BIG JANUARY RUSH TO SHORE A FLIGHT FROM 'GENERAL GRIP'

Cause of Philadelphia's Exodus Found in Failure of That Grim Enemy to Attack Atlantic City

BOARDWALK IMMUNE

ATLANTIC CITY, Jan. 31. — Philadelphia society's exodus to the seashore, filling the Boardwalk hotels as they were never before crowded in January and causing New Yorkers, who always have had the pick of accommodations at this time, to take what they can get, has been explained.

It isn't a sequence of "war order" prosperity at all, although that, undoubtedly, is an important contributing factor. Society is simply flying from old General Grip, who plays no favorites. He would just as soon redden the nose and keep tears in the eyes of a debutante or her fashionable mother as to make life miserable for any plebeian. Hence the hegira to the Boardwalk, where the prevailing complaint is almost a complete stranger. It was all delightfully simple, after a matron noted for her elaborate entertainments revealed the truth today.

Bonifaces received the news philosophically. They knew there was some good reason, but were quite willing to forego an explanation. What concerns them primarily is that Philadelphians have added January to the big months of the year by coming shoreward instead of going South, setting forward the early spring styles and giving the season an impetus that is going to make the pre-Easter era a record-breaker.

Unfavorable weather, which kept the greater part of the hotel colony indoors yesterday, forced a postponement of a millinery spectacle on the Boardwalk, but vouchsafed a series of more or less imposing displays of the mode with fashionable matrons and their daughters down to the flappers showing morning dresses, afternoon frocks and evening toilettes in their order. It is at this season of the year that the big caravansaries are particularly notable for exquisite costuming after the dinner hour.

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It was a curious coincidence that sent Secretary of War Lindley M. Garrison and Charles F. Murphy, of Tammany Hall, representatives of two widely divergent branches of Democracy, to the Marlborough-Blenheim on the same day. Mr. Garrison is here for rest, and the Tammany chieftain likewise. Both golf, and they may meet and talk over Wilson prospects this week on the links at Seaview.

Many messages of congratulation for Governor Brumbaugh and the new lady of the Executive Mansion at Harrisburg went undelivered last night for the reason that many friends in Pittsburgh and elsewhere assumed the Brumbaughs would come here for their honeymoon. They came by the dozens during the afternoon and evening. Up to midnight, while Governor and Mrs. Brumbaugh were en route for Hot Springs, telegraph companies sought to deliver the messages at beachfront hotels.

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An interesting group of Philadelphia society folk at the Brighton comprises Mr. and Mrs. Charles C. Harrison, Jr., Mr. and Mrs. L. Rodman Page, the latter Katherine Kramer before her marriage, and Mr. and Mrs. J. Marshall Brown, Jr., the latter a sister of Mr. Page. They made up a box party at a Boardwalk theatre on Saturday night.

General Edward deV. Morrell and Mr. and Mrs. Charles T. Schoen are at the Traymore. Mr. and Mrs. Charles M. Schwab have returned to New York.

Prominent Philadelphians at the Casino today included Mr. and Mrs. Clement B. Wainwright, Joseph R. Wainwright and T. Dixon Wainwright, Chestnut Hill; Mrs. Frederick Hemsley, Mrs. A. Brill Riddle, Mr. and Mrs. J. Raymond Jones and son, of Cynwyd; Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Bean, Miss Elinor J. Bean and Miss Elizabeth Wister, Mrs. Henry A. Berwind, Miss Margaret Berwind, Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Cauldwell, Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Ellison, Mr. and Mrs. W. M. Camac and Mrs. Francis William Rawle, of Bryn Mawr, and her two sons.

Suburban Philadelphia has many representatives in the hotel colony. Among them are Mrs. Henry Waters, Cynwyd; Mrs. W. T. Robinson, Haverford; Mr. and Mrs. Pemberton M. Price, Ardmore; Charles J. Cole, Elkins Park; Mr. and Mrs. John M. Perot, Haverford; Mrs. R. Somers Rhodes, of Chester, one of the best-dressed women at the Dennis; Mr. and Mrs. Spencer K. Mulford, Wyncote; Miss Laura S. Hoffer and Miss Marie Louise Hoffer, Narberth; J. P. Whitla, of Sharon, and Mrs. Whitla, the former having a record of 10 miles a day on the Boardwalk.

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Mrs. Thomas McCrae is entertaining Mrs. James Kilgore, of Brandon, Mass., at the Marlborough-Blenheim. Mr. and Mrs. William Rice Taylor are at the same hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Wriggins, Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Poultney, Mr. and Mrs. C. R. McCarthy, J. A. Bates, Dr. and Mrs. J. T. Lippincott, Dr. and Mrs. G. W. Urquhart, Dr. and Mrs. Herbert Goddard, Mr. Thomas E. O'Shea, Mr. and Mrs. B. F. Richardson, Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Dilworth, Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Skerrett and Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Hanna are among the Philadelphians at the Traymore.

Mrs. T. C. Saurman and Miss Dorothy Saurman, of Moore, Pa., are at the Dennis. Mr. and Mrs. Robert Wilson, of Lansdowne, are stopping at Haddon Hall.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry P. McKean, of Penllyn, are visitors at the Marlborough-Blenheim.

Robert B. Smith and Harry B. Smith, co-authors of the "Masked Model," which will have its initial production here tonight, are at the Strand. They scored in "The Debutante," in which Miss Hazel Dawn was the star. Miss Dawn also is at the Strand.

"HIGH-TONED JAGS" IN CLUBS DEPLORED BY CLERGYMAN

The Rev. William Yoemans Attacks Liquor Sales on Sundays

Disapproval of "high-toned jags" and gentlemen's clubs, which permitted the sale of liquor on Sunday, was expressed by ministers of Germantown, who are endeavoring to drive the saloon from that community. The "dry" campaign was the chief subject of discussion today in that section.

Many agreed that the Rev. William Yoemans, pastor of the First Presbyterian Church, Chestnut Hill, took the proper view of the situation in his sermon yesterday. He attacked the fashionable country clubs and other organizations which permitted the sale of drink. Among other things he said "if you are going to have your gentlemen's clubs, where gambling and the sale of liquor on Sunday is allowed, is not the fellow with a nickel in his pocket entitled to a place to spend it? I don't believe in high-toned jags."

"There are 47 saloons in this section and 57 churches. Saloon men must pay $200,000 before they can begin to realize a profit. Does not this show you the situation here?"

The same clergyman denounced Governor Brumbaugh for his attitude on the liquor question at a recent meeting of the No License League.

The Rev. Harold Robinson, pastor of the Market Square Presbyterian Church, and the Rev. Dr. William Beatty Jennings, pastor of the First Presbyterian Church, Germantown, also attacked the saloon in their addresses at evening services.

Next Sunday has been named "Local Option Day" by the No License League. Clergymen of nearly all denominations will attack the saloon in their sermons.

SILENT SHOT, LIKE HISS OF EVIL ONE, PUZZLES CHEMIST AND OFFICIAL

Albany Murder and Attacks by Gunmen Alarm Police With Thought of What Limits Crime May Reach

FORMULA NOT SOLVED

Every time the good scientists invent something useful and uplifting the bad scientists try to invent something wicked to offset it.

Good men invented battleships with plates that a projectile cannot pierce, to defend thier countries, and then bad men invented projectiles that can pierce the unpierceable.

Good men invent revolvers to restrain thieves and murderers and make an honest noise while doing so, and thieves and murderers come back with noiseless revolvers so they can commit their crimes unobserved.

This is the composite opinion of many learned men upon the news from Albany, N. Y., that a "silent gunman" had shot down four persons, the shots making no more sound than a slight hiss. That hiss sent a thrill of apprehension through the Detective Bureau today. It also interested chemists and students of the drama. The latter were interested because the Albany crime has brought to pass in actual life the prophetic dream of Bayard Veiller in his popular play, "Within the Law," which came out three years ago, and has been running ever since.

"WITHIN THE LAW."

In this play a murder is committed on the stage with a noiseless revolver. The gang of burglars enter a house and suddenly realize that one of their number is a traitor and has notified the police. Drawing his noiseless revolver the chief of the gang shoots him dead. The murder had a peculiarly sinister effect; the silent bullet seemed to speed, propelled only by the bitter wind of hatred; it was like a breath from the mouth of the Evil One; while there is a childish candor about the bang of an old-fashioned cartridge which tends to alleviate the ugliness of the effect.

The detectives were even more interested. "This beats the dictophone and the dictograph," quoth one. In that, he meant that Crime tended to invent a new aggressive device in reply to every defensive device that Law invents. Law had made an enormous inroad into Crime's territory by inventing the instruments that betray to the ears of detectives the whispered plottings of crooks. Now, after two or three years' thought, Crime has replied with the noiseless revolver.

FORMULA A PUZZLE.

That the assertion of Albany investigators that only one concern in the world has the secret of the silent explosive is true seems to be borne out in the opinion of chemists here.

Dr. Harry F. Keller, principal of the Germantown High School, and a noted chemist, said that the explosive as described—"a heavily compressed fulminate and quicksilver"—would not be noiseless. Fulminate being used in Fourth of July torpedoes, it would not seem that that was noiseless, he said. Quicksilver has been used in the explosives, he said, but he had not heard of any method of combining it that would make the fulminate soundless.

Yet this is the story told by Edward C. Kenny, one of the four persons shot down by the mysterious gunman:

"The gunman was only a few feet away from me when he shot. I heard a hiss and then received a blow that made me think some one had slapped me on the back with a newspaper. I kept consciousness as I fell in the darkness and after I fell, so that if there had been a report I would have heard it."

John McCormick, another victim, tells the same story of the hissing sound. These two men and Mrs. John McKeown, who is 70 years old, will recover, but the fourth victim, James Irvin, died today. The bullets used were so small that they would not pierce a heavy overcoat at a distance of 20 feet were the ordinary powder used as the propelling force. But the strange chemical compound is said to have three times the driving force of powder.

A New England munitions plant has been experimenting for six months with noiseless explosives and the name of the firm is said to be known to the Albany police. A quiet investigation is under way, not to stop the manufacture of the explosive, but to learn why it should have first had public demonstration in the hands of a criminal. It would be a valuable Government military secret, it was generally agreed, if the Government could get the secret and the rights to the invention from the New England firm.

GIRLS MAY STRIKE AGAIN

Failure of Both Sides to Agree on Wage Question Makes Garment Situation Serious

Another garment strike like that of two weeks ago is probable today, according to Benjamin Schlesinger, representative of the garment workers.

It is reported that Leo Becker, president of the manufacturers' association, has resigned on account of disgust at what was to be a harmony meeting yesterday at the Continental Hotel.

This was the day the arbitration board, consisting of Judge Patterson, Mayor Smith and Director Wilson, set to hear the report of the Wage Committee appointed by the arbitration board. The manufacturers thought that the offices of this board could be avoided by a mutual understanding. So they met yesterday, but got nowhere, and the report has it that Becker was so incensed that he quit. He was asked today whether he had resigned and answered:

"I will neither affirm nor deny the report."

The Wage Committee only had two members, for it was not possible to agree on a third "neutral member."

The two members, Morris Fleischman for the manufacturers and Miss Julia Poyntz for the workers, have arrived at widely different conclusions. Fleischman's report asserts that the workers are making a sufficient wage; Miss Poyntz has figures to show that the average weekly wage was $4.50.

Schlesinger said today:

"I will not be responsible for the action the workers may take if the board's decision on the wage question is not satisfactory." The girls who were on strike are said to be in favor of striking again if they don't get the 15 per cent. increase.

FUNERAL OF R. S. MURPHY

Services Conducted at Home and Oxford Presbyterian Church

Funeral services for Robert S. Murphy, long prominent in local Presbyterian Sunday school circles, who died last Tuesday, were held this afternoon at his late home, 155 North 60th street. Services were also held later in the Oxford Presbyterian Church, Broad and Oxford streets, and in the Bethany Presbyterian Church, 22d and Bainbridge streets.

The Rev. John W. Francis, pastor of the Oxford Presbyterian Church, and the Rev. James B. Ely, of the Lemon Hill Association, conducted the services jointly. Mr. Murphy at the time of his death was superintendent of the Oxford Presbyterian Sunday school. Some years ago he was connected with the Bethany Sunday school. He was formerly postmaster at the South Philadelphia substation.

JOHN C. SAYRE

JOHN C. SAYRE IS DEAD

Rich Social Worker and Philanthropist Pneumonia Victim

John C. Sayre, religious leader and social worker, died yesterday at his home, 959 North 5th street, at the age of 66. He succumbed to pneumonia, from which he had been suffering for a week.

Mr. Sayre was the founder of the Helping Hand Class of the Second Baptist Church, 7th street below Girard avenue. Through this organization he accomplished much for the poor and unfortunate of that section of the city. Although it was not essentially a sabbath school, it attracted considerable attention in church circles. He was not identified with religious philanthropic undertakings until about 15 years ago when he was converted at a revival meeting. He was wealthy and he decided at that time to devote his future to the cause of the poverty-stricken and morally weak.

The fidelity with which he carried out this pledge is attested by the fact that hundreds of men, women and children have been saved from the underworld through Mr. Sayre's activities.

MRS. JOSEPH MIDDLETON

Prominent Temperance Worker of Montgomery County

NORRISTOWN, Pa., Jan. 31.—Mrs. Joseph Middleton, wife of a prominent Norristown business man and for years identified with the temperance movement in Montgomery County, died suddenly today at her home in the suburbs of Norristown from acute indigestion. She was a member of the choir of Hawa Avenue Methodist Church.

GEORGE H. HEPPE

Served Many Years With Firm of F. P. Dilley & Co.

George H. Heppe, 61, died today at his home, 5811 North Broad street. He had been ill a short while.

Mr. Heppe lived all his life in Philadelphia. At the age of 12 he went to work and held several positions until 39 years ago he went with the firm of F. P. Dilley & Co., liquor dealers, 210 South Front street, and remained in their employ until he retired 18 months ago. He was married in 1876 and is survived by a widow, two sons and two daughters.

REV. JACOB MILLER HINSON

Former Superintendent of Methodist Conference of City

The funeral of the Rev. Dr. Jacob Miller Hinson, former district superintendent of the Philadelphia Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, will be held on Wednesday. Services will be held at 2 o'clock in Old St. George's Church, 4th and Vine streets, with the Revs. Jacob S. Hughes, Thomas Kirkpatrick and L. W. Munhall officiating. These clergymen were old friends of the deceased minister.

Doctor Hinson was 83 years old. He succumbed on Saturday night to an illness due largely to old age. Prior to his retirement eight years ago he occupied many important pulpits, including those of the Twelfth Street Church, the Hancock Church, the Port Richmond Church and the First Church of Norristown.

Masonic Rites for John B. Lukens

The funeral of John B. Lukens, a Republican leader, who held many public offices, will be held tomorrow afternoon from 1235 Butler street, the home of his son, John M. Lukens, chief of the Bureau of Boiler Inspection. Members of the Masonic order will bury Mr. Lukens. Services will be conducted by the Rev. J. W. Trout.

BRIGGS, CREATOR OF LAUGHTER, LIVES IN HOUSE OF ROMANCE

Evening Ledger Cartoonist's Home a Land-Schooner, Built of Remains of Water-logged Vessel—There He Goes "When a Feller Needs a Friend"

Briggs, the cartoonist, lives in a land schooner. The creator of "Skinnay" and his friends, of "Kelly Pool" and "Some One is Always Taking the Joy Out of Life" and the other series of clever sketches that appear in the EVENING LEDGER has the strangest and most interesting house in New Rochelle. The pathos behind his pictures of boy life in the last year while the house was being built has been that Mr. Briggs has himself been the "feller" that "needs a friend," because his wife and his architect, Harry Morse, have always had their way about the building details.

It seems that a schooner, at least a century old (though some say two or three centuries), was wrecked on a bar off the Jersey shore. Mr. Briggs got a salvage firm in Perth Amboy to transport the ship timbers and most of the other remains of the water-logged vessel to New Rochelle, and this material was used in making the house, the only one of its kind. For the half-inch cracks in the oaked timber, the holes and other irregularities are a constant source of joy to those who love old things for the sake of their age.

The house is surrounded by a stone wall, imbedded in which are parts of the hull of the old schooner. The building is in the old English style and intentionally unimpressive, the emphasis having been laid on comfort and privacy.

The conveying of the ship timbers from the shores of New Jersey to Wykagl Park was a feat. Gangs of ship carpenters were engaged for many weeks on the task. Entering the courtyard one sees the garage on the left, protruding from which in an elbow or brace is a device to open the 800-pound door without disturbing the driver of the machine. A slight tug at the end of the chain controlling the door, as the chain dangles beside the driver's seat, opens the door wide.

As the door swings back the garage lights automatically are turned on. Twenty-two seconds after the door opens, it locks again, that time being allowed for Mr. Briggs to get out of the auto and leave the garage, and as the lock sets the house door opens; the first foot on the steps leading thereto throws it wide open and releases a manikin "Skinnay," who bobs out from the paneled wainscoting and bids all welcome by saying "Run like everything."

Seventeen seconds after the door of the garage is locked another device lights the cigar in a holder on the steps to the house, and as Briggs picks up his cigar the lights in the garage are automatically switched off. "Skinnay" bows his master into the house and closes the door with manikin skill, then jumps back into his recess.

THE DINING ROOM.

The dining room is large and comfortable, surrounded entirely with quartered white oak panels, stained most beautifully by Father Time himself. The ceiling is beamed with those old water-logged timbers. The window frames are made from the old planking which more than a dozen hardwood turners refused to touch with their tools, but patience carried the day, and although 60 circular saws were ruined by the petrified material, enough were finally put through for every window frame in the house.

The windows in the dining room are of leaded glass, translucent but not transparent, and in every window are descriptive pictures of full-rigged ships and knights and ladies of old, and the like. This room sports a front door, the twin sister of another front door opening from the hall. All the doors are four feet wide, each constructed of three solid three-inch oak planks, seven feet long, and all are hung with heavy hammered iron hinges more than three feet long.

The dining room opens into a spacious hall which leads, two steps down, into the living room, which occupies half the house. Here the planking on the floor is four inches thick, 16 or 18 inches wide, and 30 feet long. The seams are calked with oakum and tar, for these planks have lived many a year on that diet. Scars and marks on the floor show where stays were fastened in them aboard ship and many a misunderstanding carpenter has aroused laughter for suggesting, "That hole will show." The holes are expected to show, to bring to mind the romance of life at sea.

MINSTRELS' BALCONY.

There is a huge stone fireplace. At its left a secret panel gives entrance to a winding stairway in the chimney. In a minstrels' balcony, just above the fireplace, for these are high-ceilinged rooms, three or four musicians can be seated on nights of dancing.

In the library, on the second floor, Mr. Briggs spends most of his time, for he never works at home. Three days a week, at 154 Nassau street, third floor back, in the busiest and least artistic part of New York, is the extent of his absence from New Rochelle. In the bedrooms are casement windows, with iron fixtures. Large quarters for servants are in a separate wing on the second floor, for this large house is only of two stories.

Wherever the beams show, both inside and outside the house, they are exactly as taken from the vessel, save that they have been oiled so thoroughly that the beautiful graining is visible and is a delight to the eye.

Suppose about 20 men should turn up at "Blue Anchor" some wild and wintry night and have to be provided for. There is a cellar and grillroom. The huge rudder of the schooner, 15 feet long, and with its massive iron pivot and chains, weighing nearly 1400 pounds, has the most conspicuous place in the grillroom. It serves as a chimney breast over a glorious fireplace.

At the other end of the room is a huge anchor. It weighs a ton and a quarter and is painted blue, whence the house gets its name. Folding bunks, as wide as double beds, are hidden in the walls.

Mr. Briggs has provided for the future of his young son and daughter. In the front of the house, completely hidden from view, is a dancing pavilion on the terrace. Its floor is of broken Italian marble slabs, pumice-stoned to a perfect smoothness. The vaulted arch of heaven covers this plaza, and it is hidden in the foliage of the private park. A pool at the lower end of the grounds (not Kelly pool) is provided for use in the summer.

LAMAR MUST GO TO JAIL

U. S. Supreme Court Denies Appeal of "Wolf of Wall Street"

WASHINGTON, Jan. 31.—Conviction of David Lamar, so-called "Wolf of Wall street," of the crime of fraudulently impersonating a Congressman, was upheld by the Supreme Court today in a unanimous opinion.

The conviction was obtained in New York Federal Courts.

Lamar's sentence of two years in the Atlanta (Ga.) penitentiary will now go into effect. His appeal to the court was based principally on the allegations of defective features in the indictment used to convict him. The Court held that some of these allegations were without merit and others were "frivolous."

BLINDNESS HALTS BRUSH OF ARTIST

Mrs. E. M. Gardner Completes One Thousandth Picture of Cat as Eyesight Fails

Blindness, the same affliction which prohibited the hero of Kipling's "The Light That Failed" from completing his masterpiece, is preventing Mrs. E. M. Gardner, noted animal artist, of Pitman, N. J., from painting her 1001st cat.

But, unlike Kipling's hero, who sought solace from his despair in drink and the excitement of the battlefront, Mrs. Gardner has accepted her misfortunes resignedly and is grateful she finished her 1000th picture of a feline before her eyesight failed.

She feels that her work has been well done, and finds happiness and contentment in reflecting that her pictures of cats will bring joy and happiness to thousands long after she is dead. The skilful product of her brush has gone to all parts of the world. In art galleries and exclusive salons in this country and Europe her tabbies and tomcats have delighted thousands. They are so lifelike that they can almost be expected to leap from the frame and purr and stretch after the manner of all lazy and contented cats.

Mrs. Gardner's painting of her one thousandth cat a race with her failing eyesight. All of the intensity of her love and appreciation of felines was placed in her effort on this last picture, and art lovers say it is her masterpiece. As the light grew dimmer faster and faster flew Mrs. Gardner's brush over the thick black velvet which served as her canvas. So afraid was she that the midnight of total blindness would suddenly shut out her failing vision that she painted until late at night under an intense artificial light.

Mrs. Gardner's vision had indeed entered the twilight zone when the picture was finished. She dropped her brush with a grateful sigh. She knew it was her best work, although her sight was now so dim that the outlines of the picture were barely visible to her.

"Oh, you beautiful cat," she murmured, "I thank the Almighty that he allowed me to finish you."

Tix, a beautiful Angora, which several years ago resided at Green's Hotel, was the most famous cat Mrs. Gardner ever painted. Tix was valued at $30,000.