JUST GOSSIP ABOUT PEOPLE

Nancy Wynne Wishes Her Readers a Year of Prosperity and Peace-Many Celebrations. Debutante Dance and Tea

DERHAPS Sunday intervening, seeing the old year out and the new one in was not so wildly hilarious as usual. However, the cafes and restaurants opened up at midnight and then 'twas as if there hadn't been any Sunday. I often wonder why people seem to think it is "positutely" necessary to be extra gay at these times, when really the opening of a new year is a solemn thing. The old one has gone,

MISS SOPHY MERCER WORTH

Miss Worth was to have entertained at Mrs.

Scott's Supper Club on Saturday evening in honor of Miss Susan Lynah Bruce and Mr.

Samuel H. Chase, whose marriage will take

place next Saturday, but owing to Miss Bruce having a severe cold the party was

postponed.

reside at the tea table.

they will spend several weeks.

Thirty-eighth street.

he winter months.

ins for several days.

trip to Atlantic City.

from a visit in Scranton.

Klapp and a few of next season's debu-tantes, including Miss Elisabeth E. Miller, Miss Margaret Shober, Miss Helen Hen-

lerson, Miss Jeannette Faries, Miss Paul-

Mr. J. Bertram Lippincott, accompanied

by his son, Bertram Lippincott, of 1712 Spruce street, left last week for their es-tate in Florida, where they will spend some

ime on a hunting trip.
Friends of Mr. Joseph Wharton Lippin-ott, of Bethuyres, will be glad to hear he s recovering from his recent illness.

Mrs. Robert Sturgis, accompanied by her daughter, Miss Henrietta H. B. Sturgis, of Laburnums, Chelten Hills, returned on Saturday to New York to spend the remaining

winter months at their house, 153 East

Mr. and Mrs. Andrew McCown, of 5214

rom Bayonne, N. J., where they spent several days as the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Vasper Nicolis. Mrs. Nicolis will be re-

tembered as Miss Emily Moffly before her

Mr. Willis Adams, formerly of this city, but now making his home in Indianapolis, returned to town this last week for a visit

Mr. William Schweikhart, of Morristown

N. J., aunounces the engagement of his daughter, Miss Minnle Schweikhart, to the Rev. Charles Eduard Eder, curate at the Church of St. Martin's-in-the-Fields, Chest-

out Hill. The wedding will take place in

Mr. and Mrs. R. R. Tuttle, who have been

spending some time in Jenkintown, where they occupied a house on Summit avenue, have closed their home and are occupying apartments at the Bellevue-Stratford for

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Robbins, of Web

ster avenue, will have Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Miller Sharkey and their two children, of Trenton, as their guests over the week-end.

Mrs. Sharkey's sister, Miss Marie Robbins, formerly of Germantown, who has been spending the winter at Rochester, N. Y., will also be the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Rob-

Mrs. Francis Goodhue, of 63 Church lane, Germantown, gave a children's party on Saturday. The guests were Miss Dorothea Shipley, Miss Virginia Hoff, Miss Martyn-George, Miss Helen Henderson, Miss Cath-erine Sober, Miss Edith Shane, Mr. Thomas Georgett Mr. Elwood Beyes, Mr. de Quar-

Garrett, Mr. Elwood Reeves, Mr. de Quar-iell Richardson, Mr. Thomas Michael, Mr. William Beamish, Mr. Curtis Wood, Mr. Newlin Balley and Mr. John Silver.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur S. Holman, of Wayne, announce the engagement of their daughter, Miss Mary Holmes, to Mr. Rich-ard Howson, also of Wayne.

Mrs. D. L. Hebard, of Evergreen avenue, Chestnut Hill, will return on Monday from

Miss Jean Ward, of San Prancisco, will arrive January 4 to be the guest of Mrs. Paul Van Reed Miller, of 3192 West Penn street, Germantown.

Miss Esther Jean Bochmann, of 2048 Lo

cust street, will leave tomorrow for New York, where she will attend several balls.

Miss Elizabeth Dickson, of 114 South

The officers and board of directors of

the Twentieth Century Club of Lansdowne will entertain the members of the club and their families and friends at their annual

Miss Mildred Warner, of Meadowbrook

cond street, returned last week

laden with its Joys and sorrows, Its sad and its happy memories, gone never to come back again Many of us may have made mistakes perhaps in the year, many of us have found our life work within its 365 days; many even nay have left us to go on before till we come to the parting of the ways. Surely it is a day on which to think and even to be old fashioned enough to resolve that 1917 will see us better ready to meet the vicisaltudes of life, stronger to do, stronger to bear, and with the knowledge that if we in our ignorance and littleness have failed in various ways heretofore, we can always remember that "God's in His heaven. All's right with the world.

OCIETY will be entertained this evening at the Ritz-Carlton, when Mrs. Arthur Brock will give a ball at which she will introduce her daughter, Betty Brock. Betty is the youngest of the Brock girls. Fanny, you know, married Billie Montgomery several years ago, and Ella is the wife of Joe Du Barry, who is at present at El Paso, counting the days before he may return and see his small son, aged about three months, ance more. Sarah, the second sister, has been out in California for several years, and now Betty is to be introduced. She is fair, though not by any means so fair as Ella, and is rather plump compared to her older sisters. Betty is not so fond of the light Photo by fantastic as was Ella, but she is more addicted to out-of-doors things and runs her own car. She was educated at the Episcooal Convent of St. Mary's, on the Hudson at Peckskill, so popular as a finishing school among fashionable folk. There are to

be a number of dinners before the party tonight. The Arthur Emlen Newbold Jrs. will entertain, and Miss Julia Berwind will give a dinner for her niece Margaret Dunlap, at her home, 102 South Twenty-first street. The Francis King Wainwrights also will entertain at a theatre party before the ball.

ANOTHER debutante affair will be the tea which Mr. and Mrs. Earl B. Putnam will give at their home, 1926 Spruce street, to introduce their daughter, Katharine. Katharine is rather slim, with fair hair and blue eyes, and resembles her sisters, Betty and Amelia quite a littie. Betty, by the way, is now Mrs. Shroeder, you know, and has come back with her husband to live in Philadelphia this year, much to the joy of her family and friends.

MEMBERS of the younger set will have a good time this afternoon at the Eli K. Prices, at 1709 Walnut street. when a dansant will be given for Evelyn Price. I do think Mrs. Price is one of the very smartest-looking women, and she is so affable and charming. The little guests at the party this afternoon will all be of the younger school set.

NEW YEAR'S EVE was celebrated twenty-four hours in advance by Mrs. Scott's Supper Club, which met as usua in the ballroom of the Bellevue-Stratford, which was gay in holiday attire. Favors were given out during the evening. The Sam Reeves entertained for Mrs. Reeves's brother-in-law and sister, Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Franchot, of Tulsa, Okla. Mrs Franchot, you will remember, was Constance Lippincott before her marriage several years ago. Also in the party were Jay Lippincott and his handsome wife and the Parry Disstons.

The Ralph Derra, who are at present making their home in Wilmington, were present, and another party included Mr. and Mrs. James M. Reed, Mr. and Mrs. James Potter and Mr. and Mrs. George Rosengarten. Mrs. Reed caused a mild sensation by coming a-cropper in the middle of the ballroom floor, Churchill Williams coming gallantly to the rescue.

The Isaac Schlichters, as usual, had party, also the Horace Eugene Smiths the Spencer Millers, Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Woodward and Mr. and Mrs. Horace

Mr. and Mrs. Powell Evans, who gave a dance for their young daughter Anita in the Clover Room that evening, came into the Supper Club after bidding their

young guests adien.

TT MUST have been some party for L Katharine Lea and Dorothy Newbold at the Stotesburys on Friday night! 1 had occasion to be out very early on Saturday morning, and believe me at 7 o'clock G. M. Walnut street, Locust street, Twentieth and Nineteenth streets were lined up with automobiles still. How can they do it? I should think it would be impossible to get a stroke of work done in the business offices after one of these all-night sessions. It's all very well for the girls. They can go home and sleep, you know, but some of the men have to work, and how in the world can they do it? Dance all night and eat heavy suppers, to say nothing of liquid food. They just can't; and that is Why it is hostesses have so much trouble in getting enough men for their parties They will go in this way for a year of two, and then they just won't any more So many good things have been started

12. How about it? NANCY WYNNE. Personals

by the women in this city, why does not some one start early dances? Begin the

parties at 8 o'clock and finish them at

their families and friends at their annual New Year's reception and dance at the club-house tonight. In the receiving line will be Mrs. Clarence H. Eppelsheimer, president: Mrs. Samuel L. Kent, Mrs. Robert L. McLean, Mrs. T. Sparks Blahop, Mrs. Robert W. Gick, Mrs. Francis D. Maxwell, Mrs. Walter L. Webb, Mrs. Edward R. Fackler, Mrs. William A. McEwen, Mrs. Frackler, Mrs. William A. McEwen, Mrs. Harley B. Nichols, Mrs. Frank G. Burrows, Mrs. C. Mercer Balley, Mrs. W. Frank English, Mrs. Henry S. Barker and Mrs. Paul Lachenmeyer. At the tea which Mr. and Mrs. Jessa Williams will give this afternoon at the Acorn Club for their daughter. Miss Gladys Riapp Williams, who will be a debutants

has left for New York, where she will re-main several days.

Thirty-ninth steet, announces the engagement of his daughter, Miss Ida Mac Roberts, to Mr. John William Snyder, of Berlin, N. J. Mr. Frank T. Roberts, of \$01 North

Mr. and Mrs. J. Franklin Fries, of Overbrook, announce the engagement of their daughter, Miss Gindys E. Moreau Fries, to Mr. Charles W. I., Andes, of this city.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles W. Leake, of Scattle. Wash, announce the engagement of their daughter, Miss Mary Lona Leake, to Mr. Edward McMenemy Haig, son of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Haig, of Overbrook.

The Germantown Cricket Club will hold open house on New Year's Day, following its practice of many years. A buffet junction will be served at 1:30 o'clock, followed by dancing during the afternoon.

Mrs. William Morse and her daughter, Miss Eva Morse of Dayton, O., are spend-ing the holiday with Mrs. James F. Goss-ner, of Torresdale.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry M. Trumbors, of 1818 North Camac street, announce the en-gagement of their daughter, Miss Daisy Trumbore, to Mr. Julius C. Wilde. The wedding will take place in June.

The officers of the North Hills Country Club have issued cards to members and their friends announcing open house today. Luncheon will be served at I o'cleck. In the evening a club dinner dance will be held the evening a club dinner dance will be held to 7.30 o'clock, which is in charge of the ladies' entertainment committee, which is composed of the following: Mrs. Charles A. Brown, Mrs. C. L. Thompson, Mrs. C. Forey, Mrs. A. Hallstorm, Mrs. M. C. Robinson, Mrs. Nelson Mayhew, Tomorrow evening a club bridge will be held at 8.20 o'clock, to which all complete and their friends are o which all members and their friends are invited to be present, and on Saturday, January 6, at 8:15 o'clock, a musical con-cert will be given. The program is in charge of Mr. Frederick Leonard. Twenty singers and musicians will take part.

A costume dance was held on Saturday evening by the Oemene Club, of Philadelphia, at the Wynnefield Country Club.

The hosterses were Miss Alice Baird, Miss Tillye Bechstein, Miss Loretta Hoar, Miss Dorothy Keenan, Miss Mattle Kensil. Miss Hozel Kirkpatrick, stiss Lillian Kluth Mirs Caralene Lyet, Miss Regina McDonald and Miss Marle McDonald.

What's Doing Tonight Annual ball. Pennsylvania Academy of the

Open house in all hotels and clubs. Opening exercises, Grand Praternity Building, 1626 Arch street. Benefit for German Red Cross, Metropolitan pera House, 8 o'clock.

Farmer Smith's Column

A HAPPY NEW YEAR "A Happy New Year! MAY 1917 HOLD OR YOU ALL YOU MAY WISH IT TO OLD!" That is what the New Year cards

Let us reverse the latter part of the intence—"1917 MAY HOLD FOR YOU LL YOU WISH IT TO HOLD. Wilbur Paddock Klapp and Miss Elise

This is the truth.
Pretty wishes on painted cards cannot
nake the happiness or good fortune of the
let. ear. You YOURSELF must determine

what 1917 holds for YOU.

Does it hold the loving friendship of your parents and your teacher?

Does it hold the good will of playmate. ine Arey, Miss Mary Fiaro and Miss Louise Klapp Byons, of New York, Mrs. William Penn Troth and Mrs. Barton Hirst will rienda? Mr. and Mrs. Gurnee Munn, of Washington, D. C., and Mr. and Mrs. Arturo De Hecren, who are spending some time with Mr. and Mrs. Rodman Wanamaker at their country place on Washington lane, Chelten Hills. will leave on Wednesday, January 10, for Palin Beach, Fin., where they will spend sayeral weeks. Does it hold high place in class, in sports

and games?
Does it hold the hundred and one things o be had. NOT for the ASKING, but for

to be had, NOT for the ASKING, but for the WORKING and the TRYING? The answer depends—not on the number of painted cards you received today. It depends on YOU? Over the hill into the Land of Time Forever Gone—slov't, disappears 1916. Young, vibrant—on the Brow of Today stands 1917—head tossed back to face the winds, arms outstretched lader with—OP-

winds, arms outstretched laden with—OP-PORTUNITIES—BLESSINGS—JOYS, WHAT DOES 1917 HOLD FOR YOU? FARMER SMITH. Children's Editor.

BILLY GETS A REST

By Farmer Smith Quiet, quiet, quiet.

There was such quiet in the Bumpus ome that Mrs. Bumpus was worried. There ulet upstairs and quiet and Billy was as meek as a kitten, only ot nearly so playful.

Mrs. Bumpus even wished Billy would The morning after her husband had been out riding with Mister Turkey Gob-bler Mrs. Bumpus ventured to ask: "Is there anything the matter?"

"No, indeed," replied Billy. "If there is one disturbed here it is you.

Read, read, read.

Mrs. Bumpus went out in the kitche nd hegan to think and the more she tried to think the worse off she became. She peeked in the sitting room, and there was Billy with the Goatville News in front of him—and it was UPSIDE DOWN.

Mrs. Bumpus dropped the dishpan and Billy jumped three feet out of his chair. At this his wife rushed into the sitting

"Is anything the matter?" she asked.
"I thought maybe you had a puncture,"
aid Billy, turning the paper right side up. Read, read, read. On the kitchen table there was a paper bag and it filled Mrs. Bumpus with a long-ing which she soon refleved. SHE BLEW

Poor Billy jumped nearly six feet out of is chair and rushed into the kitchen. What is all this noise about?" he asked.

"You must get used to noises, if you are going to have an automobile," answered his foling to have a sife kindly.

"Listen, dearie, (Hilly always called his wife "dearie" when he wanted her to tell him anything.) "Please tell me about the

At that moment the doorbell rang and At that moment the doorsel tails and Billy secoted down the cellar, for he had not forgotten that Mister Elephant MIGHT come some day and settle with him for eating up the big fellow's rope. In a few minutes his wife should down

cellar: "Come, my darling, it was only the mail man, with an arm full of books Billy hurried up and took the books from

"BOOKS!" he exclaimed. B-b-books these are catalogues of automobiles—can't you see the pictures on the outside?" "It is YOUR mail," replied Mrs. Bumpus. "I should say it was," replied Billy. "Just

Billy did not wait to argue with his wife. Billy did not wait to argue with an wise, but rushed down cellar. In a few minutes she heard him poking the furnace. "We don't need any more heat," sug-gested Mrs. Bumpus, when she poked her head down the cellar way. Billy came up from the cellar and sat

Nead, read read. "I smell rubber burning," said Mra-Bumpus, as she began paring the potatoes for dinner.

"It must be the tires on those automobiles I put in the fire," replied Billy, never taking his eyes off his newspaper.

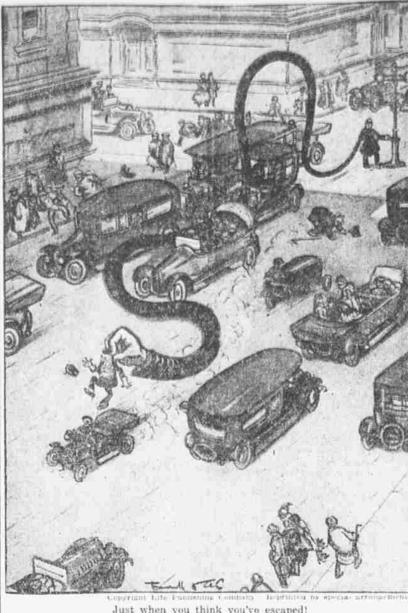
"You don't mean to tell me that you put those things in the furnace!" Mra-Bumpus fairly shouted.

"Of course, I did—I'm taking a rest— from—from—automobiles." Billy kept on reading.

reading
"What if the gasoline explodes in the furnace?" asked his good wife.
Hilly did not move. "That would be
nothing to what happened to me yester-

day."
"Why didn't you tell me about it?" asked Mrs. Bumpus.
"You did not usk me," replied Billy, and circu

THE LONG ARM OF THE LAW



Just when you think you've escaped!

BEYOND THE GREAT OBLIVION

(Sequel to "The Vacant World")

clasped him in her arms.

his hot, aching head

ached, she could not a water-souked ligatures

"Thank God for that!" he breathed fer-

THE NEW YEAR'S RESOLVE

"I know I swore off gnawing bones, but I might as well take a look at it."

the floor as you go. There may be a crevice or pit or something of that kind."

All at once she cried: "Here it is! I've found it!"

re if there's any rough place on it. Any harp edge of a plate, or anything of that ind, that I could rub the cords on." Another silence. Then the girl spoke.

"Nothing of that kind here," she answered despairingly. "The door's as smooth as if it had been filed and poished. There's not even a lock of any kind. It must be fast-ened from the outside in some way."

"By Heaven, this is certainly a hard prop-sition!" exclaimed the engineer, groaning impite himself. "What the deuce are we tolog to do now?"

For a moment he remained sunk in a kind of dult and apathetic despair. But suddenly he gave a cry of joy. "I've got it" he exclaimed "Your re-volver, quick! Aim at the opposite wall, there, and fire!"

"Can you untie these infernal

By GEORGE ALLAN ENGLAND Congright, 1916, by Frank A. Muntey Company.

NOT a quadruped of any kind was to be agen. Neither cat nor dog was there, neither was no up of the order of the does, but, having shifted his position very cautiously and tried again, he experienced the great joy of feeling his sandaled foot come in contact with the girl's prostrate body. Beside her on the floor he knelt. He could Regide her on the near he smell, he could not free his hands, but he could call to her and kiss her face. And presently, even while the joy of this discovery was keen upon him, obscuring the hot rage he felt, she moved, she spoke a few vague words, and reached her hands up to him; she classed him in her arms.

IN men. Neither cut nor dog was there, neither goat nor pig nor any ather creature such as in the meanest savage villages of other times might have been found upon the surface of the earth. But, umbisturbed and bold, numbers of a most extraordinary fowl—a long-legged, red-nacked fowl, wattled and huge of beak—gravely waddled here and there or perched singly and in solemn rows upon the huns. "Great Heavens, Reatrice," exclaimed the engineer, "what are we up against? Of all the incredible places! That light! That roaring!"

He had difficulty in making himself even heard. For now the hissing roar which they had perceived from afar off seemed blur, rising, falling, as the light waxed

and waned.

Terribly confusing all these new senseImpressions were to Stern and Beatrice in
their unnerved and weakened state. And,
starling about them as they went, they
slowly moved along with the motion of
their captors toward the great light.

All at once Stern stopped with a startled
erv.

"The infernal devils!" he exclaimed, and

The internal devise, he excellent, and recoiled with an involuntary shudder from the sight that met his eyes.

The girl too, cried out in foar.

Some air-current, some heated blast of vapor from the vast flame they slow saw shooting upward from the stone flooring of

white vapors.

Stern get a glimpse of a circular row of stone posts, each about nine feet high—he saw not the complete circle, but enough of it to judge its diameter as some has feet. In the center stood a round and massive building, and from each post to that building stretched a metal rod perhaps twenty feet in length. "Look! Look!" gasped Bentrice and

Then, deadly pale, she hid her face in both her hands and crouched away, as though to blot the sight from her per-

ception.

Each metal bar was sagging with a hideous lead—a row of human skeletons, stark, fleshiess, frightful in their ghast-liness. All were headless. All, suspended by the cervical certebrase, swayed lightly as the blue-green light glared on them with its welrd, uncarthly radiance.

Lefore either Storn or the girl had time even to struggle or so much as recover from the shock of this fell sight, they were both pushed roughly between two of the posts into the frightful circle. Storn saw a door yawn black before them in the massive hut of stone.

Toward this the Folk of the Abyas were thrusting them.

Toward this the Polk of the Abyas were thrusting them.
"No, you don't, damn you!" he howled with sudden passion. "None o' that for us! Shoot."
But even as her hand jerked at the butt of the automatic, in its rawhide holster on her hip, an overmastering force flung them both forward into the foul dark of the round dungeon. A metal door clanged shut. Absolute darkness fell.
"My God!" cried Stern. "Beta! Where are you! Beta. Beta!"
But answer there was none. The girl had fainted.

had fainted.

CHAPTER XXVI "You Speak English!"

EVEN in his pain and rage and fear.
Steen did not lose his wits. Too great
the peril, he subconsciously realized, for
any false step now. Despite the fact that the stone prison could measure no more than some ten feet in diameter, he knew that in its floors some pit or fissure might exist, frightfully deep, for their destruc-

exist, frightfully sleep, for their destruction.

And other dangers, too, might its hidden in this fearful place. So, restraining himself with a strong effort, he stood there motionless a few seconds, listening, trying to think. Severe now the pain from his lashed wrists had grown but he no longer feit it. Strange visions seemed to dance before his eyes, for weakness and fever were at work upon him. In his ears still sounded, though muffled now the constant hissing roar of the great fame, the mysterious and monstrous let of firs which seemed to form the center of this unknown, incomprehensible life in the abyest.

"Merciful Heavens!" gasted he. "That fire—those skeletons—this black coll—what can they mean!" He found no answer in his bewildered brain. Once more he called, "Beatrice! Beatrice!", but only the close echo of the prison replied.

He listened, holding his breath in sickening fear. Was there, in truth, some waiting, yawning chasm in the coli, and had she, thrust rudely forward, been huried down it? At the thought he set his jaws with terrible menace and swore, to the hist drop of his blood, vengennes on these inhuman captors.

But as he listened, standing there with

At first he found r sthing save the smooth

there, and fire?" she queried, astonished.
"Why—what for?"
"Never mind! Shoot?"
Amazed, she did his bidding. The crash of the report almost desfened them in that narrow room. By the stabbing flare of the discharge they gimpsed the black and shining walls, a deadly circle all about them.
"Again?" asked she.

human captors.

But as he listened, standing there with hound hands in the thick gloom, he seemed to catch a slow and sighing sound, as of troubled breathing. Again he called. No answer. Then he understood the truth And unable to grope with his hands, he swung one foot slowly, goatly, in the partial circumference of a circle.

At first he found r whing save the smooth

hand fell on the jagged bit of metal. "Ah!" cried she. "Here it is!" "Good! Tell ms, is the steel jacket burst in any such way as to make a jagged edge?" A moment's slicence, while her deft fingers examined the metal. Then said she:

"I think so. It's a terribly small bit to saw with, but..."
"To work, then! I can't stand this much

longer."
With splendid energy the girl uttacked with spiends energy the girl accept the tough and water-scaled honds. She worked half an hour before the first one, thread by thread yielding gave way. The second followed soon after; and now, with torn and bleeding fingers, she released the

torn and bleeding flugers, she released the flual bond.

"Thank Heaven!" he breathed as she began chafing his numb wrists and arms to bring the circulation back again; and presently, when he had regained some use of his own hands, he also rubbed his arms. "No great damage done, after all." he judged, "so far as this is concerned. But, by the Almighty, we're in one frightful fix every other way! Hark! Hear those demons outside there? God knows what they're up to now!"

Both prisoners listened.

Even through the massive wails of the circular dungeon they could hear a dull and grussome chant that rose, fell, died, and then resumed, seemingly in unison with the variant roaring of the flame.

Thereto, also, an irregular metallic sound, as of blows struck on iron, and new and then a shrill, high-pitched cry. The effect of those strange sounds, rendered vague and unreal by the density of the walls, and faintly penetrating the dreadful darkness, surpassed all efforts of the immeination.

Beatrice and Stern, bold as they were, hardened by rough adventurings, felt their hearts sink with bodings, and for a while they spoke no word. They sat there together on the floor of polished stone—purceptibly warm to the touch and greasy with a peculiarly repellent substance—and thought long thoughts which neither one dared voice. ther on the floor of pelished stone—per-tilely warm to the touch and greasy with peculiarly repellent substance—and unght long thoughts which neither one these 1916 years less one week,

and the cauerical roating of the huge gas-well flame outside the prison wall. At last Stern spoke. "let's get some better idea of this place." said, he. "Maybe if we know just what we're up against we'll understand better

And slowly, cautiously, with every sense alert, he began exploring the dungeon. Floor and walls he feit of, with minute care, reaching as high as he could and eagerly seeking some possible crevice, some promise—no matter how remote—of ultimate escape.

But the examination ended only in discouragement. Smooth almost as glass the walls were, and the floor as well, perhaps

walls were, and the floor as well, perhaps worn down by countless prisoners.

The iron door, cleverly set into the wall, lay flush with it, and offered not the slightest irregularity to the touch. So nicely was it fitted that not even Stern's lingernali could penetrate the joint.

"Nothing doing in the escape line," he passed judgment unwillingly. "Barbarians these people certainly are in some ways, but they've got the arts of stone and iron working down fine. I as an engineer, have to

ing down fine. I, as an engineer, have to appreciate that, and give the remote de-scendants of our race credit for it, even if it works our ruin. Gad, but they're elever, though !"

Discouraged, in spite of all his attempted optimism, he sought the girl again, there in the deep and velvet dark. To himself he drew her; and, he arm about her sinuous, supple body, tried to comfort her with cheer-

And there in the close, fetial dark, im-prisoned, helpless, doomed, they klosed Well. Beatrice, they haven't got us yet! gain, and once more—though no word was Well, Hearrise, they invent got us yet;
We're better off, on the whole, than we had any right to hope for, after having fallen one or two hundred miles—maybe five hundred, who knows? If I can manuage to get a word or two with these confounded. -plighted their love and deep fidelity "Hurt" Are you hurt?" he panted eagerly, as she sat up on the hard floor and with her hands smoothed back the hair from barbarians, I'll maybe save our bacon yet? And, at worst—well, we're in a mighty good little fort here. I pity anybody that tries to come in that door and get us. "I feel so weak and dizzy," she answered. "And I'm afraid—oh, Allan, I'm afraid! But, no. I'm not hurt."

"Oh. Alian—those skeletons, those head-less skeletons." she whispered, and in his arms he felt her shudder with unconquerable

note? They're almost cutting my hands | fear. "I know; but they aren't going to add is know; but they aren't going to add us to their little collection, you mark my words! These men are white; they're our own kind, even though they have slid back into barbarism. They'll listen to reason, once I get a chance at them." And presently the girl set to work; but en though she labored till her fingers ald not start the tight and

"Hold on, wait a minute," directed he.
"Feel in my right-hand pocket. Maybe
they forgot to take my knife."
See obeyed. Thus, taiking of the abyss and of their

"Hold on, wait a minute," directed he.

"Feel in my right-hand pocket. Maybe they forget to take my knife."

See obeyed.

"They've got if." she announced. "Even if they don't know the meaning of revolvers, they understand knives all right. It's folk were able to get some general idea of the conditions under which these incredible folk were dwelling.

folk were dwelling From the warmth of the sea and the im-mense quantities of vapor that filled the abyes they concluded that it must be at a tremendous depth in the earth—perhaps "Pest" he ejaculated hotly. Then for moment he sat thinking, while the girl "Yan you find the iron door they shoved far down as Stern's extre five hundred miles—and also that it must be Ho heard her creeping cautiously along he walls of stone, feeling as she went. "Look out!" he warned. "Keep testing

Bestrice had noted also that the water was sait. This led them to the conclusion that in some way or other, perhaps intermittently, the oceans on the surface were supplying the subterranean sea.

"If I'm not much mistaken," judged the engineer. "that tremendous maels from near the site of New Haven—the catarast that almost got us, just after we started out—has something very vital to do with this situation.

situation.
"In that case, and if there's a way for water to come down, why mayn't there be a way for us to climb up? Who knows?"
"But if there were." she answered.
"wouldn't these people have found it, in all these hundreds and hundreds of years?"
They discussed the meastless try and con-They discussed the question pro and con, with many another that hors on the folk—this strangs and inexplicable imprisonment, the huge flame at the center of the community's life, the probable intentions of their captors, and the terrifying rows of headless skeletons.

"What those mean I don't know," said Stern. "There may be human sacrifice here, and offerings of blood to some out-landish god they've invented. Or those relics may be trophics of battle with other peoples of the abyza-

peoples of the abyza.

"To judge from the way this place is fortified. I rather think there must be other tribes, with more or less constant warfare. The infermal fools? When the human race is all destroyed, as it is, except a few handfuls of albino survivors, to make war and kill each other! It's on a par with the old Maoris of New Zealand, who virtually exterminated each other—fought till and only a remnant was left for the British

"I'm more interested in what they're going to do with us now," she answered, shuddering, "than in how many or how few survive! What are we going to do Allan? What on earth can we do now?"

(CONTINUED TOMORROW)

GIVES SUCCESS RULES AS HE QUITS POST

Think Less of Payday, Sport and Fun, Says Strawbridge & Clothier

To young men who would be successful "Think less of payday and more of your Think more of business and less of sport

"He the first to come and the last to Such is the advice of James J. Sill, a

AT LAST! E. J. CATTELL REALLY FINDS RIVAL

City's Champion Calculator Matched by Boston Mathematical Gargantua

HOW DID JOHN D. DO IT?

Expert Draws Interesting Distinction Between Christ and Rockefeller

Edward J. Catiell, city statistician, booster and all-round lightning calculator, has a rival when it comes to addition and

make a rival when it comes to addition and multiplication. He frankly admitted today that such was the case.

The rival is a Boston man, who, during the day, writtes his comment on the stock market and at night ponders on gigantic control of the stock market and at night ponders on gigantic arithmetical problems. News reached here today that the Bonton financial writer has just figured it out that if Jesus Christ had saved \$1 a minute

from the time that he came to earth 1916 from the time that he came to earth 1936 years ago, he could not match the wealth of John D. Reckefeller today.

Here is what the financial critic says:
"John D. Rockefeller's wealth is now estimated at substantially more than \$1,000,000,000. It is a sum so huge few people are able to grasp it.
"Let it be assumed that Mr. Rockefeller was born at the time of Christ 1916 years."

dared voice.

But at length the engineer now much recovered from his pain and from the oppression of the lungs caused by the com-| one dollar for every minute of the dark.

"Without you where should I be?" he exciaimed. "My good angel now, as always."

She made no answer, but returned the pressure of his hand. And for a while slience fell between them there—silence broken only by their troubled breathing and the cadenced roaring of the huge gaswell flame outside the prison wall.

"Carned during these 1816 years. No allowance need be made for any living expenses, "On this basis, working every minute, day and night, for 1916 years earning a dollar a minute and saving every minute, day and night, for 1916 years. No allowance need be made for any living expenses, "On this basis, working every minute, day and night, for 1916 years. No allowance need be made for any living expenses, and any living expenses, they are the control of the basis, working every minute, day and night, for 1916 years. No allowance need be made for any living expenses, they are the properties of the basis, working every minute, day and night, for 1916 years earning a dollar a minute and saving every minute, day and night, for 1916 years expenses, they are the control of the basis, working every minute, day and night, for 1916 years. No allowance need be made for any living expenses, and any living expenses.

lifetime to date.
"In the 1915 years since the time of the birth of Christ there have been 1537 years, having 265 days to the year. There are 1440 minutes in each twenty-four-hour day. Therefore, during the 1537 years having 365 days there have been 807.847,200

There have also been 479 leap years since the time of Christ and in these 478 years there have been 252,432,150 minutes. This makes a rough total of 1,050,029,360 minutes from the birth of Christ up to last Monday. And it is estimated that in Mr. Reckefeller's wealth pile there is a dollar for every one of these minutes."
"I admire the gentleman in Boston for his patience," said Mr. Cattell.

THE SUNDAYITES HEAR SECOND FREE CONCERT

Maude Fay Sings With Orchestra at Metropolitan Before Enthusiastic Crowd

Cosmopolis came to the Metropolitan yesterday. You were there. We were there, And all the almost-four-thousand you's and we's not so different despite qualifications of age, sex and nationality) had a good time. Was not the orchestra giving good time. Was not the orchestra giving the second of its free Sunday concerts? And are not good Sunday entertainments pure enough to be celebrated with all the

care enough to be celebrated with all the stored-up and stimulated energy of age and outh combined? There is a kind of silent team-work, a sort of unified appreciativeness, about the Sunday afternoon audiences that you don't find augwhere else in town. From the nice, unny old gentleman with the protuberant idewhinkers and the pronounced dislike of nuted trumpets as exemplifying the dis-ressing modernism of music, to the pice,

funny young gentleman, aged ten, with Bortonese bifocals, who is thrown into an applauding delirium by "Don Juan" they are interested, alive, tremendously in touch rith everything that happens on the stage The Oriental eyes of the college student across the tisle from you are not a bit is a snapping with attentiveness than are the plain, pure eyes of that intelligent New Englandish school teacher lady in the box. And the firecracker eyes of the kids are, perhaps, the poppingest and the prettlest symbols and signs of the whole affair. Age

when bully good music is being played—on an otherwise possibly draggy Sunday. Yestorday's audience lacked nothing in the way of types. There were people there the way of types. There were people there from the music studios; people from the theatres; people from the north and south of the city. They weighed and balanced what was offered them with that nice distinction that marks the genuinely high-keyed auditor. And their taste was very good. If they coughed a bit during the singing of quite a long Beethoven aria they took to their collective breast that chipper, irrepressable and childishly charming symphony of Father Haydn. They didn't spare their paints after Mr. Strauss's beetle hero phony of Father Haydn. They didn't spare their paints after Mr. Strauss's hectic hero had breathed his last, harmonically, and they manifested especial cunning in picking out the "Tosca" and "Tannhaeuser" airs, as they were voiced, for marked approval. They listened with respect, if not with rapt reverence, to Miss Maude Fay, the American soprano, while she was singing "Ah. Perido!" and with obvious loy to her presentments of "Dich, Theure Halle" and "Vissi d'Arte."

"Vissi d'Arte."

If Miss Fay, who is a Californian by birth, has sung here before it has not been recently. In Munich and other foreign countries she is well and favorably viewed by critics and public. Her current engagement with the New York Metropolitan gave the Orchestra an opportunity to get er services for yesterday's concert capital operatic sograme she is, with plenty of good, stratic tone and manifest skill in producing the dramatic atmosphere without the aid of conturnes or somery. The two overtures played by Mr. Stowkowski at last overtures played by Mr. Stowkowski at last Friday's concert were repeated at the Metropolitan. Like most of the rest of the grogram, they were greatly enjoyed. The nouse was full, and, best of all, the oftenuarine salage of the "good-natured New Year crowd" lost its falsity in the stimulus of Mr. Stowkowski, his men, his selection of numbers and the lively manner in which theye were played. Pollyana herself would have been put to it to find a more sincerely agreeable and agreeing throng.

B. D.

FRIDAY, THE 13TH, JINX DUE TWICE THIS YEAR

Fickle April and Sultry July Will See Sinister Combination

All gall is divided into two parts, and the greatest of these is the nerve of the person who tries to kill present joy with grambling about the New Year. But just bear in mind that twice during the coming twelve-menth will come that double-distilled jinz-

day. Friday, the thirteenth.

It is not until April that the fatal com-bhastion appears. Again in July the tink comes. After that, you folks who think of black cats and ladders and left-shoulder

New Year's Gift for Scrubwomen BOSTON Jan 1 — As his New Year's gift to the numicipal scrubwomen, Mayor Curiey is going to emancipate them from working on their knees. The new order will become effective tomorrow. The "washwomen's smancipation order" west forth from the Mayor's office today, Electroforth they will use a patented map of "Againy" asked she.
"No. That's enough. Now, find the built. It's somewhere on the floor. There's no pit: it's all solid. The built. find the builts!"

Questioning no more, yet still not understanding she groped on hands and kness in the impenetrable blackness. The search lasted more than five minutes before her