MRS. PAUL VAN REED MILLER

Mrs. Miller was Miss Letitia Radeliffe.

She will take an active part in the musicale given at the home of Mr. and Mrs. William Wallace Alexander in Germantown for the

benefit of the Chapel of the Good Shepherd.

at Clovely, their home in Devon.

Stratford this winter, spent the week-end

Saturday, January 20, at 4 o clock in the

Mrs. Fielding O. Lewis, of 251 South Sev-

enteenth street, will give a tea on Wednes-lay, January 24, in honor of Miss Elizabeth Coane, of Media, whose marriage to Dr.

homas Cook Stelwagen, Jr., will take place

Mrs. L. Harry Richards, of West Penn

Bishop Brent, of the Philippine Islands

who came to the United States to attend the convention held last October in St. Louis, has been spending several days in

his city and will salf on Saturday for

England, where he will spend some time, and will also go to the trenches to visit the English and French soldiers.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry S. Williams and the

Mrs. Leon Stetson, of Providence, R. I.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry McAdoo and their

Mr. and Mrs. J. Alloways, 2146 North

Mr. and Mrs. Birchell Hammer, of 232 West Seymour street, Germantown, are receiving congratulations on the birth of a daughter. Mrs. Hammer will be re-membered as Miss Olive May Wilson.

Miss Catherine Bregy and the committee

e Knickerbocker Theatre this evening for

the purpose of reviewing the play. The Catholic Theatre movement has recently decided upon a more energetic campaign and will begin its activities with tonight's

Weddings

LIPSETT-GALLAGHER

spending a short time at Atlantic City

J. H. Jefferis, of Wayne.

several weeks.

street, Germantown, has issued cards for sluncheon, followed by bridge, on Thursday

will be laid for ten guests.

#### Philadelphia General Chapter of Pennsylvania Women's Division for National Preparedness Plans Cooking Classes—Happenings in Society

THE practical good, hard common sense of the women in the Philadelphia Gen-fred Chapter of the Ponnsylvania Women's Division for National Proparedness of the Red Cross comes home to one, when it is said that it has been decided to of the near transfers how to prepare and cook wholesome food for soldiers and mainted in the emergency of war. Many persons who are not personally acquainted

with our society leaders are apt to turn up their noses at the very espression "society woman"; to tien the term means a stily, tapld, inane woman who lives ear to use cosmetics, to sport persis and to wear about as few eather at the opera as the law silors, or rather less than the he would allow if the law was on the Job so to speak. And yet society women" are not only hupan, but they are at times even pied and actually show that they think of their fellow beings. and even exhaust themselves in waiting on them and in trying to help others who are not so formately placed as they have been. And now one of our leading socity women, Mrs. Harry Coxe, who is chairman of the chapter referred to above (the name of which I would fain not repeat, because there is too much for one breath) has announced that R has been decided that all should be educated in the preparation of food. Mrs. Coxe, who is decidedly s thinking woman, stated that all the great munitions plants in the country are, with the exception of two, on the eastern seaboard, with Philadelphia as their strategic center. "If America were at war," she said, "this city would become the center of the nation's hospital service and all women should prepare themselves for their responsibilities." Enrollment for cooking classes will be

Eighteenth street. The officers who were re-elected at the meeting held on Tuesday include Mrs. Thomas Robins, secretary pro tem.; Mrs. Henry C. Boyer, treasurer, and Miss Johanna Walton, acting secretary. The directors of departments are Mrs. James Large, Mrs. Richard H. Harte, Mrs. Benjamin Rush, Mrs. E. H. Siter, Mrs Cyrus H. K. Curtis, Mrs. Thomas L. Elwyn. Mrs. Langdon Mitchell, Mrs. Jasper Testes Brinton, Mrs. Horaca Brock, Mrs. Henry C. Boyer, Miss Eleanor B. Hopkins, Mrs. Milton C. Work and Mrs. Albert I. Emith.

made from Mrs. Coxe's office, 221 South

A DELIGHTFUL theatre party will be A given by Mr. and Mrs. William Wilson Curtin tonight for Katharine Lea, debu tante daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles M. Lea, of Devon, who certainly has been having a most beautiful time this year. if one may judge from the number of parties which have been given for her. It is well that Lent is comparatively early, February 21 I think, for otherwise I greatly fear the debbies would be obliged to take to their wee white cots mooner than necessary for a real rest

THE Fortnightly Cotillon will hold its A second meeting this evening in Horticultural Hall. The first one was a huge success and there are quite a number of new subscribers this season. The patronesses include Mrs. Jones Wister, Mrs. Arthur H. Lea, Mrs. Charles Pemberton Fox, Mrs. J. Madison Taylor, Mrs. Richard McMurtrie, Mrs. William Bell Watkins, Mrs. Charles Stewart Wurts, Mrs. M. Stevenson Easby and Mrs. Samuel J. Henderson. There are to be two more meetings of these cotillons-on the 25th of this month and on February 15.

ELLANOR LONGSTRETH is certainly being entertained all at once, so to speak, is she not? The William Longstreths gave a party last week and her father, Mr. Charles Longstreth, gave a dinner-dance on the 4th at the Ritz. Tonight Mr. and Mrs. Maxwell Sheppard, of 2124 Walnut street, will give a dance in her honor. The guests will be of the Younger set principally.

NANCY WYNNE.

# Personals

## Mr. and Mrs. Thomas De Witt Cuyler, of Haverford, will give a supper on February 5 at the Ritz-Carlton after the opera in homor of Miss Dorothy Emilen Newbold, debutante daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Emlen Newbold, and Miss Suza

Mrs. Ralph Earle has issued invitations for a function and bridge party on January 14 to meet Miss Edith Earle, whose engagement to Mr. Alden Lee was recently announced.

Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin Chew enter-tained at dinner at the Bellevue-Stratford last night before the Hunt ball. Covers were laid for thirty-five guests. Mr. and Mrs. P. Williamson Roberts also entertained for twenty and Miss Rawle save a dinner for neveral friends.

Mrs. William J. Baird and Mrs. Harrt-son K. Caner, Jr., of 812 Pine street, will be at home tomorrow from 4 until 5 o'clock. Those assisting in receiving will be Mrs. Matthew Baird, Sr., Mrs. Franklin McCrea Wirgman, Miss Sarah H. B. Penrose, Miss Bachel Fitler and Miss Jaabel Wurts Page.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Bush and Mr. and Mrs. Hallowell V. Morgan will entertain at dimer before the Committee Club dance at the Huntingdon Valley Country Club tonight.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Chase, whose marraid airs Samuel Chase, whose mat-riage was one of the most attractive affairs of last week, are spending a few days in New York. They will return on Sunday and will take an apartment in town until their was home in convoluted.

Mrs. Chase was Miss Susan Lynah Bruce. Mr. Herbert L. Claric, of the Ritz Carl-

ing, has gone to New Orleans on a busi-

Mrs. Joseph Lovering and her daighten Miss Mary Hutchinson Lovering, have taken an apartment at the Bellevus-Stratford for the remainder of the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. Francis I. Gowen and Miss Mariana Gowen are occupying an spartment at the litts-Carlton for the willer.

LIPSETT—GALLAGHER

The marriage of Miss Margaret Galiagher, of \$328 Larchwood avenue, and Mr. James L. Lipsett, of Pottsville, was solemnized yesterday at a Nuptial Mass in the Church of the Transfiguration, Fifty-sixth and Cedar avenue. The Rev. Daniel J. McGettigan performed the ceremony. Miss Gallagher was attended by Miss May Reilly as bridesmaid and Mr. Francis Reilly was best man. After a trip south of a month's duration, Mr. and Mrs. Lipsett will live in Pottaville, where Mr. Lipsett is sugaged in business. Mrs. George D. Rosengarten, of 138 South Eighteenth attest, has gone to Hiber-sis, Fla., for the remainder of the winter.

Mr and Mrs. William Baker Whelen, who have taken apartments at the Ballevue-

GIBBONS-BAERENTZEN RECITAL Talented Philadelphia Artists Give Exceptional Program

Mary Polion Gibbons, violinist, and Aline van Bascontsen, planist, two Philadelphia girls whome excellent equipment and finished artistry in their respective musical mediums as revented in a joint recital yesterias afformous at the New Century Club, indicate much and favorable public attention to their careers, had a preliminary advantage in a program that was exceptionally interesting. Follon Gibbons, violinist,

Miss Gibbons played "Adagto from G Najor Conserts," Mozart; "Schoon Bosma-rin," Kreisler; "Sersmade," F. Drdla; "Ma-surka," Miynarski! "Air," J. S. Bach; "Min-net in G. Beethoven; "Sersmade," Roderich Haus; "Cansonetta," d'Ambrosiu; "Ballade Romanthuie," Roderich Bass; "Poeme," Zdenko Fibini, and "Finale Concerto in G Minor," Max Revub. Minor," Max Bruch.

Miss Barentzen physel "Du bist die Ruh."
Schubert-Jasu: "Die Forelle," SchubertHeiter: "An den Frahing," Grieg: "Etude,"
Rubinstein: "Gavotte," Gluck-Brahms:
"Etude Op. 16, No. 10." Chopin; "Etude
Op. 25, No. 1." Chopin, and "Polonaise,"

Miss (linkers, who is the daughter of an honored and well-aved retired professor of classics at the University of Pennsylvania, displayed gifts that should mean a success in low profession of like magnitude as that of some of the notable pupils of lor masser. Ottokar Savelk. Her tome is broad and warm and her feeling for the spirit of the composer she interprets is as sympathetic as her rendition of the text.

success but scanor as policies with the Philadelphia reclassia in its Sunday con-cert series, affiliated as midset in an indivi-dual programs the aplentid impression created at that time

#### Farmer Smith's Column

IS THE WORLD GROWING BETTER?

My Patient Dears—The reason I talk to our so much about the GOOD our wonderful lith is doing in because I want you to CNOW that the world IS growing better and WE are helping to make it so. If some one tells you that the world is growing worse, ask him to tell you what HE is doing to make this beautiful world of ours RETTER. YOU are doing your part, even when you

only sign our piedge.

An appeal appeared in our club news for help for a little boy. A great big man, more than six feet, answered the appeal. and I went for the little boy. The Big Man took the Little Boy, bought him a dinner and bought him clothes from head to foot, and then I took the Little Boy home. I shall never forget the scene when we entered the ONE room where the little boy's parents were huldled about a stove.

Miss Sarah Welah, of the Gladstene, will leave on Saturday for New York for a weak's stay. She will return to this city to attend the wedding of Miss Katherine Nice and Mr. Reed Hobart Ellis, of Rangeley, Me., which will take place at the home of the bride on Spring avenue, Elking Park, on Saturday, January, 20, at 4 orders in the THEY COULD NOT SPEAK FOR JOY. The big man did not know me. He did not even know the little hoy's name. He called him by a name he invented.

Oh, dear children? Learn early in life that it is those we do for and not those who Mrs. Louis R. Lemoine and her grand-children, Miss M. S. Harrison and Master C. C. Harrison, 3d, the children of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Custis Harrison, Jr., of Villa-nova, are spending some time at the Brighton, Atlantic City.

do for us whom we love.

Tell this story wherever you hear that
the world is not growing better; tell it
whenever some one says that there is no

one who will do a kindness without hope of

Mrs. Lewis will also entertain at bridge on Tuesday afternoon of next week and at dinner on Wednesday evening, when covers "Though I speak with the tongues of men and angels and have not LOVE, I am beome as a sounding brass or a tinkling

Faith, hope and LOVE, but the greatest of these is LOVE. Always lovingly.
FARMER SMITH,
Children's Editor.

## BILLY BUMPUS'S BUG STORY

By Farmer Smith

"Isn't it funny how much you learn when you tell stories to children?" asked Billy Bumpus of his good wife one night. "Yes," replied Mrs. Bumpus. "Some-

"Yes," replied Mrs. Bumpus. "Sometimes I think we are talking to ourselves
the mest even when we talk to others,"
"And we are often telling things we
never knew before." said Billy, as he went
unstairs, after kinsing his wife. Nannie
Goat was waiting for her story as her
father sat down beside her bed.
"Did the Potato Bug children attend the
Lady Bug's party." asked Nannie.
"Certainty." replied her father. "Yes, three children, of Rosemont, are staying at the Dennis, Atlantic City. Dr. and Mrs. M. R. Ward, of Wayne, are

"Certainly," replied her father. "You remember the Potato Bug family had to leave their home because Frank, the hired man at the farmhouse, was coming after all the bugs to destroy them. But Faith Po-tato Bog was taken sick the very next day because site ate too much cake at the Ladyfamily, of Fort Washington, Pa., will close their country home February 1 and leave for Atlantic City, where they will spend

because she ate too much cake at the Lady Bug's party.

'rs. Pointe Bug was awakened in the micels of the night by Palth, who was cry-leg. What is the matter, my dear child?' asked Mrs. Potato Bug. She felt of the little one's head and found it very hot.

"What shall we do?" she asked of Mr. Potato Bug, who was wide awake by that A cake and candy sale was held at the home of Miss Mary Coles, 2211 Walnut street, on Tuesday evening for the benefit of St. Agnes's School. The sale was in charge of Miss Eleanor Pepper.

time.
"We must send for Doctor Beetle as soon as we can," said her husband. "I'll get right up and go myself." So Mr. Potato Bug got out of his bed and hastened off to Doctor their daughter. Miss Caroline Jamison, of Greensburg, Pa., arrived in this city yester-day and are spending several days this week at the Bellevue-Stratford.

Miss Helen Stull, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Stull, of Woodland avenue, Wyncote, and Miss Emily Lewis, daughter of Mr. Howard D. Lewis, of Washington lane, Elkins Park, will leave February 1 for an extended trip to the Pacific coast. They will visit many places of interest on the way out and will stay in California several weeks before returning home. good doctor, but our little Faith has a high fever and you must come at once. "The old Doctor hustled out of bed and put on his glasses and took his medicine case with him. 'I will not wait to get my carriage hitched up,' he said, 'but will come

"Mr. Potate Bug and the doctor arrived at the Lady Bug's, and they both scraped their feet on the mat in front of the door. "Going in, the doctor found Faith lying on a little bed made out of a cotton ball. Holding her hand and counting, he looked very grave. He said, 'Her pulse is very high and she has some fever." Miss Katherine Ketterlinus, of School House lane, Germantown, has returned to her home from Atlantic City, where she has been spending some time at the Mari-

"Opening his medicine case, he took out a tiny piece of apple and divided it into three pieces. 'Give her one of these every two hours,' he said, 'and then I want you Mrs. Clark Whitemore, of Elizabeth, N. J., has been visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Randall Baremore, in German-town. Mrs. Whitemore was Miss Regins Baremore before her marriage. to put her feet in some mud and keep her very quiet. She will be all well tomorrow.' So they did as he said, and as he was about to go the Lady Bug came in to see if she

ald do anything. "T had to come in and see you," she said to Doctor Beetle, with her aweetest smile." Billy Bumpus would have gone on, but Nannie was fast asleep. ber street, announce the engagement of heir daughter. Miss Elizabeth Alloways. to Mr. Edwin D. Hand, of this city. No date has been set for the wedding.

#### What's Doing Tonight Hemeopathic Medical Society, Hahnemann

College.
Fifty-second Sirvet and Lancaster Avenue
Susiness Mep. Fifty-third street and Lanedowns
tyonia. S. Colocis.
Free.
Haddington Scard of Trade, Sixtleth street
and Circurd avenue. Free.
Logan Improvement Association. Stroad street
and Windrim avenue. S. o'clock. Free.

Lecture, 'Modern Intellecture) Leaders of ngiand, by Dr. John W. Slaugater, under a numbers of the University Extension Rociety, nitral Y M. C. A. 1431 Arch street, 8 o'clock. Central T. M. C. A. 1421 Arcs street, 8 o'clock. Lecture, "Cublidat," by Dr. W. D. Bancroft, Franklin Institute, 8 o'clock. Howeverytown Bushess Man's Association, Ow's Hall, "500 Girard avenur, 8 o'clock. Free-Tenth anniversary banquet, Cohockaink Bush-ness Man's and "Fast Street, Cohockaink Bush-ness Man's and "Fast Street, Cohockaink Duri-washing the Retail, Seventh and Daughin streets, 8:20 o'clock.

National Child Labor free exhibit, Houston Testimonial dinner to Dr. A. C. Garrett, Cur-

Banquet Speaker Falls Dead

MADISON, Wis., Jan. 11.—United States
District Attorney William F. Wolff, for the
western district of Wisconsin, fell dead at
the Park Hotel here late last night while
making an address at a Democratic banquet. Wolff was appointed two months ago.

Came a shooting, numbing pain in Starn's





J. Mohr Beveridge, the creator of seven distinct varieties of cocktails.

## BEYOND THE GREAT OBLIVION

(Sequel to "The Vacant World")

By GEORGE ALLAN ENGLAND Coppright, 1216, by Frank A. Meanry Company

He shrugged life shoulders.
"That depends," he answered, He seemed already to have forgotien Kamrso and the threatening peril in the village, near the great flame. Even the sound of reward.

And now remember this: The aim of our kindness is to HELP OTHERS TO and the threatening peril in the village, the threatening peril in the village, near the great flame. Even the sound of thousands of dellars, BUT what good would distant chanting and the thidding of dult drams strived him not. Fascinated, by was finite possibilities, there on that black, un earthly beach.
All at once he spoke.
"Up to the village with it" he com-

A SAD SPECTACLE



Copyright Life Publishing Company The man who never learned to

manded, waving his pistol-hand toward the causeway and the fortified gates. "I can't risk leaving it here. Come, father, speak o them! It's got to go into the village right

Then Kamrou's messenger, grasping the sense if not the words of the command, strode forward—a tall, lithe figure of a man, well-knit and hard to face. Under the torchlight the dilated pupils of his pinkish eyes seemed to shine as phosphorescent as a cat's.

Crying out something unintelligible to Stern, he blocked the way. Stern heard the name "Kamrou! Kamrou!"

"Well, what do you want new?" shouled the engineer, a huge and sudden anger seizing him. Already super-excited by the labors of the day and by the nervous strain of having recovered the sunken biplane, all this talk of Kamrou, all this persistent opposition just at the most inauspicious moment worked powerfully upon his irent worked powerfully upon his ir

moment worked powerfully upon his irritated nerves.

Cool reason would have dictated
diplomacy, parley, and, if possible, truce.
But Stern could not believe the Folk, for
so long apparently loyal to him and duminated by his influence, could work against
their vital interest and his own by deserting him now. And, all his saner judgment failing him,

needing nothing of the patriarch's entreaties or of the girl's remonstrance as she caught his arm and tried to bold him back, he

faced this coolly insolent barbarian,
"You, dams you, what d'you want?" he
cried again, his finger liching on the trigger
of the automatic, "Think I'm going to quit
for you, or Kamrou, or anybody? Quit,

Think a civilized white man, sweating "Think a civilized white man, sweating his heart out to save your people here, is going to knuckie under to any savage that happens to blow in and try to bone this job? If so, you've got another guess coming! Stand back, you, or you'll get cold had in just one minute."

Quick words passed from the old man to the measurer and back again. The patriarch cried again to him, and for a money Stern saw the barbarian's eve flicker.

triarch cried again to him, and for a ho-ment Stern saw the barbarian's eye flicker uneasily toward the revolver. But the calm and cruel face never changed, nor did the sayage take one step backward. "All right, then?" shouted Stern, "seeing

all right, then modeted stern, "seeing red" in his overpowering rage. "You want it—you'll get it—take it, so!"

Up he jerked the automatic, fair at the big barbarlar's heart—a splendid larget by the torchight, not ten feet distant;

CHAPTER XXXV—(Continued)

THANK God, it's out at last' exclaimed the engineer, and neaved a sixt of genuine bearifelt refer? "See, Bearine there's our old machine again—and except for that broken rudder, this wing, here bent, and the rem where the grapple tore the leather covering of the statistical plane is can't see that it's taken any dimagn. It's ideal on a missing of the engine's intact, the rest will be casy. Plenty of chance for metal-work, here and—"

"Going to take it right up to the village, now?" queried she, anxiously glaming at the crowd of white and slient faces, all eagerly staring—staring like as many wraths in a stringe dream.

He shrugged life shoulders.

CHAPTER XXXV—(Continued)

The leather which, thing with necessarial that she head of the sam, right leat of the leather which, thing with necessarial at his depths. The metal at his left. The head of the wet, Shring stones.

Sterin, carding madly, leaped and statished for it with the other hand.

Before he could even reach it a swift tool tripped limp powerfully. Headlong he fail and no a messad one of the very ropes that limb been used to drag the Paulise from the depths was leshed about his wrists, the angles, his struggling, fighting body.

The leather covering over the wet.

Storin, carding madly, leaped and stratished for it with the other hand.

Before he could even reach it as well to fail. And in a messad one of the very ropes that limb been used to drag the Paulise from the depths was leshed about his wrists, the angles, his struggling, fighting body.

The leather covering over the wet.

Storin, carding madly, leaped and statished for it with the other hand.

Before he could even reach it as well to fail the form the other hand.

Before he could even used to drag the Paulise from the other hand.

Storin, carding which, flux distributed for it with the other hand.

Storin, carding which, flux distributed for it with the other hand.

Storin, carding which, flux distributed for it with the other hand.

Storin, carding which, flux distri

ing body.

"Heatrico! Shoot! Kill!" he shouted.

"Help here! Help! The machine—they'll wreek it! Everything—lost! Lielp!"

His speech died in a choking mumble, stiffed by the wet and sodden gag they feeced into his mouth.

About him the mob seethed. Through his brath a quick nognish thrilled, the thought of Beatrice unaided and alone. Then came a wonder when the death stroke would full—a frightful, sick despair that on the very eve of triumph, of salvation for this Folk and for the world as well as for Beatrice and himself, this unforessen cattestrophe should have befallen. on carastrophe should have befailen.

He struggled still to catch some glimpse's Beatrice, to err aloud to her, to shielder; but, alone against five hundred, he

was powerless.

Nowaere could be catch even a glimps of the girl, in that shoving, pushing, shouting horde, nothing could be made out. He knew not even whether criti war had blazed or whether all alike had owned the rule of Kamrou the Terrible.

Like buoys tessing upon the surface of a raging sea, the flaring torches pitched and danced, rose, fell. And from a multitude of threats, from beach and causeway, walls and town, strange shouts rang up into the all-embracing, vague, enshrouding vapor.

Mute, desperate, stark mad, he knew the

Folk were bull-carrying, balf-dragging blm

As in a dark dream, he vaguely saw the great fortilled gate with its huge, torch-lighted monolithic lintel. Even upon this some of the Folk were crowded now to watch the strange, i credible spectacle of the man who had once turned the tide of hattle against the Lansknarn and had saved all their lives, now haled like a crim-

saved all their lives, now haled like a crimmal back into the community he had rescued in its hour of soriest need.

Its mind leaped to their first entry into the village—it seemed months ago—also as prisoners. In a flash he recalled all that had happened since and bitterly he mocked himself for having dared to dream that their influence had really attered these strange, harbarous souls, or uplifted them, or taught them anything at all.

"Now, now just as the rescue of these people was at hand, just as the machine might have carried us and them back into the world, slowly, one by one—now comes defeat and death."

An exceeding great bitterness filled him

defeat and death!"

An exceeding great bitterness filled his not once more at this harsh, cynic turn of fats. But most of all he yearned toward Beatrice. That he should die mattered nothing; but the thought of this girl per-

lahing at their hands there in the lost Abysis was decadful as the pangs of all the fabled hells. Again he fought to hold back, to try for

again he rought to half dack, to try for some sight, even a fleeting gilmpas of Beatrice; but the Folk with harsh cries drove him roughly forward.

He could not even see the patriarch. All was confusion, giare, smoke, bolse, as he was thrust through the fortified gate out into the thronged plaze.

And through all his rage and bitter baf-flement and pain a sudden great desire welled up in him to see this chief of the Folk, at last—to lay eyes on this for-midable, this terrible one—to stand face to face with him in whose hand now lay overything. Kamron!

Across the dim-fog-covered expanse of he plaza he saw the blus-green shimmer of the great dame. Thither, toward that strange, eternal ire and the glasity circle of the head-ers skeletons the Folk were drifting now.

Thilher his captors were dragging him. And there, he knew, kamrou awaited Beatrice and him. There doom was to be dealt out to them. There doom was to be dealt out to them. There and at once! On, on the Folk bore him. All at once he saw again that two-pronged torch raised before him, going ahead; and a way cleared through the press.

Along this way he was carried, no longer struggling, but eager now to know the end, to meet it bravely and with calm philosophy, "as fits a man."

And quite at once he found himself in sight of the many dangling skeletons. Now the quivering jet of flame grew visible. New, suddenly, he was thrust forward into a smooth and open space. Silence fell.

Before him he saw Kamrou, Kamrou the Terrible, at last.

Terrible, at last.

## CHAPTER XXXVI

Gage of Battle

Gage of Battle

The chief of the People of the Abyas
was sented at his case in a large stone
chair, over which heavy layers of weedfabric had been thrown. He was flanked
on either side by spearemen and by
drummers, who still held their iron stiges
polised above their copper drums with poised above their copper drums shark-skin heads.

man well over six feet tall, with whip. Hudson Seal

Across his left temple, and involving his left eye with a ghastly mutilation, ran a long, jagged, bright red sear, that stood out vividly against the milk-white skin. In his hands he held no made, he symbol of power; they rested loosely on his powerful knees; and in their half-crocked fingers, large and long, Stern knew there lay a formidable, an all but freestible strength.

strength.

At sight of the captives—for Beatrice, too, now suddenly appeared, furust forward through another lane among the Folk—Kamrou's keenly cruel face grew hard. His placeted with a sneer of scorn and hate. His pinkinh eyes glittered with anticipation. Full on his face the flare of the great flame fell. Stern could see every the and wrinkle, and he knew that to beg mercy from this hise larbarian reven though he would have begged were a tank wholly vain and futile.

And well he knew that If both he and Beatrice were not to die the death this day, only upon themselves they must de-pend!

Yes, one face showed pity. But only Yes, one face showed pity. But only one—the patriarch's.

But the chief's gaze was now fixed insciently upon Beatrice. She, as she stood there, stripped even of her revolver and carridge bell, hands bound behind her, hair dishevefed, had caught his barkarous fancy. And now in his look Stern saw the kindling of a savage passion so ardent, so consuming. That the man's heart turned sick within him.

Ten thousand times better she should.

Ten thousand times better she should die!" thought he, racked at the thought of what might be. "Oh, God! If I only had my revolver for a single minute now! One shot for Kamrou-one for Beatrice—and after that, nothing would matter; noth-

(CONTINUED TOMORROW)

#### FORTNIGHTLY CLUB SINGS DR. THUNDER'S CANTATA

Simorgh," by Director of Chorus, Main Piece of Program-Ethelynde Smith Excellent Soloist

With Henry Gordon Thunder's cantata With Henry Gordon Thunder's cantata "The Simorgh' as the principal item of the program and Ethelynde Smith, a clear-voiced sourano, of engaging personality; Emil F. Schmidt, the fine violinist of the Halladelphia Orchestra, and the quarter which he heads; Frank Nicoletta, a dex-trous harpist, and Clarence N. Bawden, one of the most adroit and accomplished of secompanists, contributory to or of various numbers, the Fortnightly Club gave its frst private concert of the season last night before an andience of subscribers and in-

The Fortnightly Ciub, in its singing func-tion, is a male chorus of which the city may well be prood. Seemingly a little lar-ger in membership than last year, and with the infusion of some fresh and young volces, the chorus is of a size that affords ample volume for all undertakings, yet not so large as to be unwieldy. large as to be unwieldy. rge as to be unwieldy. | sex was sunk, and Hubay's feathery Doctor Thunder, who conducted last "Zephyr." B. D.

cord unuscles and a keen, eager, dominering air. Unlike any of the other Folk, his hair (snow-white) was not twisted into a fantastic knot and fastened with gold pine, but hung loose and was cut square off at about the level of his shoulders, forming a tremendous, bristly mass that reminded one of a lion's mane.

Across his left temple, and involving his left eye with a ghastly multiston, ran a long ingged bright red scar, that stood interesting and characteristic themes and

position. The music has melodic variety, interesting and characteristic themes and scoring for the voices that is both scholarly and attractive.

The text, by Mary Forney Thunder, relates a Perstan myth partly in intractive verse.

Maurits Lesfson was another home composer represented. His setting of a sixteenth century Flamish folkmong, "The Gay Valuative verset the raw wonder and

frenth century Francis toksong, "The early Fisherboy," preserved the racy popular and national note. One of the delectable things on the program was Granville Bantocks "City of Chow." Other ensemble numbers of interes were Charles W. Cadman's Pitishingh official anthem and Rogers's gay "This is She."

Ethelynde Smith selected Micaela's air from "Carmen" for her first appearance, and gave it ("Je dis que rien ne m'epouvante") in a clear bell-like tone and with rouch simple, naive expression. As a demanded encore she gave a German lied, and her enquelation in both languages was her enunciation in both languages was clean-cut. The variety of her art was The Bath-Gound "Ave Maria" enlisted her aid, and Mr. Smith's fine violinistic art, with Mr. Bawden playing beautifully at the organ.

#### ZIMBALIST IS HEARD IN A VARIED RECITAL

Finished Violinist Plays Old and New Numbers at Academy

Efrem Zimbalist's recital in the Academy of Music yesterday revealed answ this ap-scaling and finished violinist in the role of omantic and classic interpreter. His pro-train was not the most remarkable or the out interesting imaginable. For one thing, was too much burdened with the peacock

It was too much burdened with the peacock feathers of technique. But toward its close it did develop into what every such affair should—a display of emotion and sentiment, rather than an exhaustive vocabulary of gliscades and doubte-stopping.

Mr. Zimbalist's principal number was the involved, strength-testing and rather wearisome D major concerto of Paganini. This was accomplished with force, fire and much business-like address. The intricate runs: business-like address. The intricate runs; the exquisite trills, the penetrating and silvery high notes would have commanded attention from a person who hadn't the faintest notion as to what it was all about. Nevertheless, it was somewhat of a rethe city's spirit was caught and sustained with capital insight; d'Ambroslo's piquant "Serenade," with its romantic tinkle and troubadour-like touch; Cesar Cui's "Orientale," suggesting in theme the



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