SCORES OF GIRLS WANT

TO TAKE FREE COURSE

IN DRESSMAKING WORK

at the McDowell

All inquiries about the four dress-

making scholarships which the EVENING LEDGER is offering to the

public should be addressed to the Editor of the Woman's Page,

EVENING LEDGER, 608 Chestnut

Philadelphia has scores and scores of sirls who are anxious to take advantage of the offer of the Evening Labour to note an attended the first course in dressmaking at the McDowell Dresscutting and Dressmaking School in the Denckla Building, 11th and

old parents; women who are taking care of their little ones, and are doing work by

he day in homes or piecework in garmen

factories; girls who are contemplating marriage, and want to know how to make their own clothing and the clothing for the other members of the family—all are

nterested in the free offer, and are writing to the Eventso Labous expressing a estre that they be one of the four for-

unate young women who will be given

The offer of the scholarship comes as

a direct result of a spirit of thanksgiving at the McDowell school for a 25-year successful career. It also comes as a re-

ult of the co-operation of that school and

The only qualification for award of the four scholarships is that the girls be worthy and that they, by their own letters

o the Dressmaker Scholarship, care of he EVENING LEGISE, prove that they are corthy of the scholarships. Special arrangements have been com-

Special arrangements have been com-pleted so that even a girl who is em-ployed will have time to take the course. The girls to whom the scholarships will be awarded will have their choice of courses. The McDowell School offers four courses. Course No. 1 is known as the general dressmaking course. It includes to lessons, which can be taken any after-poor Saturday toxinded between 1 and 4

on (Saturday included) between 1 and

'clock or Tuesday evenings between 7 and

0 o'clock. Course 2 is the practical dressmaking

course, which includes 15 lessons, which may be taken daily (except Saturday) setween 9 and 12 o'clock and Friday even-ng between 7 and 10 o'clock.

Either course one or two should be con-

luded within six months, except in case f illness, when the six months rule will

Course No. 3 is known as the utility

course. Pupils taking this are taught to make their own clothing at home. It can be taken each morning between 9 and

2 o'clock. This course includes 10 les-

he Everying Labortic

free scholarships at the McDowell

SCHOLARSHIPS

FOUR

ourses.

THE NOVEL OF THE YEAR BY GEORGE A.

SYNOPSIS.

Allx Lansing, in a foolish fit of anger at a well-deserved rebuke from her husband, Gery, because of her intimacy with Alan Wayne, starts to run off with the latter to Montreal. Gerry had been equally foolish in the violence of his rebuite, and, while walking off in his rage, sees alixents a Fullman car occupied by Alan, Desperate, he sails, a few hours later, to South America, installing himself in Pernambuco. Alix, however, at the last minute, realizes what she is doing and jumps off the train as it is pulling out of the station. When Gerry doesn't return she sends for his mother and Judge Healey. The later searches in vain, while Mralaning comforts the distraught stri.

Two years before, Gerry and Alix were married in Red Hill, Alan, also of Red Hill, might have been Alix a husband if he had thought to propose. Shorily after the wedding Alan's uncit, J. Y. Wayne, and the young man because of his profilescy. To the great surprise of all, Alan began a new life and became a successful builder of bridges in Africa.

After staying a month in Pernambuco, Gerry sends a cable to his mother saying he is well, and then leaves for Piranhas, at the mouth of the San Francisco River. One morning while swimming he meets and captures a girl who has laughed defence at him. His cance is swept from the shore, leaving him stranded on the Island where the girl lives.

CHAPTER XII—(Continued).

CHAPTER XII-(Continued). N the cool of the evening he looked

about him. The tiny world into which he had fallen was penurious but self-contained. Such fabrics as there were, were home-spun from the bolls of a scraggy patch of cotton bushes. The beans of castor plants, those giant weeds that havnt all scenes of ruin in the sub-centinent, supplied oil for feeble lights at night. A little oil in a clay dish with a twisted wick of cotton giving forth more smoke than light seemed to fix him in his setting of prehistoric man. The rice, gathered from an enduring bottom, cultivated by no effort aside from the im-passive rise and fall of the river, formed with mandioc, the backbone of the household's austenance. From the outerops of the abandoned cane fields, with the as-sistance of an antedlluvian handmill and an equally antiquated iron pot, they made the black syrup that served for sugar. Sait slightly aikaline, was plentiful. A few cows and their progeny lived in the open and lived well, for, even untilled, the lands of the valley were rich. An occasional member of the herd was carried off to market by the old darky. The proceeds bought the very few contribu-tions of civilization necessary to the up-

keep of the lenten life. Gerry decided. He looked at the girl and she ran to him. He put his arms around her and gazed with a sort of mbed emotion into her great dark eyes. Those eyes were wells of simplicity, love, fidelity, but below all that there were depths of unmeasured and unmeasuring passion that gave all and demanded all.

CHAPTER XIII.

MOLLINGEFORD gave a sigh of relief when he saw what manner of place was Maple House. As they gathered around the great table for dinner he was the only stranger and he did not feel it. Nance was there with the faint smile of mother that has just put her children to bed. Charley Stirling, teasing Clematis, tried to forget that Monday and the city were coming together. Mrs J. Y., with Collingeford on her right and the Judge on her left, held quiet sway over the table and nodded reassuringly at the old Captain who was making whisky and soda should be immediately offered to the guest. J. Y., pretty gray by now, sat thoughtfut, but kindly, at the other end of the table. Clem was

It was not until the men were sitting alone after the glass of port, in which all had drunk Collingeford's welcome to that house, that the Judge said casually in eford saw Alan in Africa."

1! What?" said the Captain aroused to sudden interest. "What's that about

"I ran across Alan Wayne in Africa,"

Nance called Charley Stirling out. "You

me to tell you about it?"
Nance called Charley Stirling out. "You shirker," she said, "come and sit with me in the hammock."
"Collingeford was just going to tell about meeting Alan in Africa," said Charley indignantly. And then Nance said "Oh!" and wanted to send him back but he wouldn't go.

"Yes," grunted the Captain in reply to Callingeford's question and J. Y. nodded as he caught the young man's eye. "Wish you would," he said and leaned forward, his elbows on the table.
Collingeford was one of those men who are sensitive to men. His vocabulary did not run to piffle, but he loved an understanding ear. He looked at the Judge's keen but restful face, at the Captain's glaring eyes, which somehow had assumed a kindly glint, at J. Y.'s rugged figure, suddenly grown tense, and he knew that Alan Wayne was near to the hearts of these three. He fingered his wins glass. "If I was one of those men," he began, looking at nobody, "who distinct the property wouldn't tell the property was a least to the segan, looking at nobody, "who distinct the property was a least to the least of these three. He fingered his wins glass. "If I was one of those men," wine glass. "If I was one of those men," he began, looking at nobody, "who dis-like Ten Percent. Wayne I wouldn't tel you about him. But I'm not. It tool me only two hours to get over hating him and those two hours were spent in a broiling sun at the wrong end of a half-feished bridge.

"Prince Bodsky and I were on shikari. We were headed home after a long and manuccessful shoot in new country and we were as sore and tired and bored with the life of the wild as two old-timers ever set. On the day I'm telling you about we ware trekking up a river sorge to a crossing. After lunch and the long rest we still had 10 miles to go to cross and it didn't help things to know that once over we had to come straight back on the other side. During the first hour's march in the afternoon we head the strangest sound that ever those wilds gave forth. It was like hammering on steel, but we refused to believe our ears until a sudden curve brought us bang up against the indisputable fact of a girder-bridge in the throes of construction. Before the thought of the sacrilese to the game country-before we could see in this moly monstrestity the root of our recent had luck—came the glad thought that we didn't Prince Bodsky and I were on shikari

noisy monstrosity the root of our recon-had luck-came the glad thought that we didn't have to do 10 miles up that gorge and 10 back. We would have whooped except that men don't whoop in Africaexcept that men don't whoop in Africa-it scares the game.

"I said the bridge was in the throes of construction. It was just that, Its two long girders, reaching from brink to brink, with their spidery trusses hanging understant. Taken

long girders, reaching from brink to brink, with their spidery trusses hanging underneath, fairly swarmed with sweaths figures, and the figures were black. It was that that brought us to a full stop, and inst when our eyes were fixed with the intensity of discovery, one of the workers looked up, saw us, relaxed and says the loud grunt which stands in Landin for Just look at that! in English. The babbling and hammering around him deased, but white he still stared at us, we saw a veritable apparition. A white man, hung between heaven and the despite of the gorge, was racing along the top of the slippery girder. His helmet lisw off, hung poised, and then plunged as long tacking sweeps. The man was dreased in a cotton shirt, white trousers and takek woolen socks. No hoots. Of wares, I didn't notice all that till afterwards in his hand he carried a slambok. Suddenly the staring darky seemed to feel him coming, but before he could turn he slambok quirt came down with the clinging sting of hide on flesh. We saw the blood spurt. The neare toppled withen a cry. He fell inside, caught on a lusar clums, and finally with a struggle down himself up on to a strinker. A about of laughter went up from his fellurs, flodsky and I had heard it oftentias flodsky and I had heard it oftentias flodsky and I had heard it oftentias laugh or the African for his brother in sain. And sheen they fell to work again. The black with the blood trickling off his back rested long enough to get his oceath and climbed back to his place on

the girder. He was grinning. Don't nak me to explain it. Men have died trying me to explain it.

to explain Africa.

"The white man had stopped and half turned. He stood, a little straddling, on the girder, and switched the sjambok to and fro. His eyes were blazing. From his lips dropped a patter of all the vile words in Landin, Swahill and half a dozen other dialects—the words that a white man learns first if he listens to natives. The jargon seemed to incite the blacks. They worked as clumsily as ever, but harder. They started to sing, as the African does when he's getting up a special burst of speed. Then the white man walked off the girder on our side, out of the way. 'Now's our time,' I whispered to Bodsky. He shook his head slowly from side to side, but I was already under way. I walked up to the white man and asked him if he could let

ready under way. I walked up to the white man and asked him if he could let us across. He glanced around as if he hadn't seen our outfit till that moment and then he looked me squarely in the eyes. 'We knock off at 6,' he said, and that was all. eyes. 'We ki that was all.

that was all.

"I turned back. I'd been angry before, but never as angry as that. Bodaky was already getting up the fly of a tent." I saw it coming, he said with his quiet little laugh that you never hear when there's anything to laugh at. 'Look here, Bodsky,' I said, 'let's walk to the old crossing.' And he answered, 'My dear chap, I'm going to sit right here. I wouldn't miss this for a shot at elephant. That man is Ten Percent Wayne.'

"'Where'd you meet him?' I saked."

"'Where'd you meet him?' I asked.

"'Never met him,' said Bodsky, 'but Pve heard of him,' So had I. We sat down together under the fly on a couple of loads and propped two whiskies and warm water on another load in front of us and watched Wayne while Wayne watched his men.

" 'Suppose we offer him a drink,' I said and ran the aweat off my eyebrows

"Hodsky looked at me pityingly. "Hodsky looked at me pityingly. 'So you want to get burned again. Does that man look to you as though he was thinking about a drink? Well, let me tell you he isn't. Every bit of him is thinking about that bridge every minute. God! I haven't seen men driven like that since I was a boy. Once more there's something new in Africa! And I've never seen a man drive himself like that anywhere.' All the Mongolian and Tartar that is said to lurk in every Russian seemed to he leaking out of Bodsky's narrowed eyes. "We sat there and dran! and smoked "We sat there and drant, and smoked

and sweated, and I sulked. Every once in a while Bodsky would say something First it was: Those boys not from the South. Must have brought them with him.' Then it was: 'He knows something about the sun. He keeps his head in the shade-spot from that lonely palm. And, finally: 'Collingeford, I never despised your intellect before. What are you sulkyou interect before. What are you suik-ing for? Can't you see what's up? Can't you understand that if a man will stand for two hours shifting an i.ich at a time with the shade rather than disturb half a with the shade rather than disturb half a dozen niggers at work to go and get a helmet he isn't going to call those niggers off to let a couple of loafers like us crawl across his girders? What you and I are staring at is just plain common garden Work with a capital W, stark naked and ugly, but by God. it's great."

"And right there I saw the light. To us two the mystery of Ten Percent Wayne was revealed. He could drive men. He could make bricks without straw. While could make bricks without straw. While work was on, nothing else mattered. Right and wrong were measured by the needs of that bridge and death was too good for the shirker. And with the light I for-got the brute in the man tearing along the dizzy height of the girder to lash a loafer and only remembered that he had risked his life to avenge just one moment stolen from the day's work."

The stem of Collingeford's wine glass snapped between his fingers. "I'm sorry," he said, laying the pieces aside. He smiled a little nervously on the three tense faces before him. "I don't tell that story often. It goes too deep. Not everybody understands. Some people call Wayne no betthem. And Bedsky says there have been a lot of murderers he'd like to take to

"J. Y., there's somebody listening at the door," said the Cantain "Para door," said the Captain. "Been there some time."

J. Y. swung around and threw open the door. He sprang forward and caught Clem in the act of flight. He brought her back into the room and sat down, holding her upright beside him. J. Y. was proud, and for a moment Collingeford's presence "What were you doing,

Clematis was in that degree of embarassment and disarray which makes lovely youth a shade more levely. Her brown hair was tumbled about her face and down her back. Her cheeks were flushed and her thin white neck seemed to tremble above the deep red of her slightly yoked frock. Her lips were moist and parted in excitement. She was 16 and beautiful beyond the reach of hackneyed The four men fixed their eyes upon her, and she dropped hers. "I was

Anxious to Gain Advantage of the Evening Ledger Offer

"Why. Clem!" said J. Y., gravely.

For a second her auditors were stunned by the audicity. Collingeford's face was the first to light up and his hand came down on the table with a bang. "Bully for you, young 'un!" he cried, and his clear laugh could be heard on the lawn. Before it was over the Judge being in Before it was over the Judge toined in the Captain grunted his merriest grunt Y. patted Clem's shoulder and

Clem was of the salt of the earth among womankind—the kind that waits to weep till the battle is over and then becomes a thousand times more dear in her weak-

tears and now they jumped the just as Nance rushed in and cried,

It isn't that," she gasped. "I den't mind-that! But Mr. Collingeford cacalled me a 'young one.'"

The three gray-heads kept their faces with difficulty. Collingeford leaped to his feet. "My dear young lady-Miss Clematis-" he stammered, "my word, Clematis—' he stammered, "my word, now! I didn't mean it. Swear I didn't. I'll do anything if you'll only stop ers-ing. Do stop and listen to me. I'll

It took him an hour to make his peace.

CHAPTER XIV MANY they were who drank at the fountain of hospitality in Maple House, and to all quiet Mrs. J. Y. held out the measured cup of welcome with

ford fitted into the Hill-he belouged On Sunday night they were gathered of the lawn, all but Clem, who sat at the

Collingeford sat by Mrs. J. Y., a little apart from the others. They had not talked. Mrs. J. Y. broke a long silence when she said, in a full, low voice that somehow related to Clem's thin trill, "We are very quiet here."

Collingeford looked thoughtfully at his glowing cigar-end. "The best parts of life are quiet," he answered.

"Do you really like it?" said Mrs. J. Y., almost shyly, "Englishmen of your class generally fall to the lot of our landed and chateauxed."

"My dear Mrs. Wayne," said Collinge-

anded and chateauxed."
"My dear Mrs. Wayne," said Collingeford, "I've been sitting here in a really
troubled silence trying to thing out how

went on. "I know America pretty well for an Englishman. I thought I had done the whole country, from Albuquerque to Newport. But you are right. When we're not roughing it out West, we visiting Englishmen are fretty apt to be rubbing up against the gilded high-lights of the landed and the chateauxed. This" -Collingeford waved his cigar to embrace

"And yet," said Mrs. J. Y., "there are thousands of quiet homes in America just like it in spirit. In spite of all our divorces—all our national linen-washing in public—our homes are today what they always have been, the backbone of the country. The social world is in turnoll everywhere and America is in the throes no less than England. Our backbone is under a strain and some think it is breaking, but I don't." She turned her soft eyes on Colling ford and smiled. "There," she added, "I have been polemic but one seldom has the chance to spread the good fame of one's country. I am glad you can give us a week instead of a week-end."
Collingeford heard some one speak of
Mrs. Lansing and he said to Mrs. J. Y..
"I know a Mrs. Lansing—a beautiful and

EX-DRUNKARDS APPROVE VERDICT AGAINST SALOON MAN

Old St. Paul's Club Members Are Glad Woman Whose Husband Lost Home Through Rum Curse Will Have Roof Over Her Head

Members of Old St. Paul's Club, every one of them reformed drunkards, have gone on record as approving the action of the court in awarding Mrs. Virginia Alexander, 2025 Huntingdon street, \$2500 because the jurors found that the death of her husband was caused by drinking in the saloon of Jacob Bosch, 2521 North 27th street.

More than 100 men, many of whom knew by actual experience the sufferings inflicted on their wives and their little ones by their own selfish habits, declared at their weekly meeting at their clubrooms, 411 Spruce arrest, that the Court did right, and that the wife should have been awarded the money, which Jacob Bosch has been compelled to give her by the law's decree.

"It was a good thing," said one man. More than 100 men, many of whom

the law's decree.

"It was a good thing," said one man, who has been a drunkard for 12 years, and who "quit" six weeks ago. "And I am glad that the Court is protecting the wife. If the man was such a slave to drink, and the saloon man did not pay any attention to the request of the wife, well, then all I can say is that I am glad that the saloon man has to pay, I am siad the woman will be able to pay the mortgage on her little home and that she will have a roof over her head in spite of the curse of drink."

of drink."
The members of the club here all feel of drink.

"The members of the club here all feel the same way." said the man with a queer little smile, which spoke volumes, for his little ones and suffered, too, before he started to reform. "We talked it all over at the meeting, and the men said they were glad that the Court is going to put some of those old laws "more effect. It has good thing. The laws are good laws. They have been on the books for years and years. But no one has ever had the courage to try them before. We follows are all in sympathy with the widow, Mrs. Alexander. We are for her, We are glad she won. She had enough suffering."

SALOONMEN'S LESSON.

fellows are all in sympathy with the widow, Mrs. Alexander. We are for her, We are glad she won. She had enough suffering.

SALOONMEN'S LESSON.

Men seen at the Old St. Paul Club today were unanimous in their opinion as to day were unanimous in their opinion as to the pastor of the church, the Rev. William Bamford, a parade was held through the streets in the vicinity of the church. Mustic was furnished by the brane band of Troop No. 1, Boy Scouths. A similar parade will be held near Friday evening. The campaign is scheduled to end on February 4.

eavesdropping," she said, in a voice that was very low but clear.

Clem looked around on the four men. She did not seem afraid. Unconsciously they waited for her to go on, and she did. "Mr. Collingeford was telling about Alan. I heard Charley say he was going to. I shall always cavesdrop when any one tells about Alan." tells about Alan."

Her big eves had been welling with are you all laughing at?" Then she caught sight of Clem. From her she looked around on the men. "You four big, hulking brutes," she said. "Come to me, Clem, you darling. What have they been doing to you? There, there, don't cry. Men are silly things. What if they did Inugh at you?"

Clem was sobbing on Nance's shoulder

impartial hand. But once in a while one came who made the rare appeal to the heart. Such a one was Collingeford. For

all his wanderings, his roughing and his occasional regression to city drawing rooms and ultra-country houses, Collingeplane beside an open window and poured her girl's voice out over the rippling keys. Her voice was thin and clear like a mountain brook hurrying over pebbles. and like the brook it held the promise f coming fulness. Collingeford sat by Mrs. J. Y., a little

the whole of Red Hill—"is something new to me—and old. It's the sort of thing Englishmen think of when they are far om home. I have never seen it before

divorces-all our national linen-washing scintiliating young person—the sort of effervescence that files over to Europe and becomes the dismay of our smart women and the fate of many men."

CONTINUED MONDAY.

The men are put on probation first. Later, when they become members of the

DOWNTOWN REVIVAL WILL

Enthusiasm Marks Campaign of

Philadelphia Conference Evangelist

The Rev. Samuel B. Goff, evangelist of the Philadelphia Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, will continue his evangelistic campaign in St. Luke's Church, Broad and Jackson streets, during all of next week, with services each svening except Saturday. Tomorrow he will preach three times—at 10:30 a.m., 2:30 p. m. and 7:45 o'clock in the evening. Mrs. Goff is assisting in the services as a solutist.

CONTINUE ANOTHER WEEK

themselves frequently.

course, in which the pupils are taught inishing tailor-made jackets and costs, it should follow one of the other three courses. No. 4 includes 12 lessons, which to ask you to make it a week for me instead of a week-end." Mrs. J. Y.'s laugh was happy but low. It did not disturb the others. Collingeford are given each afternoon between 1 and o'clock and from 7 to 10 o'clock on Tuesday evenings. All pupils, whether scholarship pupils

or regular pupils, can obtain special rates on the Permisivania and the Rending Railronds by having the signature of the principal of the school.

The offer of scholarships is not closed. It is not too late for other girls to send the total states.

in their letters saying why they should be awarded one of the four scholarships. The EVENING LEDGER and the McDowell School do not want to pass by a really ddressed to the Evening Ledger, carof the Dressmaker Scholarship, will be carefully examined. No names will be

LOCAL OPTION FIGHT BEGUN AT PITTSBURGH

Governor Brumbaugh Will Back Campaign Launched After Conference

A State-wide campaign for the election A State-wide campaign for the election of a Legislature this year that will enact a local option law was launched today, following a conference held in Pittsburgh last night, at which all the local option forces in the State were united.

Headquarters will be opened in Philadelphia and in Pittsburgh, Romain C. Hassrick, secretary of the Local Option Committee of Pennsylvania, will have charge of the Philadelphia headquarters, while J. Denny O'Nell, chairman of the Local Option Committee, will be in charge of the Pittsburgh offices.

The movement will be supported by Governor Brumbaugh and by the Local Option Committee, it was announced after

Option Committee, it was announced after the conference. Word was brought to the committee from Governor Brimbaugh that he is earnestly and positively behind the movement. The following statement

was lasted today:
"The work will be conducted under the
general direction of the Local Option
Committee of Pennsylvania, which was organized by Governor Brumbaugh in 1915 and which has been strengthened in all the countles of the State. This is the first time in the history of Pennsylvania that an organization has been effected which will bring about the united effort of all influences favoring county

"All efforts will be directed toward ef-fecting the nomination and election of Representatives and Senators in the General Assembly who will vote in the 1517 session of the Legislature for a county local option bill. The Gövernor and this committee will support a joint committee of all these organizations which has been club, they are given different kinds of buttons, which show how long they have been total abstainers. Members of the club are now in all parts of the world. They write into club headquarters about themselves frequently. formed, and purposes, in co-operation with the Governor, to investigate candidates for the Legislature and make such indorsements as are deemed advisable.

The plans contemplate the immediate

"The plans contemplate the immediate launching of a visorous and united campaign to bring about the enartment of the county local option bill next year."

Charles A. Ambler, whose candidacy for the Republican nomination for Auditor General was announced yesterday by Charles Johnson, Republican leader of Montgomery County, is being openly opposed by the railroad employes.

The fight against him was launched to-

posed by the railroad employes.

The fight against him was launched teday in letters sent by S. R. Tarner, chairman of the Pennsylvania State Legislative Board of the Order of Railway Conductors, to Senators Penrose and the Vares. The letters asserted that Ambler will be opposed because he voted for the repeal of the full crew law at the last sension of the Legislature.

Deny Rehearing in Rate Case
WASHINGTON, Jan. 28.—The Interstate Commerce Commission today denied a petition for a rehearsing of the
Nebraska State Railway Commission in
the Western passenger fares case. The
Nebraska increases range from two-fifth
to three-fifths of a cent a mile, as feljowed by the Federal Commission in its
recent decision.

67 CENTS PER "CUSS" MIGHT NET THE CITY \$974,175,000 A YEAR

Anti-Profanity League Digs Up Old Law, Posts Notices and Threatens to Clarify Blue Atmosphere Around in These Parts

If a waiter pours a bowl of hot soup down your neck-be conservative.

If a fat man stands on your toes instead of on the ficor of the car-be patient.

The law does not excuse cart drivers or motormen. Little placards, announcing the law against swearing, are being posted in the stores and offices through-In each case remember that it can't be telped. You can explain to the water hat you had already had a bath, and it's in easy matter to tell the man in the car ere the floor is, and do it in courteous

If you indulge in any violent expression which tends to blue the atmosphere, you can be fined immediately; that is, according to the law discovered by the Anti-

Despite the hot weather the league un-profamity League.

Despite the hot weather the league un-carthed an old law, which sets forth that any person of the age of 16 or upwards who shall profancly curse or swear by the name of fod, Christ Jesus or the Holy Chost, every person so offending being thereof convicted shall forfelt and

Market streets.
Since the announcement of the offer of four free scholarships was made in the Monday editions of the Evenino Lemous every mall has been bringing in letters from worthy young women who are anx-lous to take advantage of the free ORCHESTRA AUDIENCE Girls who are the sole support of their

Piano Concerto-Concertmaster Rich Conducts

Perby Grainger, the Australian planist, the is by way of creating a sensation in his country after winning his way to ame in the Antipodes and England. oght numerous reminiscences to the dience of the afternoon concert of the diadelphia Orchestra. The "young Pa-rewski" was the involuntary exclamation of old concert-goers when the solo-lat's hirsute aureole popped out of the door leading from the wings to the stage. When he strede forward to the apron of the Academy the resemblance was more marked to shelley of the early period of revolt. One "high-browed" auditor who had taken off his intellectual horned spectacles saw a vision of Mark Twain in the for its tangled mane.

Mr. Grainger was also represented on the program by his unique and likable "Molly on the Shore," written on two Irish reels for string orchestra. He, like Grieg, is a nationalist, though perhaps in broader sense.

out the city.

It is possible that the matter will be called to the attention of Councils, as the enforcement of this law will make it unnecessary to negotiate any more loans

for city improvements. It is estimated that among the city's It is estimated that among the city's nearly two million people there are at least 350,000 swearers. If each man swears even 10 times a day this would mean 3,000,000 swears. Multiply this by 67 and then multiply that by 355 for the days in the year and it will not \$974,175,000. Then it will be seen that we can soon have all the improvements we want-just by going

ut "cussing" things out. But where are the headquarters of the Anti-profanity League, and who are the officers?

PERCY GRAINGER WINS

Grieg Disciple Plays Master's

At any rate, by all these comparison Mr. Grainger is a man of real mark. More so on the merits of his performance, in its necomplished technical mustery and its moving effects, is he a man of mark. He dayed the A minor concerto of Grieg. hose protege he was, though his major

He has power in his arm and greater ower in his soul. He can not only pro-set the significances of such music as trieg wrote-national music and thus difficult for one not of the race to play con amore—but he can communicate to the soul of the auditor what was in the soul of the composer. Mechanically the work had no difficulties for Mr. Grainger, and his performance transcended everything material in an impressive bearing of a piritual message.

The "Celtic magle" pervades his composition, written though it is in a numble form. The effect is as if Flona MacLeod had written a poem in lighter vein. This 'foursome," as it is termed, for strings is journd and aprightly, with the light heart and the light heels, which are twin traits in one manifestation of the complex per-

Mr. Rich, who conducted owing to the sudden illness of Mr. Stokowski, gave a remarkably rhythmic reading to the work, and the fine abilities of the orchestra's tring choir had a more than satisfactors

test in the performance of a piece that had to be done "just right."

The symphony was Henri Rabaud's second in E minor, which was discovered by Mr. Stokowski two seasons ugo. Despite the name and education of the composer it is more Teutonic than Gallic in poser it is more Teutonic than Gallic in form and spirit. The lively scherge went erse personalities as Cesar Franck and Richard Wagner. Mr. Rich was fully add quate, in his leading of this work, from the formal standpoint.

The formal standpoint. He brought forward his choicest leading in the final composer's single novel touch. The symphony is a craftsman-like comp a conventional art form; although it blazes no trails into new melodic or harmonic territory, it follows familiar paths with sure knowledge of the route. It has nobil-ity of attitude and dignity of expression, however, it may lack in creative origi-

He was, however, at his best during the oncert's purely orchestral numbers in Berlioz's rather objective "Corsair" over-ure, depicting the pussions and career of the Byronic hero, and in Sir Edward Elgar's brilliant "Fomp and Circum-stance" march, written before Britain's foremost modern composer of oratorios became famed and knighted. It made a esounding ultimatum to a very meri-orious concert. W. R. M. torious concert.

Discounts "Japanese Peril" attack the United States successfully, according to Philip Wei-Chen, of China, who discounted the "Japanese peril," in a speech at the quarterly meeting and dinner of the Philadelphia Esperanto Society, at the Hotel Windsor last night. Other speakers were Arnold Vogel, of Switzerland, and Miss M. A. Malsch, who spoke in Esperanto; Henry W. Hetzel and Raymond T. Bye.

Face Cut by Bursting Tire A bursting automobile tire cut the face of Ralph Palmer, 400 North 5th street, who is in the Roosevelt Hospital today with the bone of his nose splintered. The peculiar accident occurred in a garage at

422 Callowhill street last night while

Palmer was pumping up the tire.

SUNDAY SCORES STAGE, CARDS AND DANCING

Evangelist's Histrionic Ability Well Exemplified in Sermons on Amusements

TRENTON, Jan. 29 .- Every one of the 0,000 persons that heard "Billy" Sunday speak in the tabernacle yesterday afteroon and last night knew that if he had followed the advice of Thomas Keene, the tragedian, and had gone on the stage instend of into the pulpit, he would have been a great hit.

Keens wanted Sunday to be his undertudy, but Sunday decided to throw his study, but Sunday decided to throw his life with God. Yesterday afternoon and last night he spoke on "Amusements," and it was a knockdown and drag-out affair. The theatre, cards and dancing came in for severe denunciation, and the efforts of the preacher convinced those present that the stage had lost a great it.

Sunday today refused an offer of \$100" to speak for 20 minutes on "Prepared-ness." The offer is understood to have, been made by a New York theatrical.

Mr. Sunday's sermon was the same for d both the afternoon and evening services on and it left nothing to the imagination. The conventional forms of amusements the theatre, card-playing and dancing-,, were particularly scored, although the preacher seemed to feel that his audiences,; would feel that he was going the limit.

THOUSANDS OF YOUTHS HEAR EVANGELIST LYON

Knights of Pythias Also Attended Tabernacle Meeting While Bands Play Hymns

WILMINGTON, Del., Jan. 29,-Five thousand members of the Christian En-deavor, Epworth League and Knights,, of the Golden Eagle heard Evangelist Lyon preach last night in his big taber— nacle. The lodge members entered their building escorted by the ast Regiment, Band, playing "Onward Christian— Soldiers." Each memoer were special badges and each member of the evangeleistic party was decorated with the em-pa blem as soon as the men were seated.

The Christian Endeavorers filed down "trails" soon after the Bagles, led by the 1st Infantry Band. The Epworth-Leaguers marched to music played by the Bethany Church Band.

The young people filled an entire secother. Doctor Lyon preached on "Divine". "The nearest approach we have one

earth to be Divine Grace is the relation of a the mother of the child," he said. "But-the very fact of salvation being free leaves." every one absolutely without excuse for not accepting it. Even a child can taken Here the evangelist selected a silver account from his purse and called the small called the little girl the

coin, and as she accepted it the faint "thank you" was audible in the front part of the building. Doctor Lyon picked the girl up in his arms and kissed her. He then explained that when he had sought to give away a gift in other cities the children refused to believe him. "Just as men refuse to believe that Jesus Christ is giving salvation and for-giveness from sins."

Hero Priests of the War

Five heart-thrilling articles written by Rev. Dr. Peter Guilday, telling how these chaplainwarriors have set a new standard of priestly zeal and spiritual bravery. Each article gives vivid and interesting facts relating to the selfsacrificing work of the chaplains of the armies.

Who the Rev. Dr. Guilday Is

As a contributor to leading reviews and a young professor of the Catholic University of America, at Washington, D. C. Doctor Guilday's name is known already. He is 32 years of age, an American, born in Chester, Pa. Doctor Guilday was summoned back to America from Belgium when the war broke out. He looks upon the deeds of the Hero Priests of the War from the standpoint of one who loves the Old World and the historic places mid which the war wages.

FIVE ARTICLES

To Be Published Serially in the

PUBLIC LEDGER

No. 2 Issued Tomorrow

GILBERT DE GIRONDE, THE HERO OF YPRES-A brilliant scholar, an excellent soldier, and an incomparable leader of men; was shot while succoring wounded soldiers on the field; 34 years old, fell at Ypres, December 7, 1914, after four months and seven days' military service.

Read the Story of This Brave Priest in

TOMORROW'S

PUBLIC & LEDGER