JUST GOSSIP ABOUT PEOPLE

Charity Ball Preparations Go on Apace—37th Annual Affair Held December 7—Sale Takes Place at Home of Mr. and Mrs. Horwitz

AS TIME goes on rehearsals for the Charity Ball feature grow more frequent. Really, it's quite strenuous these days to be in society. It really means work! Time was when the little deb and her older sister would lie abed in the morning until 12 and 1 o'clock to get over the fatigue of dancing the night before; but now she must be up and down by 10 or 11 o'clock at the Walton practicing for Old King Cole, or at the Bellevue trying out the intricate steps for the Flower Princess, or down at the land's end of Arch street being fitted for some extraordinary garments in which to delight the eye of the beholder at all the charity affairs of the season.

Charlie Morgan is busily training in his dancers for Old King Cole and Alfred Barton just as busy looking after his for the Princess.

I heard some of the names of those who are to take part in the various groups representing beneficiaries of the Charity Ball (just think, it's the thirty-seventh annual!) and I believe we shall see some very fine dancing.

In the set representing the Jefferson Hospital, which is to be chaperoned by Mrs. R. Emott Hare, will be Mr. and Mrs. Adrien Koiff, Mr. and Mrs. Spencer Miller, 3d, Marion Butler, Peggy Perot, Mary Scull, Genevieve Gibbs, Katharine Cooper, Lois Jackson, Olivia Gazzam, Corinne Freeman, Jean Jackson, Natalie Barnes, Isabel Page, Katharine Putnam, Barbara Boyd, Elizabeth Brinton, Elizabeth Saucker, Alfred Barton, Donald Leak, Sydney Sherwood, Robert Wigton, Jay Miller, George Harrington, John Heyl, John H. Carter, Forrester Scott and William Layton.

Photo by Marceau.

MRS. MAX YOUNG, JR.

Mrs. Young was Miss Edna Steppacher. Her marriage to Mr. Young took place last Tuesday

The set representing the Babies' Hospital, managed by Mrs. William G. Warden, will consist of Elsa Reath, Sarah Nelson, Pauline Denckla, Gainor Baird, Jean Thompson, Virginia Roberts, Mary Denckla, Jean Lillie, Theodora Lillie, Edith Earle, Elizabeth Wister, Gertrude Pancoast, Sarah Franklin, Valentine Mitchell, Elizabeth Wheeler, Mildred Longstreth, Charlotte Brown, Agnes Brockie and Ethel Huhn. The men will be Bryce Blynn, Jack Carpenter, William Hopkins, Philler Lee, Warden McLean, Westley Greenwood, Howard Roland, Curtis Allen, Albert Kennedy, Jr., Kenneth Kennedy, Tom Reath, William Adamson, Tevis Huhn, Jack Potter, Norris S. Barratt, Jr., and Sam Bispham, Jr.

Representing the Polyclinic Hospital, in charge of Mrs. Herbert Lincoln Clark, will be Edith Baily, Martha Bent, Eugenia Cassatt, Dorothy Disston, Hatty Cevelin, Elise Hopkins, Cecile Howell, Eugenia Law, Cornelia Leidy, Salvadora Meade, Angela Nalle, Katharine Thompson, Hannah Randolph, Gay Tilghman, Fanny Morris Waln and Kitty Brinton. Also in this set are Mrs. Charles Bradford Fraley, Mrs. Edward H. Le Boutillier, Mrs. Arthur Newbold, Jr., Mrs. Joseph Page, 3d, Mrs. Sumner Rulon-Miller, Mrs. Harry Thayer and Mrs. Kent Willing.

The other two sets, the University Hospital, in charge of Mrs. John K. Mitchell, M. and the Visiting Nurse Society, managed by Miss Mary Robert Coles, are not yet complete. The University Hospital set will be especially gay, representing Captain Kidds and paquitas out of "Treasure Island." The "Arabian Nights" will be portrayed by the visiting nurse group, and unusual costumes will be possible here also, the men as Aladdins and the girls in Oriental effects.

In the Jefferson Hospital group, in addition to the members who will represent Old King Cole, his pipe bearer, fiddlers and bowl bearers, the dancers will be Cinderellas and the men Prince Charmings. In the Polyclinic Hospital set, which will represent "Toyland," the men will be toy soldiers and the girls dolls. The Babies' Hospital group will be columbines and harlequins.

Faithful attention to detail of costume and color, following Maxfield Parrish's wonderful illustration of Old King Cole, ought to make a very gorgeous and interesting spectacle.

Ellen Newhall and Florance Meade are certainly two enterprising young girls. They have been sewing like mad and are going to have a three days' sale at the home of Mrs. George Quintard Howitz, on the 22d, 23d and 24th of this month. There will be all kinds of fancy articles—sweaters, waists and underclothes. The latter, I am told, look good enough to eat. I'm also told if some of the stronger sex put in an appearance they are bound to come away sans pocketbook and sans eyes! Ellen and Florance have hosts of friends, and I am sure the sale will be a great success. NANCY WYNNE.

Personals

Mr. and Mrs. Richarld Waln Meirs have issued invitations for a ball, to be given on Wednesday, December 15, in the ballroom at the Bellevue-Stratford.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph A. Janney, Jr., of Chestnut Hill, took a party of ten guests to the Yale-Princeton football game on Saturday by motor. The guests included Miss Mary Brooke, Miss Eleanor Noble, Miss Alice Janney, Miss Meta Janney, Mr. Webster Dougherty, Mr. Daniel Dougherty, Mr. Roy Stewart and Mr. Roy Ogden. They returned to the Janney home for dinner and informal dancing.

Among others who attended the game were Mr. and Mrs. Charles A. Munn, who motored up; Mr. and Mrs. George W. Elkins, Mrs. William McLean, Mr. and Mrs. Charles A. Potter, Jr., Mr. and Mrs. Adrian Koiff, and Mr. and Mrs. John C. Gilbert.

Mr. and Mrs. John K. Strubing, of Chestnut Hill, took with them Mrs. Arthur C. Colahan and Mr. Frank Phelps to the game. They were joined by Mr. and Mrs. Charles Porter and Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Kennedy, all of whom dined at the Philadelphia Cricket Club upon their return. Mr. and Mrs. John H. Mason motored up, accompanied by Miss Agnes Brockie. Another motor party on Saturday included Mr. and Mrs. James Pequignot, Miss Helen Bell, Miss Nellie Taylor and Mr. Herbert Bell.

Mr. and Mrs. Stanley Pearson and Mr. and Mrs. Henry Keller Kurtz also attended the game.

Another party included Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Simonin, Miss Kathleen McDonough and Miss Agnes McDonough.

Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Henry, Jr., were also among the spectators.

Miss Ernestine Goodman and Miss Mary Appleton will attend the Army and Navy football game on Saturday.

Miss Sue Nice has issued invitations for a luncheon on Saturday, December 9, at the Huntingdon Valley Country Club, in honor of her sister, Miss Katherine Nice.

Mr. and Mrs. William Coleman Freeman, who have been occupying their summer home at Cornwells, Pa., will open their town house, 234 South Twenty-second street, today.

Miss Fanny Morris Waln will move into town today and will spend the winter at 1431 Spruce street. Miss Waln will be chaperoned by Miss Lelia Plater.

Miss Heloise M. Halsey will go on Saturday to Florida to spend the winter with friends.

Mrs. William Rotch Wister and Miss Fanny Wister are spending a week at Atlantic City.

Mrs. Walter Massey entertained at luncheon followed by bridge at her home Saturday at Torresdale.

Mrs. H. Evan Taylor, of 2205 Pine street, has returned from a short stay in Maryland.

Dr. and Mrs. Joseph Seal Neff will entertain at the theater, followed by supper at the Bellevue-Stratford, on Saturday, November 18, for Miss Gladys Wells, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin G. Wells. The guests will be Miss Florence Freeman Brinton, Miss Katherine C. Lea, Miss Katherine Gilbert, Miss Marie Louise Faries, Miss Janet Jackson, Miss Harriet Benedict, of Ardmore, Pa., Mr. Isaac H. Davis, Jr., Mr. Francis McLean, Mr. Clayton McIlroy, Jr., Mr. J. M. Ludlow Wray, Mr. C. Alexander Wray, Jr., Mr. John V. Hastings, Jr., and Mr. Clarence P. Freeman.

Miss Betty Brown, of West Tioga street, motored to Princeton on Saturday with a party of friends to attend the Yale-Princeton football game.

The Good Fellows' Club, of West Philadelphia, will give its fourth annual dance at I. O. R. M. Hall, 223 South Sixtieth street, on Thanksgiving evening.

Mrs. Edward Troth, of 3118 West Penn street, Germantown, has gone to New York to visit friends for several days.

Mrs. Frank E. Bland, of Logan, is the guest of Miss Mabel Catherine Linton, of Washington, D. C.

Mrs. Francis Ellis MacGrath and Miss Miriam Partridge have issued cards for a series of dances in the Junior Cotillion room of the Bellevue-Stratford on the following evenings: Monday, December 4; Tuesday, December 26; Monday, January 29; Monday, February 19, and Monday, April 9.

Mr. and Mrs. Stuart McDowell, of West School House lane, Germantown, have gone to Houston, Tex., to remain permanently.

Mrs. Emma Haeberle announces the marriage of her daughter, Miss Katharine Caroline Haeberle, to Mr. William Matthew Pye, on Saturday. Mr. and Mrs. Pye will be at home after January 3 at 6319 Ross street, Germantown.

Mrs. Edward McGinley will continue her series of talks on "Current Events" at the Twentieth Century Club, of Lansdowne, tomorrow afternoon. Mrs. William A. McEwen, chairman of club classes, will have the meeting in charge. Mrs. Samuel L. Kent will be the hostess for the club's moving pictures at the clubhouse this evening.

A fair for the benefit of the Western Home for Poor Children will be given, under the auspices of the Auxiliary, at 2010 Walnut street, on Tuesday, November 28, from 11 until 6 o'clock. Tea will be served in the afternoon.

Weddings

HIRST—REDHEFFER

An interesting wedding took place on Saturday evening at 6:30 o'clock, when Miss Elizabeth Graham Redheffer, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John C. Redheffer, became the bride of Mr. Charles Edgar Hirst. The ceremony, which took place in the Swarthmore Presbyterian Church, was performed by the Rev. William Redheffer, of New Haven, Conn., an uncle of the bride, assisted by the Rev. Dr. John E. Tuttle, pastor of the church.

The bride wore an exquisite gown of white satin with a court train and a tulle veil. She was attended by Miss Grace Redheffer as maid of honor and her bridesmaids were Miss Susanne Redheffer, Miss Dorothy Redheffer, Miss Josephine Turner and Miss Elizabeth Kennedy. The maid of honor wore blue taffeta, while the bridesmaids' gowns were of pink satin. Miss Eleanor Hirst and Miss Elizabeth Hirst, the small nieces of the bridegroom, were flower girls.

Mr. William Ambrose Hirst acted as best man, and the ushers were Mr. Clarence Redheffer, Mr. George Redheffer, Mr. Wilbur Cross, Mr. Louis Bremer, Mr. Charles Thompson and Mr. Julius Keppler.

A reception at the home of the bride's parents, 2 Cleveland avenue, Morton, followed the ceremony.

Mr. and Mrs. Hirst will be at home after January 1 in Swarthmore.

SUFFRAGIST SPECIAL BLAMED FOR DEFEAT

California Women Didn't Like Plan to Influence Vote, Congressmen Say

WASHINGTON, Nov. 20.—Senators and Representatives returning to Washington for the session of Congress are exchanging views as to the causes that led to the Democratic victory in the election of November 7. None of them overlooks the fact that the ultimate result hung by a hair. "A horse race" is the common descriptive reference to the contest between Woodrow Wilson and Charles E. Hughes, and it is a general opinion that the winner won by a nose in the struggle for electoral votes.

Was there any particular circumstance that changed in Mr. Wilson's favor something more than 2000 votes, a ridiculously small number in an electorate of nearly 1,000,000? Some of the Senators and Representatives now here have agreed, according to what they say, that considerably more than 1900 votes were switched from Hughes to Wilson by the resentment felt by California women over the activities of certain eastern women suffragists who toured California in Mr. Hughes's behalf.

If these political students have "sized up" the situation correctly, the presidency was lost to Mr. Hughes because many California women were incensed over what they regarded as the effort of a coterie of their sisters from the East to tell them how they should bestow their suffrages.

Not only in California, but in other parts of the western country, did the "Golden Special" have the reverse effect of that intended, if returning politicians have gauged the situation correctly. Stories were circulated that tended to place the campaigning suffragists in a ridiculous light. It was said that in one city they complained that their car had not been filled with candy and flowers, as in other places.

SEND EUROPEAN GIFTS NOW

Postmaster Advises Hurrying Money Orders and Merchandise

Send your Christmas foreign money orders early.

"We expect considerable delay," said Postmaster John A. Thornton this morning, "in the transmission of mail matter to European countries during the Christmas season this year, due to the war and the strict censorship among the warring nations."

"Germany and Great Britain," he continued, "are about the only countries with which a money-order business can be done. International money orders to Norway, Sweden and Holland are limited to $100 a week from one person. None at all can be sent to Austria, Belgium, Portugal, Turkey and the Balkans.

"The best advice we can give is to mail your Christmas gifts to foreign countries before December 1. You can in this manner avoid a great deal of trouble at least."

CRICKET EXPERT MARRIES

Harold A. Furness Makes South Dakota Girl His Bride

Announcement has been made of the marriage today of Miss Charlotte Olander, of Aberdeen, South Dakota, and Harold A. Furness, of Moorestown, N. J., one of the best-known of American cricket players. The ceremony was performed in Aberdeen.

Mr. Furness's name is well known in athletics in Philadelphia, while in cricket he has attained almost an international reputation. He was captain of the Haverford team which went to England in 1910, and was pronounced its best batsman.

What cricketers term his most remarkable feat was accomplished when he made a "great century" or 100-score, while playing at the Manheim Cricket Club against the Australian team, which was making a tour of the world. Members of that team said it was the best and most scientific score made against them during their whole tour.

FOR SUGAR CARDS IN PARIS

Subcommittee Reports Favorably on System in Force in Suburb

PARIS, Nov. 20.—A subcommittee of the sugar distribution committee has reported in favor of sugar cards.

The card system has already been adopted in the Paris suburb of Neuilly in order to prevent hoarding.

What's Doing Tonight

Milk commission meets, Chamber of Commerce.

Christian Endeavor rally, Mutchmore Presbyterian Church, Eighteenth street and Montgomery avenue.

Lecture, "Latin Civilization," by Arthur Stanley Riggs, Witherspoon Hall.

Apollo Glee Club, Estey Hall.

Hose and Laddermen's Association meets to discuss firemen's pay and hours of duty, Veteran Firemen's Association Hall, Tenth street above Brown.

THE VACANT WORLD

By GEORGE ALLAN ENGLAND

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THE STORY THUS FAR

Beatrice Kendrick, a stenographer, slowly regains consciousness and opens her eyes upon a scene of utter devastation and ruin. The office in the Metropolitan Building, New York, where she had sat at the typewriter when she suddenly fell asleep, is now nothing but ruin. Only superstructure, brick walls and floors and piles of dust and powdered wreckage remain. Beatrice's hair reaches to her ankles.

Allan Stern, her employer, one of the city's greatest engineers in the undetermined past, comes to life also in his laboratory. At each movement more of his decomposed clothing falls. He has a great shock of hair and long beard.

When Beatrice and Allan fully recover their senses they make a hasty survey of their situation. The entire city is a great forest, with wrecks of skyscrapers protruding above the trees. Everything is dead. They are the only human beings alive.

CHAPTER IV—Continued

"SEE the Flatiron Building over there!" said she. "What a hideous wreck!"

From Stern she took the telescope, adjusted it and gazed minutely at the shattered pile of stone and metal.

Blotched as with leprosy stood the walls, whence many hundreds of blocks had fallen into Broadway forming a vast moraine that for some distance choked that thoroughfare.

In numberless places the steel frame peered through. The whole roof had caved in, crushing down the upper stories, of which only a few sparse upstanding metal beams remained.

The girl's gaze was directed at a certain spot which she knew well.

"Oh, I can even see—into some of the offices on the eighteenth floor!" cried she. "There, look!" And she pointed. "That one near the front! I—I used to know——"

She broke short off. In her trembling hands the telescope sank. Stern saw that she was very pale.

"Take me down!" she whispered. "I can't stand it any longer—I can't possibly! The sight of that wrecked office! Let's go down where I can't see that!"

Gently, as though she had been a frightened child, Stern led her round the platform to the doorway, then down the crumbling stairs and so to the wreckage and dust-strewn confusion of what had been his office.

And there, his hand upon her shoulder, he bade her still be of good courage.

"Listen, now, Beatrice," said he. "Let's try to reason this thing out together; let's try to solve this problem like two intelligent human beings.

"Just what's happened we don't know; we can't know yet a while, till I investigate. We don't even know what year this is.

"Don't know whether anybody else is still alive, anywhere in the world. But we can find out—after we've made provision for the immediate present and formed some rational plan of life.

"If all the rest are gone, swept away, wiped out clean like figures on a slate, then why we should have happened to survive whatever it was that struck the earth is still a riddle far beyond our comprehension."

He raised her face to his, noble despite all its grotesque disfigurements; he looked into her eyes as though to read the very soul of her, to judge whether she could share this fight, could brave this coming struggle.

"All these things may yet be answered. Once I get the proper data for this series of phenomena I can find the solution, never fear!

"Some vast world-duty may be ours, far greater, infinitely more vital than anything that either of us has ever dreamed. It's not our place, now, to mourn or fear! Rather it is to read this mystery, to meet it and to conquer!"

Through her tears the girl smiled up at him, trustingly, confidingly. And in the last declining rays of the sun that glinted through the window pane her eyes were very beautiful.

CHAPTER V

Exploration

CAME now the evening, as they sat and talked together, talked long and earnestly, there within that ruined place. Too eager for some knowledge of the truth, they, to feel hunger or to think of their lack of clothing.

Chairs they had none, nor even so much as a broom to clean the floor with. But Stern, first-off, had wrenched a marble slab from the stairway.

And with this plank of stone still strong enough to serve, he had scraped all one corner of the office floor free of rubbish. This gave them a preliminary camping place wherein to take their bearings and discuss what must be done.

"So then," the engineer was saying as the dusk grew deeper, "so then, we'll apparently have to make this building our headquarters for a while.

"As nearly as I can figure, this is about what must have happened. Some sudden, deadly, numbing plague or cataclysm must have struck the earth, long, long ago.

"It may have been an almost instantaneous onset of some new and highly fatal micro-organism, propagating with such marvelous rapidity that it swept the world clean in a day—doing its work before any resistance could be organized or thought of.

"Again, some poisonous gas may have developed, either from a fissure in the earth's crust, or otherwise. Other hypotheses are possible, but of what practical value are they now?

"We only know that here, in this uppermost office of the Tower, you and I have somehow escaped with only a long period of completely suspended animation. How long? God alone knows! That's a query I can't even guess the answer to as yet."

"Well, to judge by all the changes," Beatrice suggested thoughtfully, "it can't have been less than a hundred years. Great heavens!" and she burst into a little satiric laugh. "Am I a hundred and twenty-four years old? Think of that!"

"You underestimate," Stern answered. "But no matter about the time question for the present; we can't solve it now.

"Neither can we solve the other problem about Europe and Asia and all the rest of the world. Whether London, Paris, Berlin, Rome, and every other city, every other land, have shared this fate, we simply don't know.

"All we can have is a feeling of strong probability that life, human life I mean, is everywhere extinct—save right here in this room!

"Otherwise, don't you see, men would have made their way back here again, back to New York, where all these incalculable treasures seem to have perished, and——"

He broke short off. Again, far off, they heard a faint re-echoing roar. For a moment they both sat speechless. What could it be? Some distant wall toppling down? A hungry beast scenting its prey? They could not tell. But Stern smiled.

"I guess," he said, "guns will be about the first thing I'll look for, after food. There ought to be good hunting down in the jungles of Fifth avenue and Broadway!

"You shoot, of course? No? Well, I'll soon teach you. Lots of things both of us have got to learn now. No end of them!"

He rose from his place on the floor, went over to the window and stood for a minute peering out into the gloom. Then suddenly he turned.

"What's the matter with me, anyhow?" he exclaimed with irritation. "What right have I to be staying here, theorizing, when there's work to do? I ought to be busy this very minute!

"In some way or other I've got to find food, clothing, tools, arms—a thousand things. And above all, water! And here I've been speculating about the past, fool that I am!"

"You—you aren't going to leave me—not tonight?" faltered the girl.

Stern seemed not to have heard her, so strong the imperative of action lay upon him now. He began to pace the floor, sliding and stumbling through the rubbish, a singular figure in his tatters and with his patriarchal hair and beard, a figure dimly seen by the faint light that still gloomed through the window.

"In all that wreckage down below," said he, as though half to himself, "in all that vast congeries of ruin which once was called New York, surely enough must still remain intact for our small needs. Enough till we reach the land, the country, and raise food of our own!"

"Don't go now!" pleaded Beatrice. She, too, stood up, and out she stretched her hands to him. "Don't, please! We can get along some way or other till morning. At least, I can!"

"No, no, it isn't right! Down in the shops and stores, who knows but we might find—"

"But you're unarmed! And in the streets—in the forest rather—"

"Listen!" he commanded rather abruptly. "This is no time for hesitating or for weakness. I know you'll stand your share of all that we must suffer, dare and do together.

"Some way or other I've got to make you comfortable. I've got to locate food and drink immediately. Got to get my bearings. Why, do you think I'm going to let you, even for one night, go fasting and thirsty, sleep on bare cement and all that sort of thing?

"If so, you're mistaken! No, you must spare me for an hour or two. Inside of that time I ought to make a beginning!"

"A whole hour?"

"Two would probably be nearer it. I promise to be back inside of that time."

"But," and her voice quivered just a trifle, "but suppose some wolf or bear—"

"Oh, I'm not quite so foolhardy as all that!" he retorted. "I'm not going to venture outside till tomorrow. My idea is that I can find at least a few essentials right here in this building.

"It's a city in itself—or was. Offices, stores, shops, everything right here together in a lump! It can't possibly take me very long to go down and rummage out something for your comfort.

"Now that the first shock and surprise of our awakening are over, we can't go on in this way, you know—h'm!—dressed in—well, such exceedingly primitive garb!"

Silently she looked at his slim figure in the dusk. Then she stretched out her hand.

"I'll go too," said she quite simply.

"You'd better stay. It's safer here."

"No, I'm going."

"But if we run into dangers?"

"Never mind. Take me with you."

Over to her he came. He took her hand. In silence he pressed it. Thus for a moment they stood. Then, arousing himself to action, he said: "First of all, a light."

"A light? How can you make a light? Why, there isn't a match left anywhere in this whole world."

"I know, but there are other things. Probably my chemical flasks and vials aren't injured. Glass is virtually imperishable. And, if I'm not mistaken, the bottles must be lying somewhere in that rubbish heap over by the window."

He left her wondering, and knelt among the litter. For a while he silently delved through the triturated bits of punky wood and rust-red metal that now represented the remains of his chemical cabinet.

All at once he exclaimed: "Here's one! And here's another! This certainly is luck! H-m! Shouldn't wonder if I got almost all of them back."

One by one he found a score of thick, ground-glass vials. Some were broken, probably by the shock when they and the cabinet had fallen, but a good many still remained intact.

Among these were the two essential ones. By the last dim ghost of light through the window, and by the sense of touch, Stern was able to make out the engraved symbols "P" and "S" on these bottles.

"Phosphorus and sulphur," he commented. "Well, what more could I reasonably ask? Here's alcohol, too, hermetically sealed. Not too bad, eh?"

While the girl watched, with wondering admiration, Stern thought hard a moment. Then he set to work.

First he took a piece of the corroded metal framework of the cabinet, a steel strip about eighteen inches long, frail in places, but still sufficiently strong to serve his purpose.

Tearing off some rags from his coat sleeve, he wadded them together into a ball as big as his fist. Around this ball he twisted the metal strip, so that it formed at once a holder and a handle for the rag mass.

With considerable difficulty he worked the glass stopper out of the alcohol bottle, and with the fluid saturated the rags. Then, on a clear bit of the floor, he spilled out a small quantity of the phosphorus and sulphur.

"This beats getting fire by friction all hollow," he cheerfully remarked. "I've tried that, too, and I guess it's only in books a white man ever succeeds at it. But this way, you see, it's simplicity itself."

Very moderate friction, with a bit of wood from the wreckage of the door, sufficed to set the phosphorus ablaze. Stern heaped on a few tiny lumps of sulphur. Then, coughing as the acrid fumes arose from the sputter of blue flame, he applied the alcohol-soaked torch.

Instantly a puff of fire shot up, colorless and clear, throwing no very satisfactory light, yet capable of dispelling the thickest of the gloom.

The blaze showed Stern's eager face, long-bearded and dusty, as he bent over this crucial experiment.

The girl, watching closely, felt a strange new thrill of confidence and solace. Some realization of the engineer's resourcefulness came to her, and in her heart she had confidence that, though the whole wide world had crumbled into ruin, yet he would find a way to smooth her path, to be a strength and refuge for her.

But Stern had no time for any but matters of intensest practicality. From the floor he arose, holding the flambeau in one hand, the bottle of alcohol in the other.

"Come now," bade he, and raised the torch on high to light her way. "You're still determined to go?"

For an answer she nodded. Her eyes gleamed by the uncanny light.

And so, together, he leading out of the room and along the wrecked hall, they started on their trip of exploration out into the unknown.

(CONTINUED TOMORROW)

The concluding installment of "Heart of the Sunset" appears on Page 17.

They started on their trip of exploration out into the unknown.

AN EXCEPTION

"She's fond of every kind of animal, isn't she?"
"I don't think she cares much for her husband."

HOW TO AVOID THAT GROUCH ON MONDAY

Don't Overeat and Underexercise Over the Week-End, Says Doctor Dixon

HARRISBURG, Pa., Nov. 20.—How to get rid of the Monday grouch is the theme of State Health Commissioner Dixon's weekly "little talk on health and hygiene." His tip is to make Sunday a day of rest, neither overexercising, or overeating and underexercising. He says:

"Is it a habit of yours to get out of bed on the wrong foot on Monday morning? Do you start for the office with a frown on your face and a look in your eye that sets the office boy hunting for an errand outside and starts the whole force with a grouch that lasts for the better part of the day?

"Salesmen who make use of psychology in their business are very apt to postpone their Monday calls until after lunch. By that time the atmosphere has cleared a little.

"When you come to think of it the week's work too often slips off the ways with considerable friction. In office, school and household, if this is not the rule it is of sufficiently frequent occurrence to make the picture familiar to all.

"With many people it is not because their daily tasks are distasteful, or that their real attitude toward their associates is aggressive, it is more a matter of rather ill-conceived ideas of what constitutes rest or diversion.

"It isn't possible in a few words to describe the Saturday-until-Monday habits of every one. The majority of people, however, are very apt to fall into two general divisions. One class tries to crowd too much into the time between one week's end and the beginning of the next week's labor, and take up their business on Monday morning exhausted and overtired instead of refreshed by the 'day of rest.' The other class goes to extremes by overeating and underexercising, and the result is equally unhappy.

"Try to strike a happy medium. Remember that the cheerfulness which almost invariably begets its like is well nigh impossible to one who is fagged out or dulled by overeating."

PLANS INCREASE IN FEES

Controller Walton Wants to Raise Charges on Issuance of Public Documents by City's Departments

Increases that can be made in present charges to the public for services rendered by city and county departments will be pointed out to the members of Councils' Finance Committee today by Controller Walton, who believes that the city's revenues in years to come can be materially increased by the changes he has in mind. The discussion is planned with a view to cutting down the $1,779,758 shortage in revenues for 1917, exclusive of the $1,000,000 additional that will have to be found if the Mayor awards street cleaning and garbage removal contracts at the prices asked by Senator Edwin H. Vare and other contractors.

As a part of Controller Walton's campaign for increases in the fee system, clerks having charge of permits, licenses, etc., for which charges are made will appear before the councilmanic financiers and will give their present rate of charges together with their views on possible increases. The Controller in a recent report to Councils declared that a million of dollars had been added to the revenues by a revision of the fee system, and while members of the Finance Committee are inclined to doubt this possibility, they will go thoroughly into the plan of revising upward all charges to the public. With this end in view, clerks attached to Recorder of Deeds Haslett's office will be examined, as will also be clerks attached to the Mayor's department and other bureaus issuing documents to the general public.

When the members of the Finance Committee met for a final revision of revenues and expenditures the budget for 1917 totaled $35,943,115, as compared with revenues received at the present tax rate of $1 of $34,163,357. Dependent upon the result of today's session will be the tax rate that will be finally decided upon before the session of Councils scheduled for Thursday of this week.

TODAY'S MARRIAGE LICENSES

James J. McMenamin, 2517 Hamilton st., and Margaret A. Mellon, 1519 Mellon st.
Charles J. Jones, 836 N. 19th st., and Bertha Langton, 1824 Fairmount ave.
Max Sher, 215 Fernon st., and Lena Korsonsky, 509 Tasker st.
Louis Simmons, 1618 South st., and Virginia Driver, 2118 Hamilton st.
Harry P. Gatter, 505 W. Thompson st., and Grace M. Dietz, 149 E. Duval st.
Thomas Gallagher, 3779 Cresson st., and Margaret Gray, 4809 Ogle st.
Fredus P. Cleaver, Chestnut Hill, and Laura D. Hergesheimer, Chestnut Hill.
Andrew H. Lawson, 818 Capitol st., and Elisa J. Durrwachter, 2075 Martha st.
Eugene F. Ruck, 3458 Kelm st., and Loretta M. Siegel, 3458 Kelm st.
Marino Vognone, 1209 S. 7th st., and Ida Alessandrini, 1415 S. 9th st.
Morris Adelman, 618 Green st., and Bertha Kamerling, 818 N. 7th st.
Frank Marciante, 726 Wharton st., and Mary Martino, 709 S. 10th st.
Charles J. Dowds, 1222 Crease st., and Erma S. Smith, 2335 S. 13th st.
Lewis B. Rosenberg, Baltimore, and Matilda A. Fleisher, 2302 Green st.
Harry Sternberg, 2630 S. Percy st., and Henrietta Handel, 1508 E. Moyamensing ave.
Frederick C. Trefz, Paulsboro, N. J., and Anna M. Hardy, 5650 Tackawanna st.
Max Coelin, 1229 S. 21st st., and Leah Schlechter, 1752 N. 31st st.
Harry J. Hoff, 2343 N. 15th st., and Jennie Fulton, 2239 Dickinson st.
Daniel O'Keefe, 1947 N. American st., and Ellen Mulholland, 1805 Blair st.
Abraham Brodsky, 432 W. Ontario st., and Pauline Brodsky, 525 S. 6th st.
James M. Byrne, Bryn Mawr, Pa., and Anna M. Soper, Bryn Mawr, Pa.
Joseph Frye, 610 Holly st., and Bertha Sears, 825 N. 31st st.
Julius Levin, 511 S. 2d st., and Esther Wagner, 1388 Hilton ave.
Walter B. Reich, 122 N. 19th st., and Margaret P. Brownback, Duffryn Mawr, Pa.
Frank C. Martin, 432 W. Norris st., and Katherine Eamer, 3126 N. 7th st.
Lewis Justis, 4915 Paschall ave., and Margaret Maguire, 5653 Westminster ave.