

JUST GOSSIP ABOUT PEOPLE

Manager of Germantown Movie House to Give One-third of Receipts of a Week to Department 6 of the Army and Navy Branch of Red Cross

A prize for good, hard work to raise money for the Red Cross, the Emergency Aid and countless other worthy charities were to be offered to the women of Philadelphia proper and its various suburbs, it would be a toss-up as to who would get it.

Well, the latest is that the manager of one of the successful moving-picture theatres in Germantown has graciously offered to give one-third of the profits for the week beginning April 15 for the benefit of Department 6 of the Army and Navy Branch of the Southeastern Chapter of the American Red Cross.

Fathers and mothers will not miss "The Price She Paid," by Clara Kimball Young, on Monday, Tuesday or Wednesday night. The debutante herself will gather all the other girls and "dancing men" and will crowd the house on Thursday afternoon and evening to see the beloved Anita Stewart in "Babbette" on Friday.

But listen, my children, to the end of this tale. In order to help the cause—not Clara Kimball Young's cause, but the Red Cross—you must be sure to buy your ticket, costing the magnificent sum of fifteen cents, from one of the following women: Mrs. Churchill Williams, of course, is head of Department 6 and will be assisted by Mrs. James W. Wister, Mrs. Herbert Wetherill, Mrs. Carl Williams, Mrs. Sparta Fritz, Miss Emma Bradbury, Mrs. Thomas Stenhouse, Mrs. Harry Wilmer, Mrs. William H. George, Mrs. William Heese and Mrs. Percy Bright.

Come, see a good moving picture and incidentally bring all your friends and neighbors and give your fifteen cents to this worthy cause.

Did you know that Elizabeth Latta has gotten up a delightful concert to be given on the afternoon of April 18 at the Little Theatre? She will sing a number of songs and will be assisted by Demetrio Bove, the violinist, and Clifford Vaughan at the piano.

Ever since Elizabeth made her debut some two years ago at Tony Biddle's concert she has been sought after for all sorts of charity affairs. She sings wonderfully well and with such abandon and youth it is a real joy to hear her. She has decided personality and charm, and I feel sure the recital will be a great success.

A number of prominent women have given their names as patronesses, including Mrs. William J. Clothier, Jr., Mrs. Robert Emmott Hare, Mrs. F. F. Rothermel, Jr., Mrs. Walter H. Bryant, Mrs. B. Doherty, Mrs. C. Leland Harrison, Mrs. Clifford Lewis, Mrs. David Lewis, Mrs. A. J. Dallas Dixon and several others.

I WAS horrified recently at a happening which came to my notice in the trolley. A girl—and what is more, a debutante of the coming season—entered the car about Fifteenth street. I do not suppose she thought for a minute, but when a woman who was seated beside me rose to leave the car I moved slightly to make room for an older woman (in fact, a well-known hostess) to sit beside me.

My dear, you believe it, Miss Future Debutante pushed in between this woman and myself and seated herself with the greatest ease in the world. The woman fairly glared at her, but so used was Miss Future Deb to all things standing to one side for her that she never seemed to dream how rude she had been, and smiled consciously to herself. I really felt like shaking her, for I knew that the rudeness would hurt her, for the lady in question knew who she was and would probably remember it next year when dinner dances and opera parties would be in her hands, and I seemed to feel that this debutante at least would be cut.

It is true that girls do get very self-conscious and taken up with themselves and their own importance at the age of coming out, but what a pity at this early age she should emulate her mother, who is renowned for a want of politeness and consideration of other persons' feelings.

If little Miss Future Deb does not take heed she will fare badly, as many of the mothers will cut her from their lists. A certain degree of politeness and good breeding is still expected of one who professes to be and of a truth is well born.



MISS MABEL KINNEY. Miss Kinney is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur F. Kinney, of 1028 Lindley avenue, Logan. Her engagement to Mr. Arthur Pomerene Wilson, of Pittsburgh, was recently announced.

will leave on Thursday for California, where she will be for several weeks.

Mrs. Harry L. Casard is spending a week in Baltimore.

Mr. and Mrs. Louis Redman Pace, Jr., have returned to the country house of Mrs. W. D. Kiduff, at Ardmore, and will move out May 1.

Miss Margaret Dunlap, who has been spending several days with friends in New York, will return today.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Fraley, who are motoring in California with Mr. and Mrs. Percy Clark, expect to return to their home on April 10.

Mr. and Mrs. John Elliott Newlin, of Chestnut Hill, are being congratulated upon the birth of a son.

Mr. and Mrs. Wharton Sinkler, of Washington, D. C., are in the city with Mrs. Kate Felton Neilson, of California, as their guest for some time.

Mrs. Theodore Voorhees, of Colony House, Melrose Park, has her son and daughter-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. H. Rehn Voorhees, of Cincinnati, as her guests for several days.

Senator La Fontaine will speak today to the members of the Civic Club in the Junior room of the Bellevue-Stratford. His subject will be, "A World Managing Body."

Master Henry Edward Drayton, 3d, who is attending St. Paul's School at Concord, Mass., has returned for the Easter vacation and is with his mother, Mrs. Voorhees Drayton.

Mrs. Howard James, of this city, returned last week from Atlantic City, where she spent several weeks.

Miss Caroline Roberts Miller, daughter of Judge John F. Miller and Mrs. Miller, and John Y. Huber, Jr., were married on Saturday at St. James' Protestant Episcopal Church, Twenty-second and Walnut streets. They will live at 39 Aberdeen road, Bala, after a wedding trip.

Mrs. L. Estella Fox, of 324 York street, Camden, announces the engagement of her daughter, Miss Teba Stretch Fox, to Mr. George Filson Lamy, also of Camden.

Along the Main Line. Mrs. J. Barton Townsend, Jr., of Merion avenue and Raynham road, Overbrook, will give a box party on Easter Monday to see the Mask and Wig production, "Mr. Rip Van Winkle."

The annual flower sale by the women of the Merion Civic Association will be held next Saturday at the Merion Country Day School, with the school's permanent building fund as the beneficiary. Mrs. Frederick W. Rockwell and Mrs. Edward Bok are in charge of the arrangements.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles M. Town have returned to their home in Overbrook after a three months' stay in Chicago.

Germantown. Mrs. Henry Stokes will return to the Delmar April 1 from Florida.

Mr. and Mrs. Kerr Bolea Tupper, who have been spending the winter in Florida, will return to Germantown on April 1.

Mrs. Edward Pitch, of Germantown, left on Saturday with her small daughter for a visit to friends in Boston.

The Triangle Club of the Germantown Boys' Club will give a three-act drama, "Kathleen Mavourneen," on Thursday evening. The cast includes Mr. Harry Ward, Mr. Hugh Maguire, Mr. Walter Hubbard, Mr. Chester A. Ashley, Jr., Mr. Thomas Butterfield, Mr. D. D. Hampton George, Mr. George Remaly, Mr. William Cassidy, Mrs. Eugene Ward, Miss Marion Stevenson, Miss Anna Carr, Miss Grace Bingham and Miss Ray Burton.

Along the Reading. Mrs. K. F. Stewart, of Ogontz, has returned from Atlantic City, where she spent several days last week.

Mr. and Mrs. H. K. Gaskill, of Sharpless avenue, Oak Lane, have returned home from Atlantic City, where they spent several days last week.

Mrs. T. H. Woodleton, of Elkins Park, and Miss M. Woodleton have returned from California, where they spent several months this winter.

Mrs. Robert Marshall, of Noble, accompanied by Miss Laura Craven, of Ashbourne, has returned from Virginia Beach, where they spent several days as the guests of Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Marshall.

Miss Sue Rideaway, of Old York road, Jenkintown, who has been spending some time at Atlantic City, has returned home.

Mrs. N. H. Rand and her daughter, Miss Natalie Rand, of Oak Lane, have returned to their home from Clearwater, Fla., where they spent some time.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward J. Callahan, of Oak Lane, are spending the Lenten season at the Chalfonte, Atlantic City.

West Philadelphia. Miss Beatrice Harrity, of Ardmore, entertained at luncheon yesterday at her home in honor of Miss Margaret Ann May, of 4420 Pine street, who will take place April 1.

North Philadelphia

Mrs. Charles Mercer Hicks and Miss Dorothy Hicks, of 1525 Chestnut street, are visiting Mrs. Hicks' mother in New York.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles F. Wall, of 4153 Pine street, who have been in Florida all winter, will return the latter part of this week.

Announcement is made of the marriage of Miss Jessie G. I. L. Nuttall, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William A. Nuttall, of Prescott, Cal., to Mr. J. Edward R. Fox, of 1723 North Eighth street, on Friday morning, March 23, at the home of the officiating clergyman, the Rev. John W. Richards, of St. Luke's Lutheran Church, Seventh street and Montgomery avenue, in their church, from an extended automobile trip, Mr. and Mrs. Fox will be at home at 1723 North Eighth street after May 1.

The second annual spring dinner and dance of the Tioga Improvement League will be held tomorrow night at Mosbach's Casino, Thirtieth street and Girard avenue. Mr. Percy C. Feger, the president, will be toastmaster, and addresses will be made by Eugene C. Bonnell, Esq., Judge of the Municipal Court, Dr. Wilmer Krusen and Mr. Thomas F. Armstrong. The league is composed of residents of the section, who are making a crusade against smoke nuisances, badly paved streets and all conditions detrimental to their health. Mr. Joseph Bush is vice president; Mr. Harry Kern, treasurer; Mr. George L. Rote, financial secretary, and Mr. Joseph Sternberger, corresponding secretary. The committee having the entertainment in charge consists of Mr. Robert Brown, chairman; Mr. Stanley Getz, Mr. G. L. Rote and Mr. Charles N. Forsyth. The league is preparing to organize a Tioga military company.

Mrs. John T. Moore, who has been visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Sague, of 3549 North Sycamore street, has returned to her home in Minersville, Pa.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Rosatto have returned to their home, 222 South Eighth street, following a stay of several weeks at Hot Springs, Ark. Mr. and Mrs. Rosatto will open their summer home at California and Pacific avenues, Atlantic City, within a few weeks.

Mr. Henry Corcoran has returned to his home on South Fifteenth street, after an extended trip through the South.

Mrs. William F. Steele, of 5620 Ridge avenue, who was hostess at the spring entertainment of her sewing club last evening, was given a handkerchief shower by the members. The guests included Mrs. Emma Schofield, Mrs. George Miller, Mrs. Harry Dager, Mrs. George Wanklin, Mrs. H. Hack, Mrs. Whaley Sauer, Mrs. William McKenna, Mrs. Edward Crease, Mrs. Samuel Miller, Mrs. G. W. Moyer, Mrs. Thomas Johnson, Mrs. Charles Meyer, Mrs. Herman McMaster, Mrs. John Ransford, Mrs. Carey, Mrs. John Christensen, Mrs. John Lex, Mrs. William Culp, Mrs. John Buck, Mrs. William Carver, Mrs. Newton Boyard, Mrs. Wendell, Mrs. Lucy Lare, Mrs. Louis Flick, Mrs. Thomas Henninger, Mrs. Harry Wood, Mrs. Laura Hansbury, Mrs. E. P. Reed and Miss Mary Patton.

Mrs. C. C. A. Bald, of 319 Green lane, will entertain the missionary society of the First Presbyterian Church at her home tonight. "Japan" and "Foreigners in the United States" will be the topics discussed, with Miss Collins as leader.

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GREAT AMERICANS



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PELLUCIDAR

Sequel to "At the Earth's Core." BY EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS Author of the "Tarzan" Stories

CHAPTER II—Continued

WE DARED not turn back into the teeth of the bears which we could hear grunting behind us. To meet them in this bewildering fog would have been to court instant death.

Perry was almost overcome by the hopelessness of our situation. He flopped down on his knees and began to pray.

It was the first time I had heard him at his old habit since my return to Pellucidar, and I had thought that he had given up his little idiosyncrasy; but he hadn't.

For a while I thought I heard him ahead of me, but at last, though I paused often to listen and to call to him, I heard nothing more, not even the grunting of the bears that had been behind us. All was deathly silence—the silence of the tomb. About me lay the thick, impenetrable fog.

I was alone. Perry was gone—gone forever, lost to the slightest doubt.

Somewhere nearby lay the mouth of a treacherous fissure, and far down at its icy bottom lay all that was mortal of my absent friend. There would be no body left to preserve in its icy sepulcher for countless ages until on some far-distant day the slow-moving river of ice had wound its small-like way down to the warmer level, there to disgorge its grisly evidence of grim tragedy, and what in that far future age might mean baffling mystery.

CHAPTER III Shooting the Chutes—And After

THROUGHOUT the fog I felt my way along by means of my compass. I no longer heard the bears, nor did I encounter one within the range of my rifle.

Experience has since taught me that these great beasts are as terror-stricken by this phenomenon as a landman by a fog at sea.

I felt very sad and lonely. My own predicament weighed less heavily upon me than the loss of Perry, for I loved the old fellow.

That I should ever win the opposite slopes of the range I began to doubt, for I was alone, naturally sanguine I imagine that the bereavement which had befallen me had cast such a gloom over my spirits that I could see no slightest ray of hope for the future.

Then, too, the blighting, gray oblivion of the cold, damp clouds through which I wandered was depressing. Hope thrives best in sunlight, and I am sure that it does not thrive at all in a fog.

But the instinct of self-preservation is stronger than hope. It thrives, fortunately, upon nothing. It takes root upon the brink of the grave, and blossoms for ninety persons were there, and Doctor Fetterman made arrangements that day to start a first-aid camp, which is now on its way. The Mount Airy Branch has taken up the work of the base hospitals and is working on box No. 1 and box No. 2, which includes outfits for patients and surgical dressings.

All the churches in Mount Airy have shown a lively interest in this community work and the lecture last night was heard by a large and enthusiastic audience.

Miss Naomi Thacker enrolled new memberships in the Red Cross.

The hostesses were the officers of the Mount Airy Branch: Mrs. H. H. Burrell, Mrs. Samuel D. Matlack, Miss Dorothy Bennerman, Mrs. George A. Henrich and Mrs. Adrien F. Wellens, also the Stenton committee, Mrs. C. Y. Traskers, Mrs. Franklin, Mrs. W. R. Stewart, Mrs. W. R. Franklin, Mrs. Harris, Mrs. John Corral, Mrs. L. W. Dykeman, Mrs. John Van Dusen, Mrs. Frederick McQuire, Mrs. E. E. Druising, Mrs. ...

PELLUCIDAR

of smooth and frozen snow, that rushed past me with express-train velocity. I must have slid downward thousands of feet before the steep incline curved gently on to a broad, smooth, snow-covered plateau. Across this I hurtled with slowly diminishing velocity, until at last I came about me began to take definite shape.

Far ahead, miles and miles away, I saw a great valley and mighty woods, and beyond these a broad expanse of water. In the near foreground I discovered a small, dark blob of color upon the shimmering whiteness of the snow.

"A bear," thought I, and thanked the instinct that had impelled me to cling tenaciously to my rifle during the moments of my awful tumble.

At the rate I was going it would be but a moment before I should be quite abreast of the thing; nor was it long before I came to a sudden stop in soft snow, upon which the sun was shining, not twenty paces from the object of my most immediate apprehension.

It was standing upon its hind legs waiting for me. As I scrambled to my feet to meet it I dropped my gun in the snow and doubled up with laughter.

The expression upon his face, combined with the relief I felt at seeing him again safe and sound, was too much for my over-swept mind. "David," he cried, "David, my boy! God has been good to an old man. He has answered my prayer."

It seems that Perry in his mad flight had plunged over the brink at about the same point as that at which I had stepped over it a short time later. Chance had done for us what long periods of rational labor had failed to accomplish.

We had crossed the divide. We were upon the side of the Mountain of the Clouds, that we had for so long been attempting to reach.

We looked about. Below us were green trees and warm jungles. In the distance was a great sea.

"The Lural Az," I said, pointing toward its blue-green surface.

Somehow the gods alone can explain it. Perry, too, had clung to his rifle during his mad descent of the icy slope. For that there was cause for great rejoicing.

Selfish as he was, he turned from our once, so after shaking the snow from our clothing, we set off at a great rate down toward the warmth and comfort of the forest and the jungle.

The going was easy by comparison with the awful obstacles we had had to encounter upon the opposite side of the divide. There were beads, of course, but we came through safely.

Before we halted to eat or rest we stood beside a little mountain brook beneath the wondrous trees of the primeval forest in an atmosphere of warmth and comfort. It rested in the arms of an early June day in the Maine woods.

We felt to work with our short axes and cut enough small trees to build a rude protection from the fiercer beasts. Then we lay down to sleep.

How long I slept I do not know. Perry says that inasmuch as there is no means of measuring time within Pellucidar there can be no such thing as time here, and that we may have slept an outer earthly year, or we may have slept but a second.

But this I know. We had struck the ends of some of the saplings into the ground, and the building of our shelter, first stripping the leaves and branches from them, and then when we awoke we found that many of them had taken root.

Personally, I think that we slept at least a month; but who may say? The sun marked midday when we closed our eyes; it was still in the same position when we opened them; not had it varied a hair's breadth in the interim.

It is most baffling, this question of elapsed time within Pellucidar.

Anyhow, I was famished when we awoke. I think that it was the pangs of hunger that awoke me. Pannigan and wild bear fell before my revolver within a dozen moments of my awakening. Perry snored as he lay, his face blazing by the brink of the little stream.

It was a good and delicious meal we made. Though we did not eat the entire hog, it made a very large hole in him, while the starmigan was but a mouthful.

Having satisfied our hunger, we determined to set forth at once in search of Anoroc and my old friend, Ja the Mezep. We each thought that by following the little stream downward we should come into the large river which Ja had told me emptied into the Lural Az opposite his island.

We did so; nor were we disappointed. We each thought that by following the little stream downward we should come into the large river which Ja had told me emptied into the Lural Az opposite his island.

At last we had come close to a solution of our problem—the road to Sari.

But how to reach the islands was how the foremost question in our minds. We must build a canoe.

AN axion which carries the thought-kernel that what man has done man can do, and it doesn't cut any figure with Perry whether a fellow knows how to do it or not.

He set to work at once, and in a matter of a few days he had a canoe built, and at the beginning of the confederation of the wild tribes of Pellucidar. He said that some one, without any knowledge of the fact that such a thing might be concocted, had once stumbled upon it by accident, and so he couldn't see why a fellow who knew all about powder except how to make it couldn't do as well.

He worked mightily hard mixing all sorts of things together, until finally he evolved a substance that looked like powder. He had seen very much of the stuff, and had gone about the village of the Sarians exhibiting it to every one who would listen to him, and explaining what its purpose was, and what terrific havoc it would do, until finally the natives became so terrified at the stuff that they wouldn't come within a rod of Perry and his invention.

Finally I suggested that we experiment with it and see what it would do, so Perry built a fire, after placing the powder at a safe distance, and then touched a glowing ember to a minute particle of the deadly explosive. It exploded with a tremendous force, and I determined to experiment with it determined me that in searching for a high explosive Perry had stumbled upon a fire-extinguisher that would have made his fortune for him had he known his own world.

So now he set himself to work to build a scientific canoe. I had suggested that we construct a dugout, but Perry convinced me that to build something more in keeping with our positions of supermen in this world of the Stone Age.

"We must impress these natives with our superiority," he explained. "You must get in and out of the water as an emperor of Pellucidar. As such you may not with dignity approach the shores of a foreign power in so crude a vessel as a dugout."

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(CONTINUED TOMORROW)

What's Doing Tonight

Opera "Die Walkure," Metropolitan Opera House. Admission charge.

Lecture, "Life, Death and Reproduction in Simplest Organism," Prof. H. S. Jennings, Wagner Free Institute, Seventeenth street and Montgomery avenue, 8 o'clock. Free.

Lecture, theme, "Proposed City Charter," Joseph P. Gaffney, chairman of Finance Committee of Council, John Central Y. Free, C. A., 1421 Arch street, 8:15 o'clock. Free.

Plays and Players, "A Night of One-act Plays," auspices University Extension Society, Southwestern Hall, 8 o'clock. Admission charge.

Cantata, Maunder's "Olivet to Calvary," choir, Church of the Holy Trinity, 8 o'clock. Free.

Mildred & White Company, dine, Hotel Adelphi, Employees.

Delta Sigma Phi banquet, Hotel Adelphi, Members.

Physicians' Motor Club dines, Rittenhouse Hotel, Members.

Arthur D. Rees on "Russian Civilization," Association Hall, Georgetown University Extension Society. Admission charge.

Public Service of Pennsylvania Chapter, American Guild of Organists, Church of St. Martin-in-the-Fields, Chestnut Hill, Pa., 8 o'clock. Free.

Lecture by Dr. William F. Baker, Hahnemann Medical College, "Poisonous Gases," 9 o'clock. Free.

Chamber of Commerce, community night dinner, Bellevue-Stratford, 7:30 o'clock. Members.

Organ recital, Central Congregational Church, Eighteenth and Green streets, Benjamin L. Kneeder, under auspices of American Organists' Club, 8 o'clock.

Parade, Elmwood Avenue Improvement Association, leaving Sixty-third street and Elmwood avenue at 8 o'clock.

LYRIC LAST 2 WEEKS—Eves. 8:15. KATINKA—With T. ROY BARNES.