

JUST GOSSIP ABOUT PEOPLE

First Performance of Boston Opera Company This Evening—Great Preparations Are on Foot for the Large "Allied Bazaar" to Be Given on December 11

WELL, we'll all get decorated up in our very best frocks and low-necked coats and his ourselves into our limousines and trolleys or on Shank's mare proceed across the awful dead line of Market street up, up to the inexpressible 800 or 900 North Broad street, my dear. Isn't it shocking that Philadelphia should be obliged to put its satin slippers and patent leather pumps across that double car track? Well, we all got over that some time ago, fortunately, and as far as I can learn are very proud of our beautiful Metropolitan Opera House, even if it is at Broad and Poplar streets. Philadelphians are great creatures of habit, don't you think? Be that as it may, the fact remains that the Boston Opera Company has come to town and will open with the opera "Andra Chener," which has not been heard for many a day. There will be many box parties and suppers afterward, and the buds will be almost as thrilled with their first opera night as debutantes as with their first assembly, that zenith of a bud's year.



MRS. JAMES K. LOEWEN Photo by Marcus Mrs. Loewen was Miss Mabel Cressman, of Perkasie. Her marriage to Mr. Loewen took place November 2.

Each committee of the Emergency Aid is preparing to make its table the most attractive, both artistically and with an eye to financial results, at the great Allied Bazaar which will be held in Horticultural Hall the week of December 11. The Emergency Relief of Jenkintown will have a country house booth. Mrs. Henry Middleton Fisher is chairman of this committee, and will be assisted by Mrs. J. S. Gayley, Mrs. Richard Harter, Mrs. Frank Bachman and Mrs. Arthur Bush.

Exhibits of the work done by the Jenkintown committee will be shown, among them complete outfits and separate garments which have been made by the members, and every possible article suitable for a country house will be for sale, such as door stops, andirons, woodwork, baskets, sofa pillows, home-made jellies, preserves, cakes and candies.

Then the surgical dressings committee will be busy at a crotone table. The rage for crotone-covered articles has greatly increased in the last five or six years, and now every conceivable article comes either made of or covered with this beautiful material. At this table just some of the articles which will be sold are laundry bags, shoebags, umbrella cases, ironing board cases, lamp shades, scrap baskets, handkerchief cases, string and paper bags, knitting bags, slipper cases, centerpiece cases, garden aprons, covered boxes, pillows and painted flower pots, baskets and wooden articles. Mrs. Red Griscom is chairman of this committee, and the women on the committee include Mrs. Harry Barry, Mrs. W. G. Buehler, Mrs. Henry Burr, Mrs. E. Walter Clark, Mrs. Gustavus Wynne Cook, Mrs. M. G. Cook, Mrs. J. B. Davis, Miss M. Evans, Miss Garrison, Mrs. John Gibson, Mrs. John C. Groome, Miss Guernsey, Miss Hawthorne, Mrs. Charles W. Henry, Mrs. Walter Horstmann, Mrs. J. D. Keen, Mrs. Burnett Landreth, Jr., Mrs. James Lineaweaver, Mrs. F. W. Morris, Jr., Mrs. F. Packard, Miss Edith Peter, Miss Phoebe Phillips, Mrs. W. W. Potter, Mrs. Francis Potts, Mrs. Ell K. Price, Mrs. G. C. Purves, Mrs. H. B. Robb, Mrs. Charles Scott, Mrs. Percy Simpson, Mrs. Charles S. Starr, Mrs. Paul Thompson, Mrs. Abraham S. Valentine, Mrs. H. Weber, Mrs. Hugh Wilson, Mrs. George Woodward, Mrs. Robert C. Wright, Mrs. Chariton Yarnall, Mrs. S. Lewis Ziegler.

Well, the Supper Club opened on Saturday night and with quite a large attendance for so early in the season, for there were more than 200 guests, and with Davis's Orchestra, the Bellevue floor and all that Mrs. Scott can do to make the evening delightful you may be sure we all had a splendid time. It was good to greet so many of one's friends. You see, there has been "positively nothing done" for the set outside of the debs and second-year girls up to this time, so a few of us of the larger growth came into our own and danced till the wee small hours with great abandon. Ah! one waxes French at times, specially after tripping the light fantastic at this ripping little Supper Club of Mrs. Scott's.

Among those who entertained on Saturday were Mr. and Mrs. John Shipley Dixon, Mr. and Mrs. P. W. Evans, whose guests numbered twenty. Mr. C. Cecil Fitter and the James Fahnestocks also entertained, and the Jay Lippincotts had eight guests at their table. Others invited among the members and guests were Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Evans Roberts, Mr. and Mrs. Durr Newton, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Thayer, John Lloyd, Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Atterbury, Lafayette Lentz, Jr., Dr. Alfred Allen, Mr. and Mrs. Sam Woodward, Mr. and Mrs. S. Megargee.

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HEART OF THE SUNSET

By REX BEACH

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CHAPTER XXVI.—(Continued)

His chest ached imperceptibly; with a slender finger he delicately smoothed his black eyebrows. Alaire felt a wild impulse to laugh, but was glad she had subdued it when he continued: "I am impatient, but impatience has made me what I am. I act, and then mold fate to suit my own ends. Opportunity has delivered to me your heart's desire, and I will not be cheated out of it. Among the men I brought with me to La Feria is a priest. He is dirty, for I caught him as he was fleeing toward the border; but he is a priest, and he will marry us tonight."

Alaire managed to gasp, "Surely, you are not in earnest."

"Indeed I am! That is why I insisted that you dine with me this evening. I cannot waste more time here, for necessity calls me away. You shall go as my wife."

"Do you think I would marry on the very day I find myself a widow?"

"The world will never know."

"You dare say that!" Her tone was one of disgust of finality. "I wonder how I have listened to so much. It is horrible."

"You are still a little hysterical, and you exaggerate. If I had more time I could afford to wait." He held her with his luminous gaze, "I must have you come to my room to your heart's content and exercise your power until you tired and were ready to surrender."

Alaire raised her head proudly, her nostrils dilated, her eyes ablaze with hostility. This is very humiliating, but you force me to tell you that I hate you. Longorio was incredulous, but then he smiled and said, "That is impossible. You cannot deceive me. The priest is waiting."

When Alaire spoke next it was with an expression and with a tone of loathing that his yellow face paled. "Your conceit is insufferable," she breathed.

After a brief struggle with himself, the Mexican cried hoarsely: "I will not be refused. You wish me to tame you, eh? You have found your man. Make your choice, then. Which shall it be, surrender or compulsion?"

"So! You have been lying, as I thought. Compulsion! Now the real Longorio speaks!"

He flung up his hands as if to ward off her fury. "No! Have I not made myself clear? I shall embrace only what the arms of a husband, for this is not the passion of a moment, but of a lifetime, and I have myself to consider. The wife of Mexico's next President must be a woman who will not be scandalized, no secrets hidden away for enemies to unearth. She must stand before the people as a perfect woman; she must justly compel them, then, to love her."

Alaire uttered an exclamation of disgust and turned away, but he interposed his hand and said, "You cannot go. You are in my power, and even if they knew, they could not help you. Your nation's protest would avail nothing. Outside of these walls are his house mine, and your friends will be my friends, except under the protection of my name."

"Then I shall never leave it," she told him.

For the first time Longorio spoke reproachfully: "I lose patience. In God's name, have I not waited long enough? My strength is gone. Impulsively he half encircled her with his arms, but she recoiled and he dropped them. She could hear him grind his teeth. "I dare not lay hands upon you," he cautioned. "Angel of my dreams, I am yet to be denied; to feel myself aflame and yet to see you cold; to be hated at the very doors of Paradise! What torture!"

The fellow's self-control in the midst of his wildest avowals; it was in something of a panic that she said to him, "I am safe, the most precious thing I have is my name, and you threaten me. You may I am free, and yet you coerce me. Prove your love. Let me go—"

"No! I shall call the priest."

Longorio turned toward the door, but halfway across the floor he was halted by a woman's shriek which issued from somewhere inside the building, repeated, where inside he heard an outburst in a masculine voice, then the patter of footsteps approaching down the tiled hallway. Dolores looked into her mistress's eyes and saw her face into her hair disordered. She flung herself into Alaire's arms, crying: "Senora! Save me! God's curse on the ruffian!"

"Dolores!" Alaire exclaimed. "What has happened?"

Longorio demanded, irritably, "Yes. Why are you yelling like this?"

"See! One of those dirty predators. Look where he tore my dress! I warned him, but when he saw a tiger, Benito will kill me when he hears his name!"

"Calm yourself. Speak sensibly. Tell me what happened."

"One of those miserable soldiers who came today—"

"He followed me. He followed me about like a cat, purring and grinning and when I went to my room, he was waiting in the darkness and he seized me. God! It was dreadful!"

metallic rattle of spurs and accoutrements as the sentry trotted by.

Dolores had completely broken down now, and Alaire was trying to comfort her. Their guest remained by the window, frowning. At length Dolores uttered a murmur of voice, then a shuffling of feet in the hall; Alaire's friend, the old lieutenant, appeared in the doorway, saluting. Behind him were several others.

"Here is Felipe," he announced.

"Bring him in."

A sudden, frowning man in soiled uniform was pushed forward, and Dolores hid her face against her mistress's shoulder.

"Is this the fellow?" Longorio inquired.

Dolores nodded.

"Well, what have you to say for yourself?" The general transfixed his trooper with a stare; then as the latter seemed bereft of his voice, "Why did you enter this house?"

Felipe moistened his scarred lips. "That woman is—nice and clean. She's not so old, either, when you come to look at her." He glanced at his comrades, who had crowded in behind old Pancho.

"So! Let us go outside and learn more about this," Longorio waved his men back and forth, and Dolores hid her face and down the hall and into the night.

When a moment or two had dragged past, Dolores quavered. "What are they going to do with him?"

"I don't know. Anyhow, you need not fear."

There sounded the report of a gunshot, dashed indeed by the thick adobe walls of the house, yet sudden and loud enough to startle the women.

When Longorio reappeared he found Alaire standing stiff and white against the wall, with Dolores kneeling, her face still buried in her mistress's gown.

"Give yourself no concern," he told them quickly. "I beg a thousand pardons for this. Henceforth I shall keep you safe."

"Was that a—shot?" Alaire inquired faintly.

"Yes. It is all settled."

The general nodded. "Truly for the sake of discipline—one has to be firm. Now your woman is badly frightened. Send her out so that we may reach an understanding."

"Oh—! This is frightful," Alaire gasped. "I can't talk to you. Go—Let me go."

"Perhaps that would be better," he agreed, reluctantly. "For I see you, too, are unstrung. Very well! My affairs will have to wait. You wish me to tame you, eh? You will tell me differently about me. What I meet with a smile, eh?" he beamed hopefully.

"Please," he begged. "Beauty is like a delicate flower, and sleep in the dew that freshens it. Believe me, you can rest in all security, for no one can come or go without my consent. You are cruel to postpone my duties; but I shall try to ease your feelings. But, star of my life, I shall dream of you, and of that little priest who went with the key of Paradise in his hands."

He bowed over Alaire's cold fingers, then stood erect until she and Dolores had gone.

CHAPTER XXVII

THE PRIEST FROM MONCLOVA

WHAT was a night of terror for the women. Although Longorio's discipline was in some ways strict, in others it was extremely lax. From some quarter his men had secured a supply of mescal, and Dolores and Alaire, who were sitting in the room, were lulled into a state of unconsciousness. There were singing and quarreling, and a shot or two rang out. Morning found the outlaws in the direction of the outbuildings, recovering from the effects of the night's revelry. They felt some relief upon learning that the general had not expectedly summoned from his bed at daylight, and had ridden to the telegraph office.

Profiting by his absence, Alaire ventured from her room, racking her brain to devise some means of escape. But soldiers were everywhere; they loitered about the servants' quarters; they dozed in the shade of the ranch buildings, recovering from the effects of the night's revelry. They felt some relief upon learning that the general had not expectedly summoned from his bed at daylight, and had ridden to the telegraph office.

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WHEN HER BOY RETURNS FROM COLLEGE



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lowing us to ride through their country, provided we stole nothing and paid for the cattle we ate. Well, Longorio is a great one for schemes; he is talking over the telegraph with somebody at this moment. Perhaps it is the President of Texas."

"You are a poor man, are you not?"

"Miserably poor."

"Would you like to make a great deal of money?"

"Does that is why I am a soldier."

"I will pay you well to get me two horses—"

But old Pancho shook his head vigorously. "Impossible," General Longorio is going to marry you. We all got drunk last night to celebrate the wedding. Yes, and the priest is waiting."

"I will make you rich."

"Hol! I wouldn't live to spend a single peso. Felipe disobeyed orders, and the general shot him before he could cross himself. Boom! The poor fellow was in hell in a minute. No. We will all be rich after we win a few battles and capture some American cities. I am an old man; I shall leave the drinking and the women to the young fellows and prepare for my old age."

"Seeing that she could not enlist Pancho's aid, Alaire tried to fetch the priest."

"You wish spiritual comfort, senora?"

"Perhaps."

"Perhaps."

"Perhaps."

"Perhaps."

"Perhaps."

"Perhaps."

"Perhaps."

"Perhaps."

"Perhaps."

GLENOLDEN SEEKS LIBRARY

Eastern Pennsylvania Librarians Meet Wednesday to Devise Plans

GLENOLDEN, Pa., Nov. 11.—Through the efforts of Mrs. Howard G. Lundy, of Chester Pike, arrangements have been made whereby the librarians of the eastern section of the Pennsylvania State Librarians' Association, about forty in number, will assemble in Glenolden November 15. These librarians represent various boroughs.

The Presbyterian Church has been selected for the meeting, which looks to the establishment of a library in Glenolden.

Mrs. Lundy is a member of the State association. Residents of Glenolden and all surrounding boroughs who are interested in this work are invited to the meeting, which will be held at 2 o'clock.

The librarians will be entertained at luncheon by the Ladies' Aid Society of the Presbyterian Church.

There is a library association in Glenolden, but it has not been active for some time.

WEDDING PLANS NEARLY UPSET

Street Car Running in Wrong Direction Almost Disappoints Couple

A street car going in the wrong direction nearly upset, temporarily at least, the matrimonial plans of Mr. and Mrs. Samuel O. Reynolds, of Philadelphia, who were married last Saturday night in Baltimore. Reynolds is a postal clerk on the U. S. S. North Carolina and his bride was Miss Marlon High.

Reynolds and his fiancée arrived in Baltimore late Saturday and telephoned the clerk at Towson for a license. They then boarded a car, which was going in the wrong direction, and discovered their mistake.

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