

JUST GOSSIP ABOUT PEOPLE

Large Sale for Crippled Home Will Be Held Next Week at 1024 Chestnut Street—Nancy Wynne Chats of Other Things

TALKING about rummage sales, did you know there is one on for next week? It is to be given at Blank's old store, 1024 Chestnut street, and will be for the benefit of the new St. Edmund's Home for Crippled Children, at Forty-fourth street and Haverford avenue. A women's auxiliary to this home, which opened only last summer, was formed recently and great interest is being taken in it.



The auxiliary, headed by Mrs. James Mundy, who is president, has decided to hold a sale on March 20, 21 and 22, and everything in the way of carpets, rugs, clothing, underclothing, hats, shoes, pictures, books, toys, glass, china, ornaments, jewelry, fans, parasols, fancy work, flowers, preserves, baskets; in fact, all things salable will be found in the old Blank store on those days. So if you have not yet bought your Easter bonnets nor given your best girl a jewel of late, haste to the market place and haste you early, say I, for the best is always picked out first, you know. Who knows but some one else's white elephant may prove a household pet to you? I would not miss it, I really wouldn't. Of course the usual indefatigable workers are interested in the sale and home and Mrs. Mundy has working with her Miss Adele Tack, Miss Agnes Lewis, Miss Matilda Jenkins, Miss Katherine Raleigh, Mrs. Ashton Devereux, Mrs. Ignatius Dohan, Mrs. Thomas P. Hunter, Miss Florence Sibley, Mrs. Robert M. Quennell, Mrs. Stanley Smith, Miss Ellen Phelan, Mrs. William Watson, Mrs. James McNichol and dozens of others, including aides from the younger set.

The home is under the care of the good sisters of the Bon Secours, who have come here from Baltimore to undertake the work.

PLANS are being made for several dinners which will take place at the Germantown Cricket Club during the next few weeks. This Saturday the ball room will be elaborately decorated with greens, and green candle shades will give the desired effect for the St. Patrick's Day dinner.

Thursday of Easter week has been set aside for the Easter dinner—dances, which is a new feature this year. The opening of the ladies' clubhouse and the beginning of all outdoor festivities and games will take place on May 5. Luncheon will be served as usual on the balcony at 1 o'clock, while the first cricket match of the season will be in progress on the green. Dinner and informal dancing will take place later in the ballroom. On Saturday evening, March 24, a dinner will be given in honor of the members of the squash teams.

Among those who have reserved tables for Saturday of this week are Mr. and Mrs. William S. Lloyd, who will entertain in honor of their daughter, Mrs. Henry C. Mustin, wife of Lieutenant Commander Henry C. Mustin, U. S. N., in command of the U. S. S. North Carolina; Mr. and Mrs. Alfred S. Wells, Mr. and Mrs. Edward Hacker, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Blizard, Mr. and Mrs. Harry A. Ansell, Mr. and Mrs. William N. Morice, Mr. and Mrs. William H. Connell, Mr. and Mrs. Carroll Brewster Grace and Mr. and Mrs. E. Pusey Passmore.

Mr. and Mrs. William R. Tucker, Jr., Mr. and Mrs. Gilbert Shearer and Mr. and Mrs. E. Ross Carver will dine together. Mr. and Mrs. Ely Smith, of McKean avenue and Clapier street, Germantown, will entertain twelve guests at the club the same night.

HE WAS perfectly serious, oh, yes! There were little frowns between his eyes and a determined look about his chin that meant business. "It is funny," he said to me, "how a girl can twist a man around her little finger. He knows perfectly well he's being twisted, but if she's the girl, he doesn't make any attempt to get away. Now here I am, haven't had a drink for months, wouldn't know a cocktail if I saw it walking to meet me. Somehow, I don't seem to want it either. Funny thing how changed a fellow can be, but it's great, the best ever."

He did not enlighten me as to who the good angel is, but I know they have been seen together on every occasion and made an attractive picture as they danced together at the recent Bal Masque.

More credit to that attractive debutante for her good influence over this boy, who isn't at all a prodigal son, but a mighty nice sutor, and here's hoping we hear of the engagement within a few weeks.

PERSONALS Mrs. Edna P. Rawle, 6288 City Line, Overbrook, will entertain at luncheon followed by bridge on Friday in honor of Miss Ruth Richards, of San Diego, Cal., who is the guest of Mrs. John Sinnott, at 157 Spruce street.

Mrs. Henry Warrington Doughton, of 1390 Pine street, will entertain at a box party at the Mask and Wig on Wednesday evening in Easter week in honor of her twin daughters, Miss Susan A. Doughton and Miss Marie Louise C. Doughton, who will make their debut at a tea to be given by their mother during the last week in March. The guests at the box party are: Mrs. Susan A. Doughton, Mrs. Marie Louise C. Doughton, Mrs. J. J. Jones, Mrs. Paul Jones, Jr., Mrs. Russell Green, of Schenectady, N. Y.

Mrs. Trevar Myler, who has been spending a fortnight in Atlantic City after visiting friends in Germantown, has returned to her home in Pittsburgh.

Mr. and Mrs. James Fraser, of 525 South Fifty-fifth street, announce the marriage of their daughter, Miss Madeline M. Fraser, to Mr. Charles Warren Michael, and Mr. Ernest Jones, of Haverbo, The ceremony will be performed in the Methodist Episcopal Church, of Chambersburg, on Saturday afternoon, March 17, at 4 o'clock. Mr. Jones will have his brother, Mr. Paul Jones, Jr., of Germantown, as best man, and the usher will be Mr. Ralph L. Garner, of Boston, and Mr. Russell Green, of Schenectady, N. Y.

Mr. and Mrs. Ellis D. Lit, of Jenkintown, have moved into their new home on Greenwood avenue, where they will make their home in the future.

An afternoon card party, cake and candy sale will be for the benefit of the building fund of the Oak Lane Review Club the afternoon of next week, at the home of Mrs. Edna P. Rawle, 6288 City Line street.

annual dances at the New Auditorium Hall, Seventh street and Snyder avenue, on Saturday evening, March 24. The committee in charge includes Mr. J. Lowenthal, chairman; Mr. J. Abrams, Mr. B. Merowitz, Mr. J. Gaev and Mr. Darr.

The engagement of Miss Sadia Greenburg, daughter of Mrs. Bertha Greenburg, of 1541 North Franklin street, to Mr. Maurice M. Kaufman, of 1822 North Seventh street, was announced at a surprise party which was given by Mrs. Greenburg in honor of Mr. Kaufman's birthday last Sunday.

LUCY PORTER IN RECITAL IN CANTAVES SERIES

Church Soprano Assisted by Carl F. Wehman and Bertha Lee in Program

Lucy A. Porter, solo soprano at the Woodland Presbyterian Church, was presented in recital last evening in the rooms of the Orpheus Club by the Cantaves Chorus. She had as assisting artists Carl F. Wehman, tenor, and Bertha A. Lee, pianist. The program of herself and associates was one in the series of weekly recitals which the Cantaves Chorus is giving to exhibit the individual talents of its members. This singing club of women, under the energetic and efficient direction of May Porter, Mus. Bac., has taken very high rank among similar choral bodies of this city during its career of about five years. Its various concerts, both "on its own" and in the Drexel Institute public programs, have improved from season to season, and have justified the poetic appellation which is the name of the club by Dr. Hugh A. Clarke, professor of music at the University of Pennsylvania. Thanks to the enterprise of the Cantaves in adding these pleasant weekly song recitals to the local musical life, the public is gaining an idea of the quality of the membership as solo artists.

Miss Porter at once affirmed her right to the distinction of a personal program by the richness and sweetness of her voice, the easy and effective production of her tones, and the surety of her grasp on the meaning of the texts and the notes of her musical settings. She is evidently a student as well as an artist, for her interpretations, while they originated no novel effects, were sound and distinctive. After so much straining after novelty it is more than gratifying to hear a student perform as well as an artist, for her interpretations, while they originated no novel effects, were sound and distinctive. After so much straining after novelty it is more than gratifying to hear a student perform as well as an artist, for her interpretations, while they originated no novel effects, were sound and distinctive.

At the next general meeting of the Civic Club, to be held on March 27 in the Junior Room of the Bellevue-Stratford, Dr. Henri La Fontaine, of the Belgian Senate, will be the principal speaker. This will be the third of the addresses on government. Doctor La Fontaine is a native of Belgium, a member of the Brussels bar and since 1892 has been professor of International Law at the University of Brussels. He became a member of the Senate in 1915. In 1915 he received the Nobel Peace Prize.

At the dinner which Mr. and Mrs. William Morice will give on Saturday at the Germantown Cricket Club the guests will be Mr. and Mrs. Le Roy Richards, Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Goodall, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur C. Colahan, Mr. and Mrs. Howard Sheble, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Weeks, Mr. and Mrs. Stanley Wiley, of New York, who will spend the week-end as the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Morice; Mr. Paul Pearson and Mrs. Frank Green.

Mrs. Joseph Darlington Wilkinson, who has been spending the last two years in Australia, Japan and China, will return home on April 3. Mrs. Wilkinson, who will be remembered as Miss Jane Burgess, will spend some time with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Burgess, 515 Lincoln drive, Germantown.

Miss Elizabeth Jamison entertained at dinner last evening at her home, 3246 Pottersburg street, in honor of Miss Elizabeth M. Sampson, whose engagement to Mr. William John Jamison has been announced.

Mr. and Mrs. Ferdinand Graves, who are occupying a cottage in Chelsea for several months, will entertain a few friends at a house party over the week-end.

Mrs. David T. Young, of Phil-Kelena street, Germantown, has issued cards for a tea and party of refreshments to be given in honor of her guest, Mrs. James Duncanson Cairnes, of Hagerstown, Md.

Mr. and Mrs. Harold Moon, of Wyncoote road, Jenkintown, will leave the end of the week for Irvington, N. Y., where they will spend several days as the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Nosbit.

A wedding of interest which will take place in Chambersburg will be that of Miss Mary Florence Michael, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Warren Michael, and Mr. Ernest Jones, of Haverbo. The ceremony will be performed in the Methodist Episcopal Church, of Chambersburg, on Saturday afternoon, March 17, at 4 o'clock. Mr. Jones will have his brother, Mr. Paul Jones, Jr., of Germantown, as best man, and the usher will be Mr. Ralph L. Garner, of Boston, and Mr. Russell Green, of Schenectady, N. Y.

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GREAT AMERICANS



B. Porington Packer, who has several times succeeded in being mistaken for an Englishman.

THE AFTERGLOW

A Sequel to "Beyond the Great Oblivion" By GEORGE ALLAN ENGLAND

CHAPTER XXV—Continued With passionate strength he dragged it to the parapet. Below, down the path, he caught a swift glimpse of grouped folk, wondering, staring, aghast. To them he gave no heed. He lifted the body, dripping bright blood. Silent, indomitable, disheveled, he raised it on high. Then, with a cry: "See, ye people, how I answer traitors!" he whirled it outward into the void.

Over and over it gyrated through vacant space. Then, with an echoing splash, the river took it, and the swift current, white foaming, boisterous, wild, rolled it and tumbled it away, away forever, into the unknown.

With harsh cries and a wild parry of bullets aimed high above them, Allan drove the cowed and beaten partisans of Hyemba jostling, hawking for mercy, down the terrace path between the cliff and parapet.

Only then, when he knew victory was secured and his own dominance once more sealed on them, did he run swiftly back to his boy.

He retreated into the home cave again; and now for the first time he realized his own and sunken cheeks were wet with tears.

CHAPTER XXVI The Coming of the Horde NOW that, for an hour or two at least, he felt himself free and master of the situation, Allan devoted himself with energy to the immediate situation in Cliff Villa.

Though still weak and dazed, old Gesafam had now recovered strength and wit enough to soothe and care for the child.

Allan heard from her, in a few disjointed words, all she knew of the kidnapping. Hyemba, she said, had suddenly appeared to her, from the remote end of the cave, and had tried to snatch the child.

She had fought, but one blow of his ax had stunned her. Beyond this, she remembered nothing.

Allan sought and quickly found the aperture made by the smith through the limestone.

Obviously he'd been planning this coup for a long time," thought he. "The great catastrophe of the landslide broke the last bonds of order and restraint, and gave him his opportunity. Well, it's his last chance; he must have this passage-way cemented up. That's all the moment he'll ever get. It's more than he deserves."

He returned to Beatrice. The girl still lay there, moaning a little in her fevered sleep. Allan watched her in anguish.

"Oh, if she should die—if she should die!" thought he, and felt the sweat start on his forehead. "She must not! She can't! I won't let her!"

A touch on the arm aroused him from his vigil. Turning, he saw Gesafam.

Where all had been resistance and defiant stubbornness before, now all had become obedience and worship. He understood enough of the barbarian psychology to know that power, strength and dominance—and these alone—commanded respect with the Folk.

And among them all, those who had not seen as well as those that had, the sudden, dramatic, annihilating downfall of Hyemba had again cemented the bonds of solidarity more closely than ever.

The sight of that archer's body hurled from the parapet had effectually tamed them, every one. No longer was there a murmur in their caves, no thought save of obedience and worship.

"It's not what I want," reflected Allan. "I want intelligent co-operation, not adulation. I want democracy! But damn it! these caves, moaning a little in her fevered sleep. Allan watched her in anguish.

Quickly he got in touch with the situation. From cave to cave he went, estimating the damage. At the great gap in the terrace he stood and carefully observed the wreckage in the river bed below.

to Cliff Villa, leaving strict orders for Frummo to call him in case of need. Very beautiful the world was that afternoon. In the soft south wind the fringed palms across the river were bowing and nodding gracefully. Overhead, dazzling clouds drifted northward.

It seemed to him he could almost hear the rustle of the dry undergrowth, parched by the past fortnight of exceptionally hot weather; but, above all, rose the eternal babble of the rapids. High in air, a culture crested its untiring spirals. At sight of it he frowned. It reminded him of the Paulliac, now wrecked far beyond the horizon, where the Horde had trapped him. He shuddered, for the memories of the last week were infinitely horrible, and he longed only to forget.

With a last glance at the scene, over which the ominous threads of smoke now drifted in comfortable numbers, he frowned. He re-entered the villa.

"No matter what happens now," he muttered. "I've got to snatch a few minutes rest. Otherwise, I'm liable to drop in my tracks. And, above all, I must try to pull through. For on me, and me alone, now everything depends!"

He sat down by the bed again, too stretched by the toxics of fatigue and exhaustion to do more than note that Beatrice was, at any rate, no worse.

Human effort and emotion had, in fact, reached their extreme climax in him. He felt numb all over, in body, mind and soul. A weaker man would have succumbed long ago to but half the hardships he had struggled through. Now he must rest a bit.

"Bring water, Gesafam!" he commanded. When she had obeyed, he let her wash his wounds and dress them with leaves and ointments. Then he himself bandaged them, his head nodding, eyes already drooping from moment to moment.

His head sank on the bed, and one hand sought the girl's. Despite his wonderful vitality and strength, Allan was on the verge of collapse.

Vague and confused thoughts wandered through his unsettled brain.

What was the destiny of the colony to be now that the Paulliac was lost and so many of the Folk wiped out? Were there any hopes of ultimate success? And the Horde, what of that? How long a respite might be counted on before the inevitable, decisive battle?

A score, a hundred questions, more and more illusory, blent and faded and reformed in his overtaxed mind.

Then, blenched as a burn, sleep took him. A violent shaking roused him from dead slumber. Old Gesafam stood there beside him, his hand on his arm.

"Waken, O master!" she was crying. "O Kronimo, rouse! For now there is great need!"

Dazed, he started up. "Who—who is it now? More trouble?" She pointed toward the door.

"Beyond there, master! Beyond the river there are many moving creatures! Darts and arrows have begun to fall against the cliff! See, one has even come into the cave! What shall be done, master?"

Broad awake now, Allan ran to the door and peered out.

"What's that fading? He must have slept an hour or two; it had seemed but a second. In the West the sun was burning its way toward the horizon, through a thick set of haze that cloaked the rim of the earth."

"Hooping, she picked up a long, slight object and handed it to him.

"One of our poisoned darts, so help me!" he exclaimed. "Cast it into the fire, Gesafam! And have a care lest it wound you for the slightest scratch is death!"

While she, wondering, obeyed, he hastily remembered the situation.

He had not seen the Horde, after his escape from it by devious and terrible ways, would track him down.

And with a bitter curse he shook his fist at the dark forest across the canyon where, even as he looked—he saw a movement of crumpling, furtive things; he heard a dull thump-thump as of clubs beating hollow logs.

"Look, master, look! The bridge! The bridge!" he exclaimed. "Oh, for a ton of Pulverite to drop among you!"

"Look, master, look! The bridge! The bridge!" he exclaimed. "Oh, for a ton of Pulverite to drop among you!"

He turned quickly as old Gesafam pointed upstream.

There, clearly outlined against the sky, he saw a dozen—a score of little, crouching figures emerge from the forest on the north bank, and at a clamor run down along the swaying footpath high above the rapids.

CHAPTER XXVII War! AT SIGHT of the advance guard of the Horde now already loping, crouched and ugly, over the narrow bridge to Settlement Cliffs Allan's first impulse was one of flight.

He had expected an attack ere night, but at least he had hoped an hour's respite to recover a little of his strength and to muster all the still viable men of the Folk for resistance. Now, however, he saw even this was to be denied him. For already the leaders of the Horde scouts had passed the center of the bridge.

Three or four minutes more they would be upon the passade, upon the cliff!

"God! if they once get in there we're gone!" cried Allan. "We're cut off from everything. Our animals will be slaughtered. The boys will die. It means annihilation!"

Already he was running up the path toward the passade. Not one second was to be lost. There was time even to call a single man of the Folk to reinforce him. Single-handed and alone he must meet the invaders' first attack.

Fanting, sweating, stumbling, he scrambled up the steep terrace. And as he ran, his thoughts outlanded him.

What's Doing Tonight

Lecture on "Design, Construction and Equipment of a Modern Military Airplane," by Jerome C. Hunsaker, President of the Aeronautical Society, at 8:15 o'clock. Admission by card. "Manifestation of the Drama," by Mrs. E. A. Hunsaker, at 8:15 o'clock. Admission by card. "Lecture on Booth Bartington's 'Seven Years' under auspices of University Extension Society; Central Y. M. C. A., 107 Arch street, 8 o'clock. Admission charge. Dinner at the Executive Club of Philadelphia; Bellevue-Stratford, 7:30 o'clock. Members.

Illustrated lecture on China, by J. G. Taylor; Central Y. M. C. A., 8:15 o'clock. Admission charge. Meeting for men under the auspices of the Brotherhood of St. Andrew Church of the Holy Trinity, Nineteenth and Walnut streets, 8 o'clock. Free. "Members' Night and Production of the 'Peterson Princess'; Philomusian Club, 2844 Walnut street, 8:15 o'clock. Members. Food Fair, Horticultural Hall, Admission charge. Fashion Show of Walnut Street Business Association; Bellevue-Stratford, 8 o'clock. Admission charge. Lyceum Institute, Teller Memorial School, Broad and Jefferson streets, 8 o'clock. Members. Testimonial dinner to James E. Lennex, president of Seiner Council; Fen and Pencil Club, 7:30 o'clock. Free. Annual dinner of Vessel Owners and Captains' Association; Hotel Adelphi, 7:30 o'clock. Members. Philadelphia Conference Methodist Episcopal Church, sessions continue, Cookman Church, Twelfth street and Lehigh avenue, 8 o'clock. Free. Artists' discussion on "How Artists Can Render the Most Effective Service in Event of War"; Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts, 8 o'clock. Members. Market Street Merchants' Association meeting; Bingham Hotel, Free. Brotherhood Mission, tenth anniversary; 401 East Girard avenue, Free. Pennsylvania Railroad branch of Y. M. C. A. anniversary, Forty-first street and Westminster avenue, Free. Musical benefit for Presbyterian Orphanage, Bethlehem. Admission charge. Officers' Association; Adelphi Hotel, Members. Lecture, "The Rosary of Ireland's Years," by the Rev. Peter Gidda; Academy of Music, Admission charge.

Chestnut St. Opera House LAST WEEK TWICE DAILY, 2:15 AND 8:15 "THE BARRIER" BY REX BEACH BEGINNING MONDAY. SEATS NOW THEATRE PHOTO SPECTACLE "WOMANHOOD" A DRAMATIC SURPRISE Every Man and Woman should See It Prices, Mats., 500 Lower Floor Seats, 250. Thee, 10c. Performance.

The Stanley Continuous 11:15 A. M. to 11:15 P. M. MARKET ABOVE 16TH SEIZENZ PICTURE CLARA KIMBALL YOUNG in "THE PRICE SHE PAID" Palace 1214 MARKET STREET 10c, 25c, 50c, 75c, 1.15 P. M. ANITA STEWART "THE GIRL PHILIPPA" Arcadia CHESTNUT Below 10TH 10 A. M., 12:15, 2:15, 4:15, 6:15, 8:15 P. M. WM. FOX Super De Luxe Production WILLIAM FARNUM "A TALE OF TWO CITIES" Added-Dittmar's "Living Book of Nature"

Regent MARKET Below 17TH 11 A. M. to 11:15 P. M. OLGA PETROVA in Metro Production "SECRET OF EVE" Victoria MARKET Above 8TH 9 A. M. to 11:15 P. M. MABEL TALIAFERRO in Exclusive First Showing "The Barrier" in "A TALE OF TWO CITIES" FASHION SHOW WITH 100 LIVING MODELS HALLWAY, BELLEVUE-STRATFORD MARCH 14, 15, 16, at 8:15 P. M. Mat. showings on Wed. and Thurs. at 8:30 P. M. TICKETS ON SALE NOW AT RYAN'S THEATRE OFFICE, BELLEVUE-STRATFORD HOTEL, Bell Phone, Local 1299.

Knickerbocker MARKET Above 49TH 7:30 P. M. EUGENIE BLAIR and Knickerbocker "SAPHO" Week COMMENCING March 19th Victor Merit Show, Musical Success "THE PRINCESS PAT" Special Orchestra and Vocal Matinee WALNUT Mat. Today, 25c, 50c Evgs., 25, 50, 75c, 1.15, Sat. Mat., 25, 50, 75c Extra Mat. Tomorrow, 25c & 50c Her Unborn Child Matinee Reserved for Ladies Only No. 100—"Girl of Mine," with Sylvia DeFranklin BROAD—Extra Mats. Today & Tomorrow TREASURE ISLAND 25c to 1.50 at Extra Mats. Today & Tomorrow FORREST—Last 3 Evgs. Last Mat. P. M. THE TOY PANDA DONNA MITZI in the New Musical POM-POM With TOM BAUGHMAN and 60 OTHERS Next Week—Henry W. Sawyer's Musical Comedy Triumph, "Here's a Heart," with GARRICK NIGHTS at 8:15 P. M. FAIR and WARMER with JANET BECHER

GLOBE Theatre MARKET Above 14TH 10c, 15c, 25c, 50c, 75c, 1.15, 1.50, 2.00, 2.50, 3.00 "Town Hall Follies" MME. BEA and Beautiful CROSS KEYS in "THE NEW PRODUCER" BROADWAY Broadway and Pine Streets LONG TACKLES NAZIMOVA in "WAR" Little