## JUST GOSSIP ABOUT PEOPLE

Nancy Wynne Learns of Several Delightful Home Parties for Thanksgiving Day-She Is Curious About the Charity Ball Pageant—News From Abroad

I HEARD of some delightful family. Arnold, U. S. A., took place last night at the Wainut Street Presbyterian Church. The Rev. Doctor McCallum, pastor of the church, performed the ceremony. William L. Austins out in Rosemont had a wonderful time. You see Mr. and Mrs. Harry Converse came up from Louisville, and what is more they brought with them their tiny little daughter and none of the family had seen sald small daughter as yet. So you may imagine the delight of grandparents, aunts and uncles and the court that small individual held. Her mother was Helen Austin and she married you remember the brother of her brother-in-law, Major Bernard Converse. The major and his wife, who was Mabel Austin, came on too from Watervilet, N. Y., where the major is stationed, and they brought their children with them. Of course Jean and her flance, William Du Pont, were there too and altogether it was a great gathering.

The Harry Converses are going to stay on with Mr. and Mrs. Austin until after the Christmas holidays, so it would not surprise me if wee Miss Converse would have a pretty good time with adoring relatives for a while.

ANOTHER interesting family party was that of the Charles M. Leas. And it was different, too, in that, instead of Mrs. Percy Hudson, Mr. Lea's daughter by his first marriage, coming over here to Devon, the Leas went over to New York for several days and dined with Mrs. Hudson and her children at their New York apartment. Katharine Lea went also of course. They are at the Waldorf.

Katharine seems such a sweet girl. I will never forget the lovely thing she and her luncheon guests did the day Katherine Hancock Smith and Jas were married. You remember, they decided at one o'clock to be married at eight that evening, and Katherine was to have lunched at the Leas that day. Well, she called up to tell why she could not come and incidentally asked the girls to go to the wedding.

And that evening when she entered the little church to be married, she found it decorated with flowers from her friend's greenhouse and she learned that not only had they brought the flowers but that, led by Katharine Lea, they had spent the afternoon decorating the little church themselves.

T'M ALL "het up" with curiosity. I've I just heard that somebody is going to be all dressed up in an oriental costume to read an Indian prophecy for America, as the prelude to the Charity Ball, and I'm crazy to know who it's to be. And, moreover she, or maybe he, is to see it in a crystal globe, and then what he, or maybe she, sees and reads is to come forth in the person of any number of Philadelphia's justly famous pretty girls in attractive costumes and some of Charlie Morgan's also justly famous dances.

Among those who will dance in Mrs. John C. Groome's set at the ball will be Hatty Geyelin, Antoinette Geyelin, Kitty Brinton, Mrs. Caleb Fox, Jr., Mrs. How ard Hansell, Alice McCabe Simpson, Mary Norris. Lisa Norris, Edith Hutchinson, Peggy Thayer, Mary Knight, Susanne Smith, Jean Hancock, Emley Cook, Polly Pancoast, Pansy Scott, Sarah Franklin, Sidney Franklin, Russell Tucker, Ruth Perry, Alice Perry, Agnes Brockle, Mazie Stewart, Edith Walker, Gertrude Conaway, Mrs. Heck Wetherill, Mary Dercum, Kitty Knight, "Billie" Brockie, Eleanor Cummings, Mildred Lewis, Margaret Hughes, Sarah Dolan, Constance Snow, Esther Jean Bochman, Brownie Warburton, Anita Evans, Marie Supplee, Pauline Bell, Margaretta Sharpless, Gladys Paine, Gladys Williams, Gladys Fox, Marys Clark, Louise Caldwell Hannah Wright, Jean de Rousse, Nancy Sellers, Louise Harding and Catharine Cassard. Quite a bunch, and they're all good dancers, too.

T HEAR that the Philip Pauls, of Haddonfield, have had a cable from their son, Lieutenant Robert J. Tait Paul, saying that he is well and happy. Lieutenant Paul, who was a Penn Charter boy and a member of Princeton class of 1919, received his commission at Fort Myer and sailed last May from Camp Lee, Va., with the Eightieth Division. Every once in a while a cable such as this gets through and brings joy to the hearts of some parents. I'm so glad for the Pauls.

SOMEHOW it's never been exactly a pleasant thing to see a young girl smoking and in the tea rooms of the prominent hotels at that. Now, there's nothing wicked about it, and if women want to do it, all right, let them do it. It's not sinful. nor vulgar exactly, but when you see a girl of eighteen not only smoking, but with her cigarettes marked with her own initials, I'll say that's going some! NANCY WYNNE.

#### Social 'Activities

Miss Hannah Randolph, daughter of Mr. Philip S. P. Randolph, and Mr. Robert Húdm, of London, England, whose marriage with son, of London, England, whose marriage will take place on December 10, will be the guests of honor at a dinner to be given on December 9 at the Ritz-Carlton by Miss Randolph's sister, Mrs. John R. Fell, who will be matron or at the wedding.

Mr. and Mrs. William Harman George gave n dinner-dance last night at Pelham Court, Germantown, in honor of their daughter, Miss E. Martyn George. The guests included mem-

Miss Alice Benedict, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Robert R. Benedict, will be guest of honor at a dance given by her parents on Monday evening, December 23, at the Acorn

A dansant will be given tomorrow afternoon at the Germantown Cricket Club from 4 until 7, for the benefit of the Morton Street Day Nursery. The committee in charge in-cludes Miss Charlotte Morris, Miss Martyn George, Miss Elizabeth Wayne, Miss Margaret Hamilton, Miss Marion Button and Miss Gladys West. The patronesses will be Mrs. Charles Day, Mrs. Alexis duPont Smith, Mrs. Prancis Strawbridge, Mrs. Joseph Wayne, Jr.; Mrs. Livingston Jones, Miss Dorothea Emlen, Mrs. William H. George and Mrs. John Hamilton.

Captain and Mrs. Albert Lincoln Hoffman, of Washington, arrived yesterday to be the guests of Mrs. Hoffman's parents, Mr. and Mrs. James Francis Sullivan, over the weekend. Mr. and Mrs. Sullivan entertained at dinner in their honor last night. Mrs. Hoffman was Miss Leta Sullivan.

Mrs. L. Calvin Metz, a sister of the bride, was matron of honor, and Lieutenant Commander Metz, U. S. N., was best man. The ushers were Commander Joseph Hileman, U. S. N.; Mr. J. Howard Patterson, Mr. Walter Waring Hopkinson and Mr. Edward Hileman, cousins of the bride, and Mr. Joseph Roberts and Mr. Benjamin Ludlow.

Mrs. Charles Mills, of Ross Valley, Cal., who has been visiting Mr. and Mrs. John Lyman Cox, of Chestnut Hill, has gone to Washington, D. C., to join her husband, who is in the aero service

Mr. and Mrs. C. O. Sander, 5314 Chestnut street, announce the engagement of their daughter, Miss Vera Sander, to Mr. Gustave Rivas, formerly of Havana, Cuba.

Miss Mary Myle, daughter of Mr. William Myle, of Overbrook, and Mr. Charles J. Cole, were married Thanksgiving at noon in Tem-ple Lutheran Church, Fifty-second and Race streets. The Rev. Doctor Pohiman officiated. Mr. and Mrs. Cole left for Atlantic City im mediately after the ceremony. They will make their home at 133 North Wilton street

### OAK LANE WEDDING WEDNESDAY AFTERNOON

Miss Hildebrand Bride of Lieutenant Moran, of Maryland. at St. Martin's Church

An interesting military wedding was that of Miss Florence Dorothy Hildebrand, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Hildebrand, of Kenilworth avenue, Oak Lane, and Lieutenant William Balley Moran, U. S. A., of Aberdeen, Md., which took place on Wednesday after Md., which took place on wednesday after-noon in St. Martin's Protestant Episcopal Church, Oak Lane. The ceremony was per-formed by the rector, Rev. Walter Jordan, and was followed by a reception for the families at the home of the bride's parents. The bride wore her traveling suit of furrimmed brown cloth with a brown hat. She was given in marriage by her father and was attended by her sister, Miss Leona Hildebrand, who wore a coat suit of dark gray cloth with a hat of a lighter shade finished with a touch of his

ently as much startled and alarmed as Peggy and Billy. They stared open-mouthed up into the darkness of the haymow from

which had come the hoot of Judge Owl. Then

he man on the throne spoke in a sciemn

"Brudder Most High Guard, apply de torch

"Brudder Supremest King, Ah obeys yo"

command," answered the fattest of the black men, striking a match and beginning to light

lanterns that hung about the council room

These lanterns were the scarlest kind of things, some of them being grinning skulls,

some heads of serpents, and some tack of

"Brudder Mostest High Guard, yo' will

please investigate de noises in de upper chamber an' report at once if dey is spies

"Brudder Supremest King, Ah obeys yo' command!" spoke a tall lanky black man. He started briskly toward the ladder which

led to the haymow, but as he climbed up has

he got to the top he gave just one hasty, frightened look around, and then went down

so fast that he missed a step and tumbled noisily to the floor. Instantly all the others

jumped up prepared to fice. The Mostest

High Guard picked himself up, saluted and

cil room free ob spies."
"Good, Brudder Mostest High Guard, We will now proceed to initiate dese most un-

worthy candidates into de mysteries ob our

"I know what it is," he whispered. "It's an initiation into a negro lodge."

He went down so fast he missed a step

The Supremest King addressed the three

"Candidates, yo' is now de scum ob de

"We is,' replied the candidates in trem-

bling voices
"Den yo' will be conducted to de lake ob

perdition, dere to be put to de test."
Solemnly the guards led the three candidates around the council chamber and up a

plank to the edge of a large, round watering tank which was filled almost to the brim. There they stood one behind the other, the

foremost with his feet over the edge of the

Supremest King. "Bring forth de bumper an' let him bump!" The Most High Guard and the Mostest

High Guard threw open the door of a large

box at the bottom of the plank.

"Ba-a-a!" came a cry from the box, and there bounced forth a fierce, prancing ram.

"Old Buckhorn, our ram! Gee-whillickers!" exclaimed Billy Belgium.

Buckhorn paused just as he struck the plank. Then he lowered his head and leaped forward with all his might. His head hit

the back of the refmost candidate with a resounding whack. The candidate hit the one in front of him, and that one smashed

one in from at the edge of the tank. Again old Buckborn leaped forward. There was a second loud whack, and the three candidates

went tumbling head over heels into the cold

gium.
"Wah! Wah!" roared the Knights

"Wah! Wah! Wah. Foared the knights of the Flying Rabbit, while the candidates spluttered and splashed in the tank.
"Hoot! Hoot Hoot!" laughed Judge Owl.
"To-too! To-too!" shrieked cther Owl yolces. "We've found him!" And Miss

Snowy Owl, M'ss Great Horned Owl and Miss Screech Owl came crashing through the win-dow, sending the glass flying in every direc-

"Hoot! Hoot! Hoot!" cried Judge Owl again, but now it was a scream of fear. Scared out of his senses, he tumbled down from the haymow among the Knights of the Flying Rabbit. And the Knights, their mirth

turning to quick alarm, scattered to right

(Tomorrow will be told how Judge Gut

"Wow! Isn't that fun!" shouted Billy Bel-

"Now, let de hurricane loose," shouted the

vid deze brave Sir Knights ob de Flyin

Rabbit yo' mus' prove yo' courage. Am yo' ready to show dat yo' don't fear death in

nos' awful form?"

OBS

00

exalted order."

Billy Belgium snickered.

"Brudder Supremest King, Ah find de coun-

ourage eviedntly cozed and cozed, for when

to de illuminations.'

lanterns.

present."

with a touch of blue.
Lieutenant John Moran, U. S. A., of Washington, D. C., was his brother's best man. Lieutenant Moran and his bride, upon their return from their wedding journey, will live in Baltimore, Md., and will be at home after

WORTHINGTON-SEIBEL A pretty wedding took place yesterday norning at St. Stephen's Church, Broad and Butler streets, at 9 o'clock, when Miss Agnes Seibel, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. G. J. Seibel, of \$240 North Broad street, became the bride of Mr. Lowndes Newbold Worthington. Rev. Thomas B. Hannigan performed ceremony, which was followed by a nuptial mass. The bride wore a Pekin blue velour dress trimmed with fur with hat to match. The maid of honor was Miss Sadle Simpler. who wore a sand-colored Duvetyne dress and

A wedding breakfast followed for the immediate families, after which Mr. and Mrs. Worthington left on an extended trip. Upon their return they will live at 3240 North

a large black hat. Mr. Frank Gardiner was

MALONE-CUNNINGHAM The marriage of Miss Anna T. Cunning-ham and Mr. Francis P. Malone, both of this city, took place Wednesday morning and was followed by a nuptial mass at St. R'ta's Church. The Rev. Leo H. Reichart, O. S. A., performed the ceremony. The maid of honor was Miss Grace Siunt, of Newark, N. J., and the best man Mr. Robert H. Miller, of this city. The bride and bridegroom left immediately after the ceremony for Toronto, stopping to visit friends in Buffalo and Niagara University.

#### FLAGS TO GOVER CITY HALL

Peace Jubilee Plans Include Bunting Drapery From Statue to Base

Peace jublice plans, so far as they affect City Hall, have virtually been completed by Superintendent J. Holgate Berry. More than the large flags have been ordered, and these, fing loft, will be sufficient to cover the big

the four sides of the structure great quantitier of bunting will be draped along the cornices, together with decorative architeccornices, together with decorative architec-tural figures. Streamers of bunting will also run from the eights floor caves to the ground at the four corners. The courtyard will be a mass of color and the tower from base to the Penn Statue will be draped with American and city colors. Flags of the A! lies will also play a large part in the mu-nicipal decorations.

## MISS CARNEGIE ENGAGED

Ironmaster's Only Child Will Wed Ensign Roswell Miller

New York, Nov. 29.—Announcement was Margaret Carneg'e, only child of Mr. and Andrew Carnegie, and Ensign Roswell er, son of the late Roswell Miller and

Mrs. Miller, of 969 Park ave. Ensign Miller received his commission last spring after intensive training at Columbia.



MISS MARGARET CARNEGIE

## A FEW ATTRACTIVE CORNERS AT PENN COTTAGE



MISS SOPHIE TRASEL ENTERTAINING AT TEA

Penn Cottage is a delightful little historic house on the Montgomery pike near Wynnewood. Here William Penn was known to have lived. A number of women have opened an old-fashioned tea house there, and cold and thirsting motorists stop there afternoons for tea and toast or order chicken and waffle suppers for evening. The quaint old house is furnished with antiques from top to bottom and is one of the most attractive spots on the Main Line. Mrs. Rodman Griscom, Mrs. John Gibbons, Miss Sophie Trasel, Miss Gertrude Fetterman and Miss Gamble are interested in the success of the tea room. The proceeds from the tea and the articles for sale go to those who place them there, whose incomes have been depleted during the war. It is run as a sort of Woman's Exchange

#### THE MAN WITH THE CLUB FOOT By VALENTINE WILLIAMS

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THE STORY THUS FAR

A strange message came to Captain Desmond Okewood, a scrap of paper that convinced him that his brother, wham he had thought dead, was alive and in Germany. A chance encounter in a Rotterdam other and the death of a German spy, whose mother and insers he appropriate anable him to enter the convergence of the form of the treatment he receives convinces him, but he husn't an idea what the mission is. He is still in the dark when at last he is in the presence of the Emperor. The Kalser had expected a Doctor Grandt—Der Steize—the Man with the Clubfoot, Grundt was a say who had been infrusted to procure certain papers and had been "double-crossed" by Sendin, who wished the glory himself. This much okewood is temporarily by the he is discovered. He leaves the sake of the sake of the control of the THE STORY THUS FAR

CHAPTER XIV-(Continued) MY LIFE in that foul den was a burden to able. Otto, a pale and ill-tempered consumptive. impelled, like me, to rise in the darkness of the dawn, never washed, and his compan-ionship in the stuffy hole where we slept was offensive beyond belief. He openly jeered at my early morning journeys out to a narrow, stinking court, where I exulted in the icestinking court, where I exuited in the ice-cold water from the pump. And the food! It was only when I saw the mean victuals—the coarse and often tainted horseflesh, the unappetizing war-bread, the coffee sub-stitute, and the rest—that I realized how Germany was suffering, though only through her poor as yet, from the British blockade. That thought used to help to overcome the

nausea with which I sat down to eat. Domestic life at Haase's was a hell upon earth. Haase himself was a drunken bully, who made advances to every woman he met, and whose complicated intrigues with the feminine portion of his clientele led to fre-quent scenes with the fair-haired Hebe who presided at the bar and over his household. t was she and Otto who fared daily forth to take their places in the long queues that waited for hours with food cards outside the

waited for hours with rood cards outside the provision shops.

These trips seemed to tell upon her temper, which would flash out wrathfully at mealtimes, when Haase began his inevitable grumbling about the food. As Otto took a malicious delight in these family scenes, I was frequently called upon to assume the role of assembler. More than once I intervened was frequently called upon to assume the fole of peacemaker. More than once I intervened to save Madame from the violence she had called down upon herself by the sharpness of her tongue. She was a poor, faded creature, her tongue. She was a poor, taded creature, and the tragedy of it all was that she was in love with this degraded buily. She was grateful to me for my good offices, I thing, for, though she hardly ever addressed me,

for, though she have her manner was always friendly.

These days of dreary squalor would have been unbearable if it had not been for my heen unbearable if it hat not been to his elucidation of the word Boonekamp, which was said to hold the clue to my brother's address. On the wall in the cubbyhole where I slept was a tattered advertisement card of his aperitif-for such is the preparationinig aperial to be "Germany's Best Cor-dial." As I undressed at night, I often used to stare at this placard, wondering what connection Boonekamp could possibly have with my brother. I determined to take the first opportunity of examining the card itself. one morning, while Otto was out in the queue at the butcher's, I slipped away from the cellar to our sleeping place and, lighting my candle, took down the card and examined the clean. It was perfectly plain, red letters it closely. It was perfectly plain, red letters on a green background in front, white at the It was perfectly plain, red letters

hack.

As I was replacing the card on the nail I saw some writing in pencil on the wall where the card had hung. My heart seemed to stand still with the joy of my discovery. For the writing was in my brother's neat, artistic hand, the words were English, and, best of all, my brother's initials were attached. This s what I read: (Facsimile.)

"You will find me at the Cafe Regina, Dusseldorf.—F. O." After that I felt I could bear with every-After that I felt I could bear with every-thing. The message awakened hope that was fast dying in my heart. At least on July 5 Francis was alive. To that fact I clung as to a sheet-anchor. It gave me courage for the hardest part of all my experiences in Germany, those long days of waiting in that den of thieves.

that den of thieves.

For I knew I must be patient. Presently. I hoped, I might extract my papers from Haase or persuade Kore, when he came back to see me, to give me a permit that would enable me to get to Dusseldorf. But the

term of my permit was fast running out and he Jew never came.

There were often moments when I lenged to ask Hanse or one of the others about the time my brother had served in that place. But I feared to draw attention to myself. No one asked any questions of me (questions as to personal antecedents were discouraged a Hasse's), and, as I ng as I remained the unpaid, useful drudge I felt that my desire for obscurity would be respected. Desultory questions about my predecessors elicited no information about Franc's, The Haase establishment seemed to have had a succession of vague and rhadewy retainers.

Only about Johann, wh se apron I wore, did Otto become communicative.

"A stupid fellow!" he declared. "He was

well off here. Haase liked him, the customers liked him, especially the ladies. But

he must fall in love with Frau Hedwig (the lady at the bar), then he quarreled with Haase and threatened him—you know, about customers whe haven't got their papers in order. The next time Johann went out, they arrested him. And he was shot at Spandau!" "Shot?" I exclaimed, "Why?" "Ar a deserter "

"Ach! was! But he had a deserter's pa-pers in his pockets • • his own had vanished. Ach! it's a bad thing to quarrel with Haase!" I made a point of keeping on the right side

of the landlord after that. By my unfailing diligence I even managed to secure his grudg-ing approval, though he was always ready to fly into a passion at the least opportunity. One evening about 6 o'clock a young man whom I had never seen among our regula customers, came down the stairs from the street and asked for Hause, who was asked on the sofa in the inner room. At the sight of the youth, Frau Hedwig jumped off her perch behind the bar and vanished. She came back directly and, ignoring me, conducted the young man into the inner room. where he remained for about half an hour. Then he reappeared again accompanied by Frau Hedwig, and went off.

I was shocked by the change in the ap-pearance of the woman. Her face was pale, her eyes red with weeping, and her eyes kept wandering toward the door. It was a slack wandering toward the door. It was a stack time of the day within and the cellar was free of customers. "You look poorly, Frau Hedwig," I said. "Trouble with Haase again?" She looked up at me and shook her head,

or eves brimming over. A tear ran down the

rouge on her cheek.
"I must speak." she said. "I can't bear
this suspense alone. You are a kind young

PHILADELPHIA'S FOREMOST THEATRES FORREST Last 2 Evgs. Last Matine AMERICA'S BEST FUN

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WITH MUCH PRAISED NEW YORK CAST NIGHTS (EXCEPT SAT.) 50c to 42.00 WEDNESDAY MATINEE, HEST SEATS \$1.50 GARRICK THIS AND NEXT WEEK Matines Tomorrow, 2:
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"ONE OF THE CHOICEST OFFERINGS OF THE SEASON."-Record,

BROAD THIS & NEXT WEEK ONLY EVEN, at 8:15. Mat. Tomorrow OTIS SKINNER IN HIS GREATEST COMEDY TRIUMPH THE HONOR OF THE FAMILY WALNUT WALNUT D.W. Orimus FIRST TIME AT

POPULAR PRICES Matinee Daily at 2 — 25 and 50 cts. Performance Nightly at 8-25 cts. to \$1 at 15 cts. \$1 a

"They entered his apartment early in the forning and seized him in bed. Ach! it is dreadful!" And she buried her face in her "But surely," I added soothingly, though with an icy fear at my heart, "there is no need to despair. What is an arrest today with all these regulations \* \* \* \*"

HANSON.

"What do you mean?" I asked. A forebod-

"He was taken yesterday morning," she

"Do you mean arrested?" I exclaimed, un-

"Kore?" I echoed. "What of him?" She looked fearfully about her.

willing to believe the staggering news.

trouble brewing for us!

ing of evil rose within me.

"Kore!" she whispered.

You are discreet. Julius, there is

HOLEN DEWI

The woman raised her face, pallid beneath its paint, to mine. "Kore was shot at Moabit Prison this

morning," she said in a low voice. "That young man brought the news just now." Then she added breathlessly, her words pouring out in a torrent: "You don't know what this means to us. Hause had dealings with this Jew. If they have shot him, it is because they have found out from him all they want to know. That

means our ruin, that means that Haase will go the same way as the Jew "But Hause is stubborn, foolhardy. The messenger warned him that a raid might be expected here at any moment. I have pleaded with him in vain. He believes that Kore has split; he believes the police may come, but he says they daren't touch him; he has been too useful to them; he knows too much Ach, I am afraid! I am afraid!"

Haase's voice sounded from the inner room. "Hedwig [" he called.

The woman hastily dried her eyes and dis-

appeared through the door.

The coast was clear, if I wanted to escape, but where could I go, without a paper or passport, a hunted man?

passport, a hunted man?

The news of Kore's arrest and execution haunted me. Of course, the man was in a most perilous trade, and had probably been playing the game for years. But suppose they had tracked me to the house in the

treet called In den Zelten.

I crossed the room and opened the door to the street. I had never set foot outside since I had come, and, hopeless as it would be for me to attmept to escape, I thought I might reconsolter the surroundings of the beer-cellar for the event of flight.

I lightly ran up the states to the street and I lightly ran up the stairs to the street and

nearly cannoned into a man who was loung-ing in the entrance. We both apologized, but he stared at me hard before he strolled Then I saw another man sauntering along on the opposite side of the Further away, at the corner, two men were

loitering.
Every one of them had his eyes fixed on Livery one of them had his eyes fixed on the cellar entrance at which I was standing. I knew they could not see my face, for the street was but dimly lit, and behind me was the dark background of the cellar stairway. I took a grip on my nerves and very deliberately lit a cigarette and smoked it, as if I had come up from below to get a breath of fresh air. I waited a little while and then vent down.

I was scarcely back in the cellar when appeared from the inner room, fol-by the woman. He carried himself lower by the woman, recarried nimself erect, and his eyes were shining. I didn't like the man, but I must say he looked game. In his hand he carried my papers, "Here you are, my lad," he said in quite a



HAROLD LOCKWOOD IN FIRST "PALS FIRST"
SHOWING "Stanley Concert Orchestra Exerpts from Carmen Next West D. W. GRIFFITH'S

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RCADIA CHESTNIT BELOW 16TH BILLIE BURKE "THE MAKE. BELIEVE WIFE Added-Roscoe Arbuckle in "The Sherim" Next Week-PAULINE FREDERICK in "A DAUGHTER OF THE OLD SOUTH

VICTORIA MARKET ADAYS LTH POSITIVELY LAS THE ROMANCE OF TARZAN' Concluding Chapters of "Terzan of the Apta"

Next Week THEDA BARA in

WHEN A WOMAN SINS

REGENT MARKET ST. Below 17TH
ETHEL CLAYTON
"Women's Weapon MARKET STREET AT JUNIPER 11 A. M. '0 11 F. M. CONTINUOUS VALUE VAUDEVILLE MABEL BARDINE & CO.

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"The Wandering Tourist" Norma Talmadge in "HER ONLY WAY"

METROPOLITAN OPERA HOUSE METROPOLITAN OPERA COMPANY, N. F. Tuesday TOSCA Mmes, Muzio, Arden. MM. Crimi, Scotti, MM. Crimi, Scotti, MM. Crimi, Scotti, MM. International Control of the Cond. Mr. Moranzoni. Seats, 1108 Chertnut St., Walnut 4424; Tlace 67.

BOSTON
SYMPHONY
ORCHESTRA

MONDAY, DEC. 2, at 8:15
Pirst Appearance
HENRI RABAUD
Cenduster Tickets now on sale at Heppe's. 1119 Chestnut.

PHILADELPHIA TODAY Tomor. St. ORCHESTRA Soloiat: EMILE FEBRE, Viola TALY'S PART IN THE WAR-FIGHTING ABOVE THE CLOUDS. Motion Pi ture lecture by C. U. Cark. Official films. University Museum, Saturday, 2:50. FREE.

friendly tone, "put 'em in your pocket-you may want 'em tonight." I glanced at the papers before I follow

He noted my action and laughed.
"They have told you about Johann," he said. "Never fear, Julius, you and I are good friends."

The papers were those of Julius Zlinmermann all right.

We were having supper at one of the tables

in the front room—there were only a couple of customers, as it was so early—when a man, a regular victor of ours, came down the stairs hurriedly. He went straight over to Hasse and spoke into his car.

to Hasse and spoke into his car.

"Mind yourself, Hasse," I heard him say.
"Do you know who had Kore arrested and shot? It was Clubfot. There is more in this than we know. Mind yourself and get out! In an hour or so it may be too late."

Then he scurried away, leaving me dated.
"By God!" said the landlord, bringing a great fist down on the table so that the

great fist down on the table so that the glasses rang. 'they won't touch me. Not the devil himself will make me leave this house before they come, if coming they are!"

(TO BE CONTINUED TOMORROW)

#### MRS. HOOVER TO SPEAK HERE

Wife of Food Administrator Will Address Conservation Rally

Women of Philadelphia will hear Mrs. Herbert Roover, wife of the food adminis-trator, speak at the food conservation rally Tuesday at the Academy of Music. Other speakers will be Howard Heinz, State food administrator; Jay Cooke, Philadelphia food administrator, and Mrs. Bur-

nett-Smith, of England. The purpose of the rally is to bring to Philadelphia the appeal for world relief by the food army. The food army has about 6000 members in Philadelphia.

Mrs. Burnett-Smith will speak of the work of women overseas; what women of Allied and neutral countries have suffered in the four years of war, and their needs

## CAMPAIGN FOR WORLD RELIEF

Will Remind America of Its Food Pledge

An intensive campaign to be known as "conservation week for world relief" be inaugurated during the first week of De-cember to remind the American people that they are pledged to ship 20,000,000 tons of

froy are pieded to saip 20,000,000 tons of food to Europe during the coming year. This is two-thirds more than last year, the food administration announced today, and is essential to the feeding of the 300,000,000 hungry people of the world, who are look-ing to the United States for assistance until they can restore their war-torn fields and reap their first peace harvest.

PHILADELPHIA'S LEADING THEATRES LYRIC

F RAY COMSTOCK WILLIAM ELLIOTT Present the Fifth N. Y. Princess Theatre Musical Comedy Success



CHESTNUT ST. Last 2 Nights OPERA \$1.00 MATINEE TODAY LAST MATINEE TOMORROW

## PASSING SHOW 1918

IT STOOD 'EM UP in London 2 Years. AND

WILL DO THE SAME HERE

AT PERFORMANCE. "IT'S GREAT"

SEATS NOW-HURRY!! ADELPHI Mat. Tomorrow 2:15



SAM S. SHUBERT Evgs.8:15 MAT. TOMORROW BEST \$1.50



LAST TWO DAYS

Don't Fail to Visit the

# HOTEL EXPOSITION

Broad & Callowhill Sts. Novel, Interesting and Unique Exhibits of

FIRST REGIMENT ARMORY

Labor - Saving Devices

See the Remarkable Collection of War Trophies Captured From the Germans.

## ADMISSION FREE

B. F. KEITH'S THEATRE 'Hands Across the Sea" "CROSBY'S CORNERS"

Witherspoon Hall, Friday Eve.

SANDBY Dec. 6 at 8:18 'Cello Recital Tickets at Heppe's

DANCING
EVERY
SAT. NIGHT
Private Lessons Dally, 9:30 A. M. to 11 P. M. CASINO Best Show in Toy Trocadero Mat FOLLIES OF PLEAS GAYETY GROWN-UP BANK