JUST GOSSIP ABOUT PEOPLE

Great Bazaar of December Eleventh Week Is Formulating New Departures Each Day—Opera the Great Thing This Week—Anecdotes

STILL more plans are on foot for booths at the great "Made-in-America" bazaar which is to be conducted at Horticultural Hall during the week of December 11. The latest heard from is the Armenian and Syrian booth, which is under the special Armenian relief committee, with Mrs. George H. Lorimer as chairman. The vice chairmen of this committee include Mrs. Paul Brown, Mrs. Walter Baird and Mrs. Winister Sturges; Mrs. Frederick English, secretary, and Mrs. Bob Downs, treasurer. The good women who are working earnestly for this booth plan to sell Oriental wares and handiwork, also Oriental food products. Imagine it! They will actually have rugs for sale and embroideries, silks, laces, cretonnes, beads, jewelry, brasses, figs, dates, almonds, raisins, spices, perfumes, olives, olive oil, cigarettes, cigars, tobacco, coffee and a dozen or so other varieties of things.

I wonder how they can think up all the things they have produced for the booths, don't you? This fair will certainly outdo the one given two years ago, which I thought perfectly marvelous then. Do you remember the fashion show at the Ritz? I will never forget Marie Louise Minn, then Wanamaker, in her lovely white suit and her two beautiful dogs.

The national committee for Armenia and Syria is at present trying to load a ship, which has been assigned to this work by the President, with supplies of food and clothing, which will be sent as direct as possible to the exiled and dying Armenians now in northern Syria. They are begging for new warm underwear for men, women and children; new sweaters, new shoes, new stockings, new socks, both cotton and woolen; also new blankets and new blanket shawls. Why do I repeat new so much, you wonder. Well, the Turkish authorities will not accept second-hand articles. Besides clothing the committee is begging for gray cotton and woolen cloth by the piece, unbleached muslin, cotton thread, needles and pins, and shopworn seconds and remnants are also very acceptable. These contributions may be sent direct prepaid to the American Red Cross, Bush Terminal, Brooklyn, N. Y., marked "for Relief Ship Beirut," and they must be delivered before November 25.

Why is it men grow so facetious at operas? They always do, it seems, whether it is because they are not extremely sentimental or romantic, and the absurdity of yelling secrets at the top of one's lungs on one side of the stage or the waving of a large-sized tablecloth by hubby from the ramparts of the tower until he is out of sight, while his rival is waiting to embrace the heroine in the doorway, takes from the theme of the music, true it is, opera seems to make them extra clever. At "Iris" on Tuesday night this little gem fell upon mine ears: "Oh," gushed she, "we must go to Wednesday night's!" "What is it?" said he. "The Love of Three Kings." "Well," said hubby, "I'll take a chance. Three kings is a safe bet, anyhow."

Among those who occupied boxes at the opera last night were Mrs. William Woodward Arnett, of 2116 Pine street, and Mrs. Frederick Brown, who had Mrs. Henry W. Doughten and Miss Helen Doughten in their box. Miss Henrietta Clothier was in Mrs. Clifford Lewis's box, and had with her Miss Jessie Wilcox Smith and Miss Violet Oakley. Mrs. Harold Yarnall, Miss Elizabeth Hood Lotta and Mrs. Seammon Jones were together.

NANCY WYNNE.

Photo by Photo-Grafters.

MRS. ROBERT WETHERILL, JR.

Mrs. Wetherill, whose wedding took place November 9, will be remembered as Miss Barbara Bispham. She is the daughter of Captain Harrison Bispham, U. S. A., of Claymont, Del., where the wedding was solemnized

Personals

Mr. and Mrs. J. Percy Keating will give a dinner on January 12 before the ball which Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Emlen Newbold will give that night for Miss Dorothy Emlen Newbold.

Miss Mary Converse will entertain at dinner at her country home at Rosemont next Tuesday morning. Among the guests will be Mr. and Mrs. E. Waring Wilson, Mr. and Mrs. Robert W. Daniel, Miss Eleanor H. Verner, Miss Katharine Verner, Mr. Herbert S. Casey and Mr. Channing W. Daniel. About thirty additional guests have been invited for informal dancing after dinner.

Bishop Kinsolving, of Brazil, who will sail on Thursday, to be the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Samuel F. Houston, of Tryon Moir, Chestnut Hill, for several days, will be the principal speaker at the dinner to be given Thursday evening by the Men's Association in the parish house of St. Martin-in-the-Fields. Mr. A. Nathan Taylor will be toastmaster.

Miss Elizabeth Steel, who is spending the winter at Atlantic City, is visiting Mrs. Mitchell Rosengarten at her home, 2047 Locust street.

At the luncheon which Mrs. Arthur Atwater Kent gave yesterday at her home in Rosemont in honor of Miss Katharine Verner the guests were Miss Eleanor Hampton Verner, Miss Mary Gordon, Miss Louise Lucas, Miss Agnes McDonough, Miss Helen Bates, Miss Lenore Lucas, Mrs. Brinton Lucas, Mrs. Robert W. Daniel, Mrs. Cochran and Mrs. William A. Wiederhorn.

Mr. Robert Coane, of 2116 Chestnut street, announces the engagement of his daughter, Miss Elizabeth Charlotte Coane, to Dr. Thomas C. Stellwagen, Jr.

Mr. and Mrs. William W. Curtin will close their house at Rosemont the end of this week and open their town house, 2215 Delancey street, for the winter.

Miss Harriet G. R. Geyelin has returned to Lockwicke, her home in Villanova, after visiting a few days with Miss Pauline Morris at the Ritz-Carlton Hotel, New York.

Lieut. and Mrs. Joseph Marechal Brown, of Camden, have returned from their wedding trip to Niagara Falls, where they spent two weeks with Mrs. Brown's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Louis Rodman Page.

Mrs. William J. Wilcox and Miss M. Eulalie Wilcox, of St. Davids, returned last night from Washington, D. C., where they have been spending a few days.

Mrs. William Baker Whelan, of Clovelly, Devon, is spending a few days in New York.

Miss Mary Caldwell Gordon has issued cards for a luncheon and bridge on Tuesday, at her home, 1829 Pine street, to meet Miss Katharine Verner.

Mrs. Robert W. Daniel, of Rosemont, will give a children's party on Wednesday, November 29, in honor of her son, Master Lucian Philip Smith, 2d, who will celebrate his fourth birthday.

Mr. and Mrs. William J. Serrill, of Haverford, will shortly issue invitations to a dinner at their home on Friday evening, December 29, afterward taking their guests to the subscription dance at the Merion Cricket Club which Mrs. Richard E. Norton and Mrs. Kane S. Green are planning to give.

Judge and Mrs. J. Henry Williams, who lived at the Bartram for a number of years, are now at Hamilton Court, where they have taken apartments.

Miss Katharine Verner, of Wayne, whose marriage to Mr. Channing Williams Daniel takes place on Saturday, will give a luncheon at her home on Thursday in honor of her bridal party.

Miss Miriam Schultz, of Wyncote road, Jenkintown, has returned from Washington, D. C., and is spending several days this week with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Elmer Schultz.

Mrs. Delany and her daughter, Miss Florence Delany, of Wyncote road, Jenkintown, are spending several weeks this month in New Jersey. They will return the end of next week.

An original idea in fairs will be carried out by the members of Queen Mary's Needlework Guild today, when they propose to give a food fair, with all the out-of-town branches of the organization joining in the entertainment.

The attractive headquarters of the central branch in St. Mark's parish house, 1625 Locust street, will be the scene of action from 10 o'clock in the morning until 6 at night. Miss Elizabeth Hays, who started the work here and has been its inspiration and head ever since, will, of course, be in charge, with the able assistance of Miss Helen Cadwalader, Mrs. Sidney W. Keith, Miss Elizabeth R. Sinnickson, Miss Fanny R. Sinnickson, Mrs. Avery D. Andrews, Mrs. Richard McCall Elliot and Mrs. Saunders Lewis, Jr.

The women belonging to the Main Line branch will preside over their country booth and will dispense scrapple, home-made preserves of different kinds and big, red apples, all of the most luscious and tempting kind. Among these "saleswomen" will be Mrs. J. Harvey Gordon, Mrs. Henry Thouron, Mrs. George Black Rea, Mrs. William W. Montgomery, Jr., Mrs. T. Truxton Hare and Miss Esther B. Hare.

Mrs. A. L. Phillips, who will have charge of the booth of the Boxborough branch, which is composed entirely of Englishwomen, will provide true English goodies, including native English plum pudding, boggy buns, pork pie and scones, all very delectable. In addition to these culinary gems, there will be a special table for the benefit of the French hospitals, where French laces will be sold.

A delightful "afternoon in Scotland and Ireland," with Miss Lena Duthie as soloist, was given in St. James's Guild House, Twenty-second and Sansom streets, by the Imperial Order of the Daughters of the British Empire, Connaught Chapter, of which Mrs. L. Webster Fox is regent.

Miss Duthie, a Scotch-Irish vocalist, now of New York, preceded each of her Scotch numbers by a story of the song and its setting with much charm and local color. Only a hint of the dramatic power in the singer's voice could be shown in her folk songs, but her rendition was full of sympathy and her voice full of rare and delightful quality and sweetness.

The platform was decorated with American, French and English flags, palms, autumn leaves and autumn flowers.

The occasion ended with tea and other dainties, presided over by Mrs. L. Webster Fox, Mrs. Theodore Abbott and a number of members of the chapter. A silver offering was collected in one of the intermissions of the program for the purchase of hospital supplies for the Allies, a cause for the benefit of which these ladies sew and work.

The ladies of the auxiliary of the Germantown Hospital will give a bridge party today to the board of lady visitors at the home of Mrs. Frederic English, 216 West Schoolhouse lane, Germantown, at 2:30 o'clock. Among those who will play are Mrs. Edward F. Hannon, Mrs. Edward J. Moore, Mrs. Frank Shattuck, Mrs. Wilmot Grant Pierce, Mrs. William Chattin Wetherill, Mrs. Malcolm Morris, Mrs. Foster Boulton, Miss Edward McHenry, Mrs. Frank Hackett, Mrs. Walter D. Henderson, Mrs. Joseph Earnshaw, Mrs. Tolbert Richardson, Mrs. Harry C. Butterworth, Jr., Mrs. George Landell, Miss Anna Denniston, Mrs. Edward Weiner, Mrs. Herbert M. Tilden, Miss E. E. Price, Mrs. Frederick Dudley, Mrs. John Hamilton, Miss Dorothy Mayberry and Mrs. Thomas Stuart.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward C. Dearden, of Hillair, Merion, have sent out invitations for a dinner dance at the Bellevue-Stratford on Saturday, November 25. They will also entertain at dinner at the Philadelphia Country on December 2.

Dr. and Mrs. Charles Wadsworth and Miss Isabella Wadsworth have closed their cottage at Magnolia, Mass., and returned to Overbrook. Mrs. Wadsworth, having recovered from an operation for appendicitis, has left the hospital and is now at home.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert C. McNeil, of 5639 Broomall avenue, West Philadelphia, are receiving congratulations upon the birth of a daughter.

The Terpsichoreans will hold their first dance in the Gold Room of the Adelphia on Saturday evening. Other dances will be held on December 16, January 20 and February 17. The committee in charge includes Mr. K. J. Birnbrauer, Mr. G. H. Knauer, Mr. C. E. Wolfinger and Mr. J. P. McCollough.

The Senior Auxiliary to the Jewish Sheltering Home will give the third of a series of dances on Thanksgiving night. It will be a Hawaiian Dance. A Hawaiian orchestra will furnish the music and the decorative effects will be very elaborate.

Weddings

TOMLIN—HUNTER

A beautiful wedding took place last evening in Summit Presbyterian Church, Westview and Greene streets, when Miss Estelle H. Hunter was given in marriage by her father to Mr. J. Lybrant Tomlin. The church was decorated with palms and chrysanthemums. The bride was gowned in lustrous white duchess satin trimmed with opalescent beads and tulle. She had a court train and tulle veil and carried bridal roses and lilies of the valley. The maid of honor, Miss Grace B. Wingate, wore deep pink satin, with an overdress of pink tulle, the bodice of which was draped with opalescent trimming.

She carried an arm bouquet of pink chrysanthemums. The bridesmaids, Miss Marion Roberts, of New York, and Miss Marie Tomlin, sister of the bridegroom, were gowned alike in pale pink satin frocks, trimmed with tulle and opalescent beads. They carried crooks tied with pink rosebuds and chrysanthemums. Miss Estelle Wishart, the little cousin of the bride, acted as flower girl. She wore a white tulle dress trimmed with pink ribbon and carried a French basket of pink rosebuds.

Mr. Tomlin had his brother, Mr. Richard E. Tomlin, Jr., as best man, and Mr. Albert Gee and Mr. Warren Heaton as ushers.

A reception followed the ceremony at the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Newlin S. Hunter, at 308 Lincoln drive. After a wedding trip Mr. and Mrs. Tomlin will live at 308 Lincoln drive.

AMERICAN HOUSEWIFE 'JOLTED' ON TEA-MAKING

Chinese Trade Booster Declares People Would Use Much More of Beverage if Properly Brewed

GIVES CORRECT RECIPE

Julean Arnold, a commercial attache with the American Legation in Pekin, China, who is visiting Philadelphia for a few days in his country-wide tour, to teach American exporters the value that lies in trade with China, today dropped a hint to housewives.

Mr. Arnold said bluntly that American women did not know how to make tea.

It was in line with his job to say that; for, he went on to explain, if American women knew how to make tea the chances would be that this country would buy all of China's tea output instead of a mere part of it.

"The United States," he said, "purchases something like 23,000,000 pounds of tea from China in a year. If the women who prepare that tea for the table did it properly they would buy many times that amount.

"China makes the finest tea in the world, but the way it's served here is a shame. Ever since I came from Pekin, September 1, I've bought tea all the way from San Francisco east, and while I'm ashamed to say it I can't buy a cup that's made the right way.

"You know Chinese tea is delicate, subtle. The way it is served in America it is heavy, acid-like, bitter. That is why people put a whole lot of sugar and milk or cream in it. To put milk or cream in Chinese tea is nothing short of a crime.

"The mistake is made by putting the beverage on a fire after the boiling water is mixed with the tea. It is left there until it gets heavy and syrupy-looking, and then served. Quite naturally, it needs the milk as a softener."

Mr. Arnold was asked to give a recipe for the tea, seeing that he had so much to say against the American housewife's way of making it.

"Well," he said, "what should be done is to put the tea in a tea ball—any woman knows what that is—and then pour a cup of hot water, boiling water, on it. Wait for a light amber color, and that is all. You may add a bit of sugar if you wish, but under no consideration any milk or cream. You'll have the most delicious tea in the world, and it will be just as good for ice tea as for hot tea. And also, if everybody does it, the tea trade between China and America will treble."

XMAS TREE FOR FRANKFORD

Plans Afoot to Raise $500 for Children's Pleasure—Strong Committee in Charge

Frankford is to have a centrally located community Christmas tree, according to plans which have been formulated by the Frankford Business Men's Association.

The tree is to be at either Wonrath Park, at the lower end of Frankford, or in the vicinity of the new High school building, Oxford pike and Harrison street. It will be between forty-five and sixty feet in height and will be procured from the Maine woods.

The committee plans to raise $500, of which, in two days, $75 has been pledged. It has the unqualified approval of the Frankford Grocers' Association, the Frankford Board of Trade and the school teachers. The tree will be decorated with electric lights and if the approval of the underwriters can be obtained will also be strung with many yards of tinsel.

The committee in charge of arrangements follows: Chairman, Thomas Creighton; Howard George, Harry Schumaker, Elwood Davis, John L. Shroy, principal of the high school; Richard T. Holme, Lincoln Cartledge, James France, editor of the Frankford Gazette; Edward Gallen and Evan C. Batterson.

What's Doing Tonight

Real Estate Board, 1126 Walnut street.

Conference on universities and public service, University of Pennsylvania.

Lemon Hill Association annual meeting, Witherspoon Building.

Oil Trade Association dinner, Bellevue-Stratford.

Reception to Bishop McDevitt, of Harrisburg, by American Catholic Historical Society, 715 Spruce street.

Lecture, "Our New England Alps," by Arthur N. Peck, Association Hall, Germantown.

Lecture, "Burns of the Mountains," Witherspoon Hall.

Volksverein Choral Society, Academy of Music.

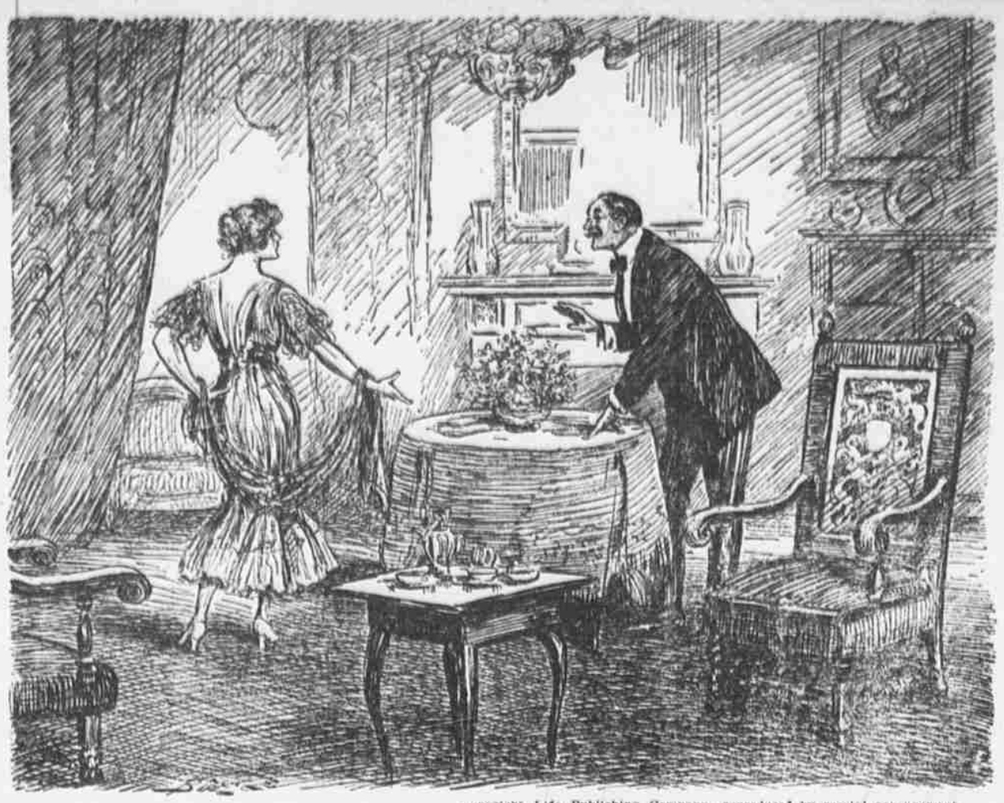
Market Street Merchants' Association, Bloomsburg Hotel.

National Reform Association, Mrs. John T. Nesbitt to speak to women only, Memorial M. E. Church, fifty-fourth and Catharine streets.

Lecture, "The Reason Why in Music," by Arthur Foster, Central Y. M. C. A.

Philadelphia Social Union, Lecture, Bellevue-Stratford.

SUPERFLUOUS PROOF



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He: Darling, you don't have to put on a new dress every time I call. I have faith in your extravagance.

HEART OF THE SUNSET

By REX BEACH

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CHAPTER XXVIII—(Continued)

ALAIRE trusted herself to ask, "Then we are free to go?"

The general's face was swept by a grimace intended for a smile. "I have ordered your horses to be saddled."

Dave, who had with difficulty restrained his anger at the fellow's bombast, was upon the point of speaking when Father O'Malley took the words out of his mouth:

"Would you send this woman out of her own house into a country like—like this? Remember the fortune in cattle you have already taken—"

Longorio broke in with a snarl: "Is it my fault that the country is in arms? Military necessity compels me to remain here. I consider myself magnanimous. I—" His voice cracked and he made a despairing, violent gesture. "Go, before I change my mind."

Dave signaled to the others, and Alaire slipped away to make herself ready. During the uncomfortable silence which succeeded her departure, Longorio paced the room, keeping his eyes resolutely turned away from Law.

"Do you mean that I, too, may go?" O'Malley inquired.

"What good are you to me?" snapped the general.

"You will give us safe conduct?"

"Be still, priest!" Longorio glared at the speaker, clasping and unclasping his fists behind his back.

With the sound of hoofs outside, Alaire and Dolores appeared, and the Mexican straightened himself with an effort.

"Adois, senora!" he said, with a stiff bow. "We have had a pleasant friendship and a thrilling flirtation, eh? I shall never cease to regret that Fate interrupted at such an interesting moment. Adois! Adois!" He bowed formally, in turn to Dave and to the priest, then resumed his pacing, with his hands at his back and his brow furrowed as if in a struggle with affairs of greater moment than this.

But when he heard the outside door creak shut behind them his indifference vanished and he halted with head turned in an effort to catch the last sounds of their departure. His face was like tallow now, his lips were drawn back from his teeth as if in supreme agony. A moment and the hoof-beats had died away. Then Longorio slipped his leash.

He uttered a cry—a hoarse, half-strangled shriek that tore his throat. He plucked the collar from his neck as if it choked him; he beat his breast. Seizing whatever article his eye fell upon, he tore and crushed it; he swept the table clean of its queer Spanish bric-à-brac, and trampled the litter under his heels. Spying a painting of a saint upon the wall, he ran to it, ripped it from its nail, and, raising it over his head, smashed frame and glass, cursing all saints, all priests and churchly people. Havoc followed him as he raged about the place wreaking his fury upon inanimate objects. When he had well-nigh wrecked the contents of the room, and when his first paroxysm had spent its violence, he hurled himself into a chair, writhing in agony. He bit his wrists, he pounded his fists, he kicked; finally he sprawled full length upon the floor, clawing at the cool, smooth tiles until his nails bled.

"Christ! O Christ!" he screamed.

The sound of his blasphemies reached the little group of soldiers who had lingered curiously outside, and they listened open-mouthed. One by one they crossed themselves and stole away into the darkness, muttering.

CHAPTER XXIX

A SPANISH WILL

WITH a singing heart Alaire rode through the night at her husband's side. The strain of the last few hours had been so intense, the relief at her deliverance so keen, that now she felt curiously weak, and she kept close to Dave, comforted by his nearness and secure in the knowledge of his strength.

Although he was unusually taciturn and rode with his chin upon his breast, she attributed his silence to fatigue. Now and then, therefore, she spurred to his side and spoke softly, caressingly. At such times he reached for her hand and clung to it.

Dave was indeed weary; he was, in fact, in a sort of stupor, and not infrequently he dozed for a moment or two in his saddle. Yet it was not this which stilled his tongue, but a growing sense of guilt and dismay at what he had brought upon himself. In a moment of weakness he had done the very thing against which he had fought so bitterly, and now he faced the consequences. How, when, where could he find strength to undo his action? he asked himself. The weight of this question bent his shoulders, paralyzed his wits.

Some two hours out from La Feria the riders halted at a point where the road dipped into a rocky stream bed; then, as the horses drank, Dolores voiced a thought that had troubled all of them.

"If that bandit really means to spare us, why did he send us away in the night, like this?" she asked. "I shall be surprised if we are not assassinated before morning."

"He must have meant it." Alaire spoke with a conviction she did not entirely feel. "Father O'Malley aroused the finer side of his nature."

"Perhaps," agreed the priest. "Somewhere in him there is a fear of God."

But Dave was skeptical. "More likely a fear of the Gringo Government," said he. "Longorio is a four-flusher. When he realized he was licked he tried to save his face by a grand-stand play. He didn't want to let us go."

"Then what is to prevent him from—well, from having us followed?" Alaire inquired.

"Nothing," Dave told her.

As they climbed the bank and rode onward into the night she said, "No matter what happens, dear, I shall be happy, for at last one of my dreams has come true." He reached out and patted her. "You've no idea what a coward I was until you came. But the moment I saw you all my fears vanished. I was like a lost child who suddenly sees her father; in your arms I felt perfectly safe, for the first time in all my life, I think. I—I couldn't bear to go on without you, after this."

Dave found nothing to say; they rode along side by side for a time in a great contentment that required no speech. Then Alaire asked:

"Dear, have you considered how we—are going to explain our marriage?"

"Won't the circumstances explain it?"

"Perhaps. And yet— It seems ages since I learned—what happened to Ed, but in reality it's only a few hours. Won't people talk?"

Dave caught at the suggestion. "I see. Then let's keep it secret for the present. I promise not to—act like a husband."

With a little reckless laugh she confessed, "I—I'm afraid I'll find it difficult to be conventional."

"My wife!" he cried in sharp agony. Leaning far out, he encircled her with his arm; then, half lifting her from her saddle, he crushed his lips to hers. It was his first display of emotion since Father O'Malley had united them.

There were few villages along the road they followed, and because of the lateness of the hour all were dark, hence the party passed through without exciting attention except from an occasional wakeful dog. But as morning came and the east began to glow Dave told the priest:

"We've got to hide out during the day or we'll get into trouble. Besides, these women must be getting hungry."

"I fear there is something feminine about me," confessed the little man. "I'm famished, too."

At the next rancho they came to they applied for shelter, but were denied; in fact, the owner cursed them so roundly for being Americans that they were glad to ride onward. A mile or two farther along they met a cart the driver of which refused to answer their greetings. As they passed out of his sight they saw that he had halted his lean oxen and was staring after them curiously. Later, when the sun was well up and the world had fully awakened, they descried a mounted man, evidently a cowboy, riding through the chaparral. He saw them, too, and came toward the road, but after a brief scrutiny he whirled his horse and galloped off through the cactus, shouting something over his shoulder.

"This won't do," O'Malley declared, uneasily. "I don't like the actions of these people. Let me appeal to the next person we meet. I can't believe they all hate us."

Soon they came to a rise in the road, and from the crest of this elevation beheld ahead of them a small village of white houses shining from the shelter of a grove. The rancheria was perhaps two miles away, and galloping toward it was the vaquero who had challenged them.

(CONTINUED TOMORROW)

HAT BETRAYS HER ASSAILANT

Negro Who Attacked Girl Found at Meeting Called by Fire Bell

MERCHANTVILLE, N. J., Nov. 16.—A negro who had attacked Miss Caroline Nelson on the Haddonfield road near here fled on the approach of a farmer who heard her cries, dropping his hat as he ran. An hour later Chief of Police Linderman rang the fire bell of Jordantown, a negro settlement, and when virtually every person in the place was gathered in the town hall the chief held up the hat and asked who was the owner.

A dozen men said that it looked like one that Albert Collins had been wearing. Collins was arrested, confessed he was guilty and Justice Craig committed him to jail. Later Miss Nelson identified him.

Miss Nelson, while not seriously hurt, received many scratches, and her throat was sore where the fingers of her assailant had caught her.

JERSEY WILL PROUDLY GIVE HOLIDAY CHEER

What, Asks Its Natives, Would Thanksgiving Be Without Cranberries or Christmas Wthout Holly?

BOTH A-PLENTY; MOSS, TOO

Thanksgiving, Christmas and weddings would not, could not be complete in this part of the country without contributions from New Jersey, according to natives of Burlington County, who have made a study of festive occasion needs. They say they find that no big wedding, Thanksgiving or Christmas celebration is complete without Jersey cheer.

In the first place what is Thanksgiving without cranberry sauce; in the second, what is Christmas without holly, and in the third, what is a church wedding without a lovely flower basket, with blossoms embedded in moss?

On these three products the Jersey investigator bases his assertions that "It's Jersey which makes the festive seasons roll."

Right now, hundreds of men and women are working in the cranberry bogs of New Jersey, picking tons of berries to be shipped to the four corners of the nation to deck the turkey tables on November 30. Turkey itself also comes from Jersey, but not in such enormous quantities as cranberries.

Twenty-five days after Thanksgiving festivities, Jersey products will again aid in bringing cheer to thousands of homes—for what is Christmas without a holly wreath or holly decorations?

Holly gatherers are already making the rounds of the woods in Burlington County, N. J., in an effort to locate the best trees from which to pluck their holly sprays. For weeks before the Christmas holidays they gather holly and make wreaths.

The moss business is not such a periodical one as the cranberry and holly. The moss gatherers, who ship tons of dried moss to the large florists in New York, Philadelphia and Atlantic City do a rushing business many months in the year.

The men go out into the woods, gather the moss and put it out to dry. It is then placed in great bundles, fastened together with boards, wrapped tight with wire or rope. It is necessary to dry the moss, for the bundles would weigh too much to be lifted if sent wet.

When the dried mosses arrive at their destination, they are taken out of the bundles and revived. In time they find their way into beautiful flower baskets for weddings, receptions and gala occasions.

"Truly we do furnish the Thanksgiving, Christmas and wedding joy and decorations for many, don't we?" said a resident of Chatsworth, down toward the pine regions, when talking of the products of the community and explaining that "persons there made considerable money, and that they had brains in spite of the fact that folks think everybody who lives in the piney region is feeble-minded."

PROPOSES MARRIAGE TO CONGRESSWOMAN

Lawyer Working as Cotton Picker Would Wed Miss Jeannette Rankin

BUTTE, Mont., Nov. 16.—Miss Jeannette Rankin, first woman elected to the National House of Representatives, today received her first proposal of marriage since her election.

Charles H. Williamson, of Oklahoma City, Okla., who says he is a lawyer but is now picking cotton at $2 a day because "the law business is not what it might be," is willing to marry Miss Rankin at once. He is frank with her, in that he says she is his second choice, although she is the first to whom he has offered marriage. He admired his first love from afar and waited to offer his hand until he could earn enough to buy a pair of shoes. In the meantime she eloped with a man of wealth, he says.

METHODISTS TO GIVE BANQUET

Bishops Will Dine Tonight at Bellevue-Stratford in Spite of Ruling Against Liquor

One of the largest banquets ever held by the Methodist Episcopal Social Union, with the entire Board of Bishops attending, will be given in the Bellevue-Stratford Hotel tonight.

Bishop Joseph F. Berry, together with other officials of the Social Union, do not believe, however, that the recent ruling of the Philadelphia-New Jersey ministers not to patronize any hotel where intoxicating liquors are sold will mar the occasion.

There will be five prominent speakers at the banquet.

Among those who will address the ministers will be Bishop William A. Quayle, of St. Louis; Bishop Thomas Nicholson, of Chicago; Bishop A. W. Leonard, of San Francisco; Bishop E. R. Hughes, of Boston, and Bishop Franklin Hamilton, of Pittsburgh. Alexander Simpson, Jr., will act as toastmaster.

LADY BECK DELIGHTS HORSE SHOW THRONG

First and Only Woman Tanbark Judge Has an "Awful Time" Picking New York Winners

PRANCERS GET PRIZES

NEW YORK, Nov. 16.—The Horse Show didn't really begin today until Lady Beck, wife of Sir Adam Beck, of London, Ont., and first and only woman horse show judge that the world has ever known, walked across the tanbark and took her place at the judges' stand. It never does.

With her beach basket hat clamped firmly on her head, her round, chubby face all smiles, note-pad in one hand and pencil in the other, Lady Beck appeared in the center of the big oval at 10:45 to give her verdict on eight prancing saddle horses.

A most particular judge is Lady Beck. No horse can give her the laugh. First she had them put through their paces 'round the rim of the bowl, carefully noting every point of walk, trot and canter. One by one she then lined them up before her and ran circles around them to see their fine points. She scooted in and out among the bony legs of the thoroughbreds like a brownie with an evil genie after it.

She had an "awful time" deciding between seventeen saddle horses in Class 90. She couldn't seem to choose between W. H. Rhodes's Radiant, ridden by a young woman who thoroughly lived up to her mount's name, and Buren Arnold, exhibited and ridden by Miss Anna A. Austen. Finally she gave it to the two Radiants.

FINE PONY DISPLAY

As for the horse show in general there never were so many hand-laundered horses together in one place in the world.

Take the pony classes. A pony class consists of two ladies and misses' size horses, 4½B on a double E last. These are attached to a two-quarter buggy, built on a wire frame and fitted with dropstitch wheels. Add one tall, thin man, who has collapsed on to his seat in sections, and there you have it.

After a while they turned loose a flock of glorified stage coaches equipped with four horses apiece and "all the harness in the world." Several times around having brought no excitement but the yelling of the crowd, a long-legged old man in short trousers leaned over and barked through his goatee to know when they were going to stage the robbery. Somebody told him the bandits had gone on strike for an eight-hour day and time and a half for overtime.

HACKNEYS ON VIEW.

They finally cut this act and brought on eleven hackneys and let them hack. Other two and four footed performers followed, and there was some show of interest in them, of course; but, after all, it's with horse shows as it is with afternoon teas—the horses and the tea are all right, but it's the color scheme that counts.

The color scheme of this horse show is red and white. The upper halves of the white grooms and boxes are trimmed in red. The only time you get a complete flag is when a blue policeman comes in and stands around.

The really maddening thing though is the red and green symphony at either end of the Garden. There they have thousands of red lights blinking behind a billowing curtain of evergreen branches. This is more than any man with three drinks and thirty minutes in a warm room can stand.

Society was there in force and furbelows. The boxes were filled with the latest in lingerie.

JOY OF ANTICIPATION FOR RABBIT HUNTERS

It Was the Only Kind Enjoyed by Tiogans Who Set Forth in Auto

Anticipation, said a sweet-souled philosopher who might have been a hunter, is more pleasurable than realization; and another, who might have been an automobilist, supplemented the idea with the observation that joy is coy and must be caught unawares. Either of them, at any rate, might have been inspired to the same sentiment had he seen a member of a party of prominent residents of Tioga who went to hunt rabbits and wind up the happy day with a farm barn dance near Newtown.

In the party were Mrs. August Fertig, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Bolling, Mr. and Mrs. George Waldman, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Campbell, Dr. and Mrs. Harry Cox, Mr. and Mrs. C. Kircher and Miss F. Kircher, Mrs. Joseph Welsh, Dr. and Mrs. Frank Nice, Mrs. Harold Nice and Miss Frances Nice and L. Kinsler.

Leaving Tioga at 10 o'clock yesterday morning, they had come within three miles of their destination, the farm of Joseph Nice, brother of Dr. Nice, at 7 o'clock last night. Nine inner tubes and two automobile shoes had been punctured and blown out on the trip and they could go no farther until August Fertig, a grain dealer of 2707 North Broad street, arrived with repairs. The party did not return to Tioga until 4 o'clock this morning because of the delay.

OIL TRADE MEN TO DINE

Federal and State Legislation to Be Special Topic at Association's Annual Banquet

Conditions of the oil trade will be discussed at the annual banquet tonight of the Oil Trade Association of Philadelphia, to be held at the Bellevue-Stratford. Oil men from all over the country have been invited as guests.

Federal and State legislation affecting the trade will be one of the subjects broachd in particular, the oil men desiring this nation to be prepared to compete with Rumanian and Russian products after the war. A pure oil bill will also be introduced in the next session of the Pennsylvania Legislature penalizing adulteration and substitution in oils.

Thomas G. Cooper is president of the Oil Trade Association and Charles E. Carpenter will be the toastmaster. Prominent oil men who will be guests of honor include Judge M. J. Byrne, of the Connecticut Oil Works, Waterbury, Conn.; E. E. Grant, of Chicago, secretary of the Independent Oil Men's Association of the United States; Captain U. G. Lyons, of Warren, Pa., a leader among oil producers of the Pennsylvania fields; J. W. Williams, Gulf Refining Company; E. E. Allen, of the Conpianier Refining Company, Warren, Pa., and F. E. Van Tilburg, a leader in the oil industry in the Northwest, who hails from Minneapolis.

TURKEY KING DIED INSOLVENT

Disclosed by Adit of Hatfield Man's Estate at Norristown

NORRISTOWN, Pa., Nov. 16.—Joseph B. Anders, of Hatfield, known as the "Turkey King," died insolvent. This was disclosed at an audit of his estate in the Orphans' Court here, when the widow made a claim for $2500, representing principal and interest of about $1200 received at various times by Mrs. Anders by inheritance and turned over to her husband.

The widow filed a paper asserting that all the general creditors should be paid in full in preference to herself, and she agreed to take in cash outside bondholders' assets of the estate.