JUST GOSSIP ABOUT PEOPLE

Dances to Be Given This Month for Charity Are Discussed by Nancy Wynne-She Tells of the Return of a Soldier-Various Matters

MISS ISABEL MARY MONTGOMERY

Miss Montgomery is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Henry S. Montgomery, of 439 South Forty-fourth street. She will be introduced to society at a large tea to be given at the Belle-vue-Stratford on Saturday, November 18

before returning home. .

Mrs. Edward K. Rowland, who has been

Mrs. H. E. Godey, who has been passing several weeks with her daughter, Mrs. Alan B. Wilson, of Villanova, has gone to Chevy Chase, Md.

Mrs. L. Howard Weatherly was hostess this afternoon at a tea given by the West Philadelphia committee of the Philadel-phia Orchestra to the auxiliary. The tea was given at the home of Mrs. Weatherly. Mr. Alexander Van Rensselaer and Mr. Leopold Stokowski addressed the guests.

Invitations for the luncheon which Mrs. Henry Miller Watts was to have given to-day for her niece, Miss Emily Pepper Har-ris, have been recalled, owing to the illness of Miss Harris.

Miss Sarah H. B. Penrose gave a lunch-con today in honor of Miss Uytendale Baird, whose marriage to Mr. Harrison Caner, Jr., will take place on November 14.

Mr. and Mrs. F. P. Chandler have closed their home in Radnor and are occupying their winter home, 249 South Sixteenth street.

Mr. William Townsend Wright, of St. Davids, has gone on a gunning trip to Mun-den. Va., for a few weeks.

Miss Dorothy Mather, of Haverford, has Miss Florance Meade stopping with her for this month.

Mrs. G. O. Richards, of New York, is spending a few days at the Bellevue-Stratford.

Miss Sophy Worth is spending this week with Mrs. William Coleman Freeman at her country piace at Lebanon.

Mrs. William Rotch Wister and Miss Frances Wister, who have been spending the summer at Saunderstown, R. I., will re-turn early this week to their home in Ger-

Miss Laura Hutchinson has taken 2188 a Lancay place and will have Miss Lucy wens for her guest for several months.

Mr. Alexander Boyd, of H

atte charity work. Adele Moster, in more interesting eds in a benefit the New Outco and Children's Hospi the form of an into be given at 15. And it is in Hawaii." on the tickets, remarks that will be given the Silvery

ful little clubwill be o in Hawall, with m trees, bright-colhanging ukuleles will furthe music for the at 9 o'clock and novel feature durthe evening will be younger set, who lay on their ukuand sing Hawattan gs. The six young ple will be Frances en, Helen Murray, Eastwick, Rob-

Another charity will be given in Rellevue-Stratford m on Friday evening, November

Carre, John Ulrick

6, by the Philadelphia Auxiliary of the n Industrial Educational Assofor the benefit of the mounof the South. The object is to industrial training in schools existing, and to erect such none exists for persons of both and thus give the four million Anon citizens in the Appalachian ins some of the advantages of this h century. A number of promnen are actively interested in at work, and it is hoped the dance rove a financial as well as social The prime movers of the enward S. Anders, Mrs. Spencer K. I, Mrs. William C. Hesse, Miss Morrison Wiggins, Miss Ethel M. Miss Erma Lewis and Miss

fficers of the Philadelphia Aux are: Mrs. Louis Lewis, president; iomas Potter, Jr., vice president; pencer K. Mulford, second vice nt; Mrs. Robert Alexander, third president; Mrs. Waring Wilson, fifth president; Mrs. James M. Dawes, reng secretary; Mrs. W. T. Headley, ding secretary, and Mrs. Luther Chase, treasurer.

for never saw so much excitement as rday at a certain debutante tea, to the room strode a young man laki, who had just returned from the er at 3:30 o'clock with Company B, meers, and had been unloading a car and then came straightaway ne of the buds who first danced im, but others were allowed to wn the room in his soldierly arms, and you may imagine the excitement what a hero he was and how his He had a regular ovation.

interesting to find what good he girl with the small pocketbook we and does have, especially if Thus been a bridesmaid for several Bha has very little of this world's but she is as handy as possible her needle, and produces pretty and unimpeachable hats from time is. I admired her hat, a royal puration trimmed with a salmon-silk and she laughed gayly and re-"Oh; that was my bridesmaid's at A's wedding two years ago. I'm it still, you see, though Jo or bridesmaid) has given hers to ok," and she chuckled deliciously. NANCY WYNNE.

Personals

dance that will be given at the don Valley Country Club this even-of those that will entertain at oll be:

od Mrs. M. C. Burton, Mr. and Mrs.

d B. Morgan, Mr. and Mrs. Laurtler, Mr. and Mrs. George W. El
mar. Mr. and Mrs. Wharton Sinkler
and Mrs. William L. Allen.

Morris Stroud, of Villanova, has



The meeting of the Twentieth Century Club of Lanedewne this afternoon will be devoted to the second of a zeries of talks on the contemporary drama. Mrs. J. Lynn Barnard will speak on "The Free Theater—French Sociologista"; a business session will precede the program.

Mr. and Mrs. James P. Harper, Sr., of Woodlawn avenue, Aldan, announce the en-gagement of their daughter, Miss Charlotte Frances Harper, to Mr. Alphonzo Sproul, Jr., of Elberon avenue, Lansdowne.

Mrs. Robert K. Wright, Jr., of German-own, is visiting her daughter, Mrs. George Wright, in Fortland, Ore.

A meeting was held yesterday afternoon in the Parish House of the Church
of Our Saviour to make the final ararrangements for the fair to be held on
Thursday, November 16, by the ten Episcopal
shurches this side of Norristown. The
women from each church will have charge
of a table. Mrs. Barringer, of Wyncote,
will represent All Hallows' Church, and the
supper will be in charge of the women of
St. Paul's Church at Ogonta. Special novelties for Christmas will be for sale, also
cake, candy, toys and games for the children.

Weddings

BREEDING-WILLIAMS The marriage of Miss Ruth G. Williams, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Dyer Williams, of Old York road and Spruce avenue. Noble, and Mr. Harry T. Breeding, of 510 Sixty-seventh avenue. Oak Lane, will take place this evening at 7:20 o'clock at the bride's home. A reception will follow the ceremony, after which Mr. and Mrs. Breeding will leave on a wedding trip. They will be at home after January 1 at 6507 North Eighth street, Oak Lane.

"MODEL CITY BLOCK" IS PLANNED TO INSPIRE PEOPLE AND OFFICIALS

Civic Club's "Spick-and-Span" Campaign in Specially Selected Section Designed as Practical Lesson

CO-OPERATION KEYNOTE

Dirt is contagious, but cleanliness to equally as communicable. So say the mem-bers of the Seventh, Eighth and Ninth Ward committee of the Civic Club. Therefore, in order to combat the former they will begin a campaign in behalf of the latter. The germ of cleanliness that they have chosen takes the form of what is termed a "Model City Block."

Everything is to be "Spick-and-Span." left for the border, where he will visit his sons, Mr. Morris Stroud, Jr., and Mr. Wil-liam Stroud, who are members of the Troop. Mr. Stroud will remain for several The entire block must radiate the idea. As the spirit of the plan grows in one section of Philadelphia the committee will apply it to another part of the city. Like all good things they believe that the movement will gain such momentum that it will "sweep" the city, both in a literal and figurative

Mrs. Edward K. Rowland, who has been visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Custis Harrison, at Happy Creek Farm. St. Davids, has returned to New York, where she will spend the winter.
Mrs. Harrison will be at home informally on Wednesday afternoons during November. No cards. The premier "object" block selected by the premier object block selected by the committee is bounded by Brond, Pine, Thirteenth and Spruce streets. That was determined at a meeting held yesterday. Today the members are busy preparing a formula for cleanliness. Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence T. Paul have closed their home at Villanova and taken apartments at the St. James for the winter.

formula for cleanliness.

Just as soon as the rules have been prepared and approved the members will settle down to the task of winning converts. Each housewife, owner or leasee, or whatever the case may be, will receive a personal visit from a member of the committee, who will breathe. Ilve, talk the spirit of cleanliness. Co-operation will be solicited.

Brooms are to be applied with added vigor. Dust cloths, water buckets, scrub brushes are to be commandeared with determination and consistency.

Dust and dirt will fly. Not into the streets or sidewalks, but in proper recep-

Mrs. Johns Hopkins, who is spending the winter at the Newport, Sixteenth and Spruce streets, has returned from Atlantic City, where she spent several weeks at the Chalfonte. Before returning home Mrs. Hopkins was the guest of Mrs. John Gill at her cottage for several days. streets or sidewalks, but in proper receptacles. That is the secret of the idea. No careless hurling of papers or rubbish, either out the front or back of the house. Gutters, who has been spending some time on the border, returned last Saturday with his company. He was a member of Company B Engineers.

"Maybe, by and by, the street cleaner will get the idea. His foreman will take a tumble to himself. The inspector will catch on. Who knows but what the con-Miss Josephine Dodge entertained at luncheon today in honor of Miss Mildred Longstreth, whose wedding to Mr. Karl Dodge will take place on December 16. The guests at the luncheon today included Miss Florine Pearson, Miss Jean M. Lillie, Miss Theodora K. Lillie, Miss Katharine Z. Ogden, Miss Josephine Holloway, Miss Agnes Brockie, Miss Elizabeth E. Wister, Miss Janet Adamson, Mrs. Henry S. Paul, Jr., Mrs. Stanley Pearson and Mrs. Henry K. Kurtz, Jr. tractor may finally become imbued with the cleanliness sprit? What if the city should suddenly fall heir to the habit 365 days a year?" said one of the members of the

"Of course, the contractor and his em-ployes are not always to blame," added the crusader against dirt. "We realize that a large share of the blame rests with the housekeeper."

ORCHESTRA CHARMS YOUNG MUSIC LOVERS

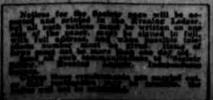
Letitia Radcliffe Miller Heard in School Concert at the Academy

The Philadelphia Orchestra gave the first of its free concerts for school children, under Public Ledger auspices at the Academy last night. Leopold Stokowski conducted, and Leitita Radcliffe Miller, the youthful and highly gifted Philadelphia planist, was the soloist in the dashing Hungarian Fantasy of Lisat, which calls for extraordinary technique and flery abandon. She stirred the enthusiasm of her juvenile audience to such a degree that she was recalled five times, and she received the warm congratulations of Mr. Stokowski. She is a pupil of Luther Conradi, and her performance reflects honor upon his preceptorahip. Both as composer and player she has airendy made a name for herself in musical circles in Philadelphia, and her recitals have given proof of distinguished attainment. There is no delight in display for its own sake, but manual dexterity of a rare order combines with emotional sincerity to make her art singularly appealing.

The purely orchestral numbers, received with pronounced expressions of pleasure and edification, were the "Meistersinger" overture of Wagner-Rimsky-Koraskow's richly-colored symphonic suite, "Scheraade," and the "Entrance of the Gods" excerpt from Wagner's "Etheingold." ford.

Friends of Mrs. Richards's brother, Mr. Whitton Evans, will regret to hear he is ill with pneumonia at his apartments at the Blenheim, Seventeenth and Chestnut streets.

What's Doing Tonight







HEART OF THE SUNSET

By REX BEACH

THY, you'd hardly recognize the boy!" Blaze exclaimed; then he added his appeal to his daughter's. But they could not arouse the sick man from his coma. "He asked me take him to Las Palmas," Strange explained. "Looks to me like a sun-stroke. You'd ought to hear him rave when he gets started."

Paloma turned an agenized face to her father. "Get a doctor, quick," she implored; "he frightens me."

But Mrs. Strange had followed, and now careless hurling of papers or rubbish, either out the front or back of the house. Gutters, sidewalk, alleyway and street will receive regular applications of water and the broom. all the doctors. I atoms house and get a bed ready for him, and you men lug him in. Come. now, on the run, all of you! I'll show you what to do." She took instant charge of the situation and when Dave refused to leave the carriage and began to fight off his friends, gabbling wildly, it was she who quieted him. Elbowing Hlaze and her husband out of the way, she loosed the young man's frenzied clutch from the carriage and, holding his hands in hers, talked to him in such a way that he gradually relaxed. It was she who helped him out and then supported him into the house. It was she who got him upatairs and into bed, and it was she who finally stilled his babble.

"The poor man is burning up with fever."

"The poor man is burning up with fever," she told the others, "and fevers are my long suit. Get me some towels and a lot of ice." Blaze, who had watched the snake-charmer's deft ministrations with mingled amazement and suspicion, inquired: "What are you going to do with ice? Ice ain't medicine."

"I'm going to pack his head in it."
"God'I'mighty!" Blaze was horrified.
"Do you want to freeze his brain?" Mrs. Strange turned on him angrily.
"You get out of my way and mind your own business. 'Freeze his brain?" With a sniff of indignation she pushed past the

But Blaze was waiting for her when she returned a few moments later with bowls and bottles and various remedies which she had commandeered. He summoned sufficient courage to block her way and inquire:

"What you got there now me'and"

inquire:

"What you got there, now, ma'am?"

Mra. Strange glared at him balefully.

With an effort at patience she inquired:

"Say! What alls you, anyhow?"

Jones swallowed hard. "Understand, he's

friend of mine. No damned magic goes."

"Magic?"

"No-cockroaches or snakes tongues, or "No-cockroaches or snakes tongues, or Mrs. Strange fingered a heavy china bowl as if tempted to bounce it from Blaze's head. Then, not deigning to argue, she whisked past him and into the sickroom. It was evident from her expression that she considered the master of the house a harmless but offensive old busybody.

For some time longer Blaze hung about the sickroom: then, his presence being completely ignored, he risked further antagonism by telephoning for Jonesville's leading doctor. Not finding the physician at home, he sneaked out to the barn and, taking Paloma's car, drove away in search of him. It was fully two hours later when he returned to discover that Dave was sleeping quietly.

WARNING AND A SURPRISE

A WARNING AND A SURPRISE
DAVE LAW slept for twenty hours, and
been when he awoke it was not to a
lear appreciation of his surroundings. At
ret he was relieved to find that the spliting pain in his head was gone, but imgined himself to be still in the maddenting
seal train from Brownsville. By and by
a recognized Paloma and Mrs. Stranga,
nd tried to talk to them, but the connecden between brain and tongue was imerfect, and he made a bad business of
inversation. It seemed queer that he
hould be in bed at the Jonesse, and alsort indicrous for Mrs. Strange to supcert him while Paloma fed him. In the
more to understand these mysteries, he
oved again. After interminable periods of
smiconsciousness aftereating with com-

judged that she must have kept a long and faithful vigil over him.

A little later Paloma, pale and heavy-eyed, stole into the room, and Dave's cheerful greeting awoke Mrs. Strange with a lerk,

ful greeting awoke Mrs. Strange with a jerk.

"So! You're feeling better, aren't you?" the latter woman cried, heartily.

"Yes. How did I get here?" Dave asked.
"I must have been right sick and troublesome to you."

Paloma smiled and nodded. "Sick! Why. Dave, you frightened us nearly to death! You were clear out of your head."

So that was it. The breakdown had come sooner than he expected, and it had come, moreover, without warning. That was had—bad! Aithough Dave's mind was perfectly clear at this moment, he reasoned with a sinking heart that another brainstorm might overtake him at any time. He with a sinking heart that another brainstorm might overtake him at any time. He
had imagined that the thing would give a
hint of its coming, but evidently it did not.

Mrs. Strange broke into his frowning
meditation to ask, "How long since you had
a night's sleep?"

"I—Oh, it must be weeks."

"Umph! I thought so. You puzzled that
pill-roller, but doctors don't know anything, anyhow. Why, he wanted to wake
you up to find out what alled you! I
threatened to scald him if he did."

"I seem to remember talking a good

"I seem to remember talking a good deal," Dave ventured. "I reckon I—said a lot of foolish things." He caught the look that passed between his nurses and its significance distressed him.

Mrs. Strange continued: "That's how we guessed what your trouble was, and that's why I wouldn't let that fool doctor disturb you. Now that you've had a sleep and are all right again, I'm going home and change my clothes. I haven't had them off for two nights."

my clothes. I haven't had them off for two nights."

'Two nights!" Dave stared in bewilderment. Then he lamely apologised for the trouble he had caused, and tried to thank the women for their kindness.

He was shaky when, an hour later, he came downstairs for breakfast; but otherwise he felt better than for many days; and Blase's open delight at seeing him did him as much good as the food he ate.

Dave spent the morning sunning himself on the porch, reading the papers with their exciting news, and speculating over the significance of his mental collapse. The more he thought of it now the more ominous it seemed. One result which particularly distressed him was the change it had wrought in Paloma Jones's bearing; for of a sudden the girl' had become distant and formal. The reason was not far to seek; Dave could not doubt that the knowledge of his secret had frightened her. Well, that was to be expected—he would probably lose all his friends in time. It was a blitter thought: life would be very dull and flat without friends. He wondered how he could bear to see their liking change to restraint and fear, as it threatened to do in Paloma's case. Better anything than that.

There was, however, one friend who.

to restraint and fear, as it threatened to do in Paloma's case. Better anything than that.

There was, however, one friend who. Dave knew, would not shun him; one of whose lasting affection he feit sure; and at memory of her he came to his feet. Montrosa would trust him. She had given him her heart, and her lopality would never waver. With a clutch at his throat, and a little pain in his breast, he stumbled down the steps and west in search of her.

Now during Dave's absence Paloma had done her best to apoil the mare, and among other marks of favor had allowed her free run of the yard, where the shade was cool and the grass fine, and where delicious tid-hits were to be had from the kitchen for the mare asking. In consequence, Dave did not go far until he was discovered. Montrosa mignaled, then trotted toward him with care and tall lifted. Her delight was open and extravagant; her welcome was as entinusiastic as a horse could make it. Gone were her coquetry and her airs; she nosed and nibbled Dave; she rubbed and rooted him with the violence of a battering ram, and permitted him to hug her and smirmur words of love into her, velvet ears. She are speed confidence for confidence, too; and then, when he finally walked back toward the house, she followed ciosely, as if fearful that he might again fearer har.

Phil Strange met the lovers as they turned the corner of the porch, and warmly shook Dave's hand. "Techy—up wife—told me you was bester," he began, "so I beat it out here. I hung around all day restricts withing to me you had been to mare the stranger."

way with 'em, and with animals, too. Why, Rajah, the big python with our show, took sick one year, and he'd have died sure only for her. Same with a lot of the other animals. She knows more'n any vet I ever

mals. She knows more'n any vet I ever saw."

"Perhaps I needed a veterinary instead of a doctor," Dave smiled. "I guess I've got some horse blood in me. See!" Montrosa had thrust her head under his arm and was waiting for him to scratch her

fumbled in his pocket for a small bundle of letters, explaining: "Blaze gave me these for you as I passed the postoffice. Now I wonder if you feel good enough to

Dave took the letters with a word of thanks and thrust them carelessly into his pocket. "What seems to be the trouble?"

he inquired.

"You remember our last talk? Well,
them Mexicans have got me rattied. I've
been trying everywhere to locate you. If
you hadn't come home I'd have gone to
the prosecuting attorney or somebody."

"Then you've learned something more?"
Phil nodded, and his sallow face puckered with apprehension. "Rosa Morales
has been to see me regular."

Daye passed an uncertain hand over his

Dave passed an uncertain hand over his forehead. "I'm not in very good shape to tackle a new proposition, but—what is it?"
"We've got to get Mrs. Austin away from here."

"We've got to get Mrs. Austin away from hers."
"We? Why?"
"If we don't they'll steal her."
"Steal her?" Dave's amazement was patent. "Are you crazy?"
"Sometimes I think I am, but I've pumped that Morales girl dry, and I can't figure anything else out of what she tells me. She and Jose expect to make a lump of quick money, jump to Mexico, get married, and live happy ever after. Take it from me, it's Mrs. Austin they aim to cash in on."
"Why—the idea's ridiculous!"
"Maybe it is and maybe it ain't," the fortune-teller persisted. "More than one rich Mexican has been grabbed and held for ransom along this river, yes, and Americans, too, if you can believe the stories.

cans, too, if you can believe the stories.

Anything goes in that country over there."

"You think Jose is planning to kidnapher? Nonsense! One man couldn't do such a thing." a thing."
"I didn't say he could," Phil defended

himself sulkily. "Remember, I told you there was somebody back of him."
"Yes, I remember, but you didn't know exactly who."
"Well. I don't exactly know yet. I thought maybe you might tell me."

thought mayba you might tell ma."

There was a brief slience, during which Dave stood frowning. Then he appeared to shake himself free from Phil's suggestions. "It's too utterly preposterous. Mrs. Austin has no enemies; she's a person of importance. If by chance she disappeared—""She's done that very little thipg." Strange declared.
"What?"

"She's disappeared—anyhow, she's gone. Yesterday, when I saw you was laid up and couldn't help me. I phoned her ranch; somebody answered in Spanish, and from what I could make out they don't know where she is."

what I could make out they don't know where she is."

Dave wondered if he had understood Strange aright, or if this could be another trick of his own disordered brain. Choosing his words carefully, he said: "Do you mean to tell me that she's missing and they haven't given an alarm? I reckon you didn't understand the message, did you?"

Strange shrugged "Maybe I didn't Suppose you try. You sabe the lingo."

Dave agreed although rejuctantly, for at this moment he wished nothing less than to undertake a mental effort, and he feared, in spite of Strange's statement, that he might hear Alaire's voice over the wire. That would be too much; he felt as if he could not summon the strength to control himself in such a case. Novertheless, he went to the telephone, leaving Phil to walt. When he emerged from the house a few

went to the telephone, leaving Phil to walt.

When he emerged from the house a few moments later, it was with a queer, set look upon his face.

"I got 'em." he said. "She's gone—left three days ago."

"Where did she go?"

"They wouldn't tell me."

"They wouldn't?" Strange looked up sharply.

each other silently; then Phil inquired:
"Well, what do you make of it?"

"Well, what do you make of It?"
"I don't know. She wasn't kidnaped, that's a cinch, for Dolores went with her. I—think we're exciting ourselves unduly." The little fortune-teller broke out excitedly: "The hell we are! Why do you suppose I've I-en playing that Morales girl? I tell you there's something creoked going on. Don't I know? Didn't I wise you three weeks ago that something like this was coming off?" It was plain that Phil put complete faith in his powers of divination, and at this moment his carnestness carried a certain degree of conviction. Dave made an effort to clear his tired brain.

Phil Strange's words—novertheless, there might be a danger threatening Alaire; and if so, it was time to act.

Phil watched his friend saddle the bay mare, then as Dave tied his Winchester scabbard to its though he laughed herwounty.

"You're loaded for bear."

The horseman answered, grimly: "I'm loaded for Jose Sanchez. If I lay hands on him I'll learn what he knows." "You can't get nothing out of a Mexi-

"You can't get nothing out of a Mexican."

"No? I've made Filipinos talk. Believe me, I can be some persuasive when I try."

With that he swung a leg over Montrom's back and rode away.

Law found it good to feel a horse between his knees. He had not realized until now how long Montrosa's saddle had been empty. The sun was hot and friendly, the breeze was sweet in his nostrils as the swept past the smiling fields and out into the mesquite country. Heat waves danced above the patches of bare ground; insents sang noisily from every side; far ahead the road ran a wavering course through a deceliful mirage of rippling pends. It was all familiar, pleasant; it was home; black moods were impossible amid such surroundings.

the chemistry of air and earth and sunshine were at work dissolving away the polsons of his imagination. Of course, Dave's trouble did not wholly vanish; it still lurked in the back of his mind and rode with him; but from some magic source he was deriving a power to combail to With every mile he covered his strength and courage increased.

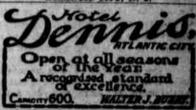
Such changes had come into his life since his last visit to Las Palmas that it gave him a feeling of unreality to discover no alteration in the ranch. He had somehow felt that the buildings would look older, that the trees would have grown taller, and so when he finally came in sight of his destination he reignd by a least (CONTINUED TOMORROW)

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SCHOOLS AND COLLEGES

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