JUST GOSSIP ABOUT PEOPLE

Plans for Cafe Chantant Are Discussed by Nancy Wynne—She Comes Upon a Romance During a Quiet Walk

AS THE time advances the much-talked-of "Cafe Chantant," which is to be given on Monday night, is more and more the topic of conversation. You know it will be held out at Manheim, the Germantown Cricket Club, and will consist of all kinds of entertainments—music, a playlet or two and esthetic dancing. Some of Germantown's most attractive girls will act as aids that night, among them being Agnes Brockie, Elizabeth Wister, Marion Button, Marguerite Burton, Josephine Reeves, Mary Fiero, Helen Moore, Nancy Hoyt Smith, Maud Peyton, Marjory Tayler, Emlyn Shipley, Peggy Perot, Jane Maule, Margaret Davis, Margaretta Foltz, Catherine Morris and Elaine English.

The whole affair is being gotten up to aid in the splendid work which is being done by the Army and Navy Relief branch of Germantown, of which Mrs. Francis Howard Williams is president.

MR. VAN RENSSELAER will give his annual musical smoker tonight in Horticultural Hall in honor of Mr. Leopold Stokowski and the Philadelphia Orchestra. All the prominent men in town in social and musical circles are invited to attend this delightful affair, which assumes a decidedly large proportion, inasmuch as it is given in one of the largest places for entertainment in this city, and is crowded at that.

Both Mr. and Mrs. Van Rensselaer have been untiring in upholding any line of musical endeavor in the city and their names are always to be found among the first in encouraging this delightful art.

THE Lippincott family will hold a reception this afternoon at their home, 1625 Spruce street, which was formerly owned by the late Adolphe E. Borie, Secretary of the Navy under President Grant for a time. By the family I mean Mrs. Craige Lippincott and her three children and their in-laws, Jay and his wife, Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Franchot, the latter of whom was Constance Lippincott, you will remember, and of course the Sam Reeves. Mrs. Reeves was Josephine Lippincott. The Franchots, who live out in Oklahoma, are on for the holidays for a visit with Mrs. Lippincott, and it is very delightful that Mrs. Lippincott has invited her friends to meet her children this afternoon, as many of us have not seen Constance since she married a year or so ago, though she has been home in the meantime, but not for any great length of time.

THE younger set will be busy today with two luncheons and a dinner to its credit. The Albert Kelseys will give a luncheon for their daughter, Elizabeth, and Jane Yeatman will be guest of honor at a luncheon which Mrs. Pope Yeatman will give. Then Mr. and Mrs. Henry Reid will entertain at dinner for their daughter, Mabel Reid.

It is perfectly true one is so much entertained before one comes out these days one has nothing new to which one may look forward when the time of debut finally does come.

IT WAS only a weenty little kiss and they were perfectly within the law, but why on earth did he choose such a public spot, or was it that they were both so absorbed they did not realize that the window curtains were not pulled down and the maid had lit the light. And why, too, did Nancy have to go walking by just as it happened? She did, however, and she had been pretty sure there was an engagement between the twain and now she is certain. Perhaps they will let us into the secret before very long. She is very pretty, fair and petite, while he is rather tall and has SUCH beautiful eyelashes.

NANCY WYNNE.

MISS GLADYS E. FRIES

The engagement of Miss Gladys E. Fries, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. Franklin Fries, of Overbrook, and Mr. Charles W. L. Andes was recently announced.

Personals

Mrs. George McClellan, of 1116 Spruce street, will give a dinner on Friday night before the first Assembly. The guests will include Miss Charlotte Harding Brown, Miss S. Valentine Mitchell, Miss Mary B. L. Brooke, Miss Martha Putnam, Miss McMurtrie, Mrs. William Penn-Gaskill Hall, Mr. Edward Gardiner, Mr. Lyman Lisle, Mr. Edward Brooke, Mr. William Penn-Gaskell Hall, Mr. William Furness and Mr. Henry A. Houston.

Mrs. Samuel Emlen Carpenter, of 26 South Twenty-first street, will entertain at dinner, followed by a theatre party, tomorrow night in honor of Miss Sara Thomas, of Baltimore. Among the guests will be Miss Elizabeth Brockie, Miss Margaret Thayer, Miss Rebecca Thomson, Miss Eleanor Carpenter and Miss Edith Carpenter, Mr. Alfred Gerry, Mr. Livingston Biddle, 2d, Mr. Benjamin Rush, Jr., Mr. Hoffman Dolan, Mr. C. A. Griscom, 3d.

Mrs. Isaac H. Clothier, Jr., of Sunnybrook Farm, Radnor, gave a luncheon at the Ritz-Carlton, followed by a theatre party, yesterday in honor of her young son, Master Isaac H. Clothier, 3d. Among the guests were Master Tristram C. Colket, Jr., Master Lippincott Colket, Master Alexander J. Cassatt, Master Antonio Cassatt, Master Frank Kane, Master Kent Kane, Master Braden Kane, Master Edward Browning, Jr., Master Jack Conaway, Jr., Master H. Radcliffe Roberts, Jr., and Master Rosengarten MacLeod.

Mr. and Mrs. William Innes Forbes, of Villanova, are entertaining the Countess Suzanne Rabin, of Denmark, over the holidays. They gave a dinner in her honor last week. Among those present were Mrs. Morris W. Stroud, Jr., Mr. and Mrs. Heatly C. Dulles, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Brinton Coxe, Mr. John Potter and Mr. William C. Wright.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Emlen Newbold, of Laverock, Chestnut Hill, moved into their town house, 294 South Nineteenth street, yesterday.

Dr. and Mrs. Henry R. Geyelin have returned to their home in New York, after spending the holidays with Doctor Geyelin's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Lausnat Geyelin, at Hardwicke, Villanova. Mrs. Charles F. Clement, of Sunbury, will stay with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Geyelin, until Mr. Clement returns from the border.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter C. Shipley, of Germantown, will give a dinner on Friday before Mrs. Brooke's Committee Dancing Class, in honor of their daughter, Miss Emlyn Shipley. The guests will include Miss Nancy Hoyt Smith, Miss Elizabeth Van Dusen, Miss Martha Hyslop, Miss Frances Heppe, Miss Mary Billard, of Boston, who is Miss Heppe's guest; Mr. Frank Deacon, Mr. Joseph Hayman, Mr. Donald Gawthrop, Mr. Craig Heberton, Mr. Gerald Rich, Mr. Edward Ketcham and Mr. William Clothier.

Mr. and Mrs. Coleman Sellers, 3d, of Queen lane, Germantown, will be at home informally on January 17 and 24.

Dr. and Mrs. Joseph Packard Laird, of Devon, spent the week-end with relatives in Wilmington, Del.

Mr. and Mrs. Archibald Barklie, of Inver House, will leave the end of this week for Washington, where they have taken a house, 170 Twenty-second street, Northwest, for the remainder of the winter.

Baron and Baroness von Schoen, whose marriage took place a few weeks ago, have left for Mexico City, where they will be stationed. Baroness von Schoen was Miss Catherine Birney, of Washington, who has frequently visited Miss Elaine Taylor English, of Germantown.

Mr. and Mrs. Horace Eugene Smith, Miss Edith Smith and Miss Mary Smith will leave on January 28 for California for a three-months' trip.

Mr. and Mrs. Richard Gray Park, Jr., who have been living at Chestnut Hill this winter, have taken a house in Washington and will move there the beginning of the week.

The annual luncheon at the Germantown Cricket Club was as usual a huge success on New Year's Day. There was an air of general festivity about the room, which was artistically decorated with huge red bells, through which gleamed tiny electric lights. Fir trees and holly were used to bank the fireplaces, window sills and the balcony, where luncheon was served at small tables.

Among those noticed were Mr. E. W. Clark, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Wayne, Jr., Miss Dorothy Emlen Newbold, Miss Josephine Primrose Reeves, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Shipley, Miss Emlyn Shipley, Miss Nancy Hoyt Smith, Mr. and Mrs. Planton Middleton, Mr. and Mrs. William S. Lloyd, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Lea, Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Brush, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Haines, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Rogers, Mr. and Mrs. Norman T. Moore, Miss Judith Jennings, Miss Natalie Bizzard, Mr. Drexel Steel, Mr. J. Orne Goodwin, Mr. and Mrs. E. Ross Carver, Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Dudley, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Bizzard, Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Weill and Mr. and Mrs. Warner G. Earnshaw.

Mrs. Pere Wilmer, of West Coulter street, Germantown will spend a fortnight as the guest of her sister, Mrs. William Gray Warden, at Redgate, School House lane, Germantown.

Mr. and Mrs. Conrad S. Grove, of Quincy, street, Germantown, will return today from Atlantic City, where they spent New Year's Day.

Mrs. S. MacCuen Smith, of West Chelten avenue, Germantown, gave a large family dinner on Monday evening at the Germantown Cricket Club. Her guests were Mrs. H. D. Rodgers, Mrs. John Allen, 2d, and Mrs. Frederick H. Allen, Miss Catherine Weston, Mr. and Mrs. Warren Fillmore, of New York; Miss Ella Collinson, Jr. and Mrs. Benjamin Allen, 3d, Dr. and Mrs. Lewis S. Ziegler, Miss Christine Henry, Mr. George Allen Smith, Mr. Louis Smith, Mr. M. A. Hoyt. Miss Elizabeth MacCuen Smith is a member of a house party at the home of Mr. and Mrs. T. R. Conklin, of Quogue, L. I.

Mr. John W. Watson and Mr. Richard A. Watson are spending their holidays with their parents, Mr. and Mrs. T. T. Watson, at Pinehurst, N. C.

Mrs. Sparta Fritz, of Maplewood avenue, Germantown, will give a bridge tomorrow in honor of Mrs. Arthur Goodfellow and Miss Marion Sharpless. Mrs. Goodfellow, who was Miss Helen Van Dusen before her marriage in the fall, is the guest of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Van Dusen, 5131 Morris street, Germantown.

Miss Dorothy Daniel, of 33 East Springfield avenue, Chestnut Hill, is the guest of her cousins, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Taylor, Jr., Monument avenue, Richmond, Va. Miss Daniel attended the New Year's german Monday night.

Mr. and Mrs. Norman T. Moore, of New York, spent New Year's Days with Mrs. Moore's family, Mr. and Mrs. Ellis Hanson, 5211 Archer street, Germantown. Mrs. Moore was Miss Anne Hanson before her marriage.

The bal masque of the Cresheim Dancing Class will be held tomorrow night in Germantown.

Mrs. Edward C. Deardon, of Merion, will give a dinner on Friday night at her home.

At the tea which Mrs. W. E. Adams, of 4006 Spruce street, will give tomorrow in honor of Mrs. W. W. Adams, Jr., Mrs. Frank Donalson and Mrs. Henry C. Weeks those presiding at the tea table will be Mrs. Conrad Grove and Mrs. A. Adams Knipe.

Miss Frances Heppe, of Cresheim and Pelham roads, Germantown, has Miss Mary Billard, of Boston, as her guest. Miss Heppe will give a luncheon and theatre party for Miss Billard on Saturday afternoon, when the guests will be Miss Elizabeth Van Dusen, Miss Emlyn Shipley, Miss Dorothy Reading, Miss Jane McLaughlin, Miss Mary Taylor and Miss Violet Milnes. Mrs. Heppe will chaperone the party.

Miss Elise Howard-Smith, of Pulaski avenue, Germantown, is visiting friends in Richmond, Va.

Mrs. E. B. Forster, Miss Dorothy Linn Forster and Miss Anna Whitall Forster are spending a few days at Chelsea.

Weddings

SAPOVITS—ROSENSTEIN

The marriage of Miss Bessie Rosenstein, of 622 Watkins street, and Mr. David Sapovits, of 218 Concord avenue, took place last night at 7 o'clock at the home of the bride. Owing to the recent death of Miss Rosenstein's father only the families were present, and the bride had no attendants. Mr. Morris Sapovits, a brother of the bridegroom, was best man, and the bride was given in marriage by Mr. Eli Bach. The Rabbi Rivkin performed the ceremony.

CLUBMAN CAN'T GET UP IN TIME TO BE AN OILER

James Alden Guest Decides Re Doesn't Want to Begin Work at Eddystone at 54

James Aldan Guest, wealthy clubman, who accepted a position at the Eddystone plant of the Remington Arms Company as an oiler, has changed his mind, temporarily at least.

Guest awoke at 5 a. m. and looked about his sumptuous apartment in the Rittenhouse. Of course, it was dark as night and the air had a peculiar, damp feeling. So Mr. Guest laid his head down on his pillow and decided that this is not the time of year for a man of fifty-four years to begin his first day's work.

It was a perfectly good job he had obtained at Eddystone. He was to receive $18 a week and if the Remington Arms Company had arranged the workday schedule on a different basis Guest might have been on the job today.

The fact that machinery must be oiled as soon or before it starts in the morning, and that force usually arises some time after 10 will prevent the clubman from accepting the job at this time.

Guest's object in accepting the job as oiler was for the purpose of learning how to run his own yacht.

Farmer Smith's Column

DISCOURAGEMENT

Dear Everybody—This looks like a very big word.

Let us take it apart: Dis-courage-ment. Ah! There is our old friend COURAGE tucked away in it.

When you are dis-couraged, what are you to do?

One thing, and that is very simple—fill yourself with COURAGE.

How can you do it?

You might take an automobile pump or a bicycle pump and pump yourself full of courage. But where are you to get the courage? You cannot go to a garage where courage is sold the same as gasoline.

But let us reason this thing out. Suppose when you are discouraged you do something brave. This means, you must do something you are afraid to do.

Perhaps you do not know what courage is.

Courage is the voice in our mind which makes us do right bravely!

In the silence of the night, when the stars are shining the brightest and all the earth is clothed in inky blackness and thoughts—hobgoblin thoughts come to you and you do not entertain them—you conquer them with thoughts of LOVE—then I say you are a HERO as much as though you had won a battle in the great war and you are crowned with a cross of GOLD, not iron.

Conquer dis-couragement. The newspapers may never mention your name among those whom they wish to honor, but your name will be written where there are no battles to be fought—where all is peace forever and ever!

Lovingly and courageously,

FARMER SMITH, Children's Editor.

MODERN FABLES

The Foolish Little Fish

By Farmer Smith

It was once agreed by the Animals, the Birds and the Fishes of the Earth that all should combine to warn each other of approaching danger.

The Fishes were to send up bubbles when the Indians or other enemies came near, and the Crows were to watch for the bubbles and "caw" so that the Beasts in the forest might run to cover, while the Birds of the air sought shelter.

Now the Little Fish heard the other Fishes talking about the signals which were

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PREPAREDNESS

to be given, so he thought he would have a great time all by himself, so he floated down the stream and sent up as many tiny bubbles as his little lungs would allow.

A passing Crow chanced to see the bubbles and at once began to "caw" with all his might. The Birds from far and near flew through the sky at a rapid rate with a great "whir-r-r" of wings. The Beasts all scurried to cover and made a noise of rustling leaves and breaking twigs, which greatly delighted the Little Fish, who began to realize his power.

When the Birds, the Beasts and the Fishes saw that there was no cause for alarm they went about their business and kept silent all the time, in order to find out who had given the false alarm.

It is true that the Rabbits blamed the Crow and the Hawks as well, but the Crow stoutly maintained that he had done his duty, and that he had seen the bubbles in the water.

Soon after this the Little Fish thought he would have some more fun, so he sent up bubble after bubble, and again the Crow "cawed" until he was almost hoarse. Once more the Birds and the Fishes and the Beasts ran to cover, the Fishes seeking dark holes by the bank of the river. But the Little Fish did not seek cover, and so a Trout came up and said:

"Where are the enemies which we are warned of? Tell me, since you are the last to seek cover."

The Little Fish laughed a fish laugh and said:

"I think it is lots of fun to see the Fishes and the Birds and the Beasts run to cover. I send up a lot of bubbles and they all scurry to safety. Why don't you have some fun, too?"

It was not long after this that the Trout saw some Indians coming down the river bank and he sent up such large bubbles that the Crow could not help seeing them. Once more the Birds, the Beasts and the Fishes all ran to cover, and this time they were safe. But the Little Fish thought the Trout was having some fun and was only pleased to see how well the plan worked.

At that very moment the Indians came down from the woods on a fishing expedition and the Little Fish in his glee did not dream of danger.

The Indians caught the Little Fish!

For one awful moment the Little Fish thought he was surely going to die. Then the biggest of the Indians said, "He is such a little fish; let us throw him back."

And so back into the stream went the Little Fish, trembling with fright. And as he sank down into the cool, cool water he said to himself over and over again:

"NEVER PLAY A TRICK ON OTHERS, FOR YOU ARE APT TO GET CAUGHT IN IT YOURSELF."

GREAT AMERICANS

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Mrs. Robert Looseways, whose alimony is said to be the largest on record.

BEYOND THE GREAT OBLIVION

(Sequel to "The Vacant World")

By GEORGE ALLAN ENGLAND

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CHAPTER XXVII—(Continued)

ALAS!" cried he. "What am I against a thousand? A thousand, who mock at me? Who believe you, verily, to be only some new and stronger kind of Lanskaarn, as we call our ancient enemies on the great islands in the sea.

"What can I do? They have let me have speech with you merely because they think me so old and so childish! Because they say my brain is soft! Whatever I may tell them, they will only mock. Woe upon me that I have known this hour! That I have heard this ancient tongue, only now forever to lose it! That I know the truth! That I know the world of old tradition was true and is true, only now to have no more, after this moment, any hope ever to learn about it!"

"The devil you say!" cried Stern, with sudden anger. "You mean they won't listen to reason? You mean they're planning to butcher us, and hang us up there along with the rest of the captured Lanskaarns, or whatever you call them? You mean they're going to take us—us, the only chance they've got ever to get out of this, and stick us like a couple of pigs, eh? Well, by God! You tell them—you tell—"

In the doorway appeared another form, armed with an iron spear. Came a quick word of command.

With a cry of utter hopelessness and heartbreak, a wail that seemed to pierce the very soul, the patriarch turned and stumbled to the door.

He paused. He turned, and, stretching out both feeble arms to them—to them, who could not so infinitely much to him, so absolutely nothing to his barbarous race—cried:

"Fare you well, O godlike people of that better time! Fare you well! Before another tide has risen on our accursed black beach, verily both of you, the last survivors——"

With a harsh word of anger, the spearman thrust him back and away.

Stern leaped forward, revolver leveled.

But before he could pull trigger the iron door had clanged shut.

Once more darkness swallowed them.

Black though it was, it equaled not the blackness of their absolute despair.

CHAPTER XXVIII

The Battle in the Dark

FOR a time no word passed between them. Stern took the girl in his arms and comforted her as best he might; but his heart told him there was now no hope.

The old man had spoken only too truly. There existed no way of convincing these barbarians that their prisoners were not of some hated, hostile tribe. Evidently the tradition of the outer world had long since perished as a belief among them. The patriarch's faith in it had come to be considered a mere doting second childhood vagary, just as the tradition of the Golden Age was held to be by the later Greeks.

That Stern and Beatrice could in any way convince their capters of the truth of this outer world and establish their identity as real survivors of the other time lay wholly outside the bounds of the probable.

And as the old man's prophecy of evil—interrupted, yet frightfully ominous—recurred to Stern's mind, he knew the end of everything was very close at hand.

"They won't get me, though, without a stiff fight, damn them!" thought he. "That's one satisfaction. If they insist on extermination—if they want war—they'll get it, all right enough! And it'll be what Sherman said war always was, too—Hell!"

Came now a long, a seemingly interminable wait. The door remained fast-barred. Oppression, heat, thirst, hunger tortured them, but relief there was none.

And at length the merciful sleep of stupefaction overcame them; and all their pain, their anguish and forebodings were numbed into a welcome oblivion.

They were awakened by a confused noise—the sound of cries and shouts, dulled by the thick walls, yet evidently many-voiced—harsh commands, yells, and even some sharp blows upon the prison stones.

The engineer started up, wide-eyed and all alert now in the gloom.

Gone were his lassitude, his weakness and his sense of pain. Every sense acute, he awaited, hand clutching the pistol butt, finger on trigger.

"Ready there, Beatrice!" cried he. "Something's started at last! Maybe it's our turn now. Here, get behind me—but be ready to shoot when I tell you! Steady now, steady for the attack!"

Tense as coiled springs they waited. And all at once a bar slid, creaking. Around the edge of the metal door a thin blue line of light appeared.

"Stand back, you!" yelled Stern. "The first man through that door's a dead one!"

The line of light remained a moment narrow; then suddenly it broadened. From without a pandemonium of sound burst in—howls, shrieks, imprecations, cries of pain.

Even in that perilous moment a quick wonder darted through Stern's brain, what the meaning of this infernal tumult might be, and just what ghastly fate was to be theirs—what torments and indignities they might still have to face before the end.

"Remember, Beatrice," he commanded, "if I am killed, use the revolver on yourself before you let them take you!"

"I know!" she cried. And, crouching beside him in the half light, she, too, awaited what seemed the inevitable.

The door swung open.

There stood the patriarch again, arms extended, face eager with a passionate hope and longing, a great pride even at that strange and pregnant moment.

"Peace, friends!" he cried. "I give you peace! Strike me not down with those terrible weapons of yours! For verily I bring you hope again!"

"Hope? What d'you mean?" shouted Stern.

Through the opened door he caught vague glimpses in the luminous fog of many spearmen gathered near—of excited gestures and the wild waving of arms—of other figures that, half seen, ran swiftly here and there.

"Speak up, you! What's the matter? What's wanted?" demanded the engineer, keeping his automatic sighted at the doorway. "What's all this infernal row? If your people there think they're going to play horse with us, they're mightily mistaken! You tell them the first man that steps through that door to get us never'll take another step! Quick! What's up?"

"Come!" answered the good man, his voice high and tremulous above the howling tumult and the roar of the great gas well. "Come, now! The Lanskaarn—they attack! Come, I have spoken of your weapons to my people. Come, fight for us! And verily if we win——"

"What kind of a trick are you putting up on us, anyhow?" cried Stern with thrice heated rage. "None o' that now! If your people want us, let 'em come in here and get us! But as for being fooled that way and tricked into coming out——"

"I swear, the truth!" supplicated the patriarch, raising his withered hand on high. "If you come not, you must verily die, oh, friends! But if you come——"

"Your own life's the first to pay for any falsehood now."

"I give it gladly! The truth, I swear it! Oh, listen, while there is still time, and come! Come!"

"What about it, girl?" cried Stern. "Are you with me? Will you take a chance on it?"

"There's nothing else to do, Allan. They've got us, anyway. And—and I think the old man's telling the truth. Hear that, now——"

Off somewhere toward the fortification wall that edged the beach, sounds of indisputable conflict were arising. The howls, cries, shrieks, blows were not to be mistaken.

Stern's resolution was instant.

"I'm with you, old man!" he shouted. "But remember your promise. And if you fail me—it's your finish!

"Come, Beta! Stick close to me! If we fall, we'll go down together. It's both or neither. Come on—come on!"

Out into the glare of the great flame they issued warily, out into the strangely glowing mist that covered the incredible village as with a virescent pall.

Blinking, they stared about them, not knowing for a moment whither to run or where to shoot.

But the patriarch had Stern by the arm now; and in the midst of a confused and shouting mass of the Folk—all armed with spears and slings, knobbed clubs and battle-maces—was pushing him out through the circle of those ghastly posts whence dangled the headless skeletons.

"Where? Which way?" cried Stern. "Show me—I'll do the rest!"

"Thither!" the old man directed, pointing with one hand, while with the other he shoved the engineer forward. Blind though he was, he knew the right direction. "Thither—to the wall!"

For a second Stern had the thought of leaving Beatrice in the cell, where she might at least be safe from the keen peril of battle; but greater dangers threatened her, he knew, in his absence.

At all hazards they must keep together. And with a cry: "Come, Come—stick close to me!" once more he broke into a run toward the sea.

Through the mists, which grew darker as he neared the wall with Beatrice close beside him and the crowd that followed them, he could catch glimpses of the battle.

Every hut seemed to have poured forth its inhabitants, for now the plaza swarmed with life—men, women, even children, running this way and that, some with weapons rushing toward the wall, others running wildly hither and yon with unintelligible cries.

A spear pierced the vapors; it fell clashing at Stern's feet and slid rattling away over the black stones, worn smooth and greasy by unsounted feet.

Past him as he ran a man staggered; the whole side of his head was mashed in, as though by a frightful blow from a mace. Up the wounded man flung both arms, and fell twitching.

The fog covered him with its drifting folds. Stern shuddered that Beatrice should see such hideous sights; but even now he almost fell over another prostrate body, hideously wounded in the back, and still kicking.

"Ready, now!" panted Stern. "Ready with the pistols?"

Where was the patriarch?

He no longer knew. About him the Folk pressed, but none molested either him or Beatrice.

In the confusion, the rush of the outskirts of battle, he could have shot down a score of them, but he was reserving his fire. It might, perhaps, be true—who could tell?—that safety lay in battling now against the Lanskaarn!

All at once the captives saw vague firelights in the gloom—seemingly blazing comets of blue, that tossed and hurled and disappeared.

Then came the nearer sound of shouting and the clash of arms.

Stern, with the atavistic instincts of even the most civilized man, scented the kill. And with a roar he whirled into the confused and sweltering mass of men which now, emerging from the darkening mists, had suddenly become visible by the uncanny light of the crescents on the wall.

Beside him the girl, her face aglow, nostrils dilated, breath quick, held her revolver ready.

And then, quite suddenly, they found themselves at the wall.

"Shoot! Shoot!" bellowed Stern, and let drive, pointblank, at an ugly, grinning face that like a nightmare vision all at once projected over the crest. His own revolver fire was echoed by hers. The face vanished.

All down there, below him on the beach, he caught a dim, confused impression of the attacking swarm.

Subconsciously he realized that he—he a man of the twentieth century—was witnessing again a scene such as made the whole history of the Middle Ages sanguinary—a siege, by force of human strength and rage!

Even as he vaguely saw the swift, and supple men, white-skinned, yet larger than the Folk, which crowded the whole beach as far as he could pierce the mists with his straining sight, he knew that here was a battle of huge scope and terrible danger.

Up from the sea the attackers, the Lanskaarn, were swarming from their dimly seen canoes. The place was alive with them.

At the base of the wall they were clotted in dense hordes; and siege-ladders were being raised; and now up the ladders the lithe men of darkness were running like so many ants.

Automatically as the mechanism of his own gun which he pumped into that dense mass as fast as he could pull trigger—while beside him the girl was shooting hard and straight, as well—he seemed to be recording these wonderful impressions.

Here he caught a glimpse of a siege-ladder hurled backward by the Folk, backward and down to the beach. Amid frightful yells and screams it fell; and a score of crushed and mangled men lay writhing there under the uncanny glare of the crescents.

There he saw fire-bales, being hurled down from the walls—these, the comet-like apparitions he had seen from a distance—hurled, blazing, right into the brown of the mob.

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"BURNT OFFERINGS"

Beyond, a party had scaled the wall, and there the fight was hand to hand—with grountings, thrustings of spears, slashings of long knives that dripped red and cut again and rose and fell with hideous regularity!

He jacked his pistol full of shells once more and thrust it into the girl's hand—for she, excited beyond all control, was snapping the hammer of her weapon on empty steel.

"Give it to 'em! Shoot! Kill!" he yelled. "Our only chance now! If they—get in—we're dead!"

He snatched her weapon, reloaded, and again rained the steel-jacketed bolts of death against the attackers.

In the tumult and wild maelstrom of the fight the revolvers' crackling seemed to produce little effect. If Stern expected that this unknown weapon would at once bring panic and quick victory he reckoned without the berserker madness and the stern mettle of this horde of raging Lanskaarn.

White men, like himself, they yielded not; but with strange cries and frightful yells, pressed on and on, up to the walls, and up the ladders ever; and now came flights of spears, hissing through the dark air—and now smooth black rocks from the beach, flung with terrible strength and skill by the slingers below, mowed down the defenders.

Here, there, men of the Folk were falling, pierced by the iron spears, shattered by the swift and heavy rocks.

The place was becoming a shambles where the blood of attackers and attacked mingled horribly in the gloom.

One ladder, pushed outward, dragged half a dozen of the Merucaans with it; and at the bottom of the wall a circling eddy of the Lanskaarn dispatched the fighting Folkmen who had been hauled to their destruction by the grappling besiegers.

Blows, howls and screams, hurtling fire-bales and great rocks flung from above—the rocks he had already noted laid along the inside of the wall—these, and the smell of blood and fire, the horrid, sweaty contact of struggling bodies, the press and jam of the battle that surged round them, all gave Stern a kaleidoscopic picture of war—war as it once was, in the long ago—war, naked and terrible, such as he had never even dreamed!

But, mad with the lust of the kill, he heeded nothing now. "Shoot! Shoot!" he kept howling, beside himself; and tearing open the bandoliers where lay his cartridges, he crammed them with feverish fingers into the girl's weapon and his own—weapons now burning hot with the quick, long-continued firing.

(CONTINUED TOMORROW)

OPENS RECREATION CENTERS

Board Places Fifteen School Buildings at Disposition of Public

Fifteen night recreation centers were opened last night in public school buildings by the Board of Recreation, in accordance with an act of Councils which provided $8000 for their support. These evening centers will carry on work similar to the regular playgrounds. There will be dancing, dramatic and other social clubs, games and many pleasant features to keep the young folks off the streets.

The schools in which they were opened are Stowe, Agnew, Brown, Comly, Kendrick, Madison, Marshall, Wayne, Morton, Wilson, Cramp, Curtin, Durham and Gilbert. Figures of the Board of Recreation show that about 3,181,594 visited the city playgrounds during 1916. This was somewhat smaller than during the previous year, owing to the infantile paralysis.

What's Doing Tonight

Foundrymen's Association meets, Manufacturers Club.

Geographical Society discusses "The Great War," Witherspoon Hall.

College of Physicians, Twenty-second and Ludlow streets, 8 o'clock.

Kensington Board of Trade, Hancock street and Susquehanna avenue, 8 o'clock. Free.

South Fifty-second Street Business Men, Fifty-second and Sansom streets, 8 o'clock. Free.

East Central Business Men, 425 Spruce street, 8 o'clock. Free.

Philadelphia Manufacturers' Export Association, Assembly Room, Chamber of Commerce, 8 o'clock.

Lecture, "The Story of Faith—John's Gospel and How to Study It," by Dr. C. R. Williams, Central Congregational Church.