JUST GOSSIP ABOUT PEOPLE

large Ball Will Be Given Tonight in Bellevue-Stratford for Miss Anne Meirs-Other Matters of Social Importance

OHT we must tear ourselves away from the Made in America doings once out to attend the ball which Mr. and Mrs. Richard Wain Meirs will give at the Stratford in honor of their charming daughter, Anne Walker Meirs. The as are not the only ones who are looking forward with pleasure to the ball. a number of dinners are to be given beforehand, and that always helps in the

MRS. JOSEPH FREDERICK COTTERELL

Mrs. Cotterell before her marriage at

Norristown hast week was Miss Adelaide

Louise Brooke Chain, daughter of Mr.

and Mrs. B. Percy Chain. The wedding,

which was a military one, was one of the

fashionable events of the winter there.

Lieutenant Cotterell is attached to the

United States Coast Artillery.

the guests of Mrs. Edward M. David, o East Penn street, Germantown.

Mrs. Edward Davis, of Wayne avenue and

mas holidays with her. Mrs. Rowley was

Friends of Dr. Walter Wood, of this city,

Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Bremmer, Jr., of 216

Suminit avenue, Jenkintown, will entertain at their home at supper after the annual show, entitled "Sylvia," given in the Jenkintown Auditorium this evening by the members of the Paint and Powder Club.

Dr. and Mrs. W. Howard Wilson, of Ros

Mrs. Joseph Bromley, of Wissahickon and

Mrs. Walter M. La Rus and Miss Mar-

Miss Emily Ball, of Musgrave street,

Miss Helen Rebmann, of 215 East Gorgas

Mr. and Mrs. Paul Van Reed Miller, et

3102 West Penn street, Germantown, will

give a tea on Sunday afternoon in honor

of Count Axel Roaul Wachtmeister, of Sweden, who will be their guest over the

Captain Arthur B. Owens and Mrs. Owens,

school at Gunston Hall, Washington, D.

Friends of Mrs. Leonard Ackley, of Bar-

rowsdale, Rydal, will be glad to hear that she has returned from the Abington Hos-pital. She is recuperating rapidly from her

Mr. Charles Wellington Furiong will give

Mr. and Mrs. Edward H. Trotter and Mr.

a house for the winter months

Adelphia Hotel.

The Varsity Club, of Cheltenham High School, will give a dance on Friday evening. December 19, in the Gold Room of the

Mr. and Mrs. Henry K. Walt, of Bent

roads Wyncote, will close their country place and leave this week for New Smyras, Fig., where they will spend the winter.

Miss Helen Knifer, of 4315 Chester ave

Mrs. John J. Donnsliy, of Oak Lane, an-

Germantown, will entertain at cards on Friday, December 29.

on Friday, December 29.

recent accident.

at her home.

Miss Katharine Davis before her marriage

will be glad to hear he is recovering from his recent automobile accident.

ent don't you think? others, Dr. and Mrs. Alex-Randall will give a dinner Eatherine Putnam at their s in Harrison Row, and Mr. Mrs. Ben Rush will also enon for Charlotte and her sking flance, John Drayand, too, the Emery Mesels will entertain for Elisawhose debut they are conof this year. Dr. and Mrs. Brinton will give a dinner meir daughter Elizabeth at misCarlton, and in Germano the Baltzar de Mares will s entertain. So you see the His go on fast and furious day. The out-of-town s tenight will include Mr. Mrs. J. R. McKee, of New ck and Mr. and Mrs. Edson by, of Washington and New The little debutante will n a frock of white brocaded a and sliver veiled in tulle. Melra has selected a blue releth gown of rare beauty.

est 1000 guests will attend. TANY, however, paused a long Lunile yesterday, and at the in America Bazaar espeby there was much sadness, a damper was cast over ing when the news came George Horwitz had died in morning. He and his wife es so prominent in every moveof for good, and indeed in this tamer Mrs. Horwitz has m one of the most prominent in the work. George wills was an exceptionally ht man. Just imagine, he enet college when only fourteen ous of age and had been promiet in law and business circles

our since he was admitted to the bar in III. Mrs. Horwitz was Marian Newhall, tister of Tom and Dan Newhall, and course related to all the members of

e rery large clan. Hortter street, Germantown, will entertain at dinner on Friday of next week in honor of her daughter, Mrs. Charles Rowley, of Brookline, Mass. who will spend the Christ-It is with deep regret that we note the using of this man, who was greatly by his fellowmen and who never did to give a helping hand and cheerword to any who needed it.

MANCES STARR is certainly a most soular little actress with members of the social world. She is being enterand all the time during her stay here. on the Cushman Club and Plays and yer gave teas for her, and on Tuesas took part in selling at one of the in the Made-in-America Bazaar, Wednesday night went to the costs all in the frock she wore in "The law Girl in Blue"; and to say she was sait after and courted by all of our tas would be very mild, she is so and pretty. The Hollister Sturof Chestnut Hill, entertained at cf Chestnut Hill, entertained at Chelten avenues, Germantown, has gone to Atlantic City for a fortnight. hatte last night in honor of Miss Starr.

COURSE, it's frightfully exciting. garet La Rue, of Pelham road, Germantown, have gone to Yama Farms, Napanoch, N. Y., for several days. P COURSE, it's frightfully exciting. to New York (of course, properly ned) with your fiance and have fling at the theatres and cafes the gay city. If you had done it before were engaged it would have been my fast, but having secured a perfectly sed sultor, it's all right to go once in a while. However, one should keep he's dignity, and when a sudden shower up just as one is making for the more for tea one should be careful to slip on the wet pavement, it's so intic and it's pretty hard on the leses, who is apt to get well soaked in of 3314 South Twenty-first street, will have Mrss Gladys Woods Rubey, of Los Angeles, Cal., as their guest for the Christmas holising entrance. I wonder to whom this surt of accident happened lately? The bird told me. I'm glad to say that led is getting busy again, for one irmt person wrote in the other day saked me, "What's the matter with pital. a wee bird; has it got the pip?" NANCY WYNNE.

Personals

ar and Mrs. N. Allen Stockton and the engagement of their daughter, Christine Hare Stockton, to Mr. Wilself, and Hopkins, son of Mrs. Johns Hopkins, 1713 Walnut street.

committee in charge of the Cafe stant, which will be given on January 8 in hillroom of the Germantown Cricket includes Mrs. E. L. Baltzar de Mare. Joseph Wayne, Jr., Mrs. Churchill on, Mrs. Arthington Gilpin, Mrs. Eddisker, Mrs. Alfred S. Wills, Mrs. Charles W. Wiater, Jr., Mrs. George Cameron, Charles A. Martin and Mrs. Maurica

Walter Lee, of Pelham road, Ger-wn, will give an informal tea next are in honor of Miss Marie-Louise on, who will return from school in spend the Christmas holidays with mrants, Mr. and Mrz. John A. Mc-4604 Emisn street.

welding of Miss Katherine Nice, hier of Mrs. William Nice, of the spring and Whitewood avenues, it, and Mr. Reed Hobart Ellis, of the strains of the brids on Saturday, January Daly the families and a few intimate will be present. After an extended as trip Mr. and Mrs. Ellis will make home at Hangeley, Me.

and Mrs. Henry Ehret and their so, Miss Gartrude Ehret, of Pine Edgewater Park, will close their if home this week and will come to where they will occupy apartments Rittenhouse for the winter months.

and Mrs. Louise R. Dutton, of Wash-lane, Jenkintown, have returned sidentic City, where they have been a some time. Mr. Dutton is re-turned rapidly after his recent opera-

nue, is chairman of a committee which is arranging for a large bassar to be held on January 17 at the German Society, Mar-shall and Spring Gardan streets, for the benefit of the German Red Cross. and Mrn. Robert Meigs have taken a at Wayna, which they will occupy him. Mrn. Meigs was Miss har-ter Mouston before her marriage to Mrs. Meigs have been living in

SANTA CLAUS GIRL HAS 30,000 CHILDREN'S GIFTS

Olive May Wilson Hammer Receives Donations From President's Wife

A photograph Illustrating this article apare on the pictorial page.

The Santa Claus Girt is again at work The Santa Claus Girt is again at work. Her home at 5151 Morris street is now chock full of toys and things and she is expecting so many more that she won't know where to put them. They were gathered from all over the United States and came from the high and the lowly. Mrs. Woodrow Wilson and Charlie Chaplin, the flop-footer across the movie screens; Annetts Kellermann, the diver and swimmer, and John Philip Sousa, the march kingall are numbered among the many who have contributed gifts and money to the Santa Claus Girl to be distributed by her through the mails at Christmas to thousands of little boys and girls whom Santa Claus times of may forget.

The Santa Claus Girl, who this Christmas

The Santa Claus Girl, who this Christmas is Mrs. Olive May Wilson Hammer—for she was married last Easter to Birchall Hammer expects the work this time to be the most successful and the happiest she has accomplished since she first became the Santa Claus Girl at Christmas in 1913. That first Christmas she gathered \$500

gifts and distributed them; in 1914 the number of gifts reached 17,500; last Christ-mas she distributed 35,200. She expects to give more than \$0,000 Christmas presents this year. All the gifts will be distributed through All the gifts will be distributed through the mail, except a few gifts that will be given away at her home Christmas Day, when she will have a Christmas tree for children in the vicinity. She believes that children appreciate their gifts more when they are received through the mail. In fact, her insuitation to become the Sauta

fact, her inspiration to become the Santa Claus Girl came with the discovery that children like to receive things with their names and addresses and stamps on them. She was in the Postoffice to mail some valentines to friends in 1913 when she found a little urchin waiting there for a valentine. He was very disappointed that none was handed out to him from the window, and Mrs. Hammer—then Olive May Wilson. Offered him one of hers.

Wilson-offered him one of hers.

"No." he said, putting his hands behind him, "I want a regular valentine, with a That was the Santa Claus Girl's idea.

So this year the has named the business. "The Santa Claus Mail." Mrs. Hammer is the treasurer and she has as her advisory committee A. J. Drexel Biddle, John W. Converse and Percy C. Madeira. They are to help her spread "the real Christmas

The names and addresses of children who but for the "Santa Claus Mail" would be forgotten Christmas have been obtained by experienced social workers. A long list is now in the hands of the committee.

The work has been helped along by prom ent men and women all over the United States. Letters indorsing it and offering as-sistance have been received by the Santa laus Girl from Governor Martin G. Brumbaugh, Vice President Thomas R. Marshall, William Jennings Bryan, Champ Clark, Ad-miral George Dewey, Senator Oscar W. Un-derwood and Theodore Roosevelt. In previous years the late James Whitcomb Riley, the Hoosier children's poet, took much in-

terest in the work. Among the gifts this Christmas that the children will receive through the Santa Claus Mail will be "something" from their "movie" hero. Charlie Chaplin. Mrs. Ham-mer received this letter from him the other

"Dear Mrs. Hainmer-I beg to ac knowledge with many thanks the receipt of your letter, and have ordered to be shipped to you from New York something that I am sure will meet with your pleasure as gifts. Wishing the Santa Claus Mail all kinds of success, I am, very sincerely yours. "CHARLES CHAPLIN."

Other such letters, accompanying gifts, were received from "movie" actors, actresses and producers. Thomas H. Ince, the producer, sent his personal check; An-





Copyright, Life Publishing Company. The first dollar he ever earned.

an interesting illustrated lecture at the University Museum tomorrow afternoon at 3:30 o'clock. Mr. Furlong's travels have brought him into close relations with the different aspects of life in South America. Drew sent a doll, the likeness of herself. Mrs. Otis Skinner sent a doll, from Billis Burke two baby dolls were received; Theda Miss Frances Ray, of 442 West School Bara sent a sailor girl doil; Pauline Fred-House lane, Germantown, will give an in-formal dance on Thursday, December 28, and Laurette Taylor each sent a French doll; two old-fashioned dolls were received from Ina Claire, and Douglas Fairbanks gave three French dolls; Henry Walthali sent a check, and a long list of others donated gifts and money.

Edward H. Trotter, Jr., who have been passing the summer in Devon, have returned to Philadelphia.

Among others who have closed their homes in Devon are Mr. and Mrs. George Wharton Pepper and Dr. and Mrs. Charles B. Penross. Mr. and Mrs. Marshall H. Smith, of Wayne, are spending a short time at the Traymore, Atlantic City. The Men's Club, of Wyncots, announces that owing to New Year's Day falling on the first Monday in January its regular meeting night has been changed to the fol-

sent a check, and a long list of others donated gifts and money.

Among the most prized gifts received by
Mrs. Hammer is a hand-embroidered handiesrchief from Mrs. Woodrow Wilson. It
will be sold at auction to add to the funds
for the Santa Ciaus Mail. Mrs. Martin
Brumbaugh dressed two dolls and sent
them and they will be sold at auction. John
Philip Souss gave a Red Cross nurse dolt.

There are now \$0,000 gifts of almost every
kind stored in Mrs. Hammer's home. Eighteen girls have voluntesred to wrap them
and get them in the mails December 20.
Mr. Hammer, with whom the Santa Claus
thri became acquainted when he volunteered his help in wrapping Christmas packages in 1913, and to whom she was married Easter Sunday, is an enthusiast this
year directing the work.

An army of Penn State College students
is out collecting money to pay the postage
of the gifts. Contributions of food and
slothing from manufacturers and dealers
are also being collected. Churches, Sunday
schools, business houses and various societies are belping in the contributions, and
it looks like a big Christmas for the Santa
Claus Girl.

meeting night has been changed to the following week, Monday, January 8, at \$15 o'clock. Mr. Michael Dorizas will be the speaker of the avening, when he will give an illustrated talk on Pereis. The pictures were taken by himself during some of his many travels and are unusually interesting. Captain Lindsay Coates Herkness, Mrs. Herkness and their small son, Master Lindsay Coates Herkness, Jr., who have been spending some time at their home at Meadowbrook, Fa., will leave on Thursday for Plainfield, N. J., where they have taken a house for the winter months.

> Aged Past Master at Lodge Election LANCASTER, Pa. Dec. 15. — Among those who attended the annual election of officers of Lodge No. 15. Free and Accepted Masons, was Past Master William O. Marshall, who has the distinction of having shall, who has the distinction of having attended fifty-two consecutive annual cisc tions. It is believed no other Mason in the United States has such a record.

What's Doing Tonight State Grangers, Academy of Music.
Made in America Busser, Horticultural Hall.,
Agre Cini, Bellavan-Stratford,
Lacines The Youth of the Twentieth Con-

OUTRAGEOUS



"Say, father, is this the way to treat a future President of the United States?"

BEYOND THE GREAT OBLIVION

(Sequel to "The Vacant World")

hauled it tight. A pleasant ripple began to murmur at the stern as the yawl gathered

"From our garden" said she. "I'm going to keep it, wherever we go."

"I understand," he answered. "But this is no time now for retrospection. Everything's sunshine, life, hope—we've got a

Then as the vawl heeled to the breeze and

By mid-afternoon they had safely navi-

gated Harlem River and the upper reaches of East River, and were well up toward Willett's Point, with Long Island Sound opening out before them wroadly.

Of the towns and villages, the estates

broken lines of tall, blue forest in the dis-tance: the Sound appeared to have grown far wider, and what seemed like a strong

irrent set eastward in a manner certainly

not produced by the tide, all of which puz-gled Stern as he held the little yawl to her course, sole alone in that wast blue

where once uncounted thousands of keels

What can the matter be?

stars, under promise to put into where New

The night was moonless; only the great unfroubled stars wondered down at this daring venture into the unknown.

Stern hummed a tune to keep his spirits up. Humning easily over the monotonous dark swells with a fair following breeze, he passed an hour or two. He sat down, braced the tiller, and resigned himself to contemplation of the mysteries that had been suit that still must be. And very

world to win!"

was yet to be.

"Boston and way stations!" cried he. But

By GEORGE ALLAN ENGLAND Copyright, 1218, by Fronte A. Minney Co.

Allan Stern and Searce Kendrick arrived at the old mansion of Vas Ambiers, start to work in earnest to make the home habitable. During the weeks of "settling down" they live on the 1sh that Allan catches with a rude red, and game.

When their new home is made confortable and all arrangements for their future life perfected. Stern and Heatrice return to their old home in the Meropolitan Tower, New York, to get a supply of cannel food. guns, ammonither, tools, for and other essentials. They are on their way tack to the point where their cance is miscred when they are attacked to a pack of familiarly to the shore, but find that sense the last cut have a stacked to a pack of familiarly to the shore, but find that sense to complete a raft upon which they return to their villa in safety. The world's lone man spends a zreat deal of the time after that in the construction of a worthy search of the start of the configuration. THE STORY THUS PAR

THAT'S so. Well, I'll be glad to share it with 'em, for the sake of a handake and a 'howdy,' and a chance to start things going again. Do you know I rather count on finding a few scattered remnants of folk in London or Paris or Herita?

"Just the same as in our day, a handful of ragged shepherds descended from the Mesopotamian peoples—extinct save for them—were tending their sheep at Kunyunjik, on those Babiyonian ruins where once a mighty metropolis stood, and where 5,000,000 people lived and moved, trafficked, loved, hated, fought conquered, died—so how today, perhaps, we may run across a handful of white savages crotching in caves or rude buts among the debris ing in caves or rude buts among the debris of the Place de l'Opera or l'inter den Linden

"And civilize them, Allen? And bring them back and start a colony and make the world again? On, Alan, do you think we could?" she exclaimed, her eyes spar

ling with excitement.
"My plans include nothing less," he answered. "It's mighty well worth trying
for, at any rate. Monday morning we
start, then, little girl." swered. for, at any rate. "Sunday, if you say so "Impatient, now?" he laughed. "No. Monday will be time enough. Lots of things yet to put in shape before we leave. And

we'll have to trust our precious crops to luck, at that. Here's hoping the winter will bring nothing worse than rain. There's no help for it, whatever happens. The

no help for it, whatever happens. The larger venture calls us.

They sat there discussing many, many other factors of the case for a long time. The firs burned low, fell together and dwindled to glowing embers on the hearth. In the red gloom Allan fell her vague, warm, beautiful presence. Strong was she; vigorous, rosy as an Amazon, with the spirit and the beauty of the great outdoors; the life lived as a part of nature's own soif. He realized that never had a woman lived like her.

Dimly he saw her face, so sweet, so

Dimly he saw her face, so sweet, so gentle in its wintful strength, shadowed with the hope and dreams of a whole race the type, the symbol, of the eternal moth-And from his hair he drew her hand

Haven once had stood, and there himself get some much-needed sleep. down to his mouth and kissed it; and with a thrill of sudden tenderness blent with passion he knew all that she meant to him—this perfect woman, his love, who some time soon was now to be his bride. Swifty the yawi split the waters of the Sound, for though her sail was crude, her hody was as fine and speedy as his long experience with boats could make it Some-thing of the vast mystery of night and sea penetrated his soul as he held the boat on CHAPTER X

Toward the Great Cataract

PLEASANT and warm shone the sun that Monday morning the 2d of September, warm through the greenery of oak and pine and fern tree. Golden it lay upon the brakes and mosses by the river bank; silver upon the sands.

Save for the chippering of the busy squir-rels, a hush brooded over nature. The birds were silent. A far blue haze vailed the distant reaches of the stream. Over the distant reaches of the stream. Over the world a vague, premonitory something had failen; it was summer still, but the first touch of dissolution, of decay, had laid the shadow of a pall upon it.

And the two lovers felt their hearts glad-den at thought of the long migration out into the unknown, the migration that might into the unknown, the migration that might lead them to southern shores and to perpetual plenty, perhaps to the great boon of contact once again with humankind. From room to room they went, making all tight and fast for the long absence, taking farewell of all the treasures that during their long weeks of occupancy had accumulated there about them.

Though Stern was no sentimentalist, yet he, too, felt the tears well in his eyes, even as Beta did, when they locked the door and slowly went down the broad steps to the walk has had cleared to the river.

"Ocod-by," said the girl simply, and

walk he had cleared to the river.

"Good-by," said the girl simply, and kissed her hand to the bungalow. Then he draw his arm about her and together they went on down the path. Very swest the thickets of bright blossoms were; very warm and safe the little garden looked, cut out there from the forest that stood guard about it on all sides.

They lingered one last moment by the sun-dial he had carved on a flat boulder, set in a little grassy lawn. The shadow of the gnomon fell athwart the IX and touched the inscription he had graved about the sdge:

I MARK NO HOURS BUT BRIGHT ONES

I MARK NO HOURS BUT BRIGHT ONES.

Beatrice pondered.

"We've never had any other kind, together—not one." said she, looking up
quickly at the man as though with a new
mort of self-realization. "Do you know that,
dear? In all this time, never one hour,
never one single moment of unhappiness
or disagreement. Never a harsh word, an
unkind look or thought 'No hours but
bright ones!" Why, Allan, that's the motto
of our lives!" Why, Allan, that's the motto
of our lives forever, as long as we live. But
come, come—time's slipping on. See, the
shadow's moving ahead already. Come, say
good-by to everything, dear, until next
spring. Now let's be off and away?"

They went aboard the yawl, which, fully
haden, now lay at a little stone wharf by
the edge of the awest wild wood, lis mast
overhung by arching branches of a gothic
elm.

Allas coast off the painter of braided

Allan cast off the painter of braided leather, and with his boathook pushed away. He poled out into the current, then raised the sait of woven rushes like that of a (Thicone tune)

Up he started, with an axclamation which he suppressed, just in time to avoid awakening Beatrice. Through all, over all, a rast, dull roar was making itself heard—a sound as though of mighty waters rushing, leaping, echoing to the sky that droned the scho back again.

Whence came it? Siern could not tell. From nowhere, from everywhere; the hum and vibrant blur of that tremendous sound seemed universal.

"My God, what's that?" Allan exclaimed, peering ahead with eyes widened by a sudden stabbing fear. "I've got Beatrice aboard, here; I can't let anything happen

The gibbous moon, red and sullen, was just beginning to thrust its strangely mottled face above the meany moving plain of water. Far off to southward a dim headland showed; even as Stern looked it drifted backward and away.

Suddenly be got a terrifying sense of peed. The headland must have lain five miles to south of him; yet in a few mo-ments, even as he watched, it had gone into the vague obliteration of a vastly greater

"What's happening?" thought Stern. The what's happening; incomic seer itsee wind had died; it seemed as though the waters were moving with the wind, as fast as the wind; the yawl was keeping pace with it, even as a floating balloon drifts in a storm, unfeeling it.

Deep, dull, beeming, eminous, the rear continued. The sail flapped idie on the mast. Stern could distinguish a long line of fearn that sild away, past the boat, as only fearn sildes on a swift current.

He peered, in the gloom, to port; and all at once, far on the horizon, saw a thing that stepped his heart a moment, then thrashed it into furious activity.

Of these is a direction be indeed as a

Off there in a direction he judged as al most due northeast, a tenuous, rising vell of vapor blotted out the lesser stars and

od the brighter ones. Even in that imperfect light he could see comething of the sinuous drift of that strange cloud.

Quickly he lashed the tiller, crept for-ward and climbed the mast, his night-glasses slung over his shoulder.

Holding by one hand, he tried to con entrate his vision through the glasses, out they failed to show him even as much a the naked eye could discern.

through his jest a certain sadness seemed to vibrate. As the wooded point swallowed to violate. As the wooded point swallowed up their bungalow and blotted out all sight of their garden in the wilderness, then as the little wharf vanished, and nothing now remained but memories, he, too, felt the solemnity of a leave-taking which might well be eternal. The sight was paralyzing in its omen of destruction. Only too well Stern realized the meaning of the swift, strong current, the roar—now ever increasing, ever deepening in volume—the high and shifting vapor veil that climbed toward the dimentification. Beatrice pressed a spray of goldenrod

"Merciful heaven!" gulped he. "There's a cataract over there—a terrible chasm—a plunge—to what? And we're drifting toward it at express-train speed!"

CHAPTER XI The Plunge

DAZED though Stern was at his first restination of the impending horror, yet through his fear for Beatrice, still asieep among her furs, struggled a vast wonder at the meaning, the possibility of such a phefoamed away down stream with a speed and case that bore witness to the correctness of her lines he strick up a song, and Dea-trice joined in, and so their sadness van-lshed and s great, strong, confident joy thrilled both of them at prospect of what

How could a current like that rush up along the Sound? How could there be a cataract, sucking down the waters of the sea itself—whither could it fall? Even at that crisis the man's scientific curlosity was aroused; he felt, subconsciously, the inter-est of the trained observer there in the midet of deadly peril. and magnificent palaces that once had adorned the shores of the Sound, no trace remained. Nothing was visible but un-But the moment demanded action.

Quickly Stern dropped to the deck, and oiseless as a cat in his doeskin sandals an aft. But even before he had executed the in-

stinctive tactic of shifting the beim, paying off, and trying to beat up into the faint breeze that now drifted over the swirling current, he realized its futility and aban-"No use," thought he. "About as effective as trying to dip up the ocean with a spoon. Any use to try the aweeps? Maybe sie and I together could awing

of Stamford, still holding a fair course about five or six miles off shore. Save for the gulls and one or two quick-scurrying flights of Mother Carey's chickens frow larger and swifter than in the old days) and a single "V" of noisy geese, no life had appeared all that afternoon. Stern Beside the girl he knelt.

"Beta." Beta." he whispered in her ear.

He shook her gently by the arm. "Come,
wake up, girlie—there's work to do here." wondered at this. A kind of desolation seemed to be over the region. "Ten times more living things in our vicinity back home on the Hudson," he remarked to Beatrice, who now lay 'midships. She, submerged in healthy sleep, sighed deeply and murinured some unintelligible timing; but Stern perelated. And in a minute or so there she was, sitting up in the bottom of the yaw! among the furs.

under the shelter of the cabin, warmly wrapped in fure against the keen cutting of the night wind. "It seems as though In the dim moonlight her face seemed a vague sweet flower shadowed by the dark, something had happened around here, doesn't it? I should have thought the Sound would be alive with birds and fishwind-blown masses of her hair. Stern felt the warmth, scented the perfume of firm, full-blooded flesh. She put a hand to her hair; her tiger-skin robe, falling back to the shoulder, revealed her white She had no hypothesis, and though they talked it over, they reassed no conclusion. Hy 8 o'clock she fell asleep in her warm nest and Stern steered on alone, by the

and beautiful arm man and brought him close to her breast. "Oh, Allan!" she breathed. "My boy!
Where are we? What is it? Oh, I was
sleeping so soundly! Have we reached harbor yet? What's that noise—that roaring

sound? Surf?" For a moment he could not answer. She, nsing some trouble, peered closely at

"What is it, Alian?" she cried, her woman's intuition telling her of trouble. "Tell me—is anything wrong?" "Listen, dearest!"
"Yes, what?"

"Yes, what?"

We're in some kind of—of——" What? Danger?" "Well, it may be. I don't know yet. But

contemplation of the mysteries that had been and that still must be. And very sweet to him was the sense of protection, of guardianship, wherein be held the sleeping girl in the shelter of the little cabin.

He must have dozed, silting there inactive and alone. How long? He could not tell. All that he knew was, suddenly, that he had wakened to rail consciousness.

and that a sense of uneasiness of fear, of being carried toward it on a strong cur-

Anxiously she peared, now full awake. Then she turned to Allan.
"Can't we sail away?"

"Net enough wind. We might possibly row out of the current, and perhaps "Give me one of the sweeps, quick, quick?" He put the sweeps out. No sooner had he braced himself against a rib of the yawi and thrown his muscles against the heavy bar than she, too, was pulling hard.

"Not too strong at first, dear," he cau-tioned "Don't use up all your strength in the first few minutes. We may have a long fight for it!" "I'm in it with you—till the end—whichever way it ends," she answered; and in the moonlight he saw the untrammeled swing and play of her magnificent body. The yawi came round slowly till it was crosswise to the current, headed toward the mainland shore. New it began to make a little headway. But the breese slightly towards it.

impeded it. Stern whipped out his kulfe and stashed the sheets of platted rush. The mil crumpled, erackled and sild down; and now under a bars pole the boat cradled slowly ahead transversely across the foamstreaked current that ran swiftly soughing toward the dim vapor swirls away to the postless?

(CONTINUED TOMORROW)

GIRL, RELATIVE SAYS

Sixteen-Year-Old Wife Wanted Chorus Work, Her Mother-

in-Law Believes

Mrs. Earl Schneck, mother-in-law of Mrs. Marle Schneck, the sixteen-year-old mother who left home last Saturday, leaving a note telling her husband to collect insurance soney and buy Christmas presents for himself and their baby, believes her daughterin-law has joined a chorus. The girl, who was married when she was thirteen, the mother-in-law said, recently went to several theatres and expressed a desire to be in a chorus. She sise thought she would like to be a "vampire" on movie screens, he other-in-law says

The husband, William Schneck, who lives at 1427 North Etting street, has appealed to the police and the newspapers to help him find his wife. When he arrived home last Saturday night he found their eighteenmonth-old baby Helen alone, and the follownote from his wife was on a table:

"May happiness be yours for the rest of your life, as you have had no happiness since you met me. Collect insurance money. You can get an undertaker to swear he buried me if you give him a couple of dollars. Take care of Helen and give her a good Christmas. I also hope you have a good one. Don't follow, for you will have o die to follow me."

RICH QUARTET OPENS CHAMBER MUSIC SERIES

Novelty of Program Is Septet by Beethoven-Other Numbers by Mozart and Franck

The Rich Quartet played very worthly o an undeservingly small attendance last night for the opening of its series of chamber music concerts. The audience, which made a very scant impression in the vast paces of Witherspoon Hall, was highly appreciative, but it should have been much larger for the proper encouragement of the organization, which is both a pillar and an ornament of the Philadelphia musical

Chamber music is not one of the most exciting of indoor sports, but it is one of the fluest recreations of the musical mind. It feeds the soul with something beyond the speciacular appeal to the eye of the opera or the sensational appeal to the ear of some virtuosi. Surely the serener pleasures of pure music are not to be despised and Anyhow, the members of the Rich Quar

tet are "good sports." They played the game for its every point, and they scored. There was no perfunctoriness in the presentation of Mozart's Quartet No. 18 in D major, and Caesar Franck's key, and Beethoven's septet in personnel of the quartet is Thaddeus Rich concertmeister and assistant conductor of the Philadelphia Orchestra, first violing Hans Kindler, principal cellist of the or-chestra, violoncello, Hedda van den Beemt, chestra, violoncello; Bedda van den Beemt, second violin, and Alfred Lorenz, viola, the last two also members of the orchestra. For the Beethoven number they had the co-operation of Antony Torello, contrainses; Robert Lindemann, clarinet; Richard Krueger, bassoon, and Anton Horner, French horn, also of Mr. Stokowski's band,

The singular musical grace which is Mozart was realized in the opening quartet, in which the melodic curvs was the line of beauty. Then came the complexi-ties of Bosthoven—yearnings of mood and questings of technique toward the romantic questings of technique toward the romantic and out of chaste trammels, despite the fact that the opus numeral is as early as twenty and the form is somewhat precise, There was a beautiful blending of the strings and the winds, but the ensemble was able at all times to make the tonal addition one of chamber music, with no suggestion of the orchestral on a miniature "Well, it may be, I don't know yet, But there's something wrong. You see—"
"Oh, Allan!" she exclaimed, and started up. "Why didn't you waken me before? What is it? What can I do to help?"
"I think there's rough water ahead, dear," the engineer answered trying to steady his voice, which shook a trifle in spite of him. "At any rate, it sounds like a waterfall of some kind or other; and see, there's a line, a drift of vapor rising over there. We'rs

"Well, it may be, I don't know yet, Blut there's a beautiful blending of the strings and the form is somowhat precise, there's a beautiful blending of the strings and the wars in beautiful blending of the strings and the form is somowhat precise, there's a beautiful blending of the strings and the wards but the ensemble was able at all times to make the tonal addition one of chamber music, with no suggestion of the orchestral on a miniature scale. And for finale was the mysticism of the Heiglan organist, which in the last movement had a bravura and lift strangely and the form is somowhat precise, "There was a beautiful blending of the strings and the winds, but the ensemble was able at all times to make the tonal addition one of chamber music, with no suggestion of the orchestral on a miniature scale. And for finale was the mysticism of the Tonal was a che at all times to make the tonal addition one of chamber music, with no suggestion of the orchestral on a miniature scale. And for finale was the mysticism of the Tonal was the constant of the winds, but the ensemble was a ble at all times to make the tonal addition one of chamber music, with no suggestion of the orchestral on a miniature scale. And for finale was the mystics and the was a beautiful blending of the strings and the winds, but the ensemble was a beautiful blending of the strings and the winds, but the ensemble was a beautiful blending of the strings and the winds, but the ensemble was a beautiful blending of the strings and the winds, but the ensemble was a beautiful blending of the strings and the was t

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