JUST GOSSIP ABOUT PEOPLE

Junior League Plans Well Under Way—"An Evening in Rococo" Is Name of Pantomime—Various Matters Discussed by Nancy Wynne

ALREADY I have spoken about the Junior League and the splendid work its members have been doing, and it is very interesting to watch the progress of their entertainment, which will be given on the evenings of February 14 and 15.

It is a pantomime of eighteenth century Venice, which will be an accurate and wholly charming representation of the customs of those days in this particular place—a place busy Philadelphia knows entirely too little about.

Venice seems to have been the center and meeting place for all those gay spirits who agree with the poet, "When joy and duty clash, let duty go to smash."

It was a wholly unbelievable and incredible sort of spot. Exaggeration was perhaps the one word that one could condense it all into. The buildings which started one thing, classic, let us say, became more and more improbable and grotesque in their ornamentation.

Following the same principles, they didn't confine themselves in the matter of a good time. In fact, one may frankly say that all Venetians were whales at having a good time. They had balls and suppers and dinners, and they had fancy dress balls and disguised suppers and bals-masques and carnivals, and they didn't stop there at all. Above all they were care-free and indifferent to trouble and worry.

Another pleasant trait was that they were so busy enjoying themselves that they didn't take time to worry about whether their clothes were different from their neighbors'. In fact, the more alike they dressed the deeper the disguises. So they pretty much all (men and women both) wore three-cornered hats and lace scarfs and loose coats or capes AND masks! The "levelers of caste." For without a mask any Venetian would feel lost, but with it entirely at home in this wild city of revelry.

Backed by the dancing of Mrs. John Harbeson, who was Georgianna Brown, and Eleanor Butler's costumes the league seems to feel confident of success, particularly as Mrs. Francis Lloyd is figuring again as the hero of the piece. Among the other star performers are Mrs. Perry Pepper, Mary Frances Fisher, Emily Fox, Mrs. Thomas Reath, Jr., Mrs. Arthur E. Newbold, Jr., and Alva Sergeant.

The scenery, designed by Katharine Munoz and Christine Chambers, promises to be the most rococo ever seen—in fact, it is said to be "some" scenery. As usual the Junior League prides itself on doing entirely without outside assistance. The girls are making everything themselves, and proudly say that they would trust no one else with the job.

WELL, my dears, it's queer, but gossip and stories seem to run in channels, don't they, and one no sooner hears one story than one hears another and more interesting bit of news. Yesterday it was two newly engaged persons kissing in an elevator, but this time it is a rumor, and more than a rumor, for the wee bird who told me was "posilutely" sure, and it is this: In less than ten days from now there will be a wedding which will interest us all very muchly. SHE is a most attractive widow, very stunning looking, and who has had no end of attention since the death of her husband. She is rather well off, but not greatly so, and, in fact, has recently talked of going into business, if she has not already. HE is a widower and a very attractive man; he has a daughter who has been married within the last year, a mighty pretty girl she is, too. When the news comes out you will remember I told you, and perhaps some of you will guess now who the happy pair are. I wish them luck, don't you?

THERE will be several small affairs today, the dinner which the Emory McMichaels will give for Marie Wright and Fenno Hoffman, whose engagement you will remember was announced in the early summer. Marie is the daughter of the Rev. Harrison B. Wright and Mrs. Wright, of St. Asaph's Church, Bala, and Fenno is a son of Mrs. Ogden Hoffman and a nephew of Mrs. De Witt Cuyler, Mrs. Ned Beale, Mrs. Pem Hutchinson and Mrs. William Montgomery.

Then the Woodwards will give their second musicale this afternoon, and let us hope for their sake the pet pup of the family will be sent out for a walk if there is to be a violinist this afternoon, for it was embarrassing, to say the least, to have the pup join in with the music at the first one a couple of weeks ago.

NANCY WYNNE.

Personals

Dr. and Mrs. John Kearsley Mitchell announce the engagement of their daughter, Miss Mary Middleton Mitchell, to Mr. Vinton Freedley, son of the late Mr. and Mrs. A. Tillinghurst Freedley.

Mr. and Mrs. George Frazier will entertain at dinner before the Assembly on February 16.

Mr. and Mrs. Clarence M. Clark, of Germantown, will entertain at a theatre party, followed by supper, at the Bellevue-Stratford in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Edward W. Clark, 2d, on February 13. Mr. and Mrs. Clark will also entertain in their honor at dinner on February 22 at the Germantown Cricket Club.

Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Clark, of the Ritz-Carlton, will entertain at dinner before the ball which Mr. and Mrs. Hare Davis will give at Horticultural Hall on February 9.

The Philadelphia Chapter of the Actors' Church Alliance has issued invitations to the midwinter meeting on Tuesday, February 6, at 3:30 o'clock in the Clover Room of the Bellevue-Stratford to meet Sir Herbert Tree, Mr. George Arliss, Miss Edith Wynne Matthison, Mr. Raymond Hitchcock and the Rev. Walter E. Bentley.

Mrs. David T. Young, of Phil-Ellena street, Germantown, will give a dinner on Saturday of next week at the Philadelphia Cricket Club.

Miss Eleanor Cuyler, who, with Mr. and Mrs. Cuyler, is spending the winter at the Bellevue-Stratford, will go to New York on Monday to be maid of honor at the wedding of Miss Constance Chappell and Mr. Edward Delmage.

Mr. and Mrs. Cushman Newhall, of 151 Highland avenue, Chestnut Hill, have gone to Augusta, Ga., for two weeks.

Mrs. Edward Walter Clark, of Moreland avenue, Chestnut Hill, is spending a few days in Washington.

Mr. and Mrs. Forman P. Hollinshead, of 419 Gerard avenue, Elkins Park, announce the engagement of their daughter, Miss Helen Hollinshead, to Mr. Barton B. Quirk, of Hatboro, Pa.

Miss Hollinshead is a popular member of the younger set. Mr. Quirk is the son of the late Mr. and Mrs. John Quirk. He is a graduate of Lehigh University and a member of the Sigma Phi Upsilon Fraternity. No date has been set for the wedding.

Mr. and Mrs. Hollinshead will give a reception this afternoon from 3 until 5 o'clock in honor of their daughter, Miss Hollinshead, and Miss Eva Quirk, at which time the engagement will be announced.

Mr. and Mrs. G. H. Lang and their niece, Miss Elsie Lang, of 319 Winona avenue, Germantown, will leave on Friday for a trip to Florida and Cuba.

The Regal Club will hold its next dance of the 1917 series at the Philomusian Club, Fortieth and Walnut streets, on Wednesday evening, February 7.

Friends of the Uptown Home for the Aged are making arrangements for their second annual bazaar and dance to be given on February 14 at the Mercantile Hall, Broad and Master streets. The committee in charge has spared no efforts to make this the affair of the year, which will be for maintaining the home for the aged, situated at 955-957 North Franklin street.

The committee in charge includes Mr. David Schwartz, chairman, Miss Clara Kivitz, secretary; Mr. Benjamin Gold, Miss Beatrice Solomon, Mr. Harry Chidnoff, Miss Anna Kivitz, Mr. William Rabin, Miss Rose Frank, Miss Reba Frank, Miss Jennie Solodor and Mr. Samuel Gold.

Mr. and Mrs. A. P. Rosenburger, of Elkins Park, have left for Florida, where they will spend some time at Florence Villa.

Dr. and Mrs. Hudson O. McMurtrie, of 2509 North Thirtieth street, are being congratulated on the birth of a son on January 31. Mrs. McMurtrie will be remembered as Miss Azalea Hawkins, of Philipsburg, Pa.

Mrs. A. Kirschner and her little daughter, Miss Sylvia Kirschner, of 631 South Eleventh street, have left for a fortnight's visit to Mrs. Kirschner's aunt, Mrs. M. Cohan, in Bristol.

Mrs. C. H. Moss, of 4529 Spruce street, left yesterday for a month's stay at Palm Beach. Mrs. Warren Moss, of Overbrook, and Miss Mildred Foster, of Logan, are with her. They will stop at St. Augustine for a few days.

The marriage of Miss Bessie Goldberg, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. I. Goldberg, 5564 Market street, to Mr. Isador Gottlieb will take place on February 18 at Apollo Hall, 1726 North Broad street.

A sacred concert and dance will be given to aid the Downtown Hebrew Day Nursery by the Auxiliary tomorrow evening, at New Auditorium Hall, Seventh street and Snyder avenue.

Among those who have contributed to the success of the proposed concert and dance are Miss Rebecca Samansky, Miss Fay Toran, Miss Anna Whyte, Miss Elizabeth Gesinker, Miss Lillian Zeitz, Miss Sidna Toran and Mr. Herman Mlirod.

The first step in a nation-wide campaign to educate women to request Congress to pass a bill which will require a statement of silk and adulteration percentage on the outside of each bolt was started last night at 1211 Arch street, when the Pathe Frere film, showing how silk is made, was given its initial presentation in this city before the members of the Women Writers' Club of Philadelphia.

The film shows the silk industry in Japan, shows the worms, the spinning of the cocoons, the baking and soaking of those to be used for silk and the selection of those for breeding, and takes the big bundles of silk fiber across the Pacific to the Belding Silk Mills in Belding, Mich., and finally shows a young woman gowned in silk which has gone through the entire process. The pictures are beautifully colored. Miss Catherine Pfeiffer, the young woman who sang at the last Women Writers' dinner, held in Hamilton Court, told about the industry. This film is to be shown throughout the nation to educate women to the value of pure dyed silk and get them to help get legislation to secure it.

William Belding, whose guests the club members were, entertained the young women with a luncheon following the motion-picture entertainment.

The Bachelors, a club of eight, celebrated its third anniversary Thursday by a theatre party followed by a supper at the Bellevue-Stratford Hotel. The members are Mr. Francis J. Lynch, Mr. J. Leo McGlinn, Mr. C. Daly, Mr. Thomas Thornton, Mr. John Orr, Mr. Clarence Heinold, Mr. James Hennessy and Mr. Francis Malone.

What's Doing Tonight

Philadelphia Orchestra concert, Academy of Music. Admission.

Pennsylvania Corset Club dinner, Adelphia Hotel. Members.

Tioga County Society dinner, Rittenhouse Hotel. Members.

South Philadelphia Educational Exhibition opened, 310 Catharine street. Free.

Faculty Club of Temple University, home of Dr. Samuel Wolfe, 1701 Diamond street. Members.

Photo by Bachrach.

MISS GLADYS MARGUERITE JAMIESON

Miss Jamieson's engagement to Mr. J. Montgomery Forster, of St. Davids, was recently announced. Mr. and Mrs. Robert E. Forster, parents of Mr. Forster, will give a reception this afternoon from 3 until 5 o'clock at their home on Montgomery avenue, Bryn Mawr.

WINTER SPORTS FOR 1917

Copyright Life Publishing Company. Reprinted by special arrangement.

THRIFT DAY KEPT HERE AND ALL OVER COUNTRY

Saving Idea, Originated in Philadelphia, Popular, Though Only Year Old

Although the idea is only a year old, the celebration of "Thrift Day" is being observed today in more than a thousand towns and cities throughout the nation.

It was in this city that "Thrift Day" started, and as the thought has proved popular its observance here is better, of course, than in any other community. That long, thin line you see waiting to enter your bank is the only parade by which the day will be celebrated. It's a run on the receiving teller.

School children are educated to the possibilities of the idea too. Pamphlets that are really textbooks on thrift have been distributed by the Chamber of Commerce to many of the 250,000 school children. The textbook has been indorsed by Superintendent of Schools Garber.

Farmer Smith's Column

PERSONAL

I want to take you very close today, my dear children, and tell you how sorry I am that I did not work harder during the year past.

I want you to profit by my seeming mistake (miss-take). The only way I can forget the hours which now appear to have been wasted is to work so hard during 1917 that I will never think of 1916.

I do not believe in mistakes. What I do today which looks like a blunder—a mistake—turns out next year to be ALL FOR THE BEST.

Do not misunderstand me. I do not believe in making mistakes knowingly and then "trusting to luck" to have it all fixed up later on.

I am busier PLAYING than I was last year. I am reaching down for the fellow below me and helping him higher.

"Suppose he does not appreciate it?" I hear some ask.

Bah! I am trying to do my duty.

Can't you help some one with a lesson? Can't you mind the baby while some one goes out for an airing?

If you HATE to mind the baby, think of poor me with my babies all going to school. Do not tell any one, but I kiss a doll once in a while—so there!

Always lovingly,
FARMER SMITH, Children's Editor.

THE HAPPY FLY

By Farmer Smith

Mister Elephant was leaning against a tree, trying so hard to go to sleep that it really kept him awake. By and by a Little Fly crawled under his ear and tickled him so that he just COULDN'T close his eyes.

At length he became so tired and cross that he fairly shouted, "Say, Little Fly, I wish you would go away and not bother me. I want to go to sleep. Suppose you tickle my ear all you want to for five minutes and then skeedoodle."

"GOOD!" exclaimed the Little Fly so loud it made Mister Elephant jump. Then he buzzed under the big fellow's ear and began tickling him for all he was worth.

"Whoa! Your time is up," said Mister Elephant, after a while.

"There, you made me lose a minute," said the Little Fly, hopping around in Mister Elephant's ear and having a beautiful time.

Then all was quiet.

"Whoa!" shouted the big fellow, dancing first on one foot and then on the other. "Your time is up."

"Too bad. Five minutes were nearly gone when you made me start all over again." The Little Fly once more began to buzz in Mister Elephant's ear while he stood as patiently as he could. Finally he could stand it not a minute longer, so he reached up and blew softly in his ear.

"Here, stop that cyclone!" shouted Mister Fly.

"You stop that tickling—your five minutes are up!"

"Who said so?" asked the Little Fly. "The next time you make a bargain, see that you select the judge. In this case I am the one to decide when five minutes are up."

"There never will be a 'next time,'" said Mister Elephant sadly.

"Well, I hope you learn by experience," ventured the Little Fly, starting to buzz once more.

"Not so loud! Not so loud!" fairly shouted Mister Elephant. "I will be deaf if you keep that racket up. I agreed to let you tickle my ear for five minutes and then let me alone. It must have been two hours now since you commenced."

Just then the Little Fly touched a tender spot in the big fellow's ear. "Ouch!" he exclaimed, jumping up and down. "I agreed to keep still while you hop around like a hoppergrass."

"You mean a grasshopper," corrected the Little Fly.

"Hoppergrass or grasshopper, I want you to let my ear alone," replied Mister Elephant.

"Don't get nervous—cultivate repose and calm——"

"I'll repose YOU, if you don't let me alone," whined Mister Elephant. Then he raised his trunk and blew and blew in his ear as hard as ever he could.

When he stopped, he felt a tickling in his other ear. He stood quiet and said, "Get out of my other ear!"

"Of course. I'm taking up the rest of the five minutes in your other ear. You didn't say WHICH ear I was to tickle."

"SAY, the next time you make a bargain, find out all about it and then stick to your bargain."

"EXCUSE ME!" shouted Mister Elephant, as he started for home on a run, while the Little Fly flew away laughing.

THE IVORY CHILD

By H. RIDER HAGGARD

Author of "Marie," "King Solomon's Mines," "She," etc.

THE STORY THUS FAR

LUNA HOLMES RAGNALL, the young and beautiful wife of Lord Ragnall, disappears mysteriously from her cabin in a boat on the Nile. She has been insane since her child was snatched up by an elephant in England and dashed to death at her feet. Since that time she has asked incessantly to go to Africa.

LORD RAGNALL, finally consents, and it is while they are on the trip that his wife disappears. There is absolutely no trace of her whereabouts, but he refuses to believe that she was drowned in the river.

ALLAN QUATERMAIN, a famous African hunter and fortune seeker, was Lord Ragnall's guest on his last trip to England, and in despair Ragnall turns to Quatermain for help. Allan and his Hottentot major-domo, Hans, and Ragnall with his valet, Savage, leave for Kendah Land. There they meet two Arabs.

HARUT AND MARUT, prophets of the White Kendah, arrive to meet Allan, whom they call Macumazana, just as they had predicted when they appeared as conjurers at Ragnall's home. They wish Allan to kill Jana, the elephant-god of the Black Kendah, so that the child-god of the White Kendah will be safe forever. But Quatermain and Ragnall are certain that Luna is held by Harut and Marut and they agree to the Arabs' terms in order to reach the sacred city.

After a fierce fight with the Black Kendah, Allan and Marut are given over to Simba, king of the Black Kendah, so that the others may proceed unmolested.

CHAPTER XI—(Continued)

NOW, when I heard this amazing sentence I gasped within myself, but thinking it better to keep up my role of understanding nothing of their talk, I preserved an immovable countenance and left Marut to answer. This, to his credit be it recorded, he did with his customary pleasant smile.

"O King," he said, "who can bring the dead back to life? Not even the Child itself, at any rate in this world, for there is no way."

"Then, Prophet of the Child, you had better find a way, or, I repeat, I send you to join them," he shouted, rolling his eyes.

"What did my brother, the great prophet, promise to you but yesterday, O King, if you harmed us?" asked Marut. "Was it not that the three great curses should fall upon your people.

"Learn now that if so much as one of us is murdered by you, these things shall swiftly come to pass. I, Marut, who am also a Prophet of the Child, have said it."

Now Simba seemed to go quite mad, so mad that I thought all was over. He waved his spear and danced about in front of us till the silver chains clanked upon his breast. He vituperated the Child and its worshipers, who, he declared, had worked evil on the Black Kendah for generations. He appealed to his god Jana to avenge these evils, "to pierce the Child with his tusks, to tear it with his trunk, and to trample it with his feet," all of which the wounded diviner ably seconded through his horrid mask.

There we stood before him, I leaning against the wall of the house with an air of studied nonchalance mingled with mild interest, at least that is what I meant to do, and Marut smiling sweetly and staring at the heavens. While I was wondering what exact portion of my frame was destined to become acquainted with that spear, of a sudden Simba gave it up. Turning to his followers, he bade them dig a hole in the corner of our little inclosure and set the dead man in it, "with his head out so that he may breathe," an order which they promptly executed.

Then he issued a command that we should be well fed and tended, and remarking that if the departed was not alive and healthy on the third morning from that day, we should hear from him again, he and his company stalked off, except those men who were occupied with the interment.

Soon this was finished also. There sat the deceased buried to the neck with his face looking toward the house—a most disagreeable sight. Presently, however, matters were improved in this respect by one of the sextons fetching a large earthenware pot and several smaller pots full of food and water. The latter they set around the head, I suppose for the sustenance of the body beneath, and then placed the big vessel inverted over all, "to keep the sun off our sleeping brother," as I heard one say to the other.

This pot looked innocent enough when all was done, like one of those that gardeners in England put over forced rhubarb, no more. And yet, such is the strength of the imagination, I think that on the whole I should have preferred the object underneath naked and unadorned. For instance, I have forgotten to say that the heads of those of the White Kendah who had fallen in the fight had been set up on poles in front of Simba's house. They were unpleasant to contemplate, but to my mind not so unpleasant as that pot.

As a matter of fact, this precaution against injury from the sun to the late diviner proved unnecessary, since by some strange chance from that moment the sun ceased to shine. Quite suddenly clouds arose which gradually covered the whole sky and the weather began to turn very cold, unprecedentedly so, Marut informed me, for the time of year, which, it will be remembered, in this country was the season just before harvest. Obviously the Black Kendah thought so also, since from our seats on the roof, whither we had retreated to be as far as possible from the pot, we saw them gathered in the market place, staring at the sky and talking to each other.

The day passed without any further event, except the arrival of our meals, for which we had no great appetite. The night came, earlier than usual because of the clouds, and we fell asleep, or rather into a series of dozes.

Once I thought I heard some one stirring in the huts behind us, but as it was followed by silence I took no more notice. At length the light broke very slowly, for now the clouds were denser than ever. Shivering with the cold, Marut and I made a visit to the camel drivers, who were not allowed to enter our house. On going into their hut we saw, to our horror, that only two of them remained, seated stonily upon the floor. We asked where the third was. They replied they did not know. In the middle of the night, they said, men had crept in, who seized, bound and gagged him, then dragged him away. As there was nothing to be said or done, we returned to breakfast filled with horrid fears.

Nothing happened that day, except that some priests arrived, lifted the earthenware pot, examined their departed colleague, who by now had become an unencouraging spectacle, removed the old dishes of food, arranged more about him, and went off. Also the clouds grew thicker and thicker, and the air more and more chilly, till, had we been in any northern latitude, I should have said that snow was pending. From our perch on the rooftop I observed the population of Simba Town discussing the weather with ever-increasing earnestness; also that the people going out to work in the fields wore mats over their shoulders.

Once more darkness came, and this night, notwithstanding the cold, we spent wrapped in rugs on the roof of the house. It had occurred to us that kidnapping would be less easy there, as we could make some sort of a fight at the head of the stairway, or, if the worst came to the worst, dive from the parapet and break our necks. We kept watch, turn and turn about. During my watch, about midnight, I heard a noise going on in the hut behind us; scuffling and a stifled cry which turned my blood cold. About an hour later a fire was lighted in the center of the market place where the sheep had been sacrificed, and by the flare of it I could see people moving. But what they did I could not see, which was perhaps as well.

Next morning only one of the camelmen was left. This remaining man was now almost crazy with fear, and could give no clear account of what had happened to his companion.

The poor fellow implored us to take him away to our house, as he feared to be left alone with "the black devils." We tried to do so, but armed guards appeared mysteriously and thrust him back into his own hut.

This day was an exact repetition of the others. The same inspection of the deceased and renewal of his food; the same cold, clouded sky; the same agitated conferences in the market place.

For the third time darkness fell upon us in that horrible place. Once more we took refuge on the roof, but this night neither of us slept. We were too cold, too physically miserable, and too filled with mental apprehensions. All nature appeared to be sinking down upon the earth. The moon was hidden, yet a faint and furtid light shone now in one quarter of the horizon, now in another. There was no wind, but the air moaned audibly. It was as though the end of the world were near, as, I reflected, probably might be the case so far as we were concerned. Never, perhaps, have I felt so spiritually terrified as I was during the dreadful inaction of that night. Even if I had known that I was going to be executed at dawn, I think that by comparison I should have been lighthearted. But the worst part of the business was that I knew nothing.

I was like a man forced to walk through dense darkness among precipices, quite unable to guess when my journey would end in space, but enduring all the agonies of death at every step.

About midnight again we heard that scuffle and stifled cry in the hut behind us.

"He's gone," I whispered to Marut, wiping the cold sweat from my brow.

"Yes," answered Marut, "and very soon we all follow him, Macumazana."

I wished that his face were visible so that I could see if he still smiled when he uttered those words.

An hour or so later the usual fire appeared in the market-place, round which the usual figures flitted dimly. The sight of them fascinated me, although I did not want to look, fearing what I might see. Luckily, however, we were too far off to discern anything at night.

While these unholy ceremonies were in progress the climax came, that is so far as the weather was concerned. Of a sudden a great gale sprang up, a gale of icy wind such as in southern Africa sometimes precedes a thunderstorm. It blew for half an hour or more, then lulled. Now lightning flashed across the heavens, and by the glare of it we perceived that all the population of Simba Town seemed to be gathered in the market-place. At least there were some thousands of them, talking, gesticulating, pointing at the sky.

A few minutes later there came a great crash of thunder, of which it was impossible to locate the sound, for it rolled from everywhere. Then suddenly something hard struck the roof by my side and rebounded, to be followed next moment by a blow upon my shoulder which nearly knocked me flat, although I was well protected by the skin rugs.

"Down the stair!" I called. "They are stoning us," and suited the action to the word.

Ten seconds later we were both in the room, crouched in its further corner, for the stones or whatever they were seemed to be following us. I struck a match, of which fortunately I had some, together with my pipe and a good pocketful of tobacco—my only solace in these dreadful places—and lit a candle. Then we ventured to look out of the door and see what manner of missiles had driven us from our refuge on the roof, but this we could not do, for the room was full of them, and they were still falling on the roof like hail. We could only see that they were white and round, and that they had blotted out the sky. Then we shut the door and sat down to wait and think.

Presently it occurred to me that these stones were not those of an ordinary hailstorm, for, firstly, they had knocked down Marut's face, and secondly, that these stones were great lumps of ice, some of them weighing several ounces, which hopped about the floor like live things.

"Hailstorm!" remarked Marut with his accustomed smile.

"Hell storm!" I replied, "for whoever saw hail like that before?"

Then the match burnt out and conversation came to an end for the reason that we could no longer hear each other speak. The hail came down with a perpetual, rattling roar, that in its sum was one of the most terrible sounds to which I ever listened. And yet above it I thought that I could catch another, still more terrible, the wail of hundreds of people in agony. After the first few minutes I began to be afraid that the roof would be battered in, or that the walls would crumble beneath this perpetual fire of musketry of heaven. But the cement was good and the place well built.

So it came about that the house stood the tempest, which had it been roofed with tiles or galvanized iron I am sure it would never have done, since the lumps of ice must have shattered the one and pierced the other like paper.

Indeed, I have seen this happen in a bad hailstorm in Natal which killed my best horse. But even that hail was as snowflakes compared to this.

I suppose that this natural phenomenon continued for about twenty minutes, not more, during ten of which it was at its worst. Then by degrees it ceased, the sky cleared and the moon shone out beautifully. We climbed to the roof again and looked. It was several inches deep in jagged ice, while the market-place and all the country round appeared in the bright moonlight to be buried beneath a veil of snow.

Very rapidly, as the normal temperature of that warm land reasserted itself, this snow or rather hail melted, causing a flood of water, which, where there was any fall, began to rush away with a gurgling sound. Also we heard other sounds, such as that from the galloping hoofs of many of the horses which had broken loose from their wrecked stables at the north end of the market-place, where in great number they had been killed by the falling roofs or had kicked each other to death, and a wild universal wail that rose from every quarter of the big town, in which quantities of the worst-built houses had collapsed. Further, lying here and there about the market-place, we could see scores of dark shapes that we knew to be those of men, women and children whom those sharp missiles hurled from heaven had caught before they could escape and slain, or wounded almost to death. For it will be remembered that perhaps not fewer than 2000 persons were gathered on this market-place, attending the horrid midnight sacrifice and discussing the unnatural weather when the storm burst upon them suddenly as an avalanche.

"The Child is small, yet its strength is great. Behold the first curse!" said Marut solemnly.

(CONTINUED MONDAY.)

"POT-LUCK"

RELIGIOUS BREVITIES

The "Stabat Mater," by Rossini, will be sung tomorrow night at the First Baptist Church, under the direction of Frederick Maxson. The soloists will be Helen Bentz, Agnes Reifsnyder, Phil Hipple and J. Edwards Smith, Jr. The Rev. Dr. William H. P. Faunce, president of Brown University, will preach.

Thomas Raeburn White will present the principles and purposes of the proposed League to Enforce Peace tomorrow night in St. Matthew's Lutheran Church. The Rev. Dr. Edwin Heyl Delk will preside.

The Rev. Dr. Clarence Edward Macartney, pastor of the Arch Street Presbyterian Church, will deliver the third sermon in the series of great reformers tomorrow night with a talk on Martin Luther.

The Rev. A. R. Vail, of Urbana, Ill., will tell how to attain the heights of spiritual efficiency tomorrow morning at the First Unitarian Church.

Maunder's cantata will be played tomorrow night at the Chestnut Street Baptist Church at a special musical service.

A. J. Coleman will speak on "Charles Gordon Ames" tomorrow morning at the Germantown Unitarian Church.

John Randall Dunn, of St. Louis, will deliver the first lecture on Christian Science ever given in South Philadelphia tomorrow afternoon at the Broadway Theatre with a free talk on "What Is Christian Science and How It Heals."

The Rev. Dr. J. Gray Bolton, pastor of the Hope Presbyterian Church, will talk tomorrow morning on "The Society of Heaven." His evening's topic will be "Sin Removed by Sacrifice."

"World Organization" is the subject of Charles Zueblin's closing lecture of his course on "United States—Peacemaker or Peacemaker," tomorrow afternoon before the Ethical Culture Society at the Broad Street Theatre.

James H. Maurer, president of the State Federation of Labor, will speak on "Socialism and the Labor Movement" tomorrow afternoon in the Broad Street Theatre under the auspices of the Socialist Literary Society.

The Rev. O. F. Swift, superintendent of the State Anti-Saloon League, will address the Presbyterian Ministerial Association in Westminster Hall on Monday morning.

George Long will talk on "Hold-outs and Leaks" tomorrow night in the Bustanoby Mission auditorium. Converts will participate in a song service beginning at half past seven.

A team of Baltimore trail-hitters, converts of the Sunday campaign in that city, will conduct a men's meeting tomorrow afternoon in the North Branch Y. M. C. A.

The Rev. Dr. Homer W. Tope, district superintendent of the Anti-Saloon League, will be the speaker at the Sunday Forum tomorrow afternoon, to be held in the Central Y. M. C. A. He will talk on "The New America—A Call to the Men of the Twentieth Century."

MR. S. D. GORDON
SPEAKS TOMORROW
HOLLOND CHURCH
BROAD AND FEDERAL STREETS
10:30 A. M., 7:45 P. M.

RELIGIOUS NOTICES

Baptist

BAPTIST TEMPLE, Broad and Berks sts. RUSSELL H. CONWELL will preach 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. WILLIAM MUTTER, baritone, will assist the chorus in the Evening Service. Organ Recital, 7:15 p. m. CLARENCE REYNOLDS, Organist. Sunday School, 2:30 p. m. Visitors welcome.

CHESTNUT STREET BAPTIST CHURCH
Chestnut st. west of 40th st.
9:45 a. m.—Brotherhood.
10:30 a. m.—Worship.
2:30 p. m.—Bible School.
7:45 p. m.—Worship.
MUSICAL SERVICE
Maunder's Cantata,
"Patience, Pardon and Peace,"
Assisted by Walter D. Eddowes
Cornetist.

Brethren

FIRST CHURCH OF THE BRETHREN
(Dunker), cor. Carlisle and Dauphin sts.
Preaching 10:30 a. m. and 7:45 p. m.
Sunday School, 2:30 p. m.
Prayer Meeting each Wednesday evening.

Ethical Culture

MR. CHARLES ZUEBLIN will speak on "World Organization." Broad St. Theatre, 11 a. m. Public invited.

Lutheran

AT THE FRIENDLY CHURCH
16th and Jefferson sts.
DANIEL E. WEIGLE, Pastor.
Sunday Morning, 10:30.
Bible School, 2:30 p. m.
Evening Service, 7:45.
Sermon, "THRIFT."
Solo, Quartet and Organ.

Methodist Episcopal

"LAST THINGS"

SPRINGFIELD AVE. M. E. CHURCH
58th st. and Springfield ave.
February 4 to 11, 8 p. m. Monday, "The Judgments." Monday, "The Bride of Christ." Tuesday, "Satan—His Kingdom." Wednesday, "The Resurrections." Thursday, "Heaven." the Rev. H. E. Hand. Friday, "The Second Coming." GEO. H. H. HICK, Pastor. C. Austin Miles, Jr., Chorister. Sunday, February 11, S. B. Goff, Jr., Evangelist.

COLUMBIA AVE., cor. 25th st.—Rev. E. W. HART, D. D. Services 10:30, 7:30, S. S. 2:30.

Presbyterian

ARCH ST. CHURCH, 18th and Arch. Rev. Clarence Edward Macartney. 12:00—Sunday School and Men's Class. 8:00—
1517—Martin Luther—1917
His 400th Anniversary
Third in series on "Great Reformers."
February 11—John Calvin.

HOPE, 33d and Wharton sts. Rev. J. GRAY

CATHOLICS OBSERVE FEAST OF ST. BLAISE

Blessing of Throats Goes Back to Bishop's Martyrdom—Worshipers Throng Churches

Roman Catholics throughout the city today observed the feast of St. Blaise by visiting churches and participating in the ceremony known as the Blessing of the Throat. Following celebration of the mass this morning, the priests of the several churches passed along the throng of parishioners at the altar rail, reciting a brief prayer as they held two lighted candles in the shape of a St. Andrew's cross to the throat of each supplicant in turn. This ceremony was repeated at intervals later in the day and will continue this evening.

The blessing of the throat and invocation of the saint are regarded as efficacious in warding off throat and lung disorders, and in America, where the grip and other pulmonary or bronchial disorders are usually prevalent at this period of the year, the intercession of St. Blaise is yearly invoked by increasing numbers.

The custom takes its origin from the martyrdom of the saint in the fourth century. On his way to the trial which ended in his death, in the year 316, St. Blaise, who was Bishop of Sebaste, was stopped by a woman holding a child. The little one was choking to death from a bone which had lodged in its throat. The doomed Bishop touched the child's throat, made the sign of the cross and prayed for its relief. According to tradition, the little sufferer was cured instantly, and the intercession of the martyred bishop has been resorted to by sufferers from throat and lung troubles with successful results.

Many of the early participants in the ceremony today were infants, who were carried to the churches by their parents or guardians. The churches in the business centers of the city receive their largest visitation in the luncheon period, and those in the industrial districts expect their greatest crowds this evening. In some parishes the priests are kept busy throughout the entire day by the thousands who visit the churches to seek the intercession of St. Blaise as a preventive of grip and kindred throat ailments in the year to come.

Quiet Talks
By MR. S. D. GORDON
GARRICK THEATRE
MONDAY TO FRIDAY
12:15 to 1 P. M.
SONDAY, 5th.—"A Biographical Sketch of Satan."
TUESDAY, 6th.—"The Story of Satan's Defeat."
WEDNESDAY, 7th.—"The Story of Satan's Present Struggle."
THURSDAY, 8th.—"The Secret of Victory over Satan."
FRIDAY, 9th.—"Fighting Tactics: His and Ours."
EVERYBODY INVITED
COME IN WHEN YOU CAN
SLIP OUT WHEN YOU MUST
JOSEPH M. STEELE
CHAIRMAN EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE

"Quiet Talks" Books
By S. D. GORDON
We have the following in stock: "A Quiet Talk About the Tempter," "A Quiet Talk About the Crowned Christ," "A Quiet Talk About Jesus," "A Quiet Talk on Personal Problems," "A Quiet Talk on Home Ideals," "A Quiet Talk About Our Lord's Return," "A Quiet Talk With World Winners," "A Quiet Talk on John's Gospel," "A Quiet Talk on Power," "A Quiet Talk on Prayer," "A Quiet Talk on Following the Christ," "A Quiet Talk on Service."
Phone and Mail Orders Filled Promptly.
BOOK ROOM OF THE CHRISTIAN LIFE LITERATURE FUND
Room 600, Perry Bldg., 1530 Chestnut St.
Bell Telephone, Spruce 2188.

RELIGIOUS NOTICES

Protestant Episcopal

CHURCH OF THE HOLY APOSTLES
21st and Christian sts.
Rev. GEORGE HERBERT TOOP, D. D., Rector.
9:30 a. m.—Holy Communion.
10:30 a. m.—Holy Communion and Sermon.
2:30 p. m.—Sunday School and Bible Classes.
7:30 p. m.—FIFTH MONTHLY MUSICAL FESTIVAL; the "LIFE EVERLASTING," by Matthews, will be rendered by the Choir. Mr. F. Lyman Wheeler, Organist and Choirmaster. Miss CHARLOTTE TYSON, Soprano. Mrs. MAE WALKER LOFLAND, Soprano. Mrs. HARRY A. ORR, Alto. Mr. JOHN HIPPWELL, Tenor. Mr. HARRY WALTER, Bass. Miss CATHERINE LEDDY, Harpist. Mr. FREDERICK HAHN, Violinist.

CHURCH OF ST. LUKE AND THE EPIPHANY
13th below Spruce.
Rev. DAVID M. STEELE, Rector.
8 a. m.—Holy Communion.
10 a. m.—Sunday School.
11 a. m.—Holy Communion and Sermon.
4 p. m.—Evening Prayer, Anthem and Address.
The rector will preach at both services.

CHURCH OF ST. MATTHIAS
19th and Wallace sts.
Rev. D. LESLIE GOSSLING, Rector.
Morning Service, 10:30 o'clock.
Evening Service, 7:45 o'clock.
All cordially welcome.

ST. JAMES'S, 22d and Walnut sts.
The Rev. JOHN MOCKRIDGE, D. D., Rector.
8 a. m.—Holy Communion.
10:30 a. m.—Morning Prayer (plain).
11 a. m.—Holy Communion with Sermon.
3 p. m.—Confirmation Instruction.
9:45 a. m. and 2:45 p. m.—Sunday Schools.
4 p. m.—Annual Service of the Free and Open Church Association. The Preacher will be the Rev. Milo H. Gates, D. D., Vicar of the Chapel of the Intercession, Trinity Parish, New York city.
"The Week of Prayer," February 4 to 11. The church will be open daily as usual. Daily services during the week as follows:
7:30 a. m.—Holy Communion.
9 a. m.—Morning Prayer.
10 a. m.—Holy Communion.
12 noon—Intercessions.
6 p. m.—Evening Prayer.

Socialist Literary Society

MR. JAMES H. MAURER, president of State Federation of Labor, will speak on "Socialism and the Labor Movement" tomorrow, 3 p. m., at Broad St. Theatre. Music by Hahn's String Quartet. Public invited.

Sunday Breakfast Association

SUNDAY BREAKFAST ASSOCIATION
12th st. above Race st., Philadelphia.
SUNDAY—8:30 a. m.—Breakfast served to the poor.
9:00 a. m.—Religious services — good speaking, testimonies, solos by Miss Enola Maclaire and Miss Lula Mearkle.
10:30 a. m.—Prayer service.
2:30 p. m.—Bible School.
7:30 p. m.—Tea service.
Monthly evening of song. Sol