EVENING LEDGER-PHILADELPHIA, TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 14, 1916

JUST GOSSIP ABOUT PEOPLE

Opening Night of Boston Opera Company Largely Attended by Society Folk-Plans for Friday Night's Dinner-Dance Discussed

T geeMED like old times. Didn't it? Back again in the realm of music in the midst of beautifully gowned women and well-groomed men, with pretty deba I the midst of beautifully so that sight of grand opera as buds, there we all were easerly awaiting the tave not even thought of moving into town yet, the house was Though many people it's so easy nowadays to travel all over the country in a delightwell filled, because he what do we care if we live twenty or thirty miles out of town; we should worry.

suffice it to say the opera was well worth coming in for and those of us whe bad never heard it before were as enthusiastic as those who had.

I was interested in meeting Miss Priscilla Barrows, of Hartford, Conn., who is on here staying with the Howard Patches, of Bryn Mawr. Doctor Patch is professor of medieval romance at Bryn Mawr College. His own romance, incidentally, ended happily last August, when he married Mrs. Patch in Buffalo. Miss Barrows was a bridesmaid at the wedding. She is a stunning-looking girl, and had the distinction of being made mistress of ceremonies on Tree Day at Wellesley College, from which she gradnated last June. Wellesley girls tell me that is the highest honor a girl can have there, for it spells popularity with a most large and extraordinary P. Miss Bar-

rows came on to attend the opera. There were a number of fashionables in the boxe .. Mr. and Mrs. Tom Ridgway, Mrs. Ridgway looking more picturesque than ever, were there; Mr. and Mrs. M. Stevenson Easby, Mr. and Mrs. Francis von Albade Cabeen, Mr. and Mrs. James Potter, Mrs. Marian Dougherty, Uley Mercur and Beau Wheeler, Mr. and Mrs. Parker Norris and numberless other devotees of the musical world.

Other plans for the dinner-dance and bagaar to be given on Friday night of this week for the benefit of St. Vincent's Aid and Maternity Hospital are about completed. Mrs. Robert Lesley, who is president of the aid, has been working indefatigably for its success, ably aided and abetted by her splendid committee. During dinner there are to be several specialty dances, and the evening after the dinner will be devoted to dancing and the buying and selling of the really lovely things which these enterprising women have procured. Mrs. Lesley herself has had a number of laces and other foreign things imported; in fact, she has brought a number of things over her self. Her daughter, Mrs. Berridge, you know, married an Irishman, and has greatly interested herself in the peasantry and encouraged the making of lace for this country, even starting agencies over here. She was Lalite Lesley, and one of the most graceful and beautiful girls of her season. She is an only child, you know, so both Mr. and Mrs. Lesley spend a good deal of time abroad. though Mr. and Mrs. Berridge have visited here very frequently also. Besides the laces and embroideries which will be for sale, Mrs. Mason Lisle has procured a beautiful lot of old English allverware. Then all sorts of novelties will be there to delight the eye and empty the purse incidentally, but that, of course, is a mere detail. Some of the women interested in the work include Miss Laura Blackburne, Mrs. M. Ryan Bowen, 'Mrs. Nash Burke, Mrs. Charles Bache, Mrs. Archlhald Barklie, Mrs. Lawrence Butler, Mrs. Robert T. Bickneil, Mrs. Samuel Bell, Jr., Mrs. Samuel Castner, Jr., Mrs. John Campbell, Mrs. Edward Coles, Mrs. Ashton Devereux, Mrs. Ignatius Dohan, Mrs. William J. Doyle, Mrs. Edward d'Invilliers, Mrs. George Drexel, Mrs. Joseph

Edwards, Mrs. George Fox, Mrs. Howard Mrs. James P. Gorman, Miss Emily Taylor before her marriag Mrs. Guy R. Overend's Friday evening dancing class will hold its first meeting at the Overbrook Golf Club on November 17 at S o'clock. Mrs. Overend will be assisted by Mrs. S. Naudain Duer.

REIGN OF TERROR LIVES ONCE MORE IN FINE OLD OPERA

"Andrea Chenier," by Boston Company, Superbly Sung and Acted by Zenatello and Baklanoff

VILLANI ALSO EXCELLENT

CHENIER." opera in four agin Universe Glordano, Biretto by Lain Universe Glordano, Biretto by Lain Luisa buroths Winletskal Salisito Cra Utiero and Sans-Culotte Paolo Ananian Giorgio Puliti Uble and L'Abate Poets

Feequier Giorgio Pullit Un Incredible and L'Abate Forte, Schmid Conductor Roberto Morantoni Act 1--Rail in the Castle of Colary, Act 10-Caste on the Solpe, Paria, Act II-At the Tribunal. Act IV--Prison of St. La-

According to the mandates of that in-According to the mandates of Call in-visible empire, the critics' union, reviews of operatic performances should begin with a reference to the last presentation of the work digrees into a history of its composi-tion and end up with an account of the occasion itself. There are times when this process seems triling and dry, when a large enthusiasm steps in and demands that "now" shall be a proceed on or "then." "now" shall have precedence over "then.' So one reviewer thought last night.

For on the stage of the Metropolitan there was enacted and sung an Italian opera that ought to have a place beside "Tosca" in point of brilliant orchestral color. there tensity of situation and dramatic value for singers who can net. It remains incredible that "Andrea Chenier" should have been in the moth-halls for the last twenty years. in the moth-hals for the last twenty years, no far as this city is concerned. Yet it is no. It needed, therefore, the enterprise of Mr. Rabinoff, always ready to do the in-teresting thing instead of the necessarily lucrative, to give it here. He gave it in fine, in thrilling style, with Zenatello and Bakkanoff and Villani-three artists of dra-matic a page as more specified of the matic as well as vocal merit—and with a reneral sense of theatric values that height-ened and illuminated the emotional points f the story. Such was the stage in in those access where the head; Goidess of Reason held mobesway and where the lovers went gladiy to the guillotine. And And

with it all were heard the rich melodies, the ingenious Italian counterpoint, on which Puccial today thrives, but, paradoxically, fresher and "thicker" in the older com-poser's way of doing it. So it does seem strange that a generation

that applauds its hands sore at the aria of the stars from "Tosca," the duets in "Bo-heme" and "Manon Lescaut," should not feel at once the grip of ingratiation that "Chenler" makes on the pulse and the intel-ligence. For every act there is the "big number" for tenor, soprano and haritone,

and there are pages and pages of highly framatic writing intersperced like the first set chorus of French lotus-enters, minueting away the time while the far-off roar of the Revolution sounds unnoticed. It is this nicely felt relation between situation and its expression in music that makes the opera so warm with life despite its age; so sym-pathetic, so real. It is surprisingly real throughout, for the librettist has disregarded

me of the most cherished conventions His villain is actually a good fellow ! To Chenier, poot, reformer, "distracted days of love," so the most impressive of the arlas, and it is to the artistic credit of the Boston Company that its members

artists enough never to snatch at the melight, never to disturb the placement of baracter and episode. Thus Mr. Zenatello n his best voice, was but one, though the nost tragic, in the procession of eighteenthmost tracic, in the procession of eighteenth-century figures. When his great momenta came, as in the denunciation of the aristo-crats, in the trial scene and on the way to the tumbrils, he shook his z⁻, ence with acting that was touching and singing that was sincere—and always in the picture. It was true, too, of Mr. Baklanoff and his credible and human portrait of the com-munication of the scene of the com-

Weddings

CANER-BAIRD

STRUCTURE -1.0011 Copyright, Life Publishing Company 'Are you married, Joe?"

PLAYING SAFE

"Not on yer life, Mike, I'm a nervous man and I've always bin kind o' scared to take chances."

HEART OF THE SUNSET

until exhausted.

By REX BEACH

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WELLs he doesn't look like much of a W priest, but probably he will do. As for me I don't believe in such things. Churches are all very well for ignorant people, but we Mexicans are too intelligent; we are

making an end of them." The priest was a small, white-haired man with a gentle, almost third face, and at the moment when he appeared before Alaire he moment when he appeared before Alaire he was in anything but a happy frame of mind. He had undergone, he told her, a terrible ex-perience. His name was O'Malley. He had come from Monelova, whence the Rebets had banished him under threat of death. He had seen his church despolled of its valuables, his school closed; he himself had manage to escape only by a miracle. During dis flight toward the border he had cuffer d avers indignity and funally Lonruffer d every indignity, and finally Lon-gorio had intercepted him and brought him here, virtually in chains,

nere, virtually in chains. "What a situation? What chaos." he la-mented. "The land is overrun with bandits: there is no law, no authority, no faith; religion is made a mockery. The men are becoming infides and atheists, and in many places they will not allow us to give comfort ven to the

Mrs. B. Campbell Madeira, of Old York road, has left for Boston Mass, where she will remain for several days. Mr. and Mrs. Clifford B. Hawley, of 222 Nippon street. Chestnut Hill, are re-ceiving congratulations upon the birth of a Miss Emily Taylor before her marriag. but with darkness her fears grew blacker. She was on the verge of her first break-down when, in the early dusk outside, she

her well. Understand? When General Lon-gorio comes tell him I am waiting here." As if in a dream, Alaire saw the Mexi-can gr out, closing the door behind him. Then she saw Dave come toward her, heard him speak her name, felt his arms around her

Alaire did not awoon, but she never could omber very distinctly those first few

Scarcely knowing what she did, she found Scarcedy knowing what the investigation of the second seco

"You heard me califug," she told him at last "oth, I was-so frightened?" She blung closer to him. After a time she dis-overed that she was mechanically nodding her head at the questions he was putting to her, but had only the vaguest idea what they were. By and by she began to tell him about Longerio, speaking in a sort of hyp-notic murmur, as if her words bound at his mental suggestion. And all the time the subggled against his breast.

"Dearest " Dave held her away in gentle hands. "I was straid you'd go to please like this, but I had to break through the best way I could. I learned you were here and something about what was going on from the people at the next ranch But I expected to find him here, too " "How did you manage to get here?"

"How did you manage to get here?" "I hardly know, I just wouldn't let 'em stop me. This lieutenant wouldn't let me in until I told him I was from Monterey with important news. I don't remember all I did tell him. I tried to get here last night, but I had trouble. They caught me, and I had to buy my way through. Eve bribed and builled and fied clear from Ro-burget. I meken they couldn't imaging I. mero. I reckon they couldn't imagine IM

It was more Dave's tone than his words but roused . Alaire to an appreciation of

"Are you alone?" she asked, in vague dismay "Then what are you going to do?" "I don't know yet. My plans ended here," "Dave! You rode in just to find me! Just to be with me?"

Just to be with me?" "Yes And to get him." Alatre saw his face twitch and realized that it was very haggard, very old and tired. "They lifted my guns—a bunch of fellows at the Rio Negro crossing. Some of them were drunk and wouldn't believe I was an amigo. So I finally had to ride for it." "Can't you take me away?" she asked faintly. "What will you do when—he comes?"

"I reckon I'll manage him somehow.

His grip upon her tightened painfully, and she could feel him tremble. "I was afraid I utdn't find you. 1- O God, Alaire !" He votidant and you. I - O Gool, Anare. An auried his face in her hair. "I had a terrible scene with him last night. He insists upon marrying me. I-I

as hoping you'd come."

"How could I, when nobody knew where

"D'dn't you know? I wrote you. He showt his head. "Then how did you learn?" "From Jose. I caught him within an hour of the murder and made him tell me every-

Alaire's eyes dliated: she held herself way, saying breathlessly; "Murder! Is Antre's cres dilated; she held herseit iway, saying breathlessiy; "Murder! Is but what it was? He -Longorio-told me something quite different." "Naturally. It was he who hired Jose

obey his orders, no matter how extreme. It occurred to her finally that he was stay-ing away purposely, in order to give her a fullor appreciation of her position—so that she might beat her wings against the cage do the shooting. 'Oh-h! Alatre hid her face in her hands.

the looked up again quickly, however, and ser checks were white "Then he won't mare you, Dave." She choked for an in-Afternoon came, then evening, and still Longorio did not return. Father O'Malley sould give scant comfort; Dolores was a positive trial. Haif distracted. Alaire roamed through

pare you, Dave." She choked for an in-tant. "We must get away before he comes. There must be some way of excape. Think !" "This pretty fired to think. I'm pretty near played out," he confessed. Haif distracted. Afaire roamed through the house, awaiting her captor's coming, steeling herself for their final battle. But the delay was trying; also longed for the crisis to come, that this intolerable sus-pense might be ended. At such an hour her thoughts naturally turned to Dave Law, and she found herself yearning for him with a yearning utterly new. His love had sup-ported her through those miserable days at Las Palmas, but now it was a torture; she called his name wildly, pausionately. He knew her whoreabouts and her peril— why did he not come? Then, more calmly, she asked herself what he, or what any one, could do for her. How could she look for succor when two nations were at war? "They're watching me, but they'd let "Now that I'm here I'm going to stay

ntil-She interrupted, crying his name loudly, Dave

"Yes. What is it?" "Wait! Let me this

"Yes. What is it?" "Wait! Let me think" She closed her eyes; her brows drew together as if in the labor of concentration. When she lifted her lids her eyes were alight, her voice was

"I know how. I see it. He won't dare-But you must do what I tell you." "Of course." "Of course."

Night had come before she finally gave ip and acknowledged the hopelessness of When he nodded impatiently she ran to he door and, flinging it open, called down situation. She had fought bravely the hall: "Father! Father O'Mailey! Quick"

down when, in the early dusk outside, she heard voices and the stamping of horses' hoofs. The sounds were muffled by the heavy wooden shutters she had taken pains to close and bar, but they toil her that Longorlo had returned. Since it was futtle to deny him entrance, she waited where abe was. Oid Pancho's voice sounded out-side; then there came a knock upon the door of the room in which she stood. "Come in," she said, tensely. The lieutemant thrust his head in and. The lieutemant thrust his head in and. "Twe sent for some of the women, and Coat of Tuiton (Day Courses) for term of As wiss.-Rooken's 433. Stenography 433. Rook keep's & Stenography, 466. Dreasmailing 1400. Millinery 440. May be paid in installments. Cost of Night Courses 45 to 516 per term of 28 wiss.-Languages. Music Business, Industrial, Cookery & other courses. Ph. or write for Cal H. STRAYER'S The Best Business School, Sth and Cheetnut Streets, Positions guaranteed. Enter new, Day or pight. "I've sent for some of the women, and they'll be here in a minute. Father, this man has come for me. He loves me. Will you marry us, before Longorio arrives" "Alaire" Dave exclaimed She stilled him with a gesture. "Quick! Will you?" Salesmanship Another class now forming. Come in at once.

made his life a nightmare. An incoherent refusal was upon his lips, but Alaire's face besought him; it was shining with a strange new ecstasy, and he could not bring him-self to deny her. Of what her plan coh-sisted he had only the dimmest idea, but he assured himself that it could by no possibility succeed. After all, what did it matter? he asked himself. They were trapped. This might serve, somehow, to cheat Longorio, and—Alaire would be his wife.

11

wife.

"Very well." he stammered, weakly, "What are you thinking of?" "I haven't thought it all out yst, but--" At that moment Dolores returned, bring-ing with her the three black halfred, black shawled house servants, bundling them through the door and ranging them along the wall the wall.

Father O'Malley's face was puckered; he aid, hesitatingly. "My dear madam, this an't regular; you are not Catholics. How can I blezs you?"

"You can marry us legally, just the same, an't you?" Alaire was breathing rapidly, and some part of her cagerness began to thrill her hearers

"Oh, yes, but...." "Then marry us. And make haste, please! leasel

Before the eyes of the four wondering women Father O'Malley married them. It seemed to Alaire that he would never reach the end. although, in fact, he stumbled

through the ceremony swiftly. Alare elipped his last words short by crying: "Tell these people so that they'll under-stand what it all means. Tell them to re-member they have seen a marriage by the "hurch."

The priest did as he was directed, and his audience signified their understanding. Then Dolores led them out.

CHAPTER XXVIII THE MAN OF DESTINY

"Now, then, I'll explain," said Alaire, turning to the men. "Longorio de-chares that he won't have me except as his wife, and I think he means it. He is amas-ingly egotistical. He has tremendous ambitons. He thinks this war is his great opportunity, and he means to be President --he's sure of it. He loves me, but he loves himself better, I'm sure. Now, don't you see? He'll have to choose one or the other." Father O'Malley did not appear to appre-ciate the full force of this reasoning. "My dear." he said erayaly. "he can make you dear," he said, gravely, "he can make you a widow again. In such times as these men

are savages.' "Oh, but that's not all." Alaire turned to her newly made husband. "They let you in, and they'll let you out again—if you go quickly, before it's known what we've

Dave stared at her in bewilderment. "If go and-leave you?" He seemed doubtful of her sanity.

When he laughed shortly, Alaire "Yes." When he laughed shortly, Alaire cried: "Dave, you must! Don't you see what I'm driving at? If he can't marry me, if he finds you're gone and he can't lay hands on you, what can he do but let me go? Dave, dear, for my sake, for the sake

of us bothof us both—"" "You're excited," he told her, and drew her to himself gently. "Please! Please!" she implored. "You don't know that man," said Father

O'Malley, with conviction. But Alaire insisted, half hysterically now: "I do; that's just it. I do know him. He is planning the greatest things for him-self, his head is in the clouds, and he daren't do the things he used to do. That's why I called in those women as witnesses. He can't put them out of the way. With Dave gone I'll be safe. He can't ignore our He narriage. But otherwise- There's no telling what he may do. Why, he'll kill you, Dave, as he killed Ed." She upturned a face eloquent with pleading. "Won't you do this for me?"

(CONTINUED TOMORROW)

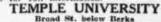
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Photo by Kilmeducci MRS. HARRISON K. CANER, JR. Before her marriage, this afternoon, Mrs. Caner was Mizs S. Uytendale Baird. She is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William J. Baird and made her debut last season. Spruce street, who have been spending the summer at their apartment at Haverford Court, have returned to town for the winter

Mr. and Mrs. Craig Biddle, who have en spending some time at the Virginia Hot Springs, have returned home.

months

Mrs. John Brown, of Springfield avenue St. Martins, will entertain the members of her bridge club on Monday of next week Mr. and Mrs. Powell Evans left yesterday

for Old Point Comfort for a week's stay. Mr. and Mrs. George W. B. Roberts and Miss Virginia Roberta have closed their place at Riverton, N. J., and are occupying their town house, 1508 De Lancey place.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Humphreys have closed their house, 736 South Twenty-first street, and have taken a house in Norrisown for the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles D. Barney, Elidon, York road, have left for Scabright, N. J., where they will spend some time as the guests of their son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Horace Harding.

Caner, Jr.

Miss Marguerite Hendrickson.

STEAMSHIPS.

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I understand those persons who find it impossible to attend the dinner can atland the dance afterward. Mrs. Ashton Devereux, I believe, is in charge of this part of the entertainment. Altogether it should be very successful, I think. NANCY WYNNE.

Personals

At the wedding of Miss Susan Brimner Ingernoll and Mr. Orville Builitt, which will take place tomorrow, the maid of Will take place tomorrow, the mail of bonor will be Miss Anna Warren Ingersoll. There will be no bridesmalds. The best man will be Mr. William C. Bullitt, and the ushern, Mr. Henry McKean Ingersoll, Mr. John C. Bullitt, 3d, Mr. Edward Moore Rob-inson, Mr. Johns Hopkins, Mr. Horace But-ier, Mr. Charles Naile, Mr. John U. Shober, Mr. Robert Sturgis Ingersoll, Mr. Charles Jared Ingersoll and Mr. John Hobart Inger-sil.

Miss Ellasbeth Gribbel, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Gribbel, of St. Austel's Hall, Church road. Wyncote, will return tomor-tow from Middlebury. Conn., where she motor dance, which was held on Saturday agant at the school. Miss Gribbel was a member of the class of 1915, and is one of the most popular of this winter's debu-tantes.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Learning Montgom-7, of Ardrossan, Villanova, will leave bartly for New/ York, where they have two a house on the corner of Seventy-inst street and Park avenue for the win-of months.

Prances Clark, daughter of Mr. and Waiter Clark, of Chestnut Hill who an spondizic the summer at home or parents, loft last Saturday for where she will resume pursing in ital man Diepps

and Mrs. William K. Haupt, of \$112



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Mrs. Henry C. Mustin, of Pensacola, Fla. spent the week as the guest of Mr. and Mrs. William S. Lloyd, of 233 Harvey street, Germantown. Mrs. Mustin is on her way south ay south

Mrs. Frederick English, of 226 School House lane Germantown, has returned from Pittsburgh.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert M. Garrett, of 4217 Brown street, entertained ten guests at dinner on Saturday night in hener of their forty-second wedding anniversary.

white net frocks and carried baskets of Sweetheart roses. As New Year's Eve falls on Sunday this year, a Christmas and New Year's cele-bration will be held Wednesday evening.

December 27. at the Germantown Cricket Club. There will be the usual New Year's Day open house, with a buffet luncheon and dancing until 6 o'clock.

The Philadelphia Chapter of the Alumnac of Trinity College, Washington, D. C., will of, Trinity College, Washington, D. C. who give a dance in the North Gardens of the Believue-Stratford on Saturday evening. December 2. Miss Marie A. Ryan is preai-dent of this chapter, Miss Mary McCarthy vice president and Mrs. Samuel Brown secretary and treasurer.

Mrs. Paul H. Kleinhans has joined Doctor Kleinhans at Bethlehem. Mrs. Kleinhans before her marriage on October 14 was Mrs. Beatrice M. Delphine Leamy, of Thirty-fourth and Spring Garden streets. lowed at the he \$12 Pine street.

A club dinner-dance will be held at the liuntingdon Valley Country Club on Saturday evening.

What's Doing Tonight

Opera. "Iria." Metropolitan Opera House. Annual convention American Ornithelogiati niou. Academy of Natural Sciences Annual Bible and missionary conference Annual Bible and missionary Altiance. Hebro abernacie. Twentieth street above Boring Ga.

Tabernacle, Twentieth and the set of the set

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resurrected score, too long asleep, and next the innate quality of the story. Through

B. D.

persecuted our blackes of today, the blackest spot on the map of Christendom." His voice broke. "That is the freedom, the the surge and sweep of the music, with the red echoes of the "Carmagnole," the dark hilarity of the "Marseillaise" and the recurspot on the map of Christendom. His voice broke. "That is the freedom, the liberty, the democracy, for which they are righting. That is the new Mexico. And the Federals are not a bit better. This Longorio, for instance, this—wolf—he brings me here, as his prisoner, to solemn-ize an unboly marriage! He treats me like a dog. Last night I slept in a flitby here." ring theme of a poet's hopeless ideal came thoughts of the times when the streets of Paris were scarlet, though not with wine; of Sidney Carton and "The Vengeance," and the click of women's knitting needles as the powder on patrician heads mingled with the sawdust of the ominous baskets. So, like ancient balms, music and story keep for us the past of horror, of love and of hereism.

for us "Oh! I'm sorry." Alaire exclaimed, "But I'm half crazed with my own troubles. Fou must come into the house; the best I have is yours. You shall be as much my

took place today at 4 o'clock in Calvary Prerbyterian Church, Locust and Fifteenth

streets, when Miss Sarah Uytendale Baird, laughter of Mr. and Mrs. William J. Baird, became the bride of Mr. Harrison The ceremony was per formed by the Rev. William Muir Auid, minister of the church. Miss Baird, who was given in marriage by her father, wore her mother's wedding gown of white satin and lace. A rose point lace veil was ar-ranged with orange blossoms. Lilles of the valley formed the bridal bouquet. Miss Ruth Rentin, of Hawali, the maid of honor, wore a gown of rose-colored satin and a black velvet hat, and carried pink roses, The bridesmalds included Miss K. Katherine Eetes, of Memphis, Tenn.; Miss Sarah H. B. Penrose, Miss Rachel Fitler, Miss Mary Stuart Warts, Miss Lillie H. Crisfield, Miss Josephine Foster, Miss Kath-

to do so twill will sum afraid it will just mean ruin for both of us." "Surely he wouldn't harm you?" The Father shrugged. "What am 1? An obscure priest. Many of my brothers are buried in Mexico. However, I shall do as you wigh."

erine Reeves Hunter, Mizs Elizabeth Daw-son Wheeler, Miss Christine Hars Stockton, Miss Isabel Wurts Page, Miss Gainor Owen do as you wish.' Baird, Miss Margaretta Jeanes and Miss Elizabeth Jeanes. Two little flower girls were Miss Douglas Estes Hendrickson and

de as you wish." As the day wore on Alaire realized even more clearly the fact that she was Lon-gorio's prisoner. His men, in spite of their recent debauch, kept a very good watch over her, and it was plain that they would



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could do for her. How could she look succor when two nations were at war?

obey his orders, no matter how extreme

The lieutenant thrust his head in and, removing his hat, announced, "There is some one here to see General Longorio on important business. He says you will do."

"Yes. He says he is one of us-

Pancho was pushed aside, the door was flung back, and a man strode swiftly into the hamplight. He paused, blinking as if momentarily blinded, and Alaire clutched at the nearest chair for support. A rear-ing began in her cars; she felt herself sway forward as if the strength had left her knees. She heard Dave's voice faintly: save us all e was saying: of that thing which had haunted him and

"Take care of my horse. Feed and water

MUSIC

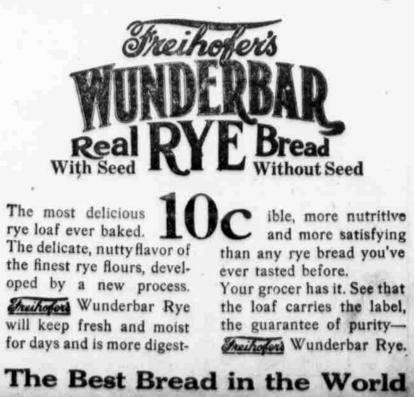
TIME AG Will you?" "Quick Will you?" Father O'Malley was bewildered. "I don't understand," he expostulated. "Nor I," echoed Daye. "You don't need to understand. I know what I'm doing. I've thought of a way to IN 20 LESSONS to play real ragtime on the plane FYOU DON'T KNOW A NOTE-you already play. You'll learn to once, fox trote, 'rag' any place.

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Through Dave's mind flashed the m

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guest as I can make you, and-perhaps you I have as I can make you, and —perhaps you will help me to escape."
"Escape?" The little man smiled mournation, "Board and guarded, and so am I. Even if you got away from here, what then?. You can't magine the condition of the country."
"I won't marry bim." Alaire cried, with a shudder. "I won't."
"He can't very well force you to do so. But remember, these are war times; the man is a fiend, and and he puts no restraint upon his desires. If he is madly bent on having you, how can you prevent it? In normal times he would not dare injure one so prominent as you, but now..." Father One of the fashionable autumn weddings

so prominent as you, but now-" Father O'Malley lifted his hands. "I only wonder O'Malley lifted his hands. "I only wonder that he suggests a lawful marriage. Sup-pose you refuse? Will he not sacrifice you to his passions? He has done worse things." After a moment's consideration he said: "Of course it is possible that I misjudge him. Anyhow, if you desire me to do so I will refuse to perform the core-mony. But-J'm afraid it will but pro-