

# JUST GOSSIP ABOUT PEOPLE

First Singing of "Prince Igor" in This City Draws Large Number of Fashionables—"Flight of Fancy" at Bellevue

ONE might think that the opening of the Metropolitan opera season last night, coming as it did just one short week after the Boston Opera Company, would be sort of an anti-climax, but not so. Society—with a capital S—O-C-C-I and all the rest of it—gathered in great numbers on the grand tier during the intermission following the second act, as usual, and the chatter of excited debutantes mingled with the more subdued tones of the older fashionable folk.

A number of box parties were given for these little deb, among them a party for the Arthur Newbolds for Dorothy, who, in an exquisitely stylish frock of deep blue and silver fabric, was the center of an admiring group.

The Stotesbury box, as usual, was surrounded, the gracious hostess looking particularly charming in a gown of deep plum velvet, with a long paneled train.

The stunning Laura Biddle, one of another group on the tier, was regal in a gown of silver cloth, with bodice—what there was of it—of flimsy tulle, with a crimson rose tucked in at the front.

I was rather amused on glancing up between the acts to see a rather widely known matron hanging over the edge of the box gazing down into the "pit" with quite as much curiosity as if she were a gallery goer. Doubtless she was hunting for some particular acquaintance.

But to return to the debutantes—Nancy Cook was another one to be entertained. Her parents, the Gustavus Wynne Cooks, had Patty Borie, Mary Brooke, Alice Randall, Edgar Baird and Walter Freeman in their box.

The Samuel Houstons entertained several guests in their box. Among them were Dr. and Mrs. George Woodward, Miss Louise Davis, Miss Charlotte Brown, Mr. Edward Randall and Mr. Winant Johnson.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles A. Potter entertained Miss Frances Hibben, of New York; Mr. and Mrs. Charles A. Potter, Jr.; Mr. Daniel Donovan and Mr. Westcott Bailey in their box.

A musical melange entitled "Flight of Fancy," which has been cleverly written by Charles Leon Downing, former Mack and Wig star, will be produced on December 19 and 20 in the ballroom of the Bellevue-Stratford for the benefit of the Northern Home for Friendless Children.

The story deals with a man and girl who, having just become engaged, are vowing eternal love, etc. Among other things, the man tells his sweetheart that he would bring everything of beauty and greatness from various parts of the earth to her feet, whereupon the curtain is drawn and in the first act one beholds an Oriental scene, where girls and men in sash and garb will dance.

The girls' costumes will represent various perfumes or sweet odors, and the men's attire will be that of Oriental gardeners. There will be Japanese and Hawaiian scenes also, with dances especially arranged. Holland girls, with costumes representing tulips, will dance with stately Dutch gardeners. Italy will give her share of beauty to the favored prospective bride in the shape of fans that will prove to be pretty girls dressed in pink tulle. The men in this chorus will wear artists' costumes.

Of course, the play would not be complete without a skating chorus, so if you saw "Hip! Hip! Hooryay!" you will recognize in certain group of young women "Charlotte" dressed in wonderful white skating costumes and dancing all the wonderful steps that "Charlotte" herself did on skates. There will be an English hunting scene and a Russian dance, not to speak of a bit of Ireland thrown in.

NANCY WYNNE.

**Personals**

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph B. McCall, of 4201 Walnut street, have issued invitations for a dance to be given at Asher's on the evening of January 4, at 8 o'clock, in honor of their daughter, Miss Lenore B. McCall.

Mr. and Mrs. Ellis Jackson will formally present their daughter, Miss Lola Loring Jackson, at a dance this afternoon from 7 until 9 o'clock at their home, 1521 Pine street. Among those who will receive with Miss Jackson will be Miss Elizabeth Ballou Hallway, of Louisville, Ky. The debutantes will wear an attractive gown of white satin trimmed with silver lace.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward T. Flood, of Germantown, gave a dance last night to announce the engagement of their daughter, Miss Edna Annette Flood, to Mr. A. Fredrick Leopold, son of the Rev. William Leopold and Mrs. Leopold, formerly of this city.

Miss Flood made her debut at a dance given at the Philadelphia Cricket Club two years ago.

Mr. Leopold is a graduate of the University of Pennsylvania, class of 1915, and a member of the Phi Gamma Fraternity.

Mr. and Mrs. William Marriott Canby, of Threlknot, Germantown, will entertain at dinner this evening.

Mrs. Davidson Kennedy will give a theater party this evening in honor of Miss Elizabeth McMichael.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Stewart Wurts, of 215 Spruce street, will give a dinner dance this evening in honor of their niece, Miss Nancy Tunis, a debutante of this season.

Mrs. John W. Townsend will entertain at an informal tea this afternoon in honor of her daughter, Mrs. Hunter Scarlett.

Mrs. Sidney F. T. Brock, of Abington, has returned from a visit of several days to Washington, D. C.

Mr. and Mrs. George G. Williams, of Lansdowne, announce the engagement of their daughter, Miss Grace D. Williams, to Mr. J. Warner E. Love, of Moorestown, N. J.

Members of the Paint and Powder Club, of Jenkintown, will give their musical comedy entitled "Gypsy," and written for the club by Mr. Charles Morgan on the evenings of Thursday, December 14, and Friday, December 15, at 8:15 o'clock in the Jenkintown Auditorium.

Mrs. H. Orlean, of Elkins Park, has issued invitations for a luncheon, followed by bridge, on Friday.

A fair will be held this afternoon in All Saints Parish House, Wynnewood, by the members of the Wynnewood Auxiliary. Some of those in charge will be Miss Sarah Pearson, Miss Pearson, Mrs. Frederick W. Morris, Mrs. William Kent, Mrs. Benjamin Anderson, Mrs. Foster and Mrs. Vial.

"Lily Red Riding Hood" will be given members of the Mather House Ladies.



MRS. LEE EUGENE DALY  
Who, before her marriage this morning, was Miss Marie Garrity.

Church, Thirteenth and Rumsom streets, Logan, this evening at 8:15 o'clock.

The Auxiliary No. 2 of the Kensington Dispensary for the treatment of tuberculosis will give an opportunity sale of fancy articles suitable for Christmas, also homemade cakes and candies, at 1408 Girard avenue, this afternoon.

Invitations have been issued by Miss Sutherland, principal of the Ogontz School, at Elkins Park, for Saturday evening, November 25, at 8:15 o'clock, for a lecture by the Indian poet and actor, Sir Rabindranath Tagore, winner of the Nobel Prize for literature, who has recently returned to this country.

Mrs. Newton Firth Hill, of 1523 Erie avenue, will entertain her 600 club on Friday afternoon of this week. Her guests will include Mrs. L. Early, Mrs. Charles Collier, Mrs. Frank Flannigan, Mrs. Gentz, Mrs. Frank Clark, Mrs. Linton Lagreth, Miss Hope, Mrs. Hope, Mrs. Molbert and Mrs. A. Townsend.

Mrs. Joseph F. Wallworth, of Haddonfield, N. J., entertained at luncheon and cards at the Ritz-Carlton yesterday.

A dance and euchre will be given for the benefit of St. Gabriel's Roman Catholic Church improvement fund tonight in Horticultural Hall.

## Weddings

### GREGG-CARPENTER

A wedding of interest which will take place this evening will be that of Miss Beatrice Gill Carpenter, daughter of Mr. Henry Clay Carpenter, of the Bellevue-Stratford, formerly of Chicago, and Mr. Alfred Pierce Gregg, son of Mrs. Charlotte Ward Merrick, of Asheville, N. C., and of the late William Gregg, of Charleston, S. C. The ceremony, which will take place in Holy Trinity Memorial Chapel at 5 o'clock, will be performed by the Rev. Floyd W. Tomkins. The bride will have Miss Katherine V. Adams as maid of honor, and the bridesmaids will be Miss Helen Shotwell, of this city, and Miss Margaret Hudson, of Chicago.

Miss Carpenter will be given in white bridal gown, with an overskirt of tulle edged with pearls; the bodice will be of real duchesse lace which was worn by her mother. A long court train of heavy satin will wrap over the left side, with graceful folds a rose point lace veil, caught in place by orange blossoms. A wreath of the orange blossoms will encircle the brow. The bride's bouquet will be of bridal roses and lilies of the valley.

Mr. Gregg will have Mr. Laurence P. Campbell, of Washington, D. C., as best man, and the ushers will be Mr. Shippen Decatur West, of this city; Mr. Gerald du Pont, of Asheville, N. C.; Mr. H. B. Lookwood, all of New York; Mr. and Mrs. Washington Reobling, of Trenton; Mrs. Mary Ward Shaffer, of Washington, D. C.; Mr. and Mrs. Owen Gayley and the Misses Gayley, of Baltimore.

### DALY-GARRITY

The marriage of Miss Marie Garrity, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John S. Garrity, of 5109 Overbrook avenue, Wynnewood, and Mr. Lee Eugene Daly took place today at 11:30 o'clock in St. Theresa Church, Broad and Catharine streets. A large reception followed at the Ritz-Carlton. Miss Garrity had Mrs. John S. Garrity as her matron of honor. The maid of honor was Miss Susan Friel, and the bridesmaids were Miss Lucy Shaw, Miss Martha Hutchinson, of West Virginia; Miss Louise Gayley, of Baltimore, Md., and Mrs. Joseph Garrity, of this city.

Mr. Daly had his brother, Mr. Joseph Daly, as best man, and the ushers included Mr. Aruna Abel, Mr. Walter Abel, Mr. Ewing Gasper, all of Baltimore, and Mr. John Little, of this city.

After an extended wedding trip, Mr. and Mrs. Daly will be at home at Rowland Park, Baltimore.

### HEGER-CARLIN

A wedding of interest which took place this morning was that of Miss Kathleen Carlin, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Eugene E. Carlin, of Mather avenue, Jenkintown, and Mr. James L. Heger, son of Mrs. John Heger. A solemn high nuptial mass was celebrated by the Rev. John Cavanaugh at 8:15 o'clock in the Church of the Immaculate Conception, West avenue, Jenkintown. The bride, who was given in marriage by her father, Mr. Eugene Carlin, was attended by Miss Margaret Carlin, as maid of honor.

Mr. Heger had his brother, Mr. John Heger, as best man, and the ushers were Mr. Noel Walker, of Ambler, and Mr. John Hanner, uncle of the bride.

A breakfast at the home of the bride followed the ceremony, only the families and a few friends being present. After an extended wedding trip, Mr. and Mrs. Heger will be at home at Jenkintown.

### O'CONNELL-RYAN

The Church of St. Francis de Sales was the scene of an attractive wedding yesterday morning, when Miss Edna J. Ryan, daughter of Mrs. Sara Ryan, of 308 South Fifty-first street, was married to Mr. James E. O'Connell, son of Mr. and Mrs. James O'Connell, of Dorchester, Boston, Mass.

The bride wore a gown of white net, with lace medallions and a short bridal veil, and carried a shower bouquet of lilies of the valley and rosebuds. Miss Mary Frances Lynch, of Norberton, Pa., was maid of honor, and Miss Estelle McCroslin, of Brooklyn, N. Y., a cousin of the bride, was bridesmaid.

The ushers were Mr. Joseph F. O'Connell, Dr. John O'Connell and Mr. James Kelly, of Pittsburgh, and Mr. Daniel O'Connell, of New York.

Who before her marriage this morning was Miss Kathleen Carlin, of Jenkintown.

# 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 desolation and ruin. The office in the Metropolitan Building, No. 1111, is a shambles. The typewriter, which she suddenly fell asleep, is broken. The floor is covered with debris. The walls are crumbling. The air is thick with dust and the smell of decay.

ALLAN STERN, her employer, one of the city's greatest business men, the under-mined man, comes to life also in his laboratory. He is a man of great energy and a great deal of power. He is a man who has a great deal of power. He is a man who has a great deal of power. He is a man who has a great deal of power.

CHAPTER VII—(Continued)  
SEARCH as he might, he discovered no axe in the place, but in place of it he unearthed a sledgehammer. Though corroded, it was still quite serviceable. Cautiously enough, the oak handle was almost intact.

"Kyanized wood, probably," reflected he, as he laid the sledge to one side and began delving into a bed of dust that had evidently been a workbench. Ah! And here's a chisel! A spanner, too! A heap of rusty old wire nails!"

Delightfully he examined these treasures. "They're worth more to me," he exulted, "than all the gold between here and what's left of San Francisco!"

He found nothing more of value in the litter. Everything else was rusted beyond use. So, having convinced himself that nothing was left, he gathered up his finds and started back toward his door.

After some quarter hour of hard labor he managed to transport everything up into the arcade.

"Now for a glimpse of the outer world!" quoth he.

Gripping the sledge with his hand, he made his way through the confused mass of ruins. Disgusted as everything now was fallen and disintegrated, moldering, blighted by age incalculable, still the man recognized many familiar features.

Here, he recalled, the telephone booths had been; there, the information desk; under, again, he remembered the little curved counter where once upon a time a man in uniform had sold tickets to such as had wanted to visit the tower.

Counting now was dead, ticketman only a crumpled of fine, grayish powder. Stern shivered slightly, and pressed on.

As he approached the outer air he noticed that many a grassy tuft and creeping vine had rooted in the pavement of the arcade, up-crawling the marble slabs and cracking the once magnificent floor.

The doorway itself was almost choked by a tremendous Norway pine which had struck root close to the building, and now, innumerable blackened trunks, other, many thousand men and women every day had come and gone.

But Stern clambered out past this obstacle, testing the floor with his sledge as he went, lest he fall through an unseen weak spot into the depths of coal cellars below. And presently he reached the outer air unharmed.

"But—but, the sidewalk!" cried he, amazed. "The street—the Square? Where are they?" And in astonishment he stopped, staring.

The view from the tower, though it had told him something of the changes wrought, had given him no adequate conception of their magnitude.

He had expected some remains of human life to show upon the earth, some semblance of the metropolis to remain in the street. But no, nothing was there; nothing at all on the ground to show that he was in the heart of a city.

He could, indeed, catch glimpses of a building here or there. Through the tangled thickets that grew close up to the age-worn walls of the Metropolitan he could make out a few bits of tottering construction on the south side of what had been Twenty-third street.

But of the street itself, no trace remained—no pavement, no sidewalk, no curb. And even so near and so conspicuous an object as the wreck of the Flatiron was now entirely covered by the dense forest.

Soil had formed thickly over all the surface. Huge oaks and pines flourished there as confidently as though in the heart of the Maine forest, crowding ash and beech for room.

Under the man's feet, even as he stood close by the building—which was thickly overgrown with ivy and ferns and bushes rooted in the crannies—the pine needles bent in deep, pungent beds.

Birch, maple, poplar and all the natives of the American woods shouldered each other lustily. By the state of the fresh young leaves, just bursting their sheaths, Stern knew the season was mid-May.

Through the wild-wooded branches little flickering patches of morning sunlight met his gaze, as they played and quivered on the forest moss or over the fern spore.

Even upon the huge squared stones which here and there lay in disorder and which Stern knew must have fallen from the tower, the moss grew very thick; and more than one such block had been rent by frost and growing things.

"How long has it been, great heavens!" How long? cried the engineer, a sudden fear creeping into his heart. For this, the reassured dominion of nature, bore in on him with more appalling force than anything he had yet seen.

About him he looked, trying to get his bearings in that strange milieu.

"Why," said he, quite slowly, "it's—It's just as though some cosmic jester, all-powerful, had scooped up the fragments of a ruined city and tossed them pell-mell into the core of the Adirondacks! It's horrible—ghastly—incalculable!"

Dazed and awed he stood as in a dream, a strange figure with his mane of hair, his flaming, trailing beard, his rage (for he had left the beardless in Ambler, his muscular arm, knotted as he held the sledge over his shoulder).

Well might he have been a savage of old times, one of the early hunters of Britain, perhaps, peering in wonder at the ruins of some deserted Roman camp.

few bits of bark and acorn shell, quite in the old familiar way.

Farther off among the woods a robin's throaty morning notes drifted to him on the odorous breeze. A wren, surprisingly tame, hopped busily. It hopped about, not ten feet from him, entirely fearless.

Stern realized that it was now seeing a man for the first time in his life, and that it had no fear. His bushy brows contracted as he watched the little brown body jumping from twig to twig in the pines above him.

A deep, full breath he drew. Higher, still higher, he raised his head. Far through the leafy screen he saw the overbearing arch of sky in tiny patches of turquoise.

"The same old world, after all—the same, in spite of everything—thank God!" he whispered, his very tone a prayer of thanks.

And suddenly, though why he could not have told, the grim engineer's eyes grew wet with tears that ran unheeded down his heavy-bearded cheeks.

## CHAPTER VIII A SIGN OF PERIL

STERN'S weakness—as he judged it—lasted but a minute. Then, realizing even more fully than ever the necessity for immediate labor and exploration, he tightened his grip upon the sledge and set forth into the forest of Madison Square.

Away from him hurried a cotton-tail. A snake slid, hissing, out of sight under a pile of fern. A butterfly, dull brown and ochre, settled upon a branch in the sunlight, where it began slowly opening and shutting its wings.

"How! That's a Danaus plexippus, right enough," commented the man. "But there are some odd changes in it. Yes, indeed."

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Well might he have been a savage of old times, one of the early hunters of Britain, perhaps, peering in wonder at the ruins of some deserted Roman camp.

The chatter of a squirrel high up somewhere in the branches of an oak recalled him to his wits. Down came spiraling

grown rubbish with a couple of time-bitten iron wheels peering out—evidently the wreckage of an electric car—his made his way around a gaping hole where a sidewalk had caved in and so reached the interior of a shop.

"Yes, prospects here, certainly prospects!" he decided, carefully inspecting the place. "If this didn't use to be Currier & Brown's place, I'm away off my bearings. There ought to be something left."

"Ah! Would you?" and he fung a hastily snatched rock at a rattlesnake that had begun its dry, chirping defiance on top of what once had been a counter.

The snake vanished, while the rock, rebounding, crashed through glass.

Stern wheeled about with a cry of joy. For there, he saw, still stood near the back of the shop a showcase from within which he caught a gleam of tarnished metal.

Quickly he ran toward this, stumbling over the loose flooring, money and grass grown. There in the case, preserved as you have seen Egyptian relics two or three thousand years old, in museums, the engineer beheld invaluable treasures. He thrilled with a savage, strange delight.

Another blow with a sledge demolished the remaining glass.

He trembled with excitement as he chose what he most needed.

"I certainly do understand now," said he, "why the New Zealanders took Captain Cook's old barrel hoops and refused his cash. Same here! All the money in this town couldn't buy this rusty knife!" as he seized a corroded blade set in a horn handle, frozen with age. And eagerly he continued the hunt.

Fifteen minutes later he had accumulated a pair of scissors, two rubber combs, a hammer, a saw, a tin of putty, an automatic, several handfuls of cartridges and a Combs bottle.

All these he stowed in a midwived remnant of a Gladstone bag, taken from a corner where a broken glass sign, "Leather Goods," lay among the rank confusion.

"I guess I've got enough now, for the first load," he judged, more than a pocketful of new-won marbles, he made his exit from the ruins of the hardware store and started back toward the tower.

But hardly had he gone a hundred feet when all at once he drew back with a sharp cry of wonder and alarm.

There at his feet, in plain view under a little maple sapling, lay something that held him with astonishment.

He snatched it up, dropping the sledge to do so.

"What? What?" he stammered; and at the thing he stared with widened, comprehending eyes.

"Merciful God! How—what?" cried he.

The thing he held in his hand was a broad, flat, flint arrowhead!

## CHAPTER IX HEADWAY AGAINST ODDS

STERN gazed at this last alarming object with more trepidation than he would have eyed a totem authentically labeled: "Direct from Mars."

For the space of a full half minute he found no word, grasped no coherent thought; he stared, his mind longed to be, he pushed it aside, the press of leather bag in one hand, the spearhead in the other.

He suddenly, he thought, he checked himself.

"No, there's no use in that," said he, quite slowly. "If this thing is what it appears to be, it isn't merely some freakish bit of stone weathered off somewhere, why, it means—my God, what doesn't it mean?"

He shuddered, and glanced fearfully about him; all his calculations already seemed crashing down about him; all his plans, half-formulated, appeared in ruin.

New, vast and unknown factors of the struggle broadened rapidly before his mental vision, if this thing were really what it looked to be.

But now for the present he dismissed it; he pushed it aside, the press of leather bag in one hand, the spearhead in the other.

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IF A MAN THOUGHT HIS BOY WAS GOING TO BE JUST LIKE HIMSELF

## CAMDEN HAS MOTHERS' DAY

Union Evangelical Campaign Leaders Urge People to Wear Pink and White Carnations

It is Mothers' Day in Camden and other nearby sections of New Jersey. Thousands of persons are wearing carnations. The observance is one of the many features of the Union Evangelical campaign being conducted in that vicinity.

Dr. Milford H. Lyon, the evangelist who has been leading the campaign, announced that pink carnations should be worn by every man, woman and child whose mother was living. Dead mothers were to be honored with white carnations.

Appropriate services will be conducted this afternoon in the tabernacle at Ninth street and Wright avenue, Camden. Doctor Lyon's subject will be "The Motherhood of God."

Tonight more than one thousand members of Masonic lodges are expected to attend the services. It will be "Masonic Night." Masons from Camden, Philadelphia, Merchantville, Palmyra, Haddon Heights and other adjacent sections of New Jersey have signified their intentions of being present. The entire body will assemble in front of the Masonic Temple, Fourth street below Market street, Camden, at 7:15, and headed by Howard J. Dudley, worshipful master of the lodge, No. 24, will march to the tabernacle. Stations of the large auditorium have been reserved for the lodge members.