JUST GOSSIP ABOUT PEOPLE

Captain and Lieutenant Roberts Cabled of Their Safety. Nancy Hears Mr. Marcossan at Red Cross

cable from the other side, and then we all breathe freely again in regard to some other persons we've been wondering about since the armistice, and from whom no messages have come.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank C. Roberts, of Pen-Y-Bryn, Wynnewood, have had cable messages from their two sons, Captain W. Paxson Roberts, 131st Field Artillery, of the Thirty-second Division, and First Lieutenant Frank C. Roberts, Jr., reserve military aviator, stating that they are both well. The Roberts men have both been in France for more than a year. It is certainly a happiness to know they are safe. Frank married Mary Miller, you remember.

GEORGE and Jane Harding must have had a nice time "over there." Jane has been in France for some time doing surgical dressings work and helping with the little orphans. She was about to return home when she learned that her brother would probably go over soon, so she stayed on on the other side. And George was sent over about two months ago. Mrs. Harding had a cable from them recently, saying that they had met in Nice and were spending George's leave there together. He was stationed in the south of France and could not get to Paris, so Jane decided to go to him. It must have been a happy reunion.

DID you ever see such peculiar frocks as they are wearing this year? I noticed them particularly last night at the opera. Needless to say Dorothy Fell's stood out beyond them all. She went to the opera in the gown she had worn as Hannah's matron of honor in the afternoon, and believe me, it was some gown.

In the first place, it was a brilliant Hunter's green velvet, and it had one of those semi-high straight-across-the-shoulder backs, and the skirt was very narrow about the feet; in fact, so narrow it was difficult to walk. The upper part of the skirt was fashloned of two great puffs about the hips and back and the low front was V-shaped. She had her hair parted in the middle and waved back over the temples in the quaintest old-fashioned way, and there was not a spot of white on the gown. All this was deep bright green. But Dorothy's wonderful complexion, her white teeth and soft, fair hair needed no better setting. Incidentally, at the wedding small Dorothy Fell and Emily Stevenson, five and four years old, respectively, wore frocks of the same shade of green velvet and white lace collars.

Another odd frock I noticed at the opera was Mrs. Ned Browning's. When I say odd, I mean they are so different from the styles of last year and the year before They are slinky from the knees down and then the funny little pointed tails on the train. Trains, you know, when you have seen nothing but feet and ankles for years to suddenly see long, tight skirts and then long slinky trains. And the, are not like the slinky trains of several years ago, because these gowns make it seem as if the wearer had gotten into a long frock and then the maid had pulled the gown up in a bunch at the back and fastened a narrow ribbon over the bunch and let the ribbon drag along after the frock as a train. They have a most detached appearance.

Mrs. Browning's gown was a combination of two luscious shades of salmon pink, and her train was narrow and pointed. The gown was marvelously becoming. I do not know when I have seen her look as

I noticed Mrs. Woodville Bohlen looking as young as either Mary or Priscilla and introducing her young son to several of her friends on the grand tier. Mrs. John Converse was wonderfully gowned as usual, but it was not one of the new long affairs. It was a combination of black lace, silver cloth and dull blue satin. Altogether it was some night, believe me!

ALARGE number of women besides the regular workers at the Independence Square Auxiliary of the Red Cross came yesterday to hear Mr. Marcossan tell of his experiences "over there." You see, Isaac Marcossan is one of the first correspondents to return to America since the armistice was signed and certainly had a lot to tell. Mrs. Emott Hare introduced him to the speakers.

Mr. Marcossan was his usual delightful self. He had with him his pass through the English lines signed by Lloyd George. He told us that he was in midchannel on his return to England when a destroyer, with flags flying and siren blowing, raced through the waters to tell his ship and the many men on board going home on furlough that the armistice had been signed.

He spoke very strongly about the leading men of the war. How truly sterling they were in character and how deeply religious. He told of Haig's and Pershing's regular Sunday attendance at church and that Foch spent much time in prayer. As a matter of fact, I was told recently by a returned soldier (this an aside from Marcossan's talk) that Foch went every day to church and communion, and that he spent an hour each morning and each night alone in church in prayer. Mr. Marcossan spoke vividly of Lloyd George and Clemenceau and told of the latter's great age, which I had not realized. He's eightytwo, you know, but Mr. Marcossan says he is as if he were fifteen. That he does more work in twenty-four hours than some men do in a lifetime.

It was wonderfully interesting. I hope he'll come back soon again. There were a great many of the committee there and it was rather a dressy occasion, as a number stopped on their way to Hannah Randolph's wedding reception.

To go back to the Red Cross. I noticed among the women at Mr. Marcossan's talk Mrs. James Large, Mrs. Fred English, Mrs. Harry Blynn, Miss Ethelynde Weil, Mrs. Theron Crane, Mrs. George Lorimer, Mrs. R. Emott Hare, Mrs. Vinton Freedley, Mrs. Wellington Shannon and Miss Lippincott.

SOMEHOW I can't realize that Margaret Keeling isn't Margaret Keeling any more, and again I don't like to think of Germantown without her, She's so full of life and fun and as pretty as a picture with those lovely big eyes of hers. I

EVERY now and then some one gets a should think her father would miss her terribly. However, it's the way of the world. Girls will marry and so will boys. She's Margaret Prosser now. Married down in Augusta to Major Prosser on Saturday of last week, you know. I believe he was coming up here at first, but the time of leave was very uncertain and so Mr. Keeling agreed to take his daughter down there. The date was decided on very quickly, so there was no time for announce ments to be sent out. Margaret is in deep mourning for her mother, who died in the summer, so there would only have been a very quiet wedding at home had Major

> Mr. Keeling is rector of St. Peter's Church, in Germantown, and is greatly loved by his parishioners.

Prosser been able to come up. I under-

stand that no announcements will be sent

NANCY WYNNE.

Social Activities

Mrs. G. Reynolds Miller, of 314 Carpenter ane, is entertaining Miss Frances Fouchaux, daughter of Mrs. Henry Fouchaux, of Pasa dena, Cal., whose engagement to Lieutenan Charles Wood Brinton, F. A. U. S. A., Mrs. Miller's brother, has been announced. Lieu-tenant Brinton is the son of Mrs. G. Herbert Brinton, of 2206 Locust street.

Mrs. Richard T. Nalle, of Chestnut Hill, has gone to Charleston, S. C., to spend the winter with Major Nalle, who is on duty at Camp Jackson, Charleston. Her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Jacob S. Disston, have closed Mr. and Mrs. Jacob S. Disston, have closed Norwood Hall, their home in Chestnut Hill, and will occupy the Nalle house until the early part of January, when they will leave for their estate in Florida. They will remain South during the winter.

The annual meeting of the P. R. R. Y. M. C. A. was held today at the Y. M. C. A. room, Fortieth and Westminster avenue. The association has 50,000 members from all long the lines. There were 900 women at eting who were served with lunch from There were speakers and music during luncheon. Mrs. George Dallas Dixon is chairman, Mrs. W. W. Atterbury vice chairman and Mrs. Lewis Nelson secretary. The directors include Mrs. James Fahnestock, Mrs. Elisha Lee, Mrs. Robert C. Wright, Mrs. J. B. Hutchinson, Mrs. Gardner Cassatt, Mrs. William H. Myers, Mrs. George W. Boyd and

Lieutenant Rees, of the Arsenal, will give a talk this afternoon at 3 o'clock to the members of the Women's Permanent Emergency Aid of Germantown at the Fairfax Apartments on the urgent need for the women to keep up their work of mending soldiers' and the other work which they have

Mr. and Mrs. A. Herstein, of 1505 Diamond street, have announced the engagement of their daughter, Miss Marian H. Herstein, to Mr. Meyer E. Reinhard, U. S. N., of Richmond, Va.

The engagement of Miss Mabel Irene Kyle, of 425 Hansberry street, Germantown, and First Lieutenant G. R. Whitlock was announced at a luncheon given at her home on Saturday, December 7.

DREAMLAND ADVENTURES By DADDY

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

(Balky Sam leads the army mules into a war of his own so he can fight and be a hero. Peggy and Billy Belgium try to stop

CHAPTER III

To Free Belgian Captives WHILE the army of mules galloped on

W toward the German camps, two horses appeared in pursuit far behind. Peggy, looking back from her seat in the airplane, saw the pursuers and shouted a warning to Balky Sam. "Is it the whole cavalry troop?" braved

"No, only two very fast horses," replied Peggy.

"Only two. Hee-haw! I'll make quick work of them." Saying this, Balky Sam dropped out of the column and waited alone for the swiftly

coming horses. Peggy and Billy Belgium circled around above him in their airplane, while Carrie and Homer Pigeon hovered near "Hee-haw! Hee-haw! This is very annoying," brayed Balky Sam. "I don't want to waste any time smashing American horses.

Why haven't they sense enough to stay at home?"
Peggy and Billy were looking at the speeding horses with gathering wonder. Instead of having soldier riders, as was to be expected, they were being ridden by queer,

As the horses drew near, Balky Sam reared

up on his hind legs and advanced to "Hee-haw!" he brayed. "You'd better

hike back before I get my mad up. "Woof! Woof!" gruffly answered one of the figures on the horses. "I've got my mad up now, and I'm going to chew your ear for not taking us along."
"Baa! Baa!" cried the figure on the other

horse. "I'm mad, too, and I'll give you a butting you'll remember for starting a war and not giving us a chance at those saucy it's Johnny Bull and Billy Goat,"

shouted Billy Belgium.
"So it is," laughed Peggy. Never had she seen such a furny sight outside of a circus as Balky Sam, prancing around on his hind legs ready to fight supposed fees, and Johnny Bull and Billy Goat hanging desperately to the backs of the horses as they threatened

their old chum with quick punishment for leaving them behind. "Hee-haw! You're foodish to poke your heads into this trouble," brayed Balky Sam.
"How about yourself?" growled Johnny

"I'm so tough nothing can hurt me." brayed Balky Sam. "I'll chew your other ear for saying that," growled Johnny Bull. "I'm as tough as you

"So am' I," bleated Billy Goat. "Show us whom you're going to fight, and be quick about it, for I can't stick on this horse much longer. I'm getting seasick."

"The time for fighting has gone by," cried Peggy. "Go home and enjoy peace with the rest of the world."

rest of the world."

"It's all very well for humans to talk of peace, but how about the horses and the cows driven from happy homes in Belgium to captivity in Germany?" brayed Balky Sam. "For weeks I've been seeing empty stables and hearing stories of the sufferings of the animals and their lonesome masters, and I've been getting madder and madder all the while. The war will not be ended for me until they've been freed to go back home." "Are you really going to free the captive animals, and not just to fight?" asked Billy Belgium, his eyes sparkling.
"Yes," brayed Balky Sam, "but if we have a little fight it will be all the more fun," and away he galloped after his troop of mules.

ules.
f that's what you're after, we'll help
f that's what you're after, up the airplane. you," shouted Billy, speeding up the airplane.

ATomorrow will be described a ghostly attack on the German camp.)

METROPOLITAN GIVES TWO POPULAR OPERAS

New Singers Heard in "Cavalleria Rusticana" and "Pagliacci" With Famous Stars

CAVALLERIA RUSTICANA

Opera by Pietro Mascagni Santuzza.....Rosa Ponselle Lola.....Sophie Braslau Lucia......Marie Mattfeld PAGLIACCI

Opera by R. Leoncavallo

Nedda......Florence Easton

Canio......Enrico Caruso

Tonfo.....Luigi Montesanto

Beppe......Pietro Audisio Silvio......Mario Laurenti The Siamese twins of grand opera, "Cavaileria Rustleana" of Mascagni and Leon-cavailo's "Pagliacci" had fine performances at the Metropolitan Opera House last evening before a capacity audience that was keenly alive to every new feature as well as all of the more familiar ones presented by the sterling casts that gave both works.

"Cavaileria Rustleana" came first, and the outstanding point of interest in the opera was the work of the new dramatic soprano, Rosa Ponselle, who made her debut in Phil-

Rosa Ponselle, who made her debut adelphia and her first appearance as Santuz-

a on any stage. za on any stage.

It is not going too far to say that she is a distinct acquisition to the forces of the Metropolitan Opera Company, not so much for what she is now as for what she promises to be. Her voice is a clear, high soprane, not extraordinary in power or range, but of exceptional sweetness and eveness throughout its entire register. Equally important is her strong dramatic instinct, which was given full scope in the vivid role of San

Miss Ponselle can hardly be termed a finished artist yet, but she knows now a great deal more than she has yet to learn. Her acting is a bit exaggerated here and there, and her gestures sometimes lack the convincing grace of the more matured artist, but these are things which time and experience will easily correct. Added to her many gifts are a fine stage presence, the fire and enthusiasm of youth, an intense personality and a generally unerring feeling for the strong dramatic points. Few singers have made so successful a debut in so exacting a role, and if Miss Ponselle develops along best lines she has undoubtedly a great fu

ture.

The opera as a whole was very well presented. Sophie Braslau was lovely to see, charming as to voice and convincing dramatically as Lola, and the same may be said for Paul Althouse as Turiddu. Maric Laurenti made an acceptable Alflo, au-though the part at times seemed to be too low to suit his voice, which occasionally lacked power in the lower register.

In "Pagliacci" there was also the attraction of a new singer, Luigi Montesanto, ir the part of Tonio, and, of course, the imcomparable Caruso as Canio. Signor Montesanto scored a great success at the start when he sang the famous Prologue and got more than half a dozen curtain calls. His voice is of fine quality, especially in the higher register, where it has extraordinary resonance and power, but also retains the

paritone quality.

His dramatic work distinctly improved after this success, and following the Prologue left nothing to be desired. He gave as a whole one of the most convincing interpretations of Tonlo that has ever been seen here. His conception of the role perhaps lacks the breadth and the sang froid of Titto Ruffo's, but there is far more attention to detail and less of an attempt to draw attention to what is, after all, the secondary male role of the opera, despite the elaborate and beau-

tiful music assigned to it. Caruso is at his best in the part of Canlo his undeniable vein of humor and his keen understanding of his own people fitting him to give the role as no one else can give it. Or his marvelous voice it is unnecessary to speak, but his passionate aria, or rather declamation at the close of the first act, "Recitur, mentre preso dal Delliro," roused the audience to so high a pitch of enthusiasm that

he was able to complete it with difficulty, and was recalled many times. Florence Easton made a lovely Nedda, both singing and acting the part well. Her cavatina in the second scene and her duet with Silvio in the third scene were the hignest points vocally, although at all times she was altogether satisfactory. Mario Laurentt was excellent as Silvio, the vocal register being much better adapted to his voice than that of Alflo in the preceding opera, and the part seeming to be more grateful to him in all ways. Signor Papi led both operas with a keen eye for orchestral detail and

MINSTREL SHOW AIDS ORPHANS

Feminine Soloists to Entertain on Friday Evening in Wissahickon

A minstrel show in aid of the Presbyterian Orphanage at Bala will be given on Fri-day evening at Wo Ivale, the American Bridge Company's clubhouse in Wissahick-on, under the direction of Miss Neva Mellon. Mrs. Clarence Dengler and Mrs. Ralph Co. Mrs. Clarence Dengler and Mrs. Ralph Cox will be the endmen of the first half, with Mrs. Raymond Bailey as interlocutor. Mrs. George Kerber will be the interlocutor of the second half, with Mrs. Walter Shopp and Mrs. William Fillman as endmen. The solo-ists will include Miss Myrtle Smith, Miss Florence Young, Mrs. James Hindle, Miss Clara Springer, Miss Hilda Schrader, Miss Clara Springer, Miss Hilda Schrader, Miss New Kleiner Western Beaker Mrs. Mary Fleming, Mrs. Fern Packer, Miss Mary Barnes and Mrs. William Pass. Miss Senner will give readings and impersonations; Miss Cole will give artistic dances, and Mrs. Hindle and Mrs. Pass, violin duets. Mrs. John Oberholtzer, Mrs. Mary Taylor, Mrs. Alexander Russell, Miss Florence Russell, Miss Elsie Russell and Mrs. William Keenan will be the ushers.

Deaths of a Day

Samuel Milliken

Samuel Milliken, a single tax ploneer and for many years a propagandist of the move-ment, died yesterday after a month's illness. He also was formerly identified with the International Free Trade League, with head quarters in Boston. quarters in Boston. Mr. Milliken, who was sixty-four years old, lived with his wife at the Newport, Sixteenth and Spruce streets. Mr. Millik He was a frequent contributor to newspapers and other publications on single tax, free trade and other causes which he advocated.

The Rev. Dr. H. H. Sangree

The Rev. Dr. H. H. Sangree, for thirteen years an instructor of religion at Penn Charter School, died suddenly of heart disease yesterday at his home, in Haddonfield,

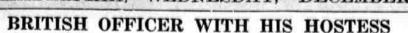
Doctor Sangree leaves a widow, two daughters, Mrs. Frederick C. Sharpless and Mrs. Joyce Froelicher, and six sons, Dr. Henry, Paul, Karl, Huyett, John D. and N.

Commander Hydrick, U. S. N. Commander Jacob Lawton Hydrick, U. S. afternoon at 4 o'clock at the Bair Building 820 Chestnut street. Interment will be it Arlington Cemetery, Fort Myer, Va., on Fri

John G. Dunlap

John G. Dunlap

John Glimore Dunlap, son of the late
James Dunlap, died December 3, of influenza,
at Los Angeles, Cal., after a very brief illness. Mr. Dunlap was a graduate of Yale
and later of the University of Pennsylvania
Law School. He practiced law in this city
for some time, and later went to California,
where, until the time of his death, he was
connected with the Santa Fe Railway. The
funeral will be held in this city.





Captain Harry Blackett, of H. M. S. Cumberland, and Mrs. Randal Morgan, of Captain Blackett was Mrs. Morgan's guest during his recent visit to this city. He is a brother-in-law of Mrs. Cecil Vayasseur Fisher, of England, who was Miss Jane Morgan, daughter of Mr. Morgan

THE MAN WITH THE CLUB FOOT By VALENTINE WILLIAMS

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CHAPTER XX--(Continued)

COTTHEY'RE beating the forest for us," he panted. "The place is full of men. had to crawl the whole way there and back, and I'm soaked."

I pointed to Monica, who was fast asleep, and he lowered his voice.

"Des," he said, "I've hoped as long as dared, but now I believe the game's up They're beating the forest in a great circle, soldiers and police and customs men. If we set out at once we can reach the frontier before they get here, but what's the use of that * * * every patrol is on the lookout fer us * * the forest seems ablaze with torches."

"We must try it, Francis," I said. "We haven't a dog's chance if we stay here!" "Unless we could draw the patrol's atten-tion away!" said Sapper Maggs.

But Francis ignored the interruption.
We roused up Monica and groped our way
out of the cave into the black and dripping

forest.

We crawled stealthily forward, Francis in front, then Monica, Maggs and I last. In a few minutes we were wet through, and our hands, blue and dead with cold, were the state of the cold of the cold of the cold. scratched and torn terminably slow. Every few yards Francis

terminably slow. Every few yards Francis raised his hand and we stopped.

At last we reached the gloomy glade where, as Francis had told us, according to popular belief, the wraith of Charlemagne was still seen on the night of St. Hubert's Day galloping along with his ghostly fol-lowers of the chase. The rustling of leaves caught our cars; instantly we all lay prone A group of men came swinging along the

"The relief patrol!" I whispered to Fran-

cis, as soon as they were past.

"The other lot they relieve will be back this way in a minute. We must get across this way in a minute. We must get across quickly." My brother stood erect, and tiptoed swiftly across Charlemagne's Ride, and we

We must have crawled for an hour before we came to the ravine. It was a deep, narrow ditch with steep sides, rull of undergrowth and brambles. Now we could hear distinctly the voices of men all around us, as it seemed, and to right and to left and in front we caught at intervals glimpses of red flames through the trees. We could only proceed at a snall's pace lest the continual rustle of our footsteps should betray us, So each advanced a few paces in turn; then we all paused, and then the next one went forward. We could no longer crawl; the undergrowth was too thick for that; we We must have crawled for an hour before the undergrowth was too thick for that; we had to go forward bent double. We had progressed like this for fully half

an hour when Francis, who was in front as usual, beckened us to lie down. Then a voice somewhere above us said in "And I'll have a man at the plank here,

sergeant: he can watch the ravine." Another voice answered: "Very good, Herr Leutnant, but in that

case the patrols to right and left need not cross the plank each time; they can turn when they come to the ravine guard."

The voices died away in a murmur. I craned my neck aloft. It was so dark, I could see nothing save the fretwork against the night sky. I wh branches against the night sky. I whis-pered to Francis, who was just in front of

"Unless we make a dash for it now that man will hear us rustling along!" Francis held up a finger. I heard a heavy footstep along the bank above us.
"Too late!" my brother whispered back.

"Do you hear the patrols?"

Footsteps crashing through the undergrowth resounded on the right and left. "Cold work!" said a voice. "Bitter!" came the answer, just above our

heads. "Seen anything?" "Nothing!"
I felt a hot breath in my ear. Sapper Maggs stood by my side.

Another Tarzan Story

Many readers of the Evening Public Ledger already know the charm and fascination of this wonderful series. Four of the stories have already appeared in these columns.

Tarzan and the Jewels of Opar The new tale is as thrilling as its predecessors. It will begin next Saturday in the

Evening Bublic Tedger

There be a feller a-watching for us up ere?" he whispered. I nodded.

"If you could drar his 'tention away, yew could slip by, next time the patrols is past, couldn't 'ee?" Again I nodded. 'It'd be worse for yew than for me sup-

posin' yew'd he ca-art, that's what t'other officer said, warn't it?" And once more I nodded.

And once more I nodded.

The hot whisper came again.
"I'll drar 'un off for 'ee, zur, nex' time
the patrols pass. When I holler, yew and the
others, yew run. Thirty-one forty-three Sapper Maggs, R. E., from Chewton Mendip

• • • that's me

• maybe yew'll let us have

a bit o' writing to the camp."

I stretched out my hand in the darkness to stop him. He had gone. I leant forward and whispered to Francis: When you hear a shout, make a dash for

"Right!" he whispered back. Again the patrols met at the plank above our heads, and again their departing foot-steps rustled in the leaves. Then a wild yell rent the forest. The voice Then a wild yell rent the forest. The voice above us shouted, "Halt!" but the echo was lost in the deafening report of a rifle.

Francis caught Monica by the wrist and dragged her forward. We went plunging and dragged the results of the wayles. crashing through the angle of the ravine. mands were shouted, the red glare deepened in the sky. . . .

Monica collapsed quite suddenly at feet. She never uttered a sound, but fell prone, her face as white as paper. Without a word we picked her up between us and went on, stumbling, gasping, coughing, our clothes rent and torn, the blood oozing from the deep scratches on our faces and hands. At length our strength gave out. We laid Monica down in the ravine and drew undergrowth over her; then we crawled in under the brambles exhausted, beat. Dawn was streaking the sky with lemon

when a dog jumped sniffing down into our hiding place. Francis and Monica were A man stood at the top of the ravine look-ing down on us. He carried a gun over his houlder.
"Have you had an accident?" he said

He spoke in Dutch.

CHAPTER XXI

Red Tabs Explains ROM the Argyllshire hills winter has stolen down upon us in the night.
What a disproportionate view one takes of events in which one is the principal actor! The great issues vanish away, the little things loom out large. When I look back on that morning I encounter in my memory no recollection of extravagant demonstrations of joy at our delivery, no hysteria, no heroics. But I find a fragrant remembrance of a glorious hot bath and an epic breakfast in the house of that kindly Dutchman, followed by a whirlwind burst of hospitality on our arrival at the house of Van Urutius, which was not more than ten miles from the frings of the ore than ten miles from the fringe of the Madame van Urutius took charge of

Monica, who was promptly sent to bed, while Francis and I went straight on to Rotterdam, where we had an interview at the British Consulate, with the result that we were able to catch the steamer for Engand the next day.

As the result of various telegrams which

ACADEMY OF MUSIC BURTON HOLMES

MOTION PICTURES COLORED VIEWS TONIGHT With the "Yanks" in

EVG., 8:15

FRANCE FRI. Evg. | With the "Yanks" at

SAT. Mat. THE FRONT 50c, 75c, 11 at Heppe's; 25c at Academy. METROPOLITAN OPERA HOUSE

Metropolitan Opera Tues. Evg., Dec. 17 at Company, N. Y. Company, N. Y.

Company, N. Y.

Company, N. Y.

First Time Here Three New One-Act

Il Tabarro (The Cloak) Mnes. Muzio, Gen
tele. Min. Crimi, Montesanto,
Didur, Paltrinieri, Reiss.

Suor Angelica (Sister Angelica) Mmes.

Farrar, Sundellus, Boale,
(Flinis, Parini,
Gianni Schicchi Mines, Easton, Howard,
Sundellus, Min. Deluca,
Crimi, Didur, Segurois,
Seats 1108 Chestnut St. Walnut 412; Race 67.

Francis dispatched from Rotterdam, a car was waiting for us on our arrival at Fen-church Street the next evening. In it we drove off for an interview with my brother's chief. Francis insisted that I should hand

over personally the portion of the document over personally the portion of the document in our possession.

"You got hold of it, Des," he said, "and it's only fair that you should get all the credit. I have Clubfoot's dispatch-box to show as the result of my trip. It's only a pity we could not have got the other half out of the cloak-room at Rotterdam."

We were shown straight in to the chief. I was rather taken aback by the easy calm of his manner in receiving us.
"How are you, Okewood?" he said, nodding to Francis. "This your brother? How d'ye

He gave me his hand and was silent. There was a distinct pause. Feeling distinctly em-barrassed. I lugged out my portfolio, ex-tracted the three slips of paper and laid them on the deak before the chief.

"I've brought you something," I said lame-He picked up the slips of paper and looked at them for a moment. Then he lifted a cardboard folder from the desk in front of him, opened it and displayed the other half of the Kalser's letter, the fragment I had believed to be reposing in a bag at Rotter-dam railway station. He placed the two fragments side by side. They fitted exactly. Then he closed the folder, carried it across the room to a safe and locked it up. Coming back, he held out his two hands to us, giving the right to me, the left to Francis

"You have done very well," he said, "Good boys! Good boys!"
"But that other half • • •" I began "Your friend Ashcroft is by no means such a fool as he looks," the chief chuckled. "He did a wise thing. He brought your two let-

ters to me. I saw to the rest. So, when your brother's telegram arrived from Rotterdam, I got the other half of the letter out of the safe; I thought I'd be ready for you, you see."
"But how did you know we had the re-

maining portion of the letter?" I asked. The chief chuckled again. "My young men don't wire for cars to

meet 'em at the station when they have failed," he replied, "Now, tell me all about So I told him my whole story from the

beginning.
When I had finished, he said: "You appear to have a very fine natural disposition for our game, Okewood It seems a pity to waste it in regimental work. . . .

broke in hastily.
"I've got a few weeks' sick leave left," I said, "and after that I was looking forward to going back to the front for a rest. This sort of thing is too exciting for me!" "Well, well," answered the chief, "we'll see about that afterward. In the meantime, we shall not forget what you have done • • • and I shall see that it is not

forgotten elsewhere." On that we left him. It was only outside that I remembered that he had told me nothing of what I was burning to know about the origin and disappearance of the Kaiser's letter.

(TO BE CONTINUED TOMORROW)

OLD SECOND TO CELEBRATE Veterans to Dance as Younger Men Serve in France

While active members of the old Second Regiment are on guard tonight in far away France veterans of that famous organization will gather at the armory, Broad street above Diamond and participate in a color-

ful reception and military dance.

Tonight marks the seventy-eighth anniversary of the regiment and Colonei A. H. Hartung, in charge of the celebration, has arranged an attractive program.

As a part of the Iron Division the regiment helped make history in the great war that ended last month, and the "old fellows." as

they are styled, or the veterans who kept the organization alive, are going to whoop things up tonight. A chemical warfare detachment will give an exhibition drill to demonstrate the han-dling of gas masks and members of the S. A. T. C., Temple University, will give an ex-hibition drill.

POLISH HEROES HERE TODAY

War Veterans Will Be Guests at Banque Tonight

A party of Polish war veterans will arrive at West Philadelphia Station at 5 o'clock this afternoon for a two days' stay in Phil-adelphia. They will be taken at once to the Bellevue-Stratford Hotel where they will be guests of the Liberty Loan Committee at a banquet tonight. Tomorrow night they will be given a reception at the Metropolitan Opera House. Polish citizens and many other prominent persons will attend

On their arrival this afternoon the Polish veterans, who have come almost direct from the front in France, will be met by members of the Polish citizens' committee. those who will be at the station are Joseph F. Slomkowski, president of the committee; John P. Kliniewski, B. F. Rudzinski and

Leon Alexander. Philadelphia has nearly 2000 men in the Polish army and one of the purposes of the visit of these veterans to the city is to tell of the work of this army. Recruits



"THE HELL CAT" PALACE 1214 Market Street
ALL THIS WEEK
First Presentation

"THE ONE WOMAN" By THOMAS DIXON
Anihor of "THE BIRTH OF A NATION"

A R C A D I and Eugene O'Brien In "UNDER THE GREENWOOD TREE"

VICTORIA MARKET Above DTH "SPORTING LIFE" FROM DRURY LANE MELODRAMA ming-Louis Bennison in "Oh. Johnny REGENT MARKET ST. Below 17TH
HALE HAMILTON
in "\$5000 AN HOUR"

MARKET STREET
AT JUNIPER
11 A. M. to 11 P. M.
CONTINUOUS
VALUEVILLE VAUDEVILLE "WINNING WINNIE" "CHILDHOOD DAYS"-OTHERS

CROSS KEYS MARKET ST. Below 60TH
Dally—Twice Nightly
CLARK & VERDI AND
OTHERS BROADWAY BROAD & SNYDER AVE.

NED NORWORTH & CO. Constance Talmadge "MRS. LEFFING-WELL'S BOOTS" WALNUT STH AND WALNUT Mat. Today, 2:15: Tonight. 8:18.

The Photoplay Sensation of the JULIA ARTHUR in EDITH CAVELL THE WOMAN THE GERMANS SHOT A Tracedy That Rocked the Civilized World Mats. 25c. 50c (except Sat.). Evgs.. 25c to 11 GAYETY PAT WHITE'S GALETY GIRLS LIVING ART MODELS

CITY MAY GET BIG GUN PHILADELPHIANS TOOK

Colonel Knowles, of Our Own 315th, Seeks to Bring Huge Trophy Here

A huge gun, captured in the last hours of the fighting by the 315th Infantry, "Phila-delphia's own," in the Seventy-ninth Division, to Philadelphia and set up

may be brought to Philadelphia and set up as a souvenir of the great war. Steps toward this end are being taken by Colonel A. C. Knowies, commander of the regiment, who has written to Hollingshead N. Taylor, president of N. & G. Taylor Com-N, Taylor, president of N. & G. Taylor Com-pany, of his plan,
"At the, last minute," Colonel Knowles wrote, "the regiment captured a huge gun-we have it now. I am taking steps to pre-sent it to the city of Philadelphia, I do not

know how I am going to get it there, but to find a way." Colonel Knowles, who is a regular army man and who made his home in Washington, is lavish in his praise of the work of the Philadelphians in his regiment.

Philadelphians in his regiment.

"I have much to tell you of, Philadelphia," he said, "but not now, as time does not permit. You shall have the history some day and you will learn how your men fought and died, how they faced hardship, suffering. hunger an thirst, and how they pressed on where it seemed humanly impossible to do so. "I want Philadelphia to know that I asked much in my officers and men and they not only gave me all I asked but more, not only gave me all I asked but more. They have been wonderful and my praise knows no bounds. We have won. How proud you should be of your home regiment! hope it will be my pleasure to witness the reception given them when the time con for their return."

Foreign Division Workers to Dine

The success attending the fourth Liberty oan, particularly among residents of foreign Loan, particularly among residents of foreign birth will be commemorated at a "victory dinner" tonight in the Bellevue-Stratford. The function is to be in honor of the foreign-ianguage division officers of the Liberty Loan organizations in this district. The officers are Judge Joseph Buffington, of the United States Circuit Court of Appeals; Edward T. Stotesbury, John J. Henderson and Casimer Sienklewicz. Sienklewicz

The Fathers' Association of the Frankford High School will hold its monthly meeting tonight. The association will elect officers. Harvey M. Watts will speak on "The Schools and the War." Entertainment will be furnished by the high school students.

Fathers' Association to Elect

PHILADELPHIA'S LEADING THEATRES
Direction LEE & J. J. SHUBERT ADELPHI Evenings at 8:15.
Mats. Thurs. & Sat., 2:15.



LYRIC EVENINGS AT 8:15

Absolutely and positively identical Chestnut St.

OPERA HOUSE NIGHTS, 50c, 75c, \$1, \$1,50, Extra Sat, & Holidays Pop. Mat. TODAY

Best Seats \$1.00 17 The Sensation of N. Y. and London. SAM S. SHUBERT

MAT. TODAY & Sat., Best Seats \$1.50

with JOHN CHARLES THOMAS Dorothle Bigelow and John T. Murray PHILADELPHIA'S FOREMOST THEATRES GARRICK-Pop. \$1 Mat. TODAY LAST 4 EVGS. LAST MAT. SATURDAY. Klaw & Erlanger and Geo. T. Tyler Present BOOTH TARKINGTON'S

PENROD "ONE OF THE CHOICEST OFFERINGS OF NEXT WEEK-SEATS NOW A ROUSING SOLDIER SHOW "Who Stole the Hat?"

A New Comedy With Music Written and Stared
by JACK MASON
PRESENTED BY THE BOYS FROM THE
AHERDEEN PROVING GROUND
AHERDEEN PROVING GROUND
AND OF 100 INCLUDING CAPT. FRANK TINNEY and 52 "Soldier Chorus Girls." No War Tax BROAD-Pop. Mat. Today Best \$1.50 This & Next Week Only. Eves. 8:30,
"A LAUGHING SUCCESS."—Press.
CHARLES DILLINGHAM Presents

WILLIAM LE BARON'S NEW COMEDY Back

Earth

WALLACE EDPINGER RUTH SHEPLEY MINNA GOMBEL

POP. MAT. TODAY, 50c to \$1.50, one Compares With Mitzl."-PRESS B. F. KEITH'S THEATRE LUCILLE CAVANAGH

FORREST "THE SURE FIRE MUSICAL HIP

Wadsworth, Mel Craig, Will a 1918 Edition of Dance C FLORENCE ROBERTS & CO. SIDNEY GRANT
A Great New Feature Bill. With New
American Red Cross Pictures

LITTLE THEATRE De Lancey Above 17th ...
Three Oriental Plays By Plays and Players

Nights at 8:15. Mat. Sat. Only, 2:15.
ACADEMY-MONDAY EVG., DEC. 14, 8:15. Violin Recital H E I F E T Z JASCHA
Tickets \$1.50, \$2. Box Seats, \$5, as
Heppe's, 1119 Chestnut St. Checks to Geo. 7.
Haly. Tickets dated Oct. 50, good.

RACHMANINOFF Concert of Music for Piano
Tickets, 75c to \$2.00. Box seats, \$2.50, now \$4
Heppe's, Mall orders with checks to 6. T. Half
ordersty filled. Direction C. A. Ellis.



Trocadero 10th & Arch The Auto Girls | Walnut at St. St.

LADIES' MAT. TODAY ROSE SYDELL'S