THRILLING PROWESS IN FAIRBANKS FILM

"Headin' South," Stanley's New Bill, Is Replete With Athletic Feats

HAYAKAWA IN NOVELTY

STANLEY—"Headin' South," with Douglas Fairbanks. Story by Alan Dinehart and directed by Art Rowson. Artcraft production.

This time Douglas Fairbanks is an acrobatic thief-catcher. He is on the move at all times and some of his athletic feats are really remarkable for their daring. Although this is a comedy, there is plenty of melodramatic wild western material in the film.

Katherine MacDonald is introduced as the new leading lady for Mr. Fairbanks and as such she well deserves the honor. Heretofore she has appeared with Charles Ray and other Paramount and Artcraft players. Now she is entitled to remain a star. She possesses many of the qualifications of a movie luminary and has youth and good looks. Another player who has made rapid strides in the celluloid is Frank Campeau with his types of bad men. He ably expresses the popular conception of a Mexican bandit. James Mason has a part that is novel and interesting. Others give good characterizations.

From the moment the story opens with the killing of three men by "Spanish" Joe, played by Frank Campeau, until the very end, with his capture, there is plenty of action of the rough-and-ready sort. If it were not known that Fairbanks is a comedian this whole affair might be taken seriously, but as it is there is a lot of good fun for the "film-wise."

The night photography of the attack upon a Conestoga caravan is a beautiful bit of photography. Good horsemanship is another compelling feature.

PALACE—"The Other Woman," with Peggy Hyland. Directed by Albert Parker. Scenario by Philip Bartelomae from the story by Frederick Arnold Kummer. Released by Pathe.

This is another example of the trilogy comprising the husband, the wife and, of course, "the other woman." A pretty art student comes from the country to take up her studies. She meets the "man" and in time his wife, who informs the girl that the husband is enamored of another woman. Of course, the "woman" is none other than the girl to whom the wife is telling her story, who then decides to reconcile husband and wife.

Milton Sills, who will be remembered for his excellent character work in "The Honor System" and other vehicles, has the role of the husband and he does some capital acting. Ann Lehr has a congenial role as the wife. William Parke, Jr., has an auxiliary part. Of course, the chief interest lies in the acting of Peggy Hyland, who invests the part of the art student with telling conviction.

The production has received careful mounting and the direction of Albert Parker shows a keen insight into the demands of the script.

ALHAMBRA—"Hidden Pearls," with Sessue Hayakawa. Scenario by Beulah Marie Dix and directed by George H. Melford. Paramount production.

With the excellent artistic possibilities that are to be found in the Hawaiian Islands, it is to be regretted that this production does not prove a better pictorial background for this story. The element of suspense that has heretofore been present in other Hayakawa scenarios is lacking. The chief merit is the interpretation.

Sessue Hayakawa is a good actor and his work equals that of the best screen pantomimists. He is strikingly expressive with his eyes and hands. Margaret Loomis comes forward as a leading woman of ability and her charming characterization of a Hawaiian girl is done with sincerity. It has been a long time since James Cruze has been seen upon the screen and his presence is very welcome in the role of Tahona, a native. Theodore Roberts again gives an able portrayal of a vigorous man. Florence Vidor has the role of an American girl and Gustav von Seyfertitz that of her father. Others who play prominent parts are John Burton, Jack Holt and Henry F. Woodward.

The story hinges upon the hiding of some pearls and the efforts to ward off rapacious traders. The ban of taboo plays a prominent part in the action. The love of a girl is responsible for the safety of the gems and the due triumph of virtue.

VICTORIA—"The Light Within," with Olga Petrova. Story by Mrs. L. Case Russell and directed by Larry Trimble. Petrova production.

The human appeal in this latest film story produced by the Olga Petrova partly compensates the loss of action. Possibly some of the fault is the censor's. Nevertheless, the picture offers good entertainment and the work of the star is especially good. She gives the screen the study of a woman physician with a leaning toward bacteriological work. Her character is not unlike that presented in the short-lived French play, "The Torches."

Mme. Petrova's role is replete with emotionalism and the star rises to artistic in her portrayal of a mother whose life is divided between the love for her son and her work. Lumsden Hare enacts the husband, who leaves her in order that he might seek pleasure. Thomas Holding is the physician and erstwhile lover. The discovery of a serum is an important incident in this story, whose details are not here disclosed because of the novel ending.

Assisting players include Clarence Heritage, Freddie Verdi, Evelyn Dumo and Fred C. Jones. The settings have been arranged with artistic skill.

REGENT—"Broadway Bill," with Harold Lockwood. Written and directed by Fred J. Balshofer. Metro production.

This production has been placed upon the list issued by the censors as being a worthy picture, and it is deserving of attention. The charm of outdoor life is constantly emphasized. The jump from a Broadway life to that of a lumber foreman is made by Lockwood, as the hero. The star has selected Martha Mansfield for his leading player, and while her part does not require much acting, she knows how to invest it with beauty and personality. F. Stanton Steck, who will be remembered as the one who played the big Turk in "Katinka," is cast as a foreman of a lumber camp owned by the heroine's father. Steck gives the role a touch of realism and looks the part of the burly villain.

At times the lack of action is a fault, but the beauty of the outdoor photography and the good acting of Lockwood are compensations. Cornish Beck, Raymond C. Hadley, Bert Starkey and W. W. Black have supporting parts.

"Les Miserables," with William Farnum as Jean Valjean, is the current photo-play feature at the Strand Theatre. The Locust's chief film offering is "The Narrow Trail," with William S. Hart.

Professor Barnes to Lecture

Prof. Earl Barnes will continue his course on "The History of Civilization," under the auspices of the University Extension Society, this evening at Association Hall, Germantown. The subject [illegible] "Classical Antiquity: Thinkers

NAVY'S FINGER-PRINT EXPERT

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Miss Marie Dahm is the second of her sex to enter the service of the United States Government as a finger-print expert. She is the first woman in New York State to enter the naval reserve. Miss Dahm, who is only twenty-two years old, studied for two years prior to taking the civil service examination, with the idea of obtaining a position in the New York Police Department. Her work for the navy is of a particularly intricate nature.

BEHIND THE SCENES

With Rulers and Leaders of Wartime Europe

By THE PRINCESS RADZIWILL

A Parisian Hostess—Mrs. Moore

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SOME particulars concerning the will of Mrs. Katherine Robinson Moore, who died last year in Paris, were given the other day in some New York newspapers, and in reading this account, I remembered the amiable kind lady who for so many years had presided over one of the most hospitable houses in Paris, and who had endeared herself to so many people. Few foreigners have so completely assimilated the different peculiarities of Parisian society as had Mrs. Moore. She had taken the great city almost by storm and installed herself in the heart of the most select portion of its inhabitants in such a firm manner that nothing she could have done during the last years of her life would have been able to drive her away from its affections.

PRINCESS RADZIWILL.

Without being young or handsome she had great charm of manner, singular tact, and above everything else, she was the best-natured woman in the world, hated gossip and could never bring herself to make a nasty remark about anybody, or even to allow any one to make it in her presence. Everybody liked her and everybody respected her, which was even more important. She always made friends for herself wherever she went, and she was one of the best friends a human creature could have, going out of her way to help people and always listening with kindness and attention to all the little stories which were constantly poured into her ear by her "habitues," to use the French word.

She liked to be considered a good fairy, ready to shower gifts on the world, and her hospitality was exercised in a royal manner, without stinting or hesitation. She used to give some of the best dinners in Paris, and the receptions which before the war used to take place regularly in her lovely flat, during Lent and toward the close of the Parisian season were considered "red letter" events and attended by all the wealth, beauty and fashion of the French capital.

Mrs. Moore knew everybody. She had entertained every illustrious personage in Europe, beginning with King Edward when he had been Prince of Wales, and several Russian grand dukes and ending with every artist or author of note who happened either to live in Paris or to come there. She was not, perhaps, a highly educated woman, but she knew how to listen to people cleverer than herself, and she had the knack of keeping conversation rolling along like a ball, and of being always entertaining, putting in from time to time a remark, which, while perhaps not very original, yet had the effect of inducing other people to display originality in their words, if not in their manners.

Her will was another proof of the great kindness of her heart. She remembered all the friends whom she had liked to gather around her, and she took special care to leave them things which they could appreciate and which she knew they would value. In her selection of these gifts she remembered small incidents which others would have forgotten.

UNUSUAL GENEROSITY

Take, for instance, the collar of diamonds and emeralds which she bequeathed to Mrs. George Keppel. It had been admired by King Edward every time he had seen Mrs. Moore wear it, and the latter evidently thought that by giving to her friend this jewel the latter would be in her turn reminded of another friend, now, alas, no longer among the living. The pearl necklace, which was left to Mrs. James Hazen Hyde, formerly the Countess de Gontaut, was evidently intended as an acknowledgment for the attention which the latter lady had constantly awarded Mrs. Moore through many years, during which they had been much together. And, finally, the large legacies to the Hospital des Quinze Vingt in Paris, and to her own servants proved the generous instincts of a woman, who during her whole existence had only used her great wealth as a means of making others happy.

Mrs. Moore was a great American patriot, and this is a peculiarity in her character that so far I know has never been mentioned in the numerous articles which appeared after her death in the Parisian newspapers. She loved Paris and France, but she had remained faithful to the land of her birth, as well as to its flag. At the beginning of the war she was advised by her friends to display the tricolor at her window, so as to show her patriotism. She proudly replied that everybody knew her feelings of sympathy, respect and admiration for this beautiful France where she had been so happy and which had welcomed her with such cordiality, but that if she had to show any flag it would certainly be that of her own country, the splendid Stars and Stripes which she loved so well.

There was neither meanness nor affectation in the character of Mrs. Moore. She was simple and natural and honest, as only an American can be, and this was one of the reasons why she was so universally beloved in that Paris where she had found a home.

WAR CHARITIES

With her disappeared a curious and original figure, who will be missed for a long time to come, and who most probably would have been missed far more than was the case if she had died at a different time and at a moment when people would not have been absorbed by so many serious and appalling preoccupations than has been the case since the war. This war, no one deplored it more than Mrs. Moore, whose life it shattered in a certain sense, because it entirely altered its course. But she nobly performed her part in it and took up her personal burden with that generosity which had never failed her.

She gave enormous sums for the relief of the many miseries which were the consequence of this world-wide calamity, but she did it in the most discreet of manners, and she would never consent to have her name published or quoted in the newspapers.

FOOD-SAVING MEETING FOR HOUSE SERVANTS

Early Dismissal of Cook Tonight Will Be Patriotic Act, Employers Are Told

This is not Thursday, but let Maggie have a night out anyway. She may want to go to the food conservation meeting which house servants, cooks, stewards, chefs and butlers are to attend tonight in Crozer Hall, 1420 Chestnut street. If you want to make sure that Maggie goes to the meeting go there yourself and you will probably learn something about the saving of food which will be useful to all patriots.

An early meal will enable your servants to clean up the kitchen and make an early "get-away." So, they beg you, have your dinner between 5:30 and 6:30 instead of later. "You will prove your patriotism by this action," reads the request which the committee in charge sent out yesterday to employers of house servants. "Failure to do so is an indirect help to the Kaiser. Encourage your household employes in their efforts to help conserve the food."

Jay Cooke, food administrator for Philadelphia, will speak at the meeting, together with Colonel Steele, head of the British recruiting mission here, who will tell of food conservation in England, and Commander R. F. Payne, of the Naval Home. William Howard, butler to E. T. Stotesbury, will preside.

DEANS TO ACT ON REQUEST

Students in Medical Reserve Must Not Annoy General Gorgas

Surgeon General Gorgas, of the United States army, has been pestered beyond endurance by the hundreds of requests of American medical and dental student who are enlisted in the officers' reserve corps. This practice has been stopped by General Gorgas, according to notices read to medical and dental students at the University of Pennsylvania today.

Hereafter all requests for information or technical advice must come through the offices of the deans of the respective schools, reads the order signed by Captain F. C. Waite, of the sanitary corps, N. A. It may be permissible, however, for a student to make the request direct, providing the indorsement of the dean of his school and his additional comment be secured. The former method is preferred.

"LONG LIVE THE KING"

By MARY ROBERTS RINEHART

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CHAPTER XXXVII—Continued

BUT the balcony outside the dead King's apartment remained empty. The curtains at the long windows were drawn, save at one, opened for air. The breeze shook its curtains to and fro but no small, childish figure emerged. The cries kept up, but there was a snarl in the note now.

"The King! Long live the King! Where is he?"

A man in a red costume, near old Adelbert, leaped on a box and lighted a flaming torch. "Aye!" he yelled, "call for the little King. Where is he? What have they done with him?"

Old Adelbert pushed on. The voice of the revolutionist died behind him, in a chorus of fury. From nowhere, apparently, came lighted box-banners, proclaiming the Chancellor's treason and demanding a republic. Some of them instructed the people to gather around the Parliament, where it was stated, leading citizens were already forming a republic. Some, more violent, suggested an advance on the palace.

The crowd at first ignored them, but as time went on, it grew ugly. By all precedent, the new King should be now before them. What, then, if this rumor was true? Where was the little King?

Revolution, now, in the making. A flame ready to blaze. Hastily, on the outskirts of the throng, a delegation formed to visit the palace and learn the truth. Orderly citizens these, braving the terror of that forbidding and guarded pile in the interests of the land they loved.

Drums were now beating steadily, filling the air with their throbbing, almost drowning out the solemn tolling of the bell. Around them were rallying angry groups. As the groups grew large, each drum led its followers toward the Government House, where, on the steps, the revolutionary party harangued the crowd. Bonfires sprang up, built of no one knew what, in the public squares. Red fire burned. The drums throbbed.

The day had not yet risen. It was large and slow to move. Slow, too, to believe in treason, or that it had no king. But it was a matter of moments now, not hours.

The noise penetrated into the very wards of the hospital. Red fires bathed pale faces on their pillows in a feverish glow. Nurses gathered at the windows, their uniforms and faces alike scarlet in the glare, and whispered together.

One such group gathered near the bedside of the student Haeckel, still in his lethargy. His body had gained strength, so that he was clothed at times, to wander aimlessly about the ward. But he had remained dazed. Now and then the curtain of the past lifted, but for a moment only. He had forgotten his name. He spent long hours struggling to pierce the mist.

Mostly, he lay, or sat, as now, beside his bed, a bandage still on his head, clad in shirt and trousers, bare feet thrust into worn hospital slippers. The red glare had not roused him, nor yet the beat of the drums. But a word or two that one of the nurses spoke caught his ear and held him. He looked up, and slowly rose to his feet. Unsteadily he made his way to a window, holding to the sill to steady himself.

Old Adelbert had been working his way impatiently. The temper of the mob was growing ugly. It was suspicious, frightened, potentially dangerous. The cry of "To the palace!" greeted his ears as he finally emerged breathless from the throng.

He stepped boldly to the old stone archway, and faced a line of soldiers there. "I would see the Chancellor!" he gasped, and saluted.

The captain of the guard stepped out. "What is it you want?" he demanded.

"The Chancellor," he lowered his voice. "I have news of the Crown Prince."

Magic words, indeed. Doors opened swiftly before them. But time was flying, too. In his confusion the old man had only one thought, to reach the Chancellor. It would have been better to have told his news at once. The climbing of stairs takes time when one is old and fatigued, and his had one leg.

However, at last it was done. Past a room where sat Nikky Larisch, swordless and self-convicted of treason, past a great salon where a terrified court waited, listening to the cries outside, the beating of many drums, the sound of multitudinous feet, old Adelbert stumped to the door of the room where the Council sat debating and the Chancellor paced the floor.

Small ceremony now. Led by soldiers, who retired and left him to enter alone, old Adelbert stumbled into the room. He was out of breath and dizzy; his heart beat to suffocation. There was not air enough in all the world to breathe. He clutched at the velvet hangings of the door and swayed, but he saw the Chancellor.

"The Crown Prince," he said thickly, "is at the home of the Americans." He stared about him. Strange that the room should suddenly be filled with a mist. "But there be those—who wait—there—to capture him."

He caught desperately at the curtains, with their royal arms embroidered in blue and gold. Shameful, in such company, to stagger so!

(CONTINUED TOMORROW)

Navy Needs Stenographers

Well-qualified bookkeepers and stenographers between the ages of eighteen and twenty-five are invited to register at the naval recruiting station, 1515 Arch street, which has now resumed its recruiting of yeomen. Those within the draft ages may enlist with the permission of their local board.

IN THE MOMENT'S MODES

Set of Bodice Scarf, Chapeau and Handbag

Here is a set consisting of bodice scarf, handbag and chapeau. The material is old-rose silk and cotton crepe, faced with the same material in old blue. The wool embroidery is in lavender, cerise blue, yellow and black. The hat brim is faced with peacock-blue pussy willow straw.

THE WORLD'S WAR

Through Woman's Eyes

By ELLEN ADAIR

Air Raids on London

LONDON, Feb. 6.

ONCE more we are in the midst of lively air raids in London!

"London is getting used to it!" was the philosophic comment last night, when the whir-whir of airplane propellers was heard above us, when the big guns roared their deafening music and the sharp scream of the shells disturbed our evening meal!

"Fritz back again—and lively, too!"

"He's getting a hot reception!"

"Whew-w! Hear that bomb just now! Some crash!"

For a time the whole city seemed to shake under the detonations! And yet I have never seen Londoners so philosophic during a raid. In the big fashionable restaurant where I happened to be dining with a relative on leave from the front, there was constant gayety and laughter, and the crowds continued to enjoy their 'rationed' meal—a dinner on the sparest Rhondda scale—to the mingled sounds of ragtime and terrific aerial battle overhead!

Can the folks of New York or Philadelphia or any American city realize that combination of melody? Though we may laugh, yet when an explosion occurs with remarkable nearness, one's nerves dance an unpleasing ragtime of their own!

There were seventy airmen over London, engaged in battle. Fritz certainly was trying to do his little worst. The casualties were forty-seven killed (mostly women and children) and 169 injured.

As the "maitre d'hotel" remarked, looking around the crowded, cheery restaurant:

"What would the Germans say to this?"

A terrific explosion nearby seemed to answer his question. The Germans had just a little too much to say, it seemed to me! Yet the loud drumming of the British barrage all round London reassured me—we knew it was good for us, and nerve-shattering for the Huns up above.

"You get this sort of row every blessed night at the front!" said my young relative, with sang-froid. "Dear me, we're all as safe as if we were in China! Fritz won't send any of his 'west' this time, believe me!"

An hour later we drove per taxi—taxis are very difficult to get these days—through the deserted London streets. The Cockney driver, when invited to drive us, said in amazement:

"Why, they've been dropping bombs all along this line—you're mad!"

Then he added cheerily:

"Well, if you'll chance it, I will. But what about the cab, guv'nor, if they bust it?"

They didn't. I have never been driven at such a whirl through the London streets, all moonlit and ghostly and empty. The bombs and shrapnel splinters spared the cab, and we arrived at the tube station in record time. Hastily that taxi driver rushed his cab into a protecting archway. He had certainly earned his double fare!

One of the most touching stories of the raid centers around the death of a dear old London rector, seventy years of age, who was killed.

It was his invariable custom, when air-raid warnings were given, to start on a round of visits to the various places in his parish where the people shelter, and by his cheery presence and reassuring words to brighten the timid and the nervous.

"I was sheltering with my four children in the police station," a weeping woman told me, "and parson, 'e come along with 'is cherry smile and his kind looks, an'—'Mrs. Jones,' sez 'e, 'don't ye be afeard. 'Tis only a little game Fritz is a-playin'—'tis nothin' to what the boys in the trenches undergoes every day of their lives—and larfs over'. E cheered me up proper, did parson. The liddles were larfin' hearty, too, over his fun.

"Then 'e goes off to another shelter. The German bomb got him good and proper there——" Here followed a string of vituperation against German brutality which I cannot repeat, followed by a gust of very genuine tears. "And parson's killed—and there will be no one to cheer us any more!"

As I walked quietly home the appalling and useless brutality of German war methods struck me afresh. For of material damage there has been little achieved in London—none of any military value—only the slaughter of the women and the innocent, and the sowing of terrible sorrow in many a simple heart.

ARTISTS HERE TO BOOST WAR EMERGENCY FUND

Dinner at Sketch Club and Lectures at Academy of the Fine Arts Features on Today's Program

There will be an influx of prominent artists into this city today to attend a dinner at the Sketch Club and afterward the lectures at the Academy of the Fine Arts being given under the auspices of the American Artists' War Emergency Fund. Charles Dana Gibson, chairman of the committee on public information, division of pictorial publicity, and Joseph Pennell will lecture at the Academy.

The following well-known artists will be guests of the Sketch Club:

Howard Chandler Christie, Captain Harry Townsend, Charles Dana Gibson, Jack Sheridan, Frank Casey, H. Devitt Welsh, Joseph Clement Coll, Adolph Treidler, Joseph Pennell, Herbert Paus, E. H. Blashfield, Cass Gilbert and Frank Goodwin.

TALK ON WATER SUPPLY

John C. Trautwine, Jr., to Address Chestnut Street Business Men

"Business Aspects of the Water Supply" will be discussed by John C. Trautwine, Jr., at the annual meeting of the Chestnut Street Business Men's Association this evening at Kugler's. The task of water supply at the Times Building fire will be Mr. Trautwine's theme.

The annual election of officers and directors will be held.

TOP SERGEANT, NOW COMMISSIONED OFFICER, LIKES HIGHBROW ROOKIES

Does as He's Told, He Says, and Roughnecks Get Treatment That Highly Pleases Veteran of Twenty-one Years' Service

By HENRI BAZIN

Staff Correspondent Evening Public Ledger with the American Army in France

I WAS told a tale today of an old top sergeant with twenty-one years' service, who has recently been given a commission. He is Irish, having crossed the Atlantic when nine years of age, and lived in the United States ever since, save when on foreign service, of which he has seen his full share in tropical isles. I asked the officer who told me his story if I could not see the ex-sergeant, a request immediately acceded to. He was a grizzled sort of chap and looked as if his education had been received in the University of Hard Knocks.

In his company, I had been told, were a couple of papa's sons, who had enlisted as privates, although they were accustomed to a valet service at home.

"How about those two highbrow boys in your company, Lieutenant?" I asked.

"Sure, sir," he replied, "they're fine. You'd never know they were gintlemen. They do as they're told and never ask for nothin'. One of 'em the other day was bein' hidded by a roughneck that kin hardly write his own name, and the young gintlemen put him out of commission in a jiffy. Thim boys is fine and the longer they go without a bath in a gilded bathroom, with showers and the like, the finer they get."

The lieutenant, with a number of other newly commissioned officers, has been attending one of the many officers' schools in a nearby town to his battalion's headquarters.

"What did you think of it, Lieutenant?" I asked.

"Sure, sir, it was very interesting and most instructive. I learned a lot of things I already knew only I didn't know 'em the way they told me. And I heard a lot more I never knew anything about at all before. I had a lot of problems to work out, one of which I had had experience in during me time in the Islands when I beat a bunch of rookies into shape. One of these problems had to do with liaison work, and for the life of me I could not think how to spell the word. I didn't want to display me ignorance by askin' the man at the desk next to me, so I just forgot the word, and wrote in 'messenger' instead. And I saw an instructor draw a bomb on the blackboard, draw it most carefully, sir, he was the best part of three hours at the job; and would you believe, sir, when he was through he told us it was obsolete. I wanted to ask him why he did not draw one that was not obsolete."

As he went away, the major commanding his battalion, who had been looking on with an affectionate smile, said:

"That's a fine soldier. He is not strong on education, but he understands human nature, and he is a born handler of men. In the sort of warfare before us, where the units are small, he'll top any other man in the battalion, even if the other has a Harvard or West Point training. He's the 'sort that will go over the top and do something. But deep down in his heart, I am sure he is sorry to wear that Sam Brown belt and those gold bars on his shoulders; and that if he had it to do over again, he'd rather be top sergeant again."

I went down to marine town yesterday, not only to see old friends, but because a bunch of new marines are in and about it. Now only, because another regiment of them have been reunited, having been during more than six months doing police duty in towns and cities that are both ports of entry and in lines of communication. It was a truly happy family all brought together again, a full brigade under their own brigadier general.

A regimental major surgeon, whom I had not seen for a few months because he has been in actual service caring for wounded upon the British front, gave me welcome. He told me tales of surgery and amputations and stomach cases and abdominal cases, how he had witnessed one English surgeon perform 103 operations in one day about Cambrai, how he had himself done his bit and worked professionally succoring Tommies and Canadians. And then he said:

"There's a new French hospital train up at the station. It's just come in, all ready to do business if the boche start that drive not a million miles from here. Let's give it the once over."

The French medicine chief gave us hearty welcome. He took us entirely through his train, pointing out the arrangements for lying and sitting wounded, telling us the number he could accommodate, lining up his personnel and inviting us to taste the food they were preparing in their mess car. He and the major surgeon talked at each other, each one airing his dictionary French and English. Finally I offered a helping tongue and the medicine chief fell on me like a long-lost brother, pouring out surgical French in a streak of words.

"Ah, Monsieur le Docteur," he said to my marine surgeon, "why did you not tell me monsieur was your interpreter?"

Several hundred boche prisoners were working near by the sanitary train, putting in railroad sidings for a certain purpose. Each man was doing just as little as he could, and often stopping altogether to look around at the landscape.

"Why?" I asked one of the latter.

"Je ne sais, Monsieur," he replied. "The oilcloth coat is not in our equipment. It is only given les boches. They are very happy to be here instead of the trenches before Verdun, where they came from. None of them speaks French, save a word or two, and I don't know, nor do I Want to know, their dirty tongue. But they make very clear by sign that they are glad. They are very docile and give no trouble. But they are past masters in doing nothing while seemingly working. Ce sont, des sales boches quand meme."

SAWTAY KITCHEN MOVIES

Mashed Potatoes

YOU'VE probably stopped serving them because of the big lump of butter needed to make them smooth and creamy. To-day try them the new and better way with the best of the vegetable fats—

SAWTAY
100% PURE BUTTER OF NUTS
"Better than Clear Butter... Cheaper than Good Lard"
For BAKING-SHORTENING-FRYING

Sawtay Mashed Potatoes

Mash boiled potatoes until soft. Add 4 tablespoons hot milk and 1 tablespoon Sawtay. Salt to taste. Beat over low fire until creamy. They will be delicious.

Community Stores
We Serve You Save
Your Grocer or Market
Generous Size Tins

CLEARANCE SALE

To Close Out Regardless of Cost

37 DRESSES, $15.00

Values Upwards to $59.50

28 DRESSES, $25.00

Values Upwards to $75.00

BOTH LOTS INCLUDE STREET, AFTERNOON AND EVENING GOWNS IN GEORGETTE, SATINS, SERGES AND VELVETS

MAISON DE MODE
1225 WALNUT STREET
SMARTER STYLES—LESS EXPENSIVE

NO CHARGES NO C. O. D.'S NO APPROVALS

"Don't Criticize The Kaiser—

Gerard's New Book

"FACE TO FACE WITH KAISERISM"

if you ever intend to put yourself within reach of German authority. Those Americans who criticize the Kaiser will, after the war, be compelled to take their 'cures' in some other country than Germany," says former Ambassador Gerard. The penalties for lese majeste, of which 100,000,000 Americans are now guilty in the first degree, are described in the installment of Gerard's new book in the

PUBLIC LEDGER

TOMORROW MORNING