Dixon had been killed in France? He was Emily Thayer's husband, you know, and a brother-in-law of young Syd Thayer. who is in the Marine Corps. He had been married about four years and has two dear children. His brother is Fitz Eugene Dixon, and they are sons of T. Henry Dixon, of Chestnut Hill. Gene Dixon, you remember married "Dimple" Widener some years ago. It was when the Titanic went down that her father, mother and brother were returning from Europe bringing some of her trousseau in their trunks. Her father and Harry were lost but her

It seems as if troubles never come singly any more if they ever did, does it not? It's not two weeks since Katherine Welsh, Mr. Henry Dixon's stepchild died of the influenza and pneumonia. Mr. Dixon married Mrs. Sam Welsh some years ago. so there are Dixon and Weish children in that family. Altogether it's very, very

Emily Thayer Dixon is so sweet and such a devoted wife and mother, my heart pes out to her.

MRS. TOM McKEAN has come home They spent the summer and early fall out on the Pacific coast and had a wonderful trip. Mrs. McKean has opened her house Rosemont and will remain there until after Christmas, when she and Nancy will so south for several months. Mr. McKean in France you know, working for the Red Cross. And so it goes, almost every household is depleted of its men, for even if they are not in the actual fighting line every man wants to do something for the U. S. A.

DID you hear that Mr. Brinton White died out at the Waynewood on Sunday evening? He had been living there for a number of years and had been ill for some I understand he had several paralytic strokes. He was the father of the two attractive Mrs. Coxes, Mrs. Charles Eckley Coxe of Berwyn, who was Louisa White, and of Mrs. Alexander Brown Coxe of Paoli, who was Sarah

Mr. White was highly thought of and in spite of the long illness, which in a way cut him off from his friends, he will be greatly missed. His son William White Jr., married Miss Emma Phipps some few years ago. They live in Paoli too.

DID you know that the Andrew Wheelers are moving to Washington for the winter? Mr. Wheeler has some work in the service down there and so they and their two lovely children have taken the Joe DuBarry's apartment. You know when Joe was at Camp Meade last winter Ella took an apartment in Washington to be near him. But now that he is in France she has come back to Philadelphis. She has been very ill recently, but is recovering. Joe was wounded in the recent fighting at St. Mihlel, but not very seriously. I understand, which is a happy thing. Oh! won't you be glad when this awful war is over and settled? And it does look like it now, does it not?

TTALKING of the war, I saw such as interesting letter which was received at the Independence Square Auxiliary of the Red Cross last week from one of the nurses in the Jefferson Unit. She wrote to Mrs. Clinton Rogers Woodruff, who is

The Red Cross people have been fine o all here and the boys love them. They go up to the front with chocolate and smokes for the boys and also work night and day making hot cocoa for

"When we were with Evacuation Camp No. 7, two Red Cross men came around every night and gave us all a piece o chocolate, a little cake or cookies and when we were swamped with work, their kindness kept us going.

"They came into the operating tent often and helped. One of them, a man with two sons over here fighting, worked along with us helping to take bandages off and put them on. I looked at him and oticed the set of his jaw as he worked One could see his heart was breaking. He would look at the boys as they came i and smile and tell them they would be all right. I wish I knew his name. . .

"You don't know how much the men appreciated having nurses to look after them. We had one man, during this night of which I speak, who had nine wounds, and they were bad ones too. I said to him, 'Hello, Sonny, where are you surt?' He said, 'I only have a few ratches, fix someone else, I can wait! But it was his turn-

"They were lined up waiting outside the door. Everywhere there were calls for stretcher bearers and these poor boys were almost dead on their feet for want of sleep. Everybody worked. With this pirit in the American Army, the U. S. A. is going to win the war.

rything is very expensive here, m \$1.50 per pound. A friend took six of to town for dinner. We had soup, a sall piece of chicken (the first we have had in France), potato salad, grapes and rater and the bill was more than eighteen

Then she tells of an attack: "At 1 a. m. the American barrage of drum fire - You could see the flare of many the front singing— We did not dare at how many were coming back two boys acting as orderlies never ned of the long hours and the hard ek, but when the lights were ordered they would lie flat on the floor and minutes later after Frits had

ne. we would find them fast asleep. 'In the hospitals the Fritzes are treated one gave me a copper ring he wore nemoir'. • • • We came out of rating tent'two mornings after the tive started; we were going over to techen to get some coffee. It was at daybreak. We, the Americans,

WEREN'T you sorry to hear that Beau , we could hear some of the boys with one of the ambulance trains singing, 'It's a long, long trail.' This is the kind of thing that takes all the 'pep' out of one."

That gives us a little picture of what they are all going through over there. NANCY WYNNE.

#### Social Activities

Mrs. William C. Foote, who has been visit-ing Mr. and Mrs. Edward Brooke at their home in Birdsboro, has gone back to Morris-town, N. J. Colorel Foote is in France. Miss Marlon E. Wurts spent the week-end with Mr. and Mrs. Brooke and their daughter, Miss Mary B. I. Brooke.

Major W. Plunkett Stewart, remount di-vision, U. S. A., has gone overseas on duty.

Mr. and Mrs. George Lippincott and their daughter, Miss Estelle Lippincott, of Eighteenth and Walnut streets, are staying at the Brighton Hotel, Atlantic City, for an indefinite visit.

Mr. and Mrs. George A. Huhn, 3d, are spending a few days at the Brighton, At-lantic City. Mrs. Huhn will be remembered as Miss Alma Mae Curtis, of Overbrook.

Mr. and Mrs. A. Judson Stites, of Pelham air, and Mrs. A. Judson Stites, of Felman road, Germantown, are spending a few days at the Dennis, Atlantic City, and will later go to Montclair, N. J., where they will visit their son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Sidsbuttom.

The first choral rehearsal of the Matinee Musical Club Choral was held this morning at 10:30 o'clock in the Bellevue-Stratford.

Attorney General and Mrs. Francis S. Brown and Miss Anna H. Brown have returned from Elkview Farm. Md., where they have been spending the summer, to their home on Drexel road, Overbrook.

Mrs. Thomas D. Stinson, of the Aldine, has returned from Poland Springs and is visiting Mr. and Mrs. Henry C. Riley, of 256 West Harvey street, Germantown.

Miss Mary Garrison, of Radnor, and Mrs. Norman Cantrell, of Wynnewood, are spend-ing some time at Atlantic City. Mr. and Mrs. J. Roy Weaver have returned mr. and Mrs. J. Hoy Weaver have returned from their wedding trip and are spending some time with Mr. and Mrs. John Weaver. 5930 Drexel road, Overbrook. Mrs. Weaver will be remembered as Miss Althea Rose, of

Mr. and Mrs. Edwin S. Titus, of 4940 Cedar avenue, West Philadelphia, announce the engagement of their daughter, Miss Dorothy Emilie Titus, to Mr. Herman Candler Johnson, U. S. N., of Greenville, Tex.

Mrs. Oswald J. De Rousse and her daughter, Miss Jean De Rousse, of Germantown, re-turned yesterday from New York, where they spent the week-end.

Mr. and Mrs. Herbert E. Diller have left their apartment in the Powelton and are now occupying their new home at 527 South Forty-second street. Mrs. Diller will be re-membered as Miss Margaret Rebecca Patton, of 510 South Forty-second street. Mr. and Mrs. Diller have been spending the last few days at the Marlborough-Blenheim, Atlantic City.

The fall meeting of the "Cozy" card club will be held on Friday, November 15, when the members will be entertained at luncheon and cards by Mrs. William H. Ritter, of 6801 North Eleventh street, Among the guests will be Mrs. Jacob Schrieber, Mrs. Frederick J. Halterman, Mrs. Adolph J. H. Halterman, Mrs. Hiram H. Hirsch. Mrs. A. T. Rosenberger, Mrs. Harry Orlemann, Mrs. Charles F. Wall, Mrs. Harry Bowers, Mrs. Jacob Beiswagner, Mrs. Frederick Dannenhower. Mrs. Carl F. Lauber, Mrs. Pauline Schmidt and Mrs. Lillian Esslinger,

Mr. and Mrs. John P. Warrington and their family, of Rochelle avenue, Wissahlckon, have removed to Washington, D. C., where Mr.

Mr. and Mrs. John F. Wholey have returned ed from an extended wedding trip and are at home at 1624 North Fifteenth street. The bride was Miss Erma K. Hardart, daughter of Mr. Frank Hardart. Mr. Wholey will leave on Thursday for Camp Humphreys, Va., to enter the chemical warfare branch of the

Another bridegroom and bride, Mr. and Mrs Bernard Silverman, are at home at 1307 West Erie avenue. The bride was Miss Florence Strauss, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. S. Strau-

# ADD TO MEDICAL STAFF

#### Two Additional Surgeons and Nurse a Frankford Arsenal

bency from three to twelve men.

Through the efforts of Colonel Hof, the commanding officer of Frankford Arsenal, two additional surgeons and a nurse have been sent to the arsenal to assist in safeguarding the health of the employes.

They are Captain Summer and Lieutenant Risk. The new nurse is Mrs. William Hapgood, wife of Captain Hapgood, post exchange. The hospital detachment has also been increased during Colonel Hof's incumbency from three to twelve men.



MRS. GEORGE BRUCE STAPIFS

AT WHITE SULPHUR SPRINGS, W. VA.



# WOMEN BRING STORIES OF ENEMY BRUTALITIES

Germans Abused Prisoners and Austrians Deliberately Fired Upon Little Italian Children

Two women, newly arrived from the stage Two women, newly arrived from the stage of the war, brought to Philadelphia fresh news of German brutality to stir the blood and strengthen determination against any half-way measures in dealing with Germany. These women are Miss Ethelynde Well, daughter of Mrs. Edward Weil, 2 West Washington square, and Miss Amy Bernardy, an attache of the Italian embassy.

Miss Weil, who was stationed in Paris for a year as a canteen worker, during which

a year as a canteen worker, during which time she served in every capacity from waitress to entertainer, has come to ask aid for the prisoners in German camps. While in Paris Miss Weil was so roused While in Paris Miss Well was so roused to the terrible conditions among the prisoners in these German camps that it has become her sole aim to relieve their misery to the best of her ability. She is asking all those who wish to help her give some comfort to those prisoners to send her money, no matter how little, so she can continue the work.

Among Miss Well's most prized possessions.

Among Miss Well's most prized posses among ariss wells most prized posses-sions is a Croix de Guerre; not conferred on her by France, but by a poor, wounded pollu, who was suffering from the effects of gas and whose misery she lightened with the gay performance of a vaudeville sketch— herself going over the top.

Taught French Women Miss Well also taught French women to make surgical dressings and helped in a school for the re-education of wounded sol-

diers.

Miss Bernardy, fresh from the Italian front and fired by the horrors which are still clear before her eyes, declared that peace with Austria would appear impossible to any one who knew and had seen what the very children of Italy had seen.

She witnessed the deliberate shelling of Red Cross hospitals and told how "those Austrian deviis" had drenched in gas a village which they actually knew to be inhabited only by 700 children, whose fathers and mothers were fighting. The crueity inflicted on the children seemed to bave cut into Miss Bernardy's heart like acid.

"Schools were picked out as targets for "Schools were picked out as targets for their shells," she said. "We came to know that eventually, and moved the children to concrete trenches in the rear lines where

thought them comparatively safe. made no difference."

Bulgarians disguised as Italians came as spies, Miss Bernardy said, and later it was learned that these men had come to Italy before the war supposedly to study map making and topography, but in reality to study the customs and local dialects.

Spies Found Children

Sples Yound Children

"These sples found out where the nests of children were and left ua." she said. "Soon we noticed that the enemy shells were directed exclusively against the rear lines. Hundreds of children were wounded by the shells and many killed.

"But it only served to rouse the children to bitter hatred. It was a solemn sight to see veritable bables coming out to shake their fists at the enemy lines. And Italy will never forget the lesson those children taught of stoicism and bravery."

Miss Bernardy is the only Italian woman ever assigned for duty with troops of the advanced divisions. She served in the field for three years before being transferred to this country. Often she herself was under fire trying to give aid to the wounded.

"They are talking of giving the Italian women the vote after the war," she said.

"That will be a great thing, for we Italians have been thought the most conservative of all European countries so far as our treatment of women was concerned."

## PRETTY AUTUMN WEDDING AT HOME OF BRIDE'S PARENTS

Miss Virginia C. Anderson Married to Mr. Winfield Stevenson, Jr., on Saturday

The wedding of Miss Virginia C. Anderson. daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Duncan C. Anderson. of 3552 North Twenty-third street, and Mr. Winfield W. Stevenson, Jr., of 4921 Hutchinson street, took place on Saturday evening at the home of the bride's parents, with the Rev. Herbert R. Burgeas, of the Mutchmore Memorial Presbyterian Church, Eighteenth street and Montgomery avenue, officiating.

officiating.

The bride wore a gown of white satin and duchess lace with a veil of tulle failing from a cap of duchess lace and caught with orange bloasoms. A shower of roses and sweet peas were carried. Mr. Anderson gave his daughter in marriage and Miss M. Muriel Shea was maid of honor. The latter were a changeable blue taffets slik frock with a blue velvet hat and carried Russell roses.

Mr. William T. Stevenson, brother of the bridegroom, was best man, and the unhere were Mr. Eliwood C. Anderson, the bride's brother, and Mr. George E. Paules. The ceremony was followed by a recoption. The bridegroom and bride after an establish

## DREAMLAND ADVENTURES By DADDY

A complete new adventure each week begin-ning Bonday and ending Saturday

### "THE BLUE IMPS"

(Peggy, on a dismal, disappointing day, finds herself ensuared by the Blue Imps, who are bearing her away to the Valley of Gloom, when the Giant of the Woods comes to her rescue.)

### CHAPTER II

The Rosy Peps ' BLAM!" went the Giant's club against the stomach of the Blue Imp officer. "Whoop!" went Captain Dismal, as he Twoop: went Captain Disma, as ne flew through the air like a ball hit by a bat. Over and over he whirled, cutting such a comical figure that Peggy would have laughed if she hadn't been so much excited and puzzled over the strangeness of the situ-

"Fair ball!" shouted the Giant, and with that he grabbed up another Blue Imp. threw him into the air, and batted him far away. Then he batted a third and a fourth, laughing with giee as he did so. Peggy began to hope that he would frighten

the imps away, but no! While they cow-ered back every time he gave his big laugh, they still clung tenaclously to her. And as fast as he batted the imps away, they came bounding back, as vigorous as ever. Peggy's spirits sank again, and as they did so she found herself wrapped up in more and more fine threads, while the number of the Blue Imps increased until the couldn't count them.

"Here, here, you've got to help me!"

"I can't," wailed Peggy. "I'm tied fast."
"Your body is, but your sp'rit isn't," grunt ed the Giant, taking a particularly big swat at Captain Dismal, who had come back, just like a big buzzing annoying fly. "Laugh, and call out the Rosy Peps."

Peggy didn't know what he meant by the Rosy Peps, and she didn't feel like laughing. Just then, however, Captain Dismal, flying through the air from the Giant's bat, bumped into Blue Jay, who was cheering on the Giant's attack. Blue Jay made a grab at him, got him by one foot and shook him vigorously. The sight was so funny that Peggy burst out in a merry peal of laughter.

The effect was surprising. The Blue Imps were thrown into a tangling commotion.

Peggy felt a slight loosening of the fetters
which bound her. At the same time there
appeared above the Giant's head what looked

"Good! Laugh sgain! Bring the Rosy Peps!" shouted the Giani. With that he batted another Blue Imp, sending him somer-saulting into a bed of burrs at the side of the road. The Blue Imp looked so stuck up and amazed as he tried to get out of the burrs that Peggy laughed again. Once

the burrs that Peggy laughed again. Once more there was a commotion among the Blue Imps; once more Peggy felt a loosening of her fetters, and another pink flyer appeared above the Giant's head.

Now the pink flyers came near, and to Peggy's astonishment she found they were not butterflies at all. They were tiny, doll-like knights clad in pink armor and borne on pink wings. In the hands of each flashed a sharp pink sword.

"Hurrah! Now we'll whip the Blue Imps." shouted the Giant, batting an Imp high in the air. The first winged knight darted after the Imp. His sword flashed into the Imp's body. "Pop!" went the Imp, exploding just like a toy balloon.

This was so unexpected and there was such a queer look on the Imp's face as he vanished, that Peggy let out another squeal of laughter.

A third winged knight flashed into view.

ished, that Peggy let out another squeal of laughter.

A third winged knight flashed into view, and with his fellows he went after the Bius Imps with a vengeance. "Pop, pop, pop;" went the Imps, bursting like a lot of fire-crackers on the Fourth of July. The more they "popped" the harder Peggy laughed, and the harder she laughed the more winged knights appeared, and the faster the Blus Imps disappeared.

In a trice there were more winged knights than Blue Imps. Then the Blue Imps, with yells of rage and fear, went bounding away as fast as they could.

"Well done, Rosy Peps," shouted the panting Giant. "We saved Princess Peggy just in time."

"I thank you," cried Peggy. "And I'm happy to make your acquaintance."
"Oh, we've known you a long time and have guarded you many times from the Blue

have guarded you many times from the Blue Imps," spoke up a particularly handsome knight, who introduced himself as Sir Ready Smiler. "Today, however, you drove us away with your cross frown and sour thoughts and gave the Blue Imps a chance to catch you."

"I'll not do it again," promised Peggy, "You hadn't better, said the Giant, "for we might not be on hand to save you."

Just then Blue Jay, who had scouted after the Imps, came flying back.

"Come quick," he shrieked. "A whole army of Blue Imps has captured Mrs. Dalton, mother of Soldiere Bill and Ben!"

## THE GILDED MAN By CLIFFORD SMYTH

CHAPTER XXIII—(Continued)

DESCRIPTION OF THE PRINCIPLE OF THE PRINCIPLE PRINCIPLE

oppright, 1918, by Boni & Liveright, Inc., New York. In ALL this, perhaps, symbolically, the featival, the first strains of which they could hear, would have much to do—and Sajipona and he were to be the leading figures in that festival. He had consented to this—freely. The declaration was made with melancholy emphasis. It seemed to Una the death-knell to their happiness. It placed David suddenly in a world quite outside her own, as if all along his life had been, must be, apart from hers. There could be only one reason for this, of course—Sajipona! Una seized upon it bitterly.

"You have always loved her!" she cried.
David did not answer. The fates that had

"You have always loved her!" she cried. David did not answer. The fates that had brought them to this pass were much too intricate to be lightly disentangled. Salipona was to him a being exquisitely heautiful beautiful in every way—the most perfect woman he had known. But there was a strength and glory in her loveliness that placed her above the reach of mere human affection. She was a being separate and distinct from all others—and yet necessary to the very ex-She was a being separate and distinct from all others—and yet necessary to the very existence of the thousands who seemed to be dependent on her. It might be love that he felt for her—but it was more like the adoration with which one regards something sacred, infinitely distant and beyond our own likings and frailties. This feeling of adoration might, indeed, have been transformed into the passion called love. This surely would have happened had it not been for one thins.

"Una, I love you?"
She started, looking wonderingly at him.
How could he say that to her now, after all that had passed?
Could it be possible that he was still in

that strange dream-state from which, he de-clared, he had been so happity awakened? Ah, but it was in that dream-state that he did not love her, did not even know her! And now-her own exclamation was eloquent of the doubt, the amazement with which she

"David."
"But, it is perfectly true," he protested.
"Why don't you believe me? You always have believed me? What is before us I cannot tell for certain. Sajipona has my word, and whatever she commands I will do. I owe her my life. More than that—the faith that a man gives to one whose beauty has opened to him the depths of his own soul.
But this has nothing to do with us. This is not love. Come what will, I love you, Una. I love you.—I love you."

They looked at each ether fearfully. There They looked at each other fearfully. There

might be logic, of a sort—logic born of a kind of poetic exaltation—in the distinction that David tried to draw between the two women and his own feeling for thom. Circumstances, however, were stronger than argument. They felt the approach of disaster. By David's ewn confession, if Sajipona willed it, their love was lost. For the first time it, their love was lost. For the first time Una realized that it was not David, not anything really tangible, but a power outside of him that kept them apart. Against the apparent evidence of her senses, her faith in David was restored. She knew him now, she felt, as she had never known him before. And they loved—that was enough. It was all very difficult to unravel, the maze they were very difficult to unravel, the maze they were in. There might be endless tragedy at the next turn of the gallery. But at least there was love here, if only for the briefest of moments. Their reawakened passion tingled in their veins. Reason or unreason, they knew they belonged to each other—although they might be separated forever before this day of migratics was over Unral tealousy. day of miracles was over. Una's jealousy, doubt, bitterness were all forgotten. Her cheek flushed with joy, her eyes sparkled with the sweet madness that belongs only to youth, youth at the highest pinnacle of its desire. Neither spoke. Speech would have silenced the wordless eloquence with which their love revealed itself. They drew closer to each other. Again their hands met. Their lips touched. Love swept away all doubts and denials in one passionate embrace.

Ever since the world began lovers have solved their difficulties thus, and they will doubtless choose this dumb method long after an aging civilization has pointed out a better one. Whether they are wise or not, a better one. Whether they are wise or not, a college of philosophers would fail to convince us. In this particular instance love put forth his plea at the very instant when these, his youthful votaries, were wanted of another, allen destiny. As they stood to-gether, oblivious of all else save their own passion, the music grew louder, more joyous, throbbling now in statelier, more intelligible cadence than before. At the end of the gallery a new light began to break. The in-tervening wall disappeared, disclosing an in-ner chamber filled with a throng of gaily dressed people, some of whom played upon musical instruments, while others swung golden censers from which floated forth in amber clouds the fragrance of many gardens. A living corridor of color, formed of courtiers, musicians, priests, extended from this inner chamber in a spreading half circle,

the broad portion of which reached the gal lery where David and Una were standing At the center of all this light and mot and color was Sajipona, every inch of her s and color was Sajipona, every inch of her a queen, although the pallor of her cheek, the unwonted tenseness of eye and iip, told of emotions that needed all a queen's strength to restrain. Immediately about her were grouped the explorers; Miranda, silenced for once by the splendor of the scene in which he suddenly found himself in a leading part; Leighton, still absorbed in the problems of

science revealed at every turn in this won derland. Just above and behind them ros a human figure of heroic proportions, con-cealed from head to foot in flowing white draperies. Against the rounded pedestal of green stone sustaining this figure leaner Sajipona, one arm resting along the base of the statue, the other lost in the silken folds

As David and Una, startled by the sudden clash of the music, raised their heads, her eye caught theirs. Like a queen of marble she looked at them, unrecognizing, notionless, save for the slightest tremor o her faultiessly chiseled mouth—the one sign that she saw and knew. With a gesture she checked the music. Silence followed, unbrokof garments from the waiting throng of cavemen. Unabashed by this strange reception, moved only by the steady gaze of the ma-jestic woman standing before him. David, jestic woman standing before him. David, still clasping Una's hand, came swiftly forward and would have thrown himself impetuously at Sajipona's feet. The faintest hint of a smile gleamed in her eyes as she prevented this show of homage. Her greeting came clear and low from quivering lips, terminal to our feeting.

"This is our festival, David!" Again the music sounded, not, as before, in a joyous burst of melody, but in a slow thant, barbaric in feeling, wailing, unearthly:

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The listening throng moved uneasily, filled with vague premonitions of what was to come. Sajipona lifted her hands to the statue, then smiled serenely at the two lovers before her. The spell was broken.

"This is the ancient festival of my people." she said. "It should be a time for ing. The Gilded Man awaits us."

As she spoke the vells covering the statue dropped one by one to the ground. Before them stood, dazzling, glorious, the figure of a man carved in gold. His head was uplifted, as if intent on something beyond the ordinary ken of mortal. Only the face was clearly and sharply chiseled; the rest of the figure—limbs, body, and flowing drapery— blended together in one massive pillar of

blended together in one massive pillar of flaming gold.

The effect on the beholder of this exquisitely molded shaft of metal, upon which the radium light from above sparkled and flashed, was indescribable. The brilliance, the lavishness of it, savored of barbarism; but the delicacy of detail, the simple pathos and exaltation portrayed in the face, had in it an art that was Nature's own. And the wonder of it, the miracle that caught all men's eyes as they looked, was the likeness that lived in every feature. For this Gildthat lived in every feature. For this Gild-ed Man, newly wrought to preside over the last festival of this forgotten race; this one final splendid piece of work that summed up all that was best and noblest in an ancient art, was a deathless portrait in gold of the man who stood before Sajipona, of the man upon whom she had built her hopes, and for whom she would sacrifice everything. It was David-a queen's tribute of immorta

Touched at heart, the living David knelt at Sajipona's feet, pressing her robe to his lips. A moment she stooped caressingly above him, whispering words that none—not even he—could hear. Then proudly she stood before them, regarding those about her with an eye that did not falter in its imperious glance.

As she finished speaking, Sajipona looked again at David, unspoken grief in her eyes. He stretched his hands to her, murmuring her name, appealing to her, terror-stricken by the stern look that slowly overspread her features, telling of some great and tragic purpose she was bent on carrying out. But Touched at heart, the living David knelt

by the stern look that slowly overspread her features, telling of some great and tracic purpose she was bent on carrying out. But she was unmoved by his entreaties. Slowly she turned away. Then beckoning to the priests, Saenzias and Omono, she disappeared with them behind the golden statue. Those who remained breathlessly awaited her return—the explorers restless and anxious, the caveman rapt in a sort of religious ectasy. It was thus that their ancestors had awaited the plunge of the Indian monarch into the dark silent waters of the Sacred Lake.

And now high above them the thin wall off the palace roof was opened. Without, the

And now high above them the thin wall off the palace roof was opened. Without, the great sun of this underworld poured down its radiance. Almost blinded, they could still dimiy see, standing just on a level with this sun, Sajipona arrayed as became the last descendant of the zipas. At her side were the two priests; but these retreated as the scorching heat pierced them. For an instant she stood where they left her, a vision of majestic beauty that fascinated and held them spellbound. Then, chanting an Indian song of triumph, the paean with which the ancient kings heraided their descent to the god beneath the waters of the Sacred Lake, she cast herself into the globe of fire.

A wave of light flamed across the upturned face of the golden statue, a wall of mingled face of the golden statue, a wall of mingled exultation and despair arose from the throng

The Festival of the Gilded Man was ended. THE END.



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PORREST SEE REOPENING THURSDAY EVG. AT 9 Nights and 4 Mats. O This Week-Pop. Mat. Satur NEXT WEEK POP. MATS ELECTION (TUES, NOV. 5) WED. 4 SAT.

BROAD—Seats Now REOPENING TOMORROW EVG. at 8:15
10 Nights and 4 Mats. Only ETHEL BARRYMORE THE OFF CHANCE

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A PRINCE THERE WAS on, Mats. Election Day Best Seats, \$1



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B. F. KEITH'S THEATRE Chestnut and Twelfth Sts.

BOX OFFICE OPEN TODAY 10 A. M. TO 5 P. M. Reopening (Matinee) WEDNESDAY, OCT. 30 An All-Star Feature Bill

KEITH VAUDEVILLE The Mammoth Patriotic Melodrama "AN AMERICAN ACE"

With Taylor Granville, Laura Pierpont Company of 20-11 Big Scenes DOLLY CONNELLY; BRYAN LEE MARY CRANSTON; MLLE. DIANE & JAN RUBINI and BIG SUR-

ROUNDING SHOW This Theatre has been Renovated, Repulls and Redecorated Throughout,

PHILADELPHIA'S LEADING THEATRES SAM S. SHUBERT Theatre Broad Bt. SEATS NOW ON SALE FOR OPENING

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Seen and heard by over 500,000 in New 1
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WILLIAM ELLIOTT,
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SEATS NOW ON SALE FOR OPENING SATURDAY EVG., Nov. 2

A. H. Woods Presents The Broadway Dramatic Sensation

EXTES OF YOUTH With ALMA TELL

and original cast, which appeared for over times at the Maxine Elliott Theatre, N. T. By Max Marcin and Charles Gueron LYRIC ONE WEEK ONLY

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REOPENING Tomorrow (Wednesday) Oct. Tremendous All-Star Bill The Magmoth Patriotic Melodral
"NA AMERICAN ACE"
With Taylor Granville. Laura Perry
Company of 20—11 Big Scenae.
Dolly Connelly: Lee & Cranston: Diaba
and Big sturrounding show.
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