miss Great Horned Owl, Miss Snowy Owl and Miss Screech Owl come in answer to his call, each determined to marry him, he flees in a panio. Peggy and Billy Bel-gium fly after Mm to help save him from the disappointed would-be brides.)

CHAPTER IV Black Men in Red Masks

MISS SNOWY OWL, Miss Great Horned IVI Owl and Miss Screech Owl proved faster flyers than Judge Owl, and set after him at a great rate. Miss Snowy Owl was particu-larly swift, and she was rapidly overhauling the Judge when Billy Belgium jumped into

Come on, we've got to help the Judge," he cried to Peggy, hopping into his airplane.
Peggy followed him, and in a trice the airplane was darting at terrific speed after the birds. It passed first Miss Screech Owl, then Miss Great Horned Owl and then Miss Snowy

Ow), and there shead was Judge Owl, fluttering along as fast as he could.

Judge Owl didn't know of the escape of his would-be brides, and was blissfully chuckling over the clever way in which he had outwitted them, when from behind came the wait of Miss. Screech Owl. Judge Owl the wall of Miss. Screech Owl. Judge Owl stopped chuckling. Then came the whistle of Miss Great Horned Owl, "To-ooo!" and Judge Owl put on an extra burst of speed. Then from close at hand came the scream of Miss Snowy Owl, and Judge Owl fled for

He heard the whirr of the airplane and

"Help! Help!" he hooted. "Help, Princess

Peggy! Help, Billy Belgium!"

"Throw out a line to Judge Owl. We'll give him a tow!" shouted Billy to Peggy. She quickly obeyed, sending the rope whirling to-ward her puffing bird friend. He grasped it "He's mine!" whistled Miss Great Horned

"I heard him first!" screamed Miss Screech

"But I've got him!" cried Miss Snows Owl, grabbing Judge Owl by the tail feathers.
"I'll see about that!" whistled Miss Great

Horned Owl, grabbing Miss Snowy Owl.
"Nebody can take him away from me!"
walled Miss Screech Owl, grabbing Miss Great "Hold tight!" shouted Billy Belgium, turn

"Hold tight!" shouted Billy Beiglum, turn-ing on full power. The sirplane darted ahead, pulling all the Owls behind like a string of freight cars.

Then Judge Owl's feathers gave way, and

Then Judge Owl's feathers gave way, and the airplane leaped forward. The sudden parting tangled the three lady Owls up in a fighting mass, and by the time they got untangled the airplane was far ahead.

Before them loomed a large, dark building. "There's Mr. Dalton's barn!" shouted Billy Belgium. "Let's hide in the haymow."

Darting across a field the airplane skirted the end of the barn, and then swooped

the end of the barn, and then swooped through a broken window pane into the darkness of the barn. Judge Owl landed with the sirplane on a pile of soft hay.
"Goodness me!" he hooted. "I was pretty near a gener that time."
"Hush!" cautioned Peggy. "Those awful first may hear you." Owis may hear you."
"Awful is the right word," chuckled Juage

"My, ain't I glad I was born a bache "5h-h-h-h!" whispered Billy Belgium, grasping Peggy by the arm. Something was making a shuffling noise on the main floor

making a shuffling noise on the main floor of the barn.

"What's that noise?" grunted a man's voice. "Spoeks !" spoke up another rough voice. A light flashed for a moment. By its ray Peggy and Billy saw a sight that caused them to catch their breaths. The barn was arranged like a council hall, with black draperies curtaining the sides. Scated around this council hall were men garbed in robes of flaming fed. Every one wore a red mask. Before a throne, on which sat a fantastically drawed creature, were three unmasked men tied together. The faces of the prisoners and the faces beneath the red masks were black.

"Jumping crickets! What have we bumped into?" exci-1-2. Billy Belgium.

(Tomerrow Strauge Belggs in the Old Barn Will be Narrated.)

TO BE GUEST OF HONOR AT DINNER



hote by Phote-Crafters. MISS ETHEL MERYWEATHER NEWBOLD

Daughter of Mrs. George Reese Newbold, of St. Martins, whose engagement to Captain George Vaughan Strong, F. A. U. S. A., has been announced. Miss Newbold and Captain Strong will be entertained at dinner today by Miss Newbold's aunt, Mrs. Rundle Smith

QUIET SERVICE AT **TODAY'S WEDDING**

Thanksgiving Season Has Number | Interesting Program Well Played of Marriages in Various Parts of City

An interesting wedding of today will be that of Miss Mildred C. de Leon, daughter or Mr. and Mrs. George W. C. de Leon. of 2286 Diamond street, and Mr. Morris Wilson, also of this city, which will take place this afternoon at the home of the bride's parents. The ceremony will be performed by the Rev. Marvin Nathan, of Beth Israel Temple. After the quiet service Mr. Wilson and his bride will leave for Atlantic City, and upon their return they will be at home during the winter at 2236 Diamond street,

CHESTNUT-CRAMP

A pretty wedding took place last evening at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Henry M. Cramp, 4515 North Thirteenth street, when their daughter, Miss Mildred L. Cramp, became the bride of Mr. James T. Chestnut. The bride's father gave her in marriage, and th ceremony was performed by the Rev. Walter B. Greenway, of the Gaston Presbyterian Church, Eleventh street and Lehigh avenue. The bride wore a gown of white silk veiled with beaded chiffon and carried a shower of roses.
Wilson and his bride left on an ex-

tended trip, and upon their return they will live at 4515 North Thirteenth street, and will be at home on Friday evenings in January.

RICH-MYERS

Announcement is made of the marriage of Miss Vesta Myrtle Myers, daughter of Mt. and Mrs. Samuel Myers, of Chambersburg. Pa., to Mr. Harry A. Rich, son of Mrs. George Pa., to Mr. Harry A. Rich, son of Mrs. George S. Rich, 1819 North Park avenue, on Saturday evening, November 23, at the home of Mrs. Rich, by the Rev. John R. Pavies, D. D., of the Bethlehem Presbyterian Church.

The bride wore her traveling suit of brown cloth trimmed with seal fur and a plumed hat to match. She was attended by Miss Bessie Fehrly, who wore a coat-suit of dark blue cloth trimmed with fur and a dark blue

blue cloth trimmed with fur and a dark blue Mr. Dale C. Rich, of Camp Amatol, N. J.,

the bridegroom's brother, was his best man. Mr. and Mrs. Rich left for New York and later will go to Boston, Mass. They will give a reception on Thursday evening. December 12, at their future home, 1819 North Park

FELTON-NEWHALL

An interesting wedding took place last evening in St. Timothy's Protestant Episcopal Church, Roxborough, when Miss Edith Louise Newhall, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. David W. Newhall, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. David W. Newhall, of Roxborough, was married to Mr. Hilbert Shronk Felton. The ceremony was performed by the rector, the Rev. Frederick B. Halsey.

Mr. Newhall gave his daughter in marriage.

riage. She wore a gown of bridal satin and georgette crepe trimmed with crystal em-broidery and orange blossoms, a veil of tulle caught with orange blossoms, and carried a shower of Bride roses. The maid of bonor, Miss Anne M. Haslett, wore a pale blue crepe meteor frock trimmed with silver lace, with a hat of black panne velvet faced with flesh-color georgette crepe, and carried pink chrys-anthemums. Miss Sara Elizabeth Wentzei acted as flower girl. Her frock was a pink with pink tulle, and her flower basket held flowers of various color-

ings.

The best man was Mr. George W. North, and the ushers were Mr. Herbert Stafford, Mr. Charles Du Gan, Mr. Frederick Hoffman Mr. Charles Du Gan, Mr. Stafford Mr. Charles Du Gan, Mr. C Mr. Charles Du Gan, Mr. Frederick Hoffman and Mr. Bert Sterling. The bridegroom and his bride left on a fortnight's trip and win be at home after December 16, at 4264 Ridge

TO TRAIN TEACHERS OF BLIND

Classes Open Next Monday at 204 South Thirteenth Street

Classes for the training of instructors for the blind will be opened next Monday at 204 South Thirteenth street. They will be under the auspices of the National League for

Woman's Service.

The classes, limited to fifteen students, are to be directed by O. H. Burritt, principal of the Overbrook Institute for the Blind and director of vocational training for the blind of the Federal vocational board.

The National League for Woman's Service sensed the need for instructors who would be capable of teaching blinded men and women how to develop their capabilities despite they affliction. The classes to be opened Monday are the result.

DAMROSCH ORCHESTRA **GIVES FIRST CONCERT**

Before a Crowded House. Heifetz the Soloist

The New York Symphony Society, strengthened as to personnel, impressive in numbers and led by the veteran Walter Damrosch, gave its first concert of the season at the Academy of Music last evening. The program was short, varied in style and interesting; in fact, there were no two compositions for the same combination. It began with Beethoven's Symphony No. 7, for full orchestra, followed by two seasons. by two movements from the string quartet of Debussy for strings alone, except basses, and closed with the Bruch Concerto in D minor, with Jascha Helfetz as soloist.

The orchestra is better than when it was here last, there being more attention to detail on the part of the players and a more evident desire to produce the best possible quality of tone and unanimity of rhythm. The wood wind is especially good and did excellent work in the introduction of the sytheir phrasing and balance of tone being excellent, although the composition does not present any great difficulties, judged by mod-

ern standards of orchestral writing. Mr. Damrosch held closely to classical ideals in the interpretation of the Symphony and introduced nothing especially new in his reading, which, after all, is not a bad way to play Beethoven. There was perhaps here and there in the allegretto a tendency toward the overemphasis of the part carrying the chief melody, although the reverse was true of the second appearance of the theme, where the counterpointed melody of the violas and cellos almost drowned the main tune. Perhaps this was the reason for the accentuation of the theme later in the movement. However, the symphony as a whole was read in all its joyousness and eternal reshness, and it was sympathetically played. Mr. Damrosch is fond of playing string quartet numbers for the united orchestral quartet instruments, but it is doubtful ex-periment at best, as the ethereal quality of the Debussy movement in the original form is lost in the mass of tone produced by all the quartet instruments of the orchestra. How-eyer, it is beautiful music and now univerever, it is beautiful music and now sally accepted as such in spite of the fuse

sally accepted as such in spite of the fuss that quartet players and critics made when it first appeared, and last evening was greatly enjoyed by the audience.

Mr. Helfetz appeared in the Bruch D minor concerto No. 2 and showed the same qualities as a violinist that made him so highly acclaimed last year. The left-hand technique, polished to the highest point of perfection, the free, true stroke of the bow, the smooth tone always under perfect control the smooth tone always under perfect control and sweet in quality were all there and technically his performance was perfect. He interpreted sympathetically, without exaggeration, oversentimentalizing, or poses, what there is in the work to interpret, but it can-not be denied that he was unfortunate in his choice of a concerto. Never in his later works for violen did Bruch reach the heights ne attained in the concerto in G minor and in the number played by Mr. He'fetz last eve ning the melodic inspiration cannot be said to be more than mediocre. The orchestration is good, but it is to be regretted that Mr. Heifstz did not choose a work which would give him more of a chance to display his abilities as a poetic interpreter. One cannot rise to very great heights on a

Pegasus that cannot be made to fly.

After the concerto Mr. Damrosch played as a piece not on the program an orchestral number built on a Belgian folk song of the sixteenth century and commemorating the destruction of the statue of the Duke o Alba by the people of Brussels. It was played, Mr. Damrosch explained, as a timely work, as King Albert has just come again into his own. It proved to be rather an ex-travagant working out of a very simple theme, but was cordially received by the audience, which was of overflow dimensions.

NO COURT, HENCE NO HELP

When influenza descended upon the na-tion, vaudeville actors, lecturers and others who work was interrupted promptly found other means of utilizing their time. One who work was introduced by the property found other means of utilizing their time. One entire company of actors went to work in a munitions plant, handling pig iron. Clergymen and school teachers found jobs for the being in shipyards, and a few we crant to come out when the influenza had One unusual development occurred in

Youngstown, O., which complicated labor troubles somewhat. It has been the custom of railroads there to recruit labor in the of railroads there to recruit labor in the police courts where the railroad representatives would offer delinquents an opportunity to work out their fines. The closing of saloons and the general absence of opportunity to commit finisdemeaners as a result of the shut-down cut off this source of labor supply, and the railroads had considerable difficulty finding men for their jobs.

THE MAN WITH THE CLUB FOOT

By VALENTINE WILLIAMS

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A strange message came to Captain Desmond Okewood, a scrap of paper that convinced him that his brother, whom he had thought dead, was alive and in Germany. A chance encounter in a Rotterdam hotel and the death of a German say, whose clothes and papers he appropriates, enable him to merror. That "Semili" has an increase than, but he hasn't an idea what the mission is. He is still in the dark when at last be is in the presence of the Emperor. The Kaiser had experted a Dorder formal was a say who had been intrusted to procure certain papers and had been "double-crossed" by Semila, who wished the glory himself. This much Okewood is able to surmise, but he fan had been more than the fact of the converted as an imposter when hed news from the front time of the presence of Grundt in the fact had been intrusted to procure certain papers and had been "double-crossed" by Semila, who wished the glory himself. This much Okewood is able to surmise, but he is dangerously near to being discovered as an imposter when hed news from the front time of the breakers of Grundt in a House in the Kaiser's thoughts to other materians of the surmise at once, and by a trick in aken into the breakers of Grundt in a Board of the breakers of Grundt in a Board of the papers he got from Doctor Semila. Okewood floors him with a heavy blow, rushes from the room and meets his brother's former sweetheart, now the wife of a German official, who helps him to escape. Later he finds a man who knows something of his brother, but hesitates about telling what he knows. THE STORY THUS FAR

CHAPTER XIII—(Continued)

TRIED, as a final attempt to persuade him an old trick: I showed him my money. He wavered at once, and, after many objections, protesting to the last, he left the room. He returned with a handful of filthy papers.

"I oughtn't to do it; I know I shall rue it; but you have overpersuaded me and I liked Herr Eichenholz, a noble gentleman and free with his money—see here, the pa-pers of a waiter, Julius Zimmermann called up with the Landwehr but discharged medically unfit, military pay-book and permis de se-jour for fitteen days. These papers are only a guarantee in case you come across the po-lice: no questions will be asked where I shall

send you."

"But a fifteen days' permit!" I said, "What am I to do at the end of that time?" "Leave it to me," Kore said craftily. "I will get it renewed for you. It will be all

But in the meantime . .. I objected. "I place you as waiter with a friend of mine who is kind to poor fellows like your-

self. Your brother was with him."
"But I want to be free to move around."
"Impossible." the Jew answered firmly
"You must get into your part and live quietly in seclusion until the inquiries after you have abated. Then we may see as to what is next to be done. There you are, a fine set of papers and a safe, comfortable life far away from the trenches—all snug and secure -cheap (in spite of the danger to me), be-cause you are a lad of spirit and I l'ked your brother • • • ten thousand marks:"

I breathed again. Once we had reached the haggling stage. I knew the papers would be mine all right. With Semlin's money and my own I found I had about 55%, but I had no intention of paying out 55% but I had away. So I beat the fellow down unmerci-fully and finally secured the lot for 3500 marks—1180. narks-f180.

But, even after I had paid the fellow his money, I was not done with him. He had his eye on his perquisites. "Your clothes will never do," he said; "such richness of apparel, such fine stuff— we must give you others." He rang the

The old manservant appeared.

"A waiter's suit-for the Linien-Strasse!"

Then he led me into a bedroom where a worn suit of German shoddy was spreal out on a sofa.

He made me change into it, and then handed me a threadbare green overcoat and a greasy green felt hat.

a greasy green felt hat.

"So!" he said. "Now, if you don't shave for a day or two, you will, look the part to the life!"—a remark which, while encouraging, was hardly compilmentary.

He gave me a muffler to the round my neck and lower part of my face and, with that greasy hat pulled down over my eyes and in those worn and shrunken clothes, I must say I looked a pretty villainous person, the very antithesis of the sleek, well-dressed young fellow that had entered the flat half an hour before. young remow that had entered the nat half an hour before.
"Now, Julius." said Kore humorously, "come, my lad, and we will seek out together the good situation I have found for you."

A horse-cab was at the door and we entered it together. The Jew chatted pleasantly as we rattled through the darkness. He complimented me on my ready wit in deciphering Francis' message.
"How do you like my idea?" he said,
"'Achilles in His Tent' • • • that is the de-

vice of the hidden part of my business— you observe the parallel, do you not? Achilles nolding himself aloof from the army and holding himself aloof from the army and young men like yourself who prefer the gentle pursuits of peace to the sterner profession of war! Clients of mine who have enjoyed a classical education have thought very highly of the humor of my device."

The cab dropped us at the corner of the projected of the war ablaze with

Friedrich-Strasse, which was ablaze with light from end to end, and the Linien-Strasse a narrow, squalld thoroughfare of dirty houses and mean shops. The street was all but descrited at that hour save for an occasional policeman, but from cellars with steps leading down from the streets came the jingle of autematic planes and bursts of merri-ment to show that the Linien-Strasse was

ment to show that the limin-strained by no means asleep.

Before one of these cellar entrances the Jew stopped. At the foot of the steep staircase leading down from the street was a glazed door, its panels all glistening with moisture from the heated atmosphere within. Kore led the way down, I following.

A nauseous wave of hot air, mingled with rank tobacco smoke, smote us full as we opened the door. At first I could see nothing except a very fat man, against a dense cur-tain of smoke, sitting at a table before an enormous glass goblet of beer, enormous grass goniet of beer. Then, as the haze drifted before the draft, I disthe haze drifted before the draft, I dis-tinguished the outline of a long low-cell-inged room, with small tables set along either side and a little bar, presided over by a tawdry female with chemically tigted

hair, at the end.

Most of the tables were occupied, and there was almost as much noise as smoke in the

A woman's voice screamed: "Shut the door A woman's voice screamed: "Shut the door, can't you, I'm freezing!" I obeyed and, following Kore to a table, sat down. A man in his shirt-sleeves, who was pulling beer at the bar, left his beer-engine and, coming acress the room to Kore, greated him cordially, and asked him what we would take.

Kore nudged me with his elbow.

"We'll take a Boonekamp each, Haase," he

CHAPTER XIV Clubfoot Comes to Haase's

VORE presently retired to an inner room K with the man in shirt-sleeves, whom I judged to be the landlord, and in a little the judged to be the landord, and in a little the flaxen-haired lady at the bar beckened me over and bade me join them. "This is Julius Zimmermann, the young man I have spoken of," said the Jew; then turn-

ng to me:
"Herr Haase is willing to take you on as waiter here on my recommendation, Julius. See that you do not make me repent of my Here the man in shirt-sleeves, a great, fat cindness!

Here the man in shirt-sleeves, a great, fat fellow with a bullet head and a huge double chin, chuckled loudly. "Kolossal!" he cried. "Herr Kore loves his joke! Ausgezeichnet!" And he wagged his

head rogishly at me.
On that Kore took his leave, promising to look in and see how I was faring in a few days' time. The landlord opened a low door in the corner and revealed a kind of large. supboard, windowless and horribly stale and

in the cuphoard, windowless and horribly stale and stuffy, where there were two unsavory-looking beds.

"You will sleep here with Otto,", said the landlord. Pointing to a dirty white apron lying on one of the beds, he bade me take off my overcoat and jacket and put it on.

"It was Johann's," he said, "but Johann won't want it any more. A good lad, Johann won't want it any more. A good lad, Johann, but rash. I always said he would come to a had cad." And he laughed noisily, "You can go and help with the waiting

now," he went on. "Otto will show you what to do!"

And so I found myself, within twenty-four urs, spy, male nurse and waiter in I am loath to dwell on the degradation of the days that followed. That cellar tavern was a foul sink of iniquity, and in serving the dregs of humanity that gathered nightly there I felt I had indeed sunk to the lowest depths. The place was a regular thieves' kitchen • • • what is called in the hideous kitchen "what is called in the ninebus Yiddish jargon that is the criminal slang of modern Germany a "Kaschemme." Never in my life have I seen such brutish faces as those that leered at me nightly through the smoke haze as I shuffled from table to table in my mean German clothes. Gallows' birds, rether every evening in Herr Hasse's beerfront, and in looking at their sordid, ulpine faces, inflamed with drink, I felt I ould fathom the very soul of Belgium's

deeds of violence. The men back from the front told gloatingly of rapine and feastings In lonely Belgian villages or dwelt ghoul-ship on the horrors of the battlefield, the ishly on the horrors of the battlefield, the mounds of decaying corpses, the ghastly muti-lations they had seen on the dead There were tales, too, of "vengeance" wreaked on "the treacherous English." One story, in parcular, of the fate of a Scottish sergeant "der Hochlander" they called him in his oft-told tille * * still makes me quiver with imporent rage when I think of it. One evening the name of the Hotel Espla-

ade caught my ear. I approached the table and found two flashily dressed bullies and a sedraggled drab from the streets talking in miration of my exploit.

"Tubfoot met his match that time," the coman cried. "The dirty dog! But why lin't this English spy make a job of it and till the scum? Pah!" And she spat elegantly into the sawdust n the floor.
"I wouldn't be in that fellow's shoes for

mething," muttered one of the men. "No me ever had the better of Clubfoet yet. Do my remember Meinhardt, Franz? He tried cheat Clubfoot, and we know what hap-

They're raking the whole city for this Englishman," answered the other man. Vogel, who works for Section Seven, you know the man I mean, was teiling me. They've done every hotel in Berlin and the suburbs, but they haven't found him. They aided Bauer's in the Favoriten-Strasse last night. The Englishman wasn't there, but they got three or four others they were looking for—Fritz and another deserter included. I was nearly there myself!"

I was always hearing references of this kind to my exploit. I was never spoken of except in terms of admiration, but the name of Clubfoot-der Stelze-excited only execraion and terror.
I lived in daily fear of a raid at Haase's.

Why the place had escaped so long, with all that riff-raff assembled there nightly, I couldn't imagine. It was one of those de-fects in German organization which puzzle the best of us at times. In the mea Haase had done was to take away my papers to send them to the police, as he explained but he never gave them back, and when I asked for them he put me off with an excuse. I was a virtual prisoner in the place. On my feet from morning till night, I had indeed few opportunities for going out; but once, during a slack time in the afterno when I broached the subject to the landlord he refused harshly to let me out of his sight "The street is not healthy for you just ow. You would be a danger to yourself

and to all of us!" he said.

(TO BE CONTINUED TOMORROW) Camden Man Given Promotion

For twenty-two years in the National-Guard service and formerly captain of Com-pany G. Third Regiment, Captain George L. Selby, of Camden, has been promoted in France to the rank of major of the 116th Regiment, Fifty-eighth Brigade. He wrote that several Third-Regiment boys were given distinguished-service medals. Two more Camden boys have given up their lives in France. They are Private David T. Borland, thirty years old, and Private William Wohlken, twenty-five years old, both

HAROLD LOCKWOOD 11:15 P. M. IN FIRST "PALS FIRST"

Music F stival—Stanley Concert Orchestra Experts from "Carmen" Excerpts from "Carmen" Next Week-D W GRIFFITH'S "THE GREATEST TRING IN LIFE" PALACE 1214 MARKET STREET 10 A. M. to 11:15 P. M. Today, Tomorrow & Saturday BEACH'S "LAUGHING BILL HYDE"

With Will Rogers of Ziegfeid Foilles Fame Next Week-Clara Kimball, YOUNG in THE ROAD THROUGH THE DARK RCADI CHESTNUT BELOW 16TH
10:15 A. M. 12 C S-45, 5-45, 7-45, 9
BILLIE BURKE THE MAKEBELLIE 9:30 P. M

Added-Roseae Arlanckis in The Sacriff Next Wesk-PAULINE FREDERICK in "A DAUGHTER OF THE OLD SOUTH" VICTORIA MARKET Above 1TH SECOND AND LAST WEEK OF 'THE ROMANCE OF TARZAN' Concluding Chapters of "Tarzan of the Apm" Next Work-THEDA BARA in "WHEN A WOMAN SINS"

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ETHEL CLAYTON II

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CROSS KEYS MARKET ST. Below 60th CHAS. McDONALD & CO. BROADWAY BROAD & SNYDER AVE.
Today Continuous, 1:30 to
11 P. M.
"The Wandering Tourist"
Norma Talmadge in "HER
ONLY WAY"

B. F. KEITH'S THEATRE "HANDS ACROSS THE SEA"
"CROSBY'S CORNERS"

Mrs. Gene Hughes & Co.; Kate Elinore & Sam Williams: Dorothy Brenner and Others. Good Seats for 1:30 and 4:30 Mathrees Special Red Tickets for 4:30 Show ACADEMY OF MUSIC BOSTON SYMPHONY OPCHESTRA ORCHESTRA Tickets now on sule at Heppe's, 1119 Chestnut METROPOLITAN OPERA HOUSE METROPOLITAN OPERA COMPANY, N. Y.

Tuesday TOSCA Mmes, Muzio, Arden, Evg., 3 TOSCA MM. Crimi, Scotti, MM. Crimi, Scotti, Majatesta, Rossi, Paltrinieri, Cend., Mr. Moransoni, Seats, 1108 Chestnut St., Walnut 4424; Bace 67, PALACE Skating Rink 35TH and MARKET STS.
Thanksgiving 3 SESSIONS—10:30 A. M.,
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Another important work undertaken by the league for the benefit of enlisted men returning from the war is along the lines of mental reconstruction, at the league's was hospital library, 1703 Walnut street. An appeal for densities of the street. appeal for donations of magazines for thus

Washington, Nov. 28.—Distribution of sugar under the certificate system will be discontinued December 1 under an order issued yesterday by the food administration. In announcing the order the administration

In announcing the order the administration, emphasized that requests for conservation of sugar were in no way modified.

Domestic consumers, it was said, will be expected to observe voluntarily ration of four pounds per person a month, and public eating places will be required to use only four pounds of sugar for each ninety meals served.

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