JUST GOSSIP ABOUT PEOPLE

Nancy Wynne Tells of Dance for School Set-She Gives Extracts of Ambulance Driver's Letter-Two Engagements of Interest

in Christmas week. As the war gets further and further away from us our minds turn to good times after such a dearth of them. So far, however, there is nothing big planned for the grown-ups, but the kiddles will be so feted in Christmas week I doubt if they'll be able to return to school and studies on time.

Mrs. Alexander Cassatt is going to give wonderful dange on the night after Christmas for Sissy Stewart and Alexander and Anthony Cassatt. They are her three grandchildren, you know. Sissy is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. Plunkett Stewart, her mother having been Elsie Cassatt. She is named for her aunt, Katherise Kelso Hutchinson. She was the wife of Dr. James Hutchinson, you remember, and died about ten years ago. Alexander, who was named for his grandfather Cassatt, and Anthony, named for his great grandfather Drexel, are the two sons of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Kelso Cassatt. Their mother was Minnie Fell, a daughter of Mrs. Aleck Van Rensselaer and granddaughter of the late Anthony J. Drexel. The guests at this party will be members of the "middle-sized" school set.

THE reception for soldiers and sailors held on Saturday evening at the Historical Society was more than usually in teresting. Mrs. James Mifflin was hostess She has been simply wonderful in the work for enlisted men during the war, so the boys were delighted to see her. The men who formed the reception committee were Mr. Charlemagne Tower, Mr. John F. Lewis, Mr. John Gribbel, Mr. William Drayton, Mr. Harrold Gillingham, Mr Ned Robins, Mr. Albert Cook Myers and Mr. Ernest Spofford. The speaker was Mr. Hampton Carson, and he was certainly interesting; "got" his audience from the first, so to speak.

As usual, Mr. Hoxie led the community sing and dancing and supper followed. It's simply remarkable how many attend these affairs. I'm not exaggerating a bit when I say there were at least a thousand persons there; and there have been more than a thousand at each of the other receptions held this autumn.

AN INTERESTING letter has been received by a member of the overseas committee of the Emergency Aid, who won't let me use her name, from her son, whom we know as Jack, and his last name starts with a B. He's a wonderful dancer, let me add. He's in an ambulance section in France, and he adds, as a preless post-script to the letter, that the section has been cited for bravery. Of course, that means more to his mother than all the rest of the letter put together, although she thinks it's a perfectly beautiful letter, and so do I. He speaks of how busy they were (the letter was written on November 6) and adds, "Fortunately the number of wounded has been comparatively small; if it had been otherwise I hate to think of what the suffering of the poor fellows would have been."

Due to the rain, mud and shell holes, it frequently took eight to ten hours to go three and a half miles. He says: "It was just a question of going forward a few feet, stopping, getting out and begging anybody who happened to be near to help you push the car out of the mudhole; starting up again, and going perhaps five feet, and so on, all over again, until the and moans of the patients made your heart bleed and you wondered how men could suffer so and still live. . . .

"The road was littered with cars of all sizes and types which had broken down; the fields were covered with them. Then, too, there were German guts-big and little-some of which had been hit by shells while they were being hauled by tractors in retreat, some standing just as they were, in position and all ready to fire. Many of the German batteries were captured while they were in the very act of firing, so rapidly did the infantry and marines advance. But there was victory in the air." he adds, "and with it a thrill that more than made up for everything

I must say I like the big heart this boy shows when he speaks of the men he has carried back to the dressing stations. "If I could only forget the suffering of the wounded on the roads! That is the most horrible part of our service. "When the shells begin whistling and

dropping around you and you wonder where the next one is going to hit, it seems like a challenge; it makes you mad, and you swear you'll get through and bring your car through in spite of those dboches. But for the moaning and beating on the sides of the cars with the fists of those poor, semiconscious men inside there is no compensation, no offset and no help. You do everything in your power to make it easier for them, you strain every muscle to keep the car from bumping or jerking; but a car, especially one with the speed bands, worn out, is a torcure box at best, The wounded who are at all consciousand most of them are-seem to realize, though, that you are doing your best for them, and the greatest reward in the world is to have those poor fellows thank you when you get them to the field dressing station and tell you they know that you tried to make it a little easier for

His account of the awful discomforts brought about for want of water is interesting. The letter was written on the 6th of November, and for eight days he had not even looked at water, he states adding, "Animals of all makes, from fleas to elephants, are racing from head to foot on me, taking a nibble here and a bite there."

Altogether a most charming letter full of heart and good feeling and great bravery. Ht. hardships are a joke, while the boys' sufferings nearly break his heart. me boy, that same Jack, I should say! Incidentally, I might add that same Jack is about one of the neatest, most wellfroomed boys I have ever seen.

A NEW YORK engagement with a remote Philadelphia end to it is of interest hare. It is that of Beatrice Holt and Ensign Theodore Bliss, U. S. N. R. F. Beatrice Holt is a New Yorker and Theo-dore Bliss in from Springfield, Mass., but

DLANS are decidedly on foot for parties | they are both descendants of Philadelphians, and that is what makes it interesting to us. Miss Holt, who is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton Holt, is a lescendant on her mother's side of Francis Hopkinson, a signer of the Declaration of Independence, and Ensign Bliss is a grandson of the late Theodore Bliss, a publisher of this city. Beatrice's mother was Miss Alexina Smith. Her father is the editor of the Independent and her grandfather is Judge George C. Holt, of New York. Ensign Bliss is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Edgar Bliss, and he is also a grandnephew of the late George Bliss, of New York.

> A MORE local engagement which is an-nounced today is of great interest in local musical circles. John Braun, the baritone, who is a great favorite among Philadelphians, is engaged to a New York girl, Edith Evans. She is musical, too, and plays and accompanies wonderfully. Could you imagine a better combination? Won't it be ideal for both, for he loves to sing and has a splendid voice; and she loves to play and does it wonderfully well.

Miss Evans's father, by the way, is Dr. Owen Hugh Evans, musical doctor, of Marysville, O. Mr. Braun lives in Merion, you know. The wedding, I hear, is to take NANCY WYNNE. place this month.

Social Activities

An interesting engagement to Philader-phians is that of Miss Elizabeth Sharpless Brown, daughter of Mrs. Henry Graham Brown, of Pittsburgh, and Captain C. Oliver Iselin, Jr., U. S. A., of New York. Miss Brown is a niece of Mrs. Charles W.

Fox, of 1822 South Rittenhouse square, and a ousin of Mr. T. Wilson Sharpless and Mr. Franklin Sharpless, of this city. She has often visited this city, where among her in-timate friends are Miss Charlotte Harding Brown, Mrs. G. Dawson Coleman, who was Miss Mariana Goyen; Mrs. Joseph Walker, 3d, who was Miss Eleanor Cuyler, and Miss

Emilie Posey Kennedy.
Captain Iselin is a son of Mr. C. Olivet
Iselin. of New York. His mother was Miss
Eleanor O'Donnell, of Baltimore. He is a cousin of Mr. William Jenkins, of German-town, and of the late Charles O'Donnell Lee. He is a brother of Adrian Iselin, 2d, of the U. S. naval flying corps, and of Mrs. Philip W. Livermore and Countess Ferdinand Col-loredo-Mansfield.

Mr. and Mrs. C. Russell Hinchman have left the Belgravia, where they spent the autumn, and have moved into their home,

Mr. and Mrs. Randolph F. Justice will close their Bryn Mawr place this week and come into town for the winter months, having taken the house of Major and Mrs. Edward B Hodge, at 346 South Sixteenth street.

Mr. and Mrs. Addincll S. Hewson are spending a few days in town, the guests of Mr. Hewson's parents, Dr. and Mrs. Addincli Hewson, at their home, 2120 Spruce street,

Mr. and Mrs. Hollister Sturges have re turned from Richland Manor, Stone Ridge, N. Y., and opened their house at St. Martin's for the winter. Mr. and Mrs. Sturges spent last winter in Washington.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel S. White, Jr., of 1801 De Lancey place, and Miss Sarah A. Brown, of 2208 Locust street, have been guests at the Cheisea Hotel, Cheisea, over Thanksgiving and the week-end.

Miss Katherine Deering, of 4022 Spruce street, has been spending a few days at Atlantic City.

Mr. and Mrs. A. P. Wetherill and Mr. and Mrs. Tristram Colket, of Bryn Mawr, re-turned yesterday from Blooming Grov. Hunting and Fishing Club, Pike County, where they spent Thanksgiving.

Mrs. Robert S. Brodhead, her daughter, Miss F. Clyde Brodhead, of Strafford; Miss Strafford and Miss Montgomery, of Rome, Ga., are spending some time at the Chelsea,

Mrs. W. Kemble Yarrow, of Strafford, spent Thanksgiving with her parents, Mr. and Mrs Robert Emott Hare, of 400 South Twentysecond street.

Mr and Mrs. J. W. Barr, of 4721 Hazel avenue, announce the engagement of their daughter, M'ss Virginia Henderson Barr, to Wallace Davis Jr son of Mr and Mrs. G. W. Davis, of 5012 Hazel avenue.

Lieutenant Joseph D. Seiberling Otolaryngolist of Base Hospital No. 75, Camp Green-leaf, Ga., is spending ten days' leave with his family at his home, 1807 Arch street.

Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Ellis, of the Bucking-Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Ellis, of the Bucking-ham Apartments, 4414 Wainut street, West Philadelphia, had their son, Mr. S. Moffitt Ellis, who has returned from Brest, France, as their guest for Thanksgiviffs. This came as a delightful surprise, as his parents did not know that he was to be in America until he reached New York on Sunday night, and was granted a furlough the night before Thanksgiving so that he could be home on Thanks-giving. Mr. Ellis was one of the first to go over seas and one of the first to return. He went with the Methodist Hospital No. 5, and vas transferred to the aviation just before



Photo by Bachrach MRS. JOSEPH B. TOWNSEND, 3D Chairman of the Lincoln Day Nursery, which is one of the three beneficiaries of the runmage sale to be given tomortow. Wedge day and Thursday at 825 Walnut street

NOBLE WORK DONE HERE BY RED CROSS CANTEEN

More Than 1,000,000 Service Men Have Been Fed and Attention Given to Wounded

More than 1,000,000 men in service have been fed by canteen workers in the Southeastern Pennsylvania Chapter of the American Red Cross as the men passed through Philadelphia during the last year. The women are now anticipating the arrival here of many wounded men by equipping rooms at the piers where the men may be taken care of.

With the lifting of the censorship on information concerning Red Cross activities, something of the great work of the local organization is being made public. Citizens are realizing not only that thousands of troops embarked for France from the Delaware River piers, but that many Red Cross canteen workers rode to the piers in motor-trucks at daybreak to serve hot breakfasts dusty soldiers.

At all times of day or night, through rain, snow or sunshine, the women were in readi-ness to meet trains, boats and ferries with their well-prepared refreshments. They fed as many as 14,000 men in one day, the menu varying according to the needs of the particular contingent. Sometimes it was ice cream, frait, cake, and at other times it was hot coffee and sandwiches

At the Delaware River piers the canteen workers served breakfasts in the long sheds. There was no fuss or ostentation about the dispensing of the hot coffee and steaming breakfast things—nothing but machine-like precision and unfailing service. Not a man was missed.

But neither the railroad stations with their troop trains nor the plers with their embark-ing regiments begin to tell the story. The more recent work has included the care of returned wounded soldiers. For many the canteen workers have met all hospital trains passing through the city and supplied the boys with cigarettes, chocolates, fruit or whatever they most wanted. Since last August the canteen women have met fifty-five hospital trains in Philadelphia and cared for 4700 wounded men.

The canteen workers have also had charge of the transfer of wounded men from one hospital to another. Motor messengers have met every detail of such men from Cape May at the Camden terminals and trans ferred them to other depots in autor Whenever necessary the men were supplied with hot meals.

When Charles M. Schwab decided to move

the Emergency Fleet offices from Washington to Philadelphia, the Red Cross attended to billeting and feeding thousands of the employes and their families till permanent homes were obtained homes were obtained.

No distinction has ever been made by Red Cross as to creed or color. Negro regiments were provided for in the same way as the Thousands of lunch boxes were provided

by the Red Cross for draftees. This was done at the request of the local draft boards and the cost of the lunches was pa'd by the city. In the same way the canteen department was called upon when an emergency rose in the feeding of troops. The Government paid for the food and the Red Cross did the work.

There are more than 2700 active Red Cross corkers directed from the headquarters at Eighteenth and Locust streets. They under forty chiefs, each of whom has through a special training course of three months. Mrs. George W. Childs Drexel is head of the organization with official rank as commandant. Mrs. George W. Boyd and Mrs. George B. Evans are the vice com-mandants. The canteen work is in four diisions: embarkation service, Mrs. Henr; Vaux, chairman: hospital train service Mr George B. Evans, chief; motor truck service, Mrs. Somers Rhodes, chief; and information canteen bureau, Mrs. W. H. Donner, chief.

SCHMIDT QUARTET GIVES GOOD CONCERT

Appears in Second of Chamber-Music Series, Presenting New Piano Quartet

The Schmidt Quartet, composed of Emil F. Schmidt, first violin; Louis Angeloty, second violin; Emil Hahl, viola, and William Schmidt, cello, gave the second concert of the Chamber Music Association series at the Bellevue-Stratford yesterday afternoon. They were assisted by Letitia Radcliffe Miller.

The quartet was originally scheduled for December 29, but was asked to take yester day's concert, which they agreed to do o rather short notice. The compositions played were the well-known quartet of Smetana, "Aus Meinem Leban," one of the rare in-stances of a string quartet being written to program (and an autobiography in tones at that), and a quartet for plane and strings by Jongen, a Belgian composer, a work nev to Philadelphia.

Owing, doubtless, to the brief notice, the quartet, while giving a very enjoyable con-cert, did not always play up to its usual high standard in the exceedingly difficult Smetana number. There were, of course, no slips, but they did not always show that perfect unanimity of phrasing o the exquisite tone quality that made their performance of the Beethoven C-minor quar-tet one of the high spots of last year's chamber music concerts. The best work wa chamber music concerts. The best work was done in the beautiful largo, which, both in interpretation and in tone quality, left noth-ing to be desired. Incidentally the quartet sits in the classical way (the violins opposite each other), thus obtaining a distinct ad-vantage in tonal balance and distribution throughout the hall. The Jongen quartet, which was given its

first presentation in Philadelphia, is the work of a Belgian composer, and was published in 1909. It is a composition of decided merit, but the first and third movements are of great length. The second movement, the scherzo, is decidedly the best of the four, being a gem both of material and of con-The whole composition is well worked out, although the composer has drawn heavily for his instrumental figures (though not for thematic material) from the plano quintet of his great fellow country-man, Cesar Franck. It is strictly classical in form, though with some slight tendencies toward present-day French harmonia effects. Unlike many of the Freach composers however, Jongen is not afraid to write a melody or to use definite tonalities. The last movement is especially clever in design and workmanship. The quarter was exceedingly well played by Messrs. Emil Schmidt, Hahl, William Schmidt and Mrs. Miller, the scherzo especially being performed with the lightness. especially being performed with the lightness grace and spirit which its character demands

DANCE FOR SOLDIERS

Wounded and Disabled Americans Re turned From War Will Benefit

The wounded and disabled Americans are returning rapidly to our camps. In order that they may have every comfort and luxury, Miss Margaret Hetzell and a group luxury, Miss Margaret Hetzell and a group of women are to give a large dance on Monday. December 9, at Moose Auditorium The patronesses are to be Mrs. Edward T. Stotesbury, Mrs. Joseph B. McCall, Mrs. Alfred M Gray, Mrs. George N. Urquhart, Mrs. Walter H. Johnson, Mrs. Ellis Gimbel, Mrs. Jules Mastbaum, Mrs. John Ford, Mrs. Joseph D. Israel, Mrs. William Vare, Mrs. Joseph Snelienburg, Mrs. F. Lukenbach, Mrs. George Edmonds, Mrs. Henry Wessels, Mrs. Sydney Bennett, Mrs. William Abrahams, Mrs. David McCoach, Miss Fennimore, Mrs. Woodwark, Mrs. Gilroy and Mrs. Simmons.

PRESIDENT OF SUNNYSIDE DAY NURSERY



MRS. WILLIAM LOGAN McCOY AND HER LITTLE DAUGHTERS Mrs. McCoy is an active worker for the large rummage sale to be held this week for the benefit of three day nurseries

THE MAN WITH THE CLUB FOOT By VALENTINE WILLIAMS

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 batel and the death of a German spy, whose clothes and the death of a German spy, whose clothes and the death of a German spy, whose clothes and the death of a German spy, whose clothes and the death of a German spy, whose clothes and the ferning as Doctor Semilin, a German-American. That "Semilin' has an immortant mission the trentment he receives convinces him but still after the dark what the mission is. It is still after the dark when at last he Kaiser had expected a Doctor Campule. Der Niclee—the Man with the Clubfoot. Grundt was a spy who had been intrusted to procure certain papers and had been "double-crossed" by Semilin, who wished the glory limself. This much Okewood is able to surmise, but he is dan-gerously near to being discovered as an imposter when had news from the front turns the Kalser's thoughts to other matters and Okewood is temporarily dismissed. He leaves the palace at once, and by a trick is taken into the presence of Grundt in a Berlin hotel, Grundt will have him killed unless he immeters and limited the presence of Grundt in a Berlin hotel, Grundt will have him killed unless he immeters and limited the papers he got from Docty Semilin. Okewood floors him with a heavy low, ushes from the room and meets a brother's former sweethear; now the wire a German limited to the house when club-foot raids the place.

Caparabit 1937s, by the Public Ledger Co. THE STORY THUS FAR

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CHAPTER XV—(Continued) GUST of fresh air in my face, the tram-

A ple of feet, loud greetings in guttural German, awoke me with a start. It was broad daylight and through my compartment, to which I had crept in the night, weary with which I had crep: in the ingat, wenty white standing, filed the jovial members of the choral society, with begs in their hands and huge cockades in their buttonholes. There was a band on the platform and a huge choir of men who bawled a stentorian-voiced hymn of greeting, "Dusseldorf" was the name printed on the station lamps.

All the passengers, save the members of the choral society, had left the train, ap-parently, for every carriage door stood open. sprang to my feet and let myself go I sprang to my feet and let mysel go with the stream of mem. Thus I swept out of the train and right into the midst of the jostling crowd of bandsmen, singers and spectators on the platform. I stood with the new arrivals until the hymn was ended and thus solidly encadres by the Dussel-dorfers, we drifted out through the barrier into the station courtyard. There brakes were waiting into which the jolly choristers, guests and hosts, clambered noisily. But I walked straight on into the streets, scarcely able to realize that no one had ques-tioned me, that at last, unhindered, I stood efore my goal.

Dusseldorf is a bright, clean town with Dusseldor is a bublic buildings to remind one that this busy, industrial city has found time even while making money to have called into being a school of art of its own. It was a delightful morning with dazzling sunshine and an eager nip in the air that spoke of the swift, deep river that oather the city walls.

I reveied in the clear, cold atmosphere after the foulness of the drinking den and the stifling heat of the journey. I exulted in the sense of liberty I experienced at having once more cluded the grim clutches of (liberty I have all my heart structures) Clubfoot. Above all, my heart sang within me at the thought of an early meeting with Francis. In the mood I was in, I would admit no possibility of disappointment now. Francis and I would come together at last. I came upon a public square presently

I came upon a public square presently and there facing me was a great, big cafe, white and new and dazzling, with large plate-glass windows and rows of tables on a covered varanda outside. It was undoubtedly a "kolossal" establishment after the best Berlin style. So that there might be no mistake about the name, it was placarded all over the front of the place in gilt betters three feet high on glass panels etters three feet high on glass panels-

It was about 9 o'clock in the morning and at that early hour I had the place to myself. I felt very small, sitting at a tiny table, with tables on every side of me, stretching away as it were into the Ewigkeit, in a vast white room with mural paint-ings of the crassest school of impressionism. I ordered a good, substantial breakfast and whiled away the time while it was oming by glancing at the morning paper coming by glancing at the morning paper which the waiter brought me. My eyes ran down the columns without

my heeding what I read, for my thoughts were busy with Francis. When did he come to the cafe? How was he living at Dussel-Suddenly, I found myself looking at a name it was in the personal paraknew raphs. "Lieut.-General Count von Boden,"

paragraph ran, "Alde-de-Camp to H. M. the Emperor, has been placed on the retired list owing to ill health. General von Boden has for Abazia, where he will take up permanent residence." There followed the usual biographical notes, Of a truth, Clubfoot was a power in the

I ate my breakfast at a table by the open door, and surveyed the busy life of the open door, and any set of the square where the pigeons circled in the sunshine. A waiter stood on the veranda idly watching the birds as they pecked at the stones. I was struck with the profound melancholy depicted in his face. His found metancholy depicted in his face. His cheeks were sunken and he had a pinched look which I had observed in the features of most of the customers at Haase's, I set it down to the insufficient feeding which is

today.

But in addition to this man's wasted appearance, his eyes were hollow, there were deep lines about his mouth and he were a hasgard look that had something strangely pathetic about it. His air of brooding sad-

general among the lower classes in Germany

ess seemed to attract me, and I found my eyes continually wandering back to his face And then, without warning, through some mysterious whispering of the blood, the truth came to me that this was my brother. I don't know whether it was passing mood reflected in his face or the shifting lights and shadows in his eyes that lifted the vell. only know that through those features ravaged by care and suffering and in spite of them I caught a glimpse of the brother had come to seek.

I rattled a spoon on the table and called oftly out to the veranda. "Kellner!"

The man turned,
I beckoned to him. He came over to my
table. He never recoggized me, so dull was
he with disappointment • • • me with my

unshaven, unkempt appearance and in my mean German shoddy * * but stood silently, awaiting my bidding.

"Francis," I said softly * * and I spoke in German * * * "Francis, don't you know

He was magnificent, strong and resources ful in his joy at our meeting as he had been in his months of weary waiting.

Only his mouth quivered a little as instantly his hands bustled themselves with clearing away my breakfast.

"Jawohl!" he answered in a perfectly amortically yabe.

emotionless voice.

And then he smiled and in a flash the old And then he smiled and ...
Francis stood before me, ...
"Not a word now," he said in German as he cleared away the breakfast, "I am off this afternoon. Meet me on the river

off this afternoon. Meet me on the river promenade by the Schiller statue at a quar-ter past 2 and we'll go for a waik. Don't stay here now, but come back and lunch in the restaurant * * * it's always crowded

and pretty safe."
Then he called out into the void:
"Twenty-six wants to pay!"

Such was my meeting with my brother.

CHAPTER XVI A Handclasp by the Rhine

THAT afternoon Franc's and I walked out A along the banks of the swiftly flowing Rhine until we were far beyond the city. Anxious though I was that he should reveal to me that part of his life which lay hidden beneath those lines of suffering in his face, he made me tell my story first. So I un-folded to him the extraordinary series of adventures that had befallen me since the right I had blundered upon the trail of a great secret in that evil hotel at Rotterdam. Francis did not once interupt the flow of my narrative. He listened with the most ense interest, but with a growing concern which betrayed itself clearly on his face. At the end of my story, I sliently handed to him the half of the stolen letter I had seized from Clubfoot at the Hotel Esplanade.

"Keep it, Francis," I said. "It's safer with a respectable waiter like you than with a hunted outcast like myself!"

My brother smiled wanly, but his face as-umed the look of grave anxiety with which he had heard my tale. He scrutinized the slips of paper very closely, then tucked them away in a lettercase, which he buttoned up in his pocket. "Fortune is a strange goddess, Des," he

said his weary eyes roving out over the turgid, yellow stream, "and she has been kind to you, though, God knows, you have played a man's part in all this. She has placed in man's part in all this. She has placed in your possession something for which at least five men have died in vain, something that has filled my thoughts, sleeping and waking, for more than half a year. What you have told me throws a good deal of light upon the mystery which I came to this cursed country to elucidate, but it also deepens the darkness which still envelops many points in the affair. "You know there are issues in this game

of ours, old man, that stand even higher than the confidence that there has always been between us two. That is why I wrote to you so seldom out in France-I could tell you nothing about my work; that is one of the rules of our game. But now you have broken into the scramble yourself, I feel that we are partners, so I will tell you all

"Listen, then. Some time about the be-ginning of the year a letter written by a German interned at one of the camps in England was stopped by the camp censor. This German went by the name of Schulte. he was arrested at a house in Dalston the day after we declared war on Germany There was a good reagon for this, for our friend Schulte-we don't know his real name -was known to my chief as one of the most daring and successful spies that ever operated in the British Isles.

"Therefore, a sharp eye was kept on his correspondence, and one day this letter was selzed. It was, I believe, perfectly harmless serized to the eye, but the expert to whom it was eventually submitted soon detected a conventional code in the chatty phrases about the daily life of the camp. It proved to be a

DANCING
EVERY
Sat. Night
Private Lessons Dally, 9:80 A. M. to 11 P. M. CORTISSOZ CASINO LADIES' MAT. TODAY
The Golden Crook With Billy Arlington Wainut at 8th St. DUMONT'S "Burying the Kaiser"

GAYETY THE BEAUTY REVUE, ON THE Trocadere MAT. The Military Maids

communication from Schulte to a third party relating to a certain letter which, apparently, the writer imagined the third party had a considerable interest in acquiring. For he offered to sell this letter to the third party, mentioning a sum so preposterously high that it attracted the earnest attention of our Intelligence people. On half the sum mentioned being paid into the writer's account at a certain bank in Lordon, the let-ter went on to say, the writer would forward the address at which the object in question would be found.

"It was a simple matter to send Schulte letter in return, agreeing to his terms, and to have the payment made, as degred, into the bank he mentioned. His communication in reply to this was duly stepped. The address he gave was that of a house situated on the outskirts of Cleves,

"We had no idea what this letter was, but its apparent value in the eyes of the shrewd Mr. Schulte made it highly desirable that we should obtain possession of it with-out delay. Four of us were selected for this dangerous mission of getting into Germany and fetching it, by hook or by crook, from the house at Cleves where it was dep sited. We four were to enter Germany by different routes and different means and to converge on Cleves (which is quite close to the Dutch

"It would take too long to tell you of the very exact organization which we worked out to exclude all risk of failure and the various schemes we evolved for keeping in touch with one another though separately and in rotation. Nor does i The fact is that, at my very first attempt to get across the frontier, I realized that me immensely powerful force was working against me. "I managed it, with half a dozen hair-

breadth escapes, and I set down my success solely to my knowledge of German and to that old trick of mine of German imitations. But I felt everywhere the influence of this unseen hand, enforcing a meticulous vigilance which it was almost impossible to escape. I was not surprised, therefore, to learn that two of my companions came to grief at the very butset."

(TO BE CONTINUED TOMORROW)

DREAMLAND ADVENTURES

By DADDY

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

"THE SLEEP GNOMES" (In this story Peggy and Billy Belgium meet with thrilling experiences high up on a mountain.)

CHAPTER I The Raggedy Lad

((TO-HO, Peggy! Come coasting with Peggy, her lessons all finished, jumped up in quick delight. It was Billy Belgium calling to crispy out-door fun in the wintry twi-

through the window, hurrying into her warm-est wraps.

Billy Belgium waited on the sidewalk. Beside him was a shiny set of bobs, with graceful sleds, a long red top board, and a stunning looking steering wheel. "My, what beauties!" Feggy exclaimed, "Did you make 'em yourself?"

"I'll be there in a minute," she cried

they are flyers, too. We'll pass anything on High hill." "Every bit," answered Billy proudly, "And

"Let's hurry and see," cried Peggy taking hold of the sled rope with Billy.
On High Hill they found dozens of children shouting with glee as they sped down the ley coasting path.

the icy coasting path.

"Ho, ho! Look at the home-made 'bobs,' "
jecred one fur-coated boy, glancing from his
own "store bobs" to those of Billy Belgium.
Peggy flushed with swift indignation. "They are as nice as your own, Charlie Chesty," she retorted. "And Billy was clever enough to make them himself. He didn't have to buy them at the store."

The other boys and girls laughted at this. for they didn't like Charlie Chesty's overbearing ways. "I can beat you all hollow," boastee

Charlle. "Do it then," answered Billy, swinging his bobs into position. "Everybody pile on," shouted Charlie, as

he lined up his own bobs. Half a dozen chisdren accepted the invitation. The last to run forward was a little raggedy enap who had stood shivering aside as he watched the others at their fun.

didn't mean you. I don't want any raggedy chaps riding on my bods." shouled Charlie, roughly shoving the little fellow back. The raggedy chap's face showed his d'sapointment. He looked pitifully small and for-orn, as the other children-laughed unkindly

"But I want you on my new bobs," quickly spoke up Billy Belgium, putting his hand on the little chap's shoulder, while Peggy gave him a heart-warming smile. "Oh, I'm so glad," exclaimed the raggedy lad. "I've been waiting and wishing an afternoon some one would ask me to ride,

out nobody did." "Anybody else want a ride," shouted Billy,
"Not with raggedy chaps," chorused the

children "All resuly, go!" cried Charlie, giving his bobs a start before Billy was ready. By the time Billy got fairly going, the others were

far away. But faster and faster went Billy's new bobs, and then still faster. The raggedy chap shricked with delight. "Out of the way ahead." yelled Billy, and

"whirr-r-r-r" they went past Charlie's bobs like a flash. Out, far out over the meadows they sped, yards and yards farther than any When they dragged the new bobs back up



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A R C A D I A 10:15 A. M., 12, 2, 3:45, 5:45, 7:45, 9:30 P. M. Pauline Frederick in "A DAUGHTER OF THE OLD SOUTH" ADDED ATTRACTION Final Review of Army and Navy Training Corps at University of Penna.

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the hill, there were only looks of admication for it, and boasting Charile boasted no more. Up and down they went four times, each time coasting faster than before. The fourth time, they paused to rest at the bottom before the hard climb back.

"Wouldn't it be fun to coast miles and miles down a mountain?" and harm.

miles down a mountain?" said Peggy.

"And wouldn't it be fun if we had something to pull us up hill?" said Billy Belgium.

"Would you like that?" asked the raggedy

chap.
"We surely would," declared Billy and Peggy together.

Then your wishes shall be granted," said. the raggedy chap, and with that he took a tiny whistle from his pocket and blew upon it a piercing blast.

(The astonishing response to the whistle of the Raggedy Chap will be told tomor-

WAR POSTERS ON DISPLAY

Club Shows Drawings Loaned by Curtis Publishing Company

An exhibition of ninety original drawings for miniature posters, reproduced and printed in the November and December issues of the Ladjes' Home Journal, will be shown through the courtesy of the Curtis Publishing Company at the Sketch Club, 235 South Camac street, beginning this evening and continuing till December 14.

The drawings and posters are the work of F. F. Bayha, William Hofstetter, S. C. Lomas, S. A. Liddle, Edwin F. Prittle, William F. Zwirner, the new studio of Charles R. Paul and the Associated Artists of Phila-

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