BOYS' CAMPAIGN TO BEGIN TODAY

Prominent Men Will Work for $30,000 Fund in Next Three Days.

MAIL BRINGS IN $500

Officials of Scout Movement to Meet Daily and Receipts Will Be Shown on "Thermometers."

Twenty-four teams, composed of prominent business and professional men of the District, will start this morning on a three days' campaign to raise $30,000 for the development of the Boy Scout movement. The teams will be directed by W. J. B. Housman, national field commissioner of the Boy Scouts.

There is a squad made up of doctors, another of dentists, one composed of merchants, another of bankers. Patent attorneys form one aggregation, while Georgetown citizens and members of clubs form others. It is probable employes in government departments will form individual teams.

Receive Funds Already.

The interest of the public in the movement was disclosed with the opening of mail received Saturday night by Scout officials. Contributions amounting to $500 were in the mail, which is considered a favorable indication by officials, since they were made before the campaign had commenced.

The fact that many of the contributions were for small amounts, ranging from $1 to $5—although the average was about $20—led officials to believe people in moderate or poor circumstances considered the Boy Scout organization worthy of support. The officials have a list of some 10,000 names of people who are in a position to give to the cause, but of the contributors in Saturday's mail, probably 95 per cent were not among the listed.

Will Distribute 20,000 Pledges.

The organization has 20,000 blank pledges to be distributed. The pledges call for an initial contribution to be made December 1 and thereafter for every six months until June 1, 1918.

"Thermometers" placed in various parts of the city will show the progress made by the teams during the three days' campaign. The teams will compete for four cups, to be awarded by Arthur C. Moses, president of the District Boy Scouts. The contributions for this morning will be announced at a luncheon at 1 o'clock in the New Willard Hotel, at which all of the teams will report.

The captains of the teams are: Colin H. Livingston, F. L. Middleton, H. C. Finkel, Leo C. Brooks, A. W. Davis, Vernon Bailey, R. H. Young, J. E. Bangs, Paul F. Grove, J. W. Faust, John H. Finney, F. C. Robinson, Richard Conner, C. H. Pope, George Harris, W. D. Campbell, Otto DeMoll, J. Leo Keib, Dr. C. R. Sheldon, E. J. Murphy, S. Percy Thompson, Dr. Lewis J. Battle, and Charles A. Jones.

PLEDGE CARD FOR BOY SCOUT MONEY CRUSADE

For the Boy Scout movement in Washington, I will give ?————, in four payments of $———— each—first payment to be made on December 1, 1915, and continue every six months until the last payment is made on June 1, 1917.

Name.....

Address.....

Date.....

Obtained by.....

Checks should be made payable to A. C. West, assistant treasurer, Boy Scouts of America, American National Bank, 1315 F street northwest, Washington, D. C.

RECTOR'S CUPID BUREAU FOR HEROES ABANDONED

Scheme to Marry Wounded Soldiers to Girls Seeking Husbands Vetoed by Bishop.

Special Cable to The Washington Herald.

London, Nov. 21.—Short-lived but full of promise, the novel scheme of the Rev. Ernest Houghton, rector of St. Stephen's Church, Bristol, has come to an end as far as his participation is concerned.

Mr. Houghton advertised in the "Times" the formation of a League for the Marrying of Broken Heroes to forlorn damsels in search of a husband. The bishop of Bristol has now put his veto on any such protagonism on the part of any clergyman in his diocese. Mr. Houghton has accordingly had to withdraw from the scheme and he announces this by a fresh notice in "The Times" in the following words:

"League for the Marrying of Broken Heroes." In courtesy to the wish of the Bishop of Bristol, Rev. H. F. T. Shellard, Dr. Meaburn Staniland and myself have resigned any official position on the proposed league. I beg to thank our numerous correspondents for the high level in all cases, and in many instances, the noble tone of their letters, for the great honor of their confidence, and generous offers of help. All letters will be returned in time.

"ERNEST HOUGHTON,
"St. Stephen's Rectory, Bristol."

FREE TO ASTHMA SUFFERERS

A New Home Cure that Anyone Can Use Without Discomfort or Loss of Time.

We have a New Method that cures Asthma, and we want you to try it at our expense. No matter whether your case is of long-standing or recent development, whether it is present as occasional or chronic Asthma, you should send for a free trial of our method. No matter in what climate of occupation, if you are troubled with asthma, our method should relieve you promptly.

We especially want to send it to those apparently hopeless cases, where all forms of inhalers, douches, opium preparations, fumes, "patent smokes," etc., have failed. We want to show everyone at our own expense that this new method is designed to end all difficult breathing, all wheezing, and all those terrible paroxysms at once and for all time.

This free offer is too important to neglect a single day. Write now and then begin the method at once. Send no money. Simply mail coupon below. Do It Today.

FREE ASTHMA COUPON.

FRONTIER ASTHMA CO.,
Room 715-M, Niagara and Hudson Streets, Buffalo, N. Y.
Send free trial of your method to:

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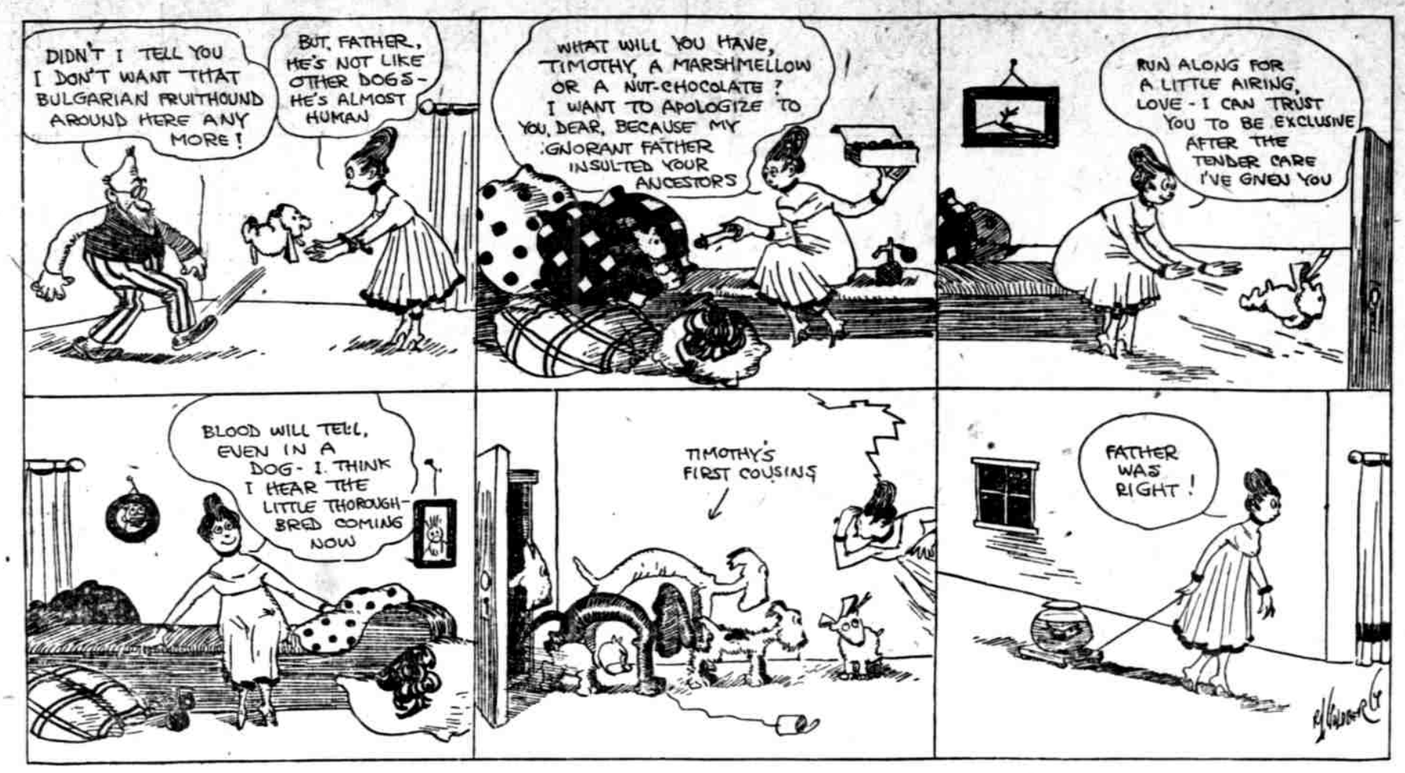
FATHER WAS RIGHT—By Goldberg

Copyright, 1915, by R. L. Goldberg.



HALF PAGE GOLDBERG COMICS IN SUNDAY'S HERALD

Zealandia Searched Near Shore, Says American Chief Engineer

No Protest Made at First When British Officers Came Alongside—Quit Ship Himself Because Captain and Mate Were Pro-German.

Special to The Washington Herald.

New York, Nov. 21.—The American steamer Zealander was searched by a British Cruiser seven-tenths of a mile from shore off Progreso, Mexico. This fact was stated today by Fred Jensen, the chief engineer of the Zealandia who arrived here on the Ward Liner Morro Castle.

Mr. Jensen, who is an American, said he left the Zealandia in Progresso because of differences with Capt. Devantier. He told the first complete story of the Zealandia's voyage from Pensacola to Progresso.

"The Zealandia was formerly a liner engaged in the service between San Francisco and New Zealand," he said. "I joined her at Pensacola, Fla. While off that port we took on board 2,000 barrels of rosin.

Captain Wanted German Engineer.

"When I reported my arrival to Capt. Devantier, he turned to me with an air of disgust and said, 'I thought they would send me a German chief engineer.' From this time on we had differences.

"The Zealandia left Pensacola and proceeded to Tampico without and incident. On arrival at the latter port we were unable to go inside owing to the large draught of our vessel.

"We stayed off Tampico for sixteen days and then received orders to proceed to Campeachy. Here we experienced the same difficulty only in a greater degree, because we were unable to go nearer to shore than sixteen miles.

"After anchoring we received fresh orders to proceed to Progreso, where we were to take on board 500 tons of rubber. The rubber had been sent on from New Orleans, and was waiting on the dock at Progreso. There was also a large consignment of hides waiting for us there.

"On arrival at Progreso we dropped anchor about seven tenths of a mile from shore, well inside the three-mile limit. While there a British cruiser—which we later learned was the Iris—came along.

"As soon as she hove to, she lowered a boat which pulled up alongside. Capt. Devantier leaned over the side and cried out to the officer in charge of the boat: 'What do you want?'

"'We want to come on board,' came the answer.

"'Alright,' said Capt. Devantier.

Ship's Owner Standing By.

The owner, Mr. Dirck, of New York, was standing alongside of the captain at the time and he turned and said 'are you not going to protest?'

"'Oh yes,' said Capt. Devantier, but by this time the Britishers had come on board and did not hear the protest. No discourtesy was shown by the visitors. They reparted after they had gone to the chart room to look over the ship's papers.

"Capt. Devantier, of the Zealandia, was formerly a captain on one of the Hamburg-American liners, and the chief officer Maurer, was first officer of the Prinz Joachim, of the same line.

"The cargo of rosin, hides and rubber were bound for Malmo, Sweden. I left the ship because I am an American and did not sympathize with the pro-German tendencies of the captain and crew.

Department Expects Report Today.

The State Department expects a report today from the commander of the battleship Kentucky on the boarding of the American steamship Zealandia, at Progreso, Mexico, by officers and men of the cruiser Iris. On the nature of the report depends the question whether a grave issue between the United States and Great Britain will be made out of the incident. If the report shows that the Zealandia was within the three-mile limit when boarded, this government probably will demand prompt disavowal of the act.

It was admitted officially yesterday that the United States rushed the Kentucky to Progreso to look into the case.

NEW-YORK-DAY-BY-DAY, by O. O. McINTYRE.

Special Correspondent of The Washington Herald.

New York, Nov. 21.—The harassed person that Broadwayites have seen about two jumps ahead of some furtive-eyed plain-clothes man is none other than John the Barber, being pursued by income tax collectors. John is a Broadway celebrity, and a few weeks ago he was not supposed to have enough money to feed a frugal canary bird.

John wanted to show the incredulous boxing commission that he was able to post a guarantee for some fights he had billed. He waltzed into the office of the commission flashing a $1,000-bill. The news was bruited about that John was filthy with lucre, and had a roll that would trip a leaping greyhound.

By the time the yarn reached the outskirts of Harlem it had grown tremendously. John the Barber had motored to the office of the boxing commission accompanied by fifty motor trucks all loaded down with gold bullion and 1,000-pound notes. As a result the income tax collectors are hounding John until he is developing a hop-skip-and-jump style of walking.

Boardman Robinson, the artist, has just returned from the war zone with John Reed, the writer. Robinson is a commuter and for months has been bored to distraction by a fellow commuter who insists on talking to him on every trip to and from New York.

His trip abroad offered him a welcome relief from the train pest, but on his first trip from the station to the suburban town where he lives his talkative friend was on hand.

As the train approached Forrest Hills he said to Robinson: "Well, Mr. Robinson, I suppose you see that we have been putting up a good many new uildings."

"Yes," replied Robinson wearily. "It seems that new buildings are the only kind they put up here."

Alfred A. Aarons, the theatrical manager, had a birthday the other day and several friends called him up to offer best wishes and see what sort of mood he was in for buying.

After he had received several telephone calls, the wrong number was given some grouchy citizen and he got Aarons.

"Who is this?" he asked of Aarons.

"This is A. A. Aarons," was the reply.

"How d'ye spell it?"

"A.—A.—A.—a——"

"Aw, you're some fresh guy, ain't you?" And he rang off in Mr. Aaron's ear.

Vincent Astor was deftly touched for his roll the other night while waiting for his limousine in front of the Belasco Theater with Mrs. Astor. The pickpocket stumbled against him. "I humbly beg your pardon, sir. It was stupid of me, indeed," he apologized. "I trust that the lady, too, will excuse me. I am fearfully sorry, fearfully."

Mr. Astor remarked that the stranger was the most polite man he had ever seen. He wasn't the pickpocket type. He was silk-hatted, frock-coated and wore spats. Ten minutes later Mr. Astor noted that his wallet with $260 was missing.

Over on Broadway, three hours later, a young blood, given to tears when in his cups, read of the Astor picketpocket episode in an early edition of a morning paper. He stood at one end of the Knickerbocker bar and sobbed softly.

"What's happened?" inquired the bartender.

"Poor Vincent," he sniffed. "He got robbed of $260."

"That's my idea," said the bartender, "of absolutely nothing to cry about."

Battle with 500-pound Bear.

La Grande, Ore., Nov. 21.—Twenty bullet holes wore bored into the body of a 500-pound bear, killed on Beaver Creek, near the La Grande water supply, according to word brought here. The bear, of unusual size, has been a menace to sheepmen, and a band of stockmen organized to kill it. When cornered the bear gave battle and it took twenty bullets to kill it.

Russian Sailors Shot for Mutiny.

Berlin (via Sayville), Nov. 21.—A Copenhagen dispatch reports that the sailors aboard a Russian man-of-war in Helsingford mutinied. A large number were shot.

PRINCESS MARY BEGS TO BE A WAR NURSE

Asks Father to Let Her Go to the Front with the British Soldiers.

Special Cable to The Washington Herald.

London, Nov. 21.—Princess Mary, only daughter of King George, has been telling her father that she is glad the war has come because it has given her a chance of showing people that she is capable of doing things on her own initiative.

She has been petitioning her parents recently to be allowed to go to the front as a nurse and take her place with other titled women behind the firing line in Flanders, and it is whispered at the palace that it is probable she will prevail in her hopes and appear as plain "Sister Mary" in a word, for her father secretly rejoices at her pluck, yet finds himself officially compelled to oppose her enthusiasm.

Whenever Princess Mary mentions her ambition in the nursing direction both the King and Queen Mary shake their heads, but lately the Queen gave in to the extent of allowing her daughter to take nursing lessons, the princess' grandmother, Queen Alexandra, selecting the matron of a big London hospital as a special instructress.

When her brother, the Prince of Wales, was home from the front recently, the family were discussing the general situation at the breakfast table in Windsor Castle one morning, and the King gently chided the princess for saying she was glad the war had come. She replied that she had certain reasons for being glad, whereupon the Prince of Waler, convulsed the company with this remark:

"I know what Mary means, and she's quite right. I'm sorry there has been a war, but it puts the kibosh on any of us marrying those blighters over in Europe, and that's something to be thankful for."

Tells of Terror When French Air Fleet Bombarded Town

Like Lightning Flashes Shells Dropped from Sky, Burst in Streets and on Buildings, While People, at Signal, Fled to "Aviation Cover" in Cellars.

Special Cable to The Washington Herald.

Berlin, Nov. 21.—The Vossiche Zeitung contains a vivid account of an air raid by a French squadron of aeroplanes from the pen of a German doctor, who says:

"I was at work in my room (on the top floor of a hotel) when I suddenly heard the sound of firing, which gradually came nearer and nearer. Ha! Ha! That's an enemy aviator somewhere near and he's getting a greeting from our anti-aircraft guns, but the short, sharp shots became more and more frequent and followed more closely one upon the other. And now tack—tack—tack, the machine guns join in. Whatever is up?

"I go to the window which, being on the top story, gives me a view of a good stretch of sky. True enough, there's the beggar already in sight. He hovers at a great height amid a regular collection of white shrapnel clouds. But what's this now? Here comes a second and a third. Yes, and a fourth and a fifth. More come up from the side, more and more. There's a whole squadron over the town. I count fourteen—sixteen—twenty—in a serried column they come flying up with regular intervals between the machines, with an advanced guard and flank guards. Is it to be a regular attack? 'Come down below' blares a trumpet. It's the signal for everybody to clear out of the streets and take 'aviation cover.'

"perative. In a twinkling the streets are clear, and it is high time, for already there is a rattling on roofs and pavements. Shrapnel bullets are coming down. And now—and I shall never forget it—a fearful, horrible crash, or rather roar, like the roar of an animal. Those fellows in the air have dropped their first bomb. I begin to think that my room immediately under the roof is not altogether a suitable place in such circumstances. On the stairs I meet others of the same opinion. They are officers who had come from the front and had just lain down for a long, unaccustomed but well-earned sleep, and were cursing freely at this inconsiderate disturbance. As we go down the stairs the beast roars a second time. The next bomb had fallen. Then we hear in the voice of command, 'Take aviation cover.' The group breaks up. I stand for a moment irresolute. I don't know the ground. Then a young captain laughingly takes my arm, saying, 'Come with me, doctor. It's no bravery to wait till a thing like that falls on your head.'

"And so we go down a narrow staircase leading into a little corner of the cellars under the house which, as I now find, is built on a very ancient foundation of extensive vaults. Under a massive stone arch we have a comfortable room, the captain who took my arm, a first lieutenant, a staff surgeon, two landsturm men, a college professor and myself. There is even an electric light.

Like Peals of Thunder.

"The racket and din outside gets worse and worse. Clearly we can perceive that the hideous row comes nearer and nearer. And now it is quite close. Then a fearful bang and roar. There must have been an explosion quite close to me. The house and even the massive cellar arches tremble. It is just as in a wild thunder storm when the thunder follows close at the lightning's heels one feels certain 'that struck something quite close,' and one feels just as defenseless against such an aviation attack as one is against the power of a thunderstorm.

"Bang! This time still wilder and nearer. Through the crannies of the cellar there drifts in from the street something misty. At first one can't tell whether it is smoke or dust. If it is smoke from a conflagration close at hand, the position is not exactly a pleasant one. The problem becomes the more problematical owing to the electric light suddenly going out. The wire must have been hit. But as we breathe the mist in we find it has a horrible, but not smoky taste.

All Over at Last.

"Bang! Bang! worse and worse come the roars around us in our heroes' cellar. We think the next minute the hotel itself will be struck, and then how are we going to get out of our subterranean wigwam? But gradually the din becomes less. The fellows have evidently gone. Quickly up and out in the hope of still seeing something. Yes, there they are over the railway station, which is some distance off."

The doctor then proceeds to describe some of the damage done. The houses on both sides of his hotel had been struck by bombs. In one the whole interior was wrecked, and it was from here, he says, that that strange mist came. Five of the occupants had been killed on the spot. The market presented a horrible spectacle, a number of horses, which there had been no time to remove, having been blown to pieces.

PRACTICAL HEALTH TALKS, By Lillian Whitney, M.D.

Dr. Whitney's popular articles on health and beauty subjects in several leading magazines have been attracting marked attention for a number of years. No other writer on similar topics is better equipped for the work, for Dr. Whitney has established an enviable reputation as a specialist and is endowed with the ability to make herself easily understood by her readers. She will answer all letters relating to her department as promptly as possible. All letters should be accompanied by a stamped envelope and should be addressed care of this paper.

NERVOUSNESS.

What is nervousness? The word is loosely applied to indicate a variety of conditions, from a bad case of "fidgets" to a grave mental trouble; thus, an illness that ended fatally recently was ascribed by a friend to "nervousness."

Now nervousness is distinctly not a disease; it may not even be a symptom, although it, of course, often is. Nervousness, as we see it in ordinary, everyday life, is a condition, more often a habit, brought about by circumstances and surroundings, and in which those otherwise healthy, but of weak mental fibre, go to pieces. Then, too, the condition is more frequently inherited than not; but it is very often acquired through wilful and foolish modes of living; thus incessant activity grows upon one, and especially in the temperamentally nervous, a quiescent state becomes a positive hardship.

The trouble with most women is that they assume needless responsibilities and magnify their own usefulness to others to such an extent that they are frequently imposed upon and burdens are shifted upon their willing shoulders that in time cause a nervous breakdown.

Thus many mothers have an exaggerated idea of their own ability as nurse, believing that their love and sympathy will do more than skill, and in addition to their multiple cares will assume the arduous task of nursing a loved one through a severe illness, which one specially trained finds no small matter. With the establishment of convalescence, when the mother can relax, and take some needed repose, she finds herself unable to do so; the habit of going without sleep or of broken rest has become fixed. Many women will not understand that they burn up their nervous energy faster than it can be restored; their nerves become frayed, frazzled, as it were, and they develop an irritability of temper and other unpleasant nervous traits that make them a burden to themselves and others.

In this state it requires only a very slight thing to overcome the small mental balance they have managed to maintain, and to precipitate a nervous breakdown that may take months if not years to overcome.

For instance, a well-known nervous specialist tells of a patient who on getting out of bed stepped on a pin and was six months recovering from the nervous condition which followed; but she had been ten years getting ready for it. Another of his patients worried and fussed over the cost of a dress her husband presented to her until she ended in a state of nervous depression, for which she was under treatment for twelve months.

ANSWERS TO QUERIES.

Southern: One of my correspondents offers the same opinion suggested to her by a druggist. To you and all others who have advice offered them let me say that the formulas given in this department are all personally gone over either by myself or by a chemist; many of them are by world-renowned specialists; each one is backed by medical authority. Now when you are sufficiently interested to ask my advice, then you should also be sufficiently interested enough to give me the benefit of the doubt and consult with me further on the matter instead of writing that your druggist says that the formula cannot be made up, or that it is thus or so. Do you not agree with me? I am sure you do!

Adele: No special diet is advised when taking Vaucaire Tonic. Good, plain nourishing fare is the best at all times.

(Copyright, 1915.)

Tired Cow Takes Rest in Bank.

Highmore, S. D., Nov. 21.—A drove of cattle was being driven down Main street. One old cow saw the open back door of the First National Bank, of Highmore, and turned into it. She walked down the stairway to the cellar, where she was discovered later lying down.

SAYS WILSON IS ASSET OF PEACE

Dr. Jordan Asserts People of Europe Did Not Want Present War.

"NOBLEMEN CAUSED IT"

Advocate Says Peace Will Be Assured When German People Take Command Away from Royalty.

"President Wilson is the most precious asset that the cause of peace has in the world today." This was a compliment from Dr. David Starr Jordan, of Leland Stanford Junior University, which brought prolonged applause from an interested audience in the First Congregational Church, where he talked Sunday afternoon. Dr. Jordan said he had conferred with the President, but what passed between them he would not say. "In the first place, I promised not to tell you, and in the second I do not remember," said the peace advocate.

Credit in Europe Destroyed.

Dr. Jordan's talk carried many of the points made in his other speeches, and he gave special attention to the "peace-at-any-price" propagandists by asking, "What would not peace be worth to Europe today?" Dr. Jordan was introduced by Senator John D. Works, of California.

"This war means the destruction of credit in Europe, and it will result in making New York the world's financial center, not because it is richer, but because the English firms will be bankrupt," said Dr. Jordan.

"Conscription of men for military duty is the greatest curse on earth. It is making young men serve for men whom the Lord appointed as ruler, men who never would have risen to any position because of any merit of their own. England has never had, up to this time, more than three rulers with the intelligence of the average man of the street.

"Not 1,000 citizens in Germany wanted war with anybody. At a meeting I attended in Nuremburg, I heard a German speaker ask his countrymen to be more friendly to England and France. 'Cultured races do not hate one another,' he said.

War Must End in Glory.

"Then who is it that wanted to fight? It was the noblemen, who knew not how to do anything else, and so to divert the attention of the people from internal affairs, war was declared. President Wilson offered mediation, but they were not ready for it then. They hadn't awed the people enough. They had made up their minds that the war must end in glory, not in collapse.

"There is no dispute that cannot be settled if the disputants want to do the right thing. The best thing Secretary Bryan ever said was, 'There is no ultimatum among friends.'

"'Peace-at-any-price?' Sometimes peace is not offered at any price. Serbia was offered the alternative of being swallowed or chewed up overnight. Did Serbia deserve peace? No nation deserves murder. Peace was not offered to Belgium or France. France must pay, was the solgan. Was peace offered to Germany? Yes. Was it all wool and a yard wide and guaranteed not to skrink? Yes. Was peace offered to Great Britain? Yes. Was it the right kind of article? Not exactly. I am going to leave these questions for you to consider.

"The world's peace will be assured when the German people take possession of Germany. And when they do take hold, we shall have the greatest era of progress in history. She won't have but half so many clear-headed, whole-brained men to do it with, but she will do it. Franklin once said: 'War is not paid for in war time; the bill comes later.'"

SOCIETY

CONTINUED FROM PAGE SIX.

occurred November 10, at Christ Episcopal Church in Coronado, Cal. Yellow and white chrysanthemums were used in great profusion in the decoration of the church. The chancel was banked solid with ferns and palms, and massed against this were great clusters of the chrysanthemums. Capt. Ashley H. Robertson, U. S. N., gave the bride in marriage and preceded her to the altar with little Miss Nancy Griswold, daughter of Lieut. Commander and Mrs. Ralph M. Griswold, as flower girl. Miss Frances Hall, of Annapolis, Md., attended as maid of honor. Ensign Daniel E. Darbey, U. S. N., was best man. Rev. Charles Spalding, rector of the church, read the full Episcopal service. A large reception was given at Greycourt Inn following the ceremony, after which the young couple left for Santa Barbara and San Francisco. At the latter place Lieut. Parr will join his ship, the St. Louis, having been transferred from the Glacier. The ushers, Ensign B. M. Thompson, Lieut. L. C. Sowell, Ensigns S. B. Robinson and S. G. Womble, U. S. N., were classmates of the bridegroom and were shipmates on the California when they were first ordered to the Pacific Coast after graduation in 1912. Most attractive was the charming bride. Her gown was a creation of white lace embroidered in pearls over satin, made with a full court train and veil all in one, and fastened to the coiffure with a band of pearls. Edging the veil and decidedly effective were two ruffles of white satin. She carried a shower of Bride roses and lilies of the valley. Her only ornament was a circle of matched pearls set in platinum, a gift from Lieut. Parr.

Congratulations upon the birth of a daughter are being received by Mr. and Mrs. Rowland Spearman Marshall.

The afternoon of Friday, December 3, has been selected for the exhibition drill and the dansant under the auspices of the Army Relief Society at Fort Myer, for the benefit of the widows and children of enlisted men. Coll Wilber E. Wilder, commandant of the post, is taking an especial interest in the drill, which will be participated in by virtually all the cavalry and artillery stationed there. Following the drill in the riding hall, the dansant will be given in the Administration Building. President Wilson has been invited to attend the drill. Tickets will be placed on sale later. Mesdames Scott and Menoher and Col. Wilder are in charge of arrangements.

New German Under Secretary.

Berlin (wireless via Sayville), Nov. 21.—Under the secretary of state a new office of assistant secretary has been created for the administration of economic organization during the war. Baron von Stein, who formerly was assistant secretary of state for Alsace Lorraine, has been appointed to the post.

The right to elect one member of the Belgian chamber of deputies is allotted in each 40,000 of the population.

CHILDREN LOST IN WAR.

Fleecing Russian Families in Many Instances Left Babies Behind.

Special Cable to The Washington Herald.

Moscow, Nov. 21.—Many families fled before the Germans in such awful conditions that the parents left their children behind. With a view to helping them in their search for their lost little ones special committees have been formed in all the larger towns to afford information, as well as to support and take care of the children until their parents are traced.

In Riga, for instance, 1,500 cases of parents in search of their children were registered in six weeks. Only 500 of the youngsters were found.

Hospital Requests Donations.

An appeal for groceries, clothing, or cash contributions has been sent out by the Columbia Hospital for Women, which has designated Tuesday as "Donation Day." "The hospital is greatly in need at this time," reads the appeal, "of all the assistance it can receive to carry on its work, which is devoted exclusively to the treatment of diseases peculiar to women irrespective of creed or color."

AMUSEMENTS.

GAYETY THE BURLESQUE
JAMES E. COOPER'S
GLOBE TROTTERS
WITH FRANK HUNTER AND FRANKIE RICE
Next Week—"20th CENTURY MAIDS."

BELASCO—TONIGHT, 8:20. 50c to $2.00.
MATS. WED., THUR., SAT.
A Delight to the Theatergoer of Any Age.
A Real Novelty in a Radiant Human Musical Play.
THE GIRL WHO SMILES

BELASCO THEATER Thurs., Dec. 2, 4 P. M.
OPERA IN MINIATURE BY
GRETA TORPADIE and EINAR LINDEN
Benefit of Christ Child Society.
Seats on sale, T. Arthur Smith's, 1306 G st. nw.

POLI'S
All This Week
Mat. Daily, 25c. Evenings, 25, 50, 75c.
Special Thanksgiving Week Attraction
Charles Hawtrey's Greatest Success,
A Message From Mars
With
A. H. VAN BUREN
First Production by Any Stock Company
No Advance in Prices Thanksgiving Day
Souvenirs Today's Matinee.
Next Week—R. S. Willett's Success,
"THE MIDDLEMAN."

New National NIGHTS 8:15 MATS. 2:15
Matinees Wednesday, Thursday, and Saturday.
Selwyn & Company Present the
Clean and Wholesome Holiday Laugh Festival,
TWIN BEDS
By Salisbury Field and Margaret Mayo.
Prices: Nights, 50c, $1.00, $1.50, $2.00.
All Matinees, 50c, 75c, $1.00.

NEXT WEEK. SEATS THURSDAY.
CHARLES FROHMAN Presents
WILLIAM GILLETTE
Mon., Tues., & Wed. Nights and Saturday Matinee.
Thursday, Friday, and Saturday Nights
Sherlock Holmes
SECRET SERVICE

TOMORROW, 4:30.
First Concert Washington Series.
PHILADELPHIA ORCHESTRA
LEOPOLD STOKOWSKI, Conductor.
Soloist—JOSEF HOFMANN.
Tickets, $2.50, $2.00, $1.50, $1.00. A. Arthur Smith, 1306 G St.

National Theater, FRIDAY NOV. 26 4:30
On Sale at Droop's, 13th & G.
John McCormack
World-renowned Tenor.

National Theater
Friday, Dec. 3
4:30
Prices, $2.50, $2, $1.50, $1.
Now on sale at Droop's, 13th and G.
MME. EMMY DESTINN
Dramatic Soprano from the Metropolitan Grand Opera.

LOEW'S COLUMBIA
CONTINUOUS, 10:30 A. M. to 11 P. M.
Mon., Tues., Wed.,
PAULINE FREDERICK
In a Picturization of the Celebrated Novel and Play
BELLA DONNA
Thurs., Fri., Sat., Sun.,
Edna Goodrich in "Armstrong's Wife."
Morning and afternoon 10-15c, night 10-15-25c.

B. F. Keith's DAILY—2:15 & 8:15 SUN.—3:00 & 8:15
Mat's 25c. Eve's 25c to $1.00
THE GORGEOUS SPECTACLE
MILLION DOLLAR FALL
Fashion Show
Emilie Lea and 20 Lovely Models. Seven Scenes of Sartorial Splendor. Other Stellar Features, Numbering Nine.
3 Shows Thanksgiving Day
at 12, 3, & 8:15. Buy Seats Today. Other Days Two Usual Performances.

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NOT A MOTION PICTURE
"DAMAGED GOODS"
Matinees Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday. 15c and 25c. Nights, 25c, 35c, 50c, 75c.
Next Week—"Have You Seen Stella?"

Bijou Theater
50—PEOPLE—MOSTLY GIRLS—50.
SAM RICE'S
Daffydill Girlies
ALL THIS WEEK.
10—25—35—50

Special Film Features
PENN GARDENS
PENN. AVE. AT 21ST ST.
THIS AFTERNOON AND EVENING.
THE BEST PICTURE SHOW FOR 10c.
Tuesday—Dorothy Gish in "BRED IN THE BONE."

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WINES
—Something old and good.
Very old California Port and Sherry, Gal., $2.
California Claret $1 gal.
JOHN T. CROWLEY Established 1887.
831 14th Phone Main 2041. Delivories up to 10:30 p. m.

FLEEING THROUGH SNOW.

Women, Children and Aged Persons Dragging After Defeated Serbs.

Berlin (wireless via Sayville), Nov. 21.—The defeated Serbian army is slowly dragging its way along the snow-capped mountain trails, accompanied by a large number of women, children and aged persons, according to the Transocean News Bureau.

The Serbians have already crossed the Montenegrin frontier, where, however, the housing and feeding of the newcomers is extremely difficult, since Montenegro already is suffering from a lack of victuals. Frequently the Montenegrin patrols approach the Austro-Hungarian vanguards and sentries, begging for bread.

An ever-increasing number of Serbians prefer to return as deserters into the territory of old Serbia, which is now entirely in the hands of the victors.

According to special reports from the front the number of Serbians made prisoners during the last week was 26,000. The Serbians lost more than 60 cannon.