JUST GOSSIP ABOUT PEOPLE

society Is Interested in "Flower Princess" and Charity Fair-Nancy Wynne Expatiates on Varied Subjects

MRS. GUYSBERT BOGERT VROOM

Conaughy.

a hunting trip in Florida.

Miss Frances Starr.

Mr. Stotenburgh.

Vroom took place this afternoon in

honor of her sister, Mrs. Edmund de Fores

Mr. Richard Heckscher, of Strafford, b

The Charlotte Cushman Club will give

tes on Friday afternoon at the clubhouse, southwest corner of Twelfth and Locust streets, from 4 until 5:30 o'clock to meet

The Domino Club of the Episcopal Acad

Miss Louise Dando, whose marriage to Mr. Guy Stotenburgh, of New York, will take place on Saturday, will be extensively

ntertained this week. Yesterday Miss Dorothy Burgess gave a bridge in honor of Miss Dando. Tomorrow the bride-to-be will entertain at luncheon, followed by

a theatre party, for her maid of honor and bridesmaids. On Friday night Miss Martha Collins will give a dinner and theatre party in honor of Miss Dando and

At the wedding, Miss Kate-Lee Dando will attend her sister as maid of honor, and the bridesmaids will be Miss Dorothy Bur-

gess, Miss Viola MacDougail, of Flushing, L. I.; Miss Martha Collins and Miss Kath-arine Vigelius, of Easton, Pa. There will also be a flower girl, Miss Catherine Mac-

in St. Mathias church, 19th and Wallace

streets, and will be performed by Bishop

leave this week for West Virginia, where he will spend several days.

Miss Pauline Henderson returned last week from Detroit, Mich., where she has

The Point Breeze branch of the central

relief committee will give a dance at Apollo Hall, 1726 North Broad street, this

evening. The entire proceeds will go ex-clusively to the war sufferers.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward W. Turner, of this city, will entertain at the Believue-Stratford on Saturday evening in honor of their daughter, Miss Lydia Ruth Turner,

The Foremen's Association of Thomas

Potter & Co., Inc., held its first annual din-ner last evening in the Artists' Club room of the Hotel Majestic, in honor of Mr. Wil-

liam Potter, Mr. Charles A. Potter, Colonel H. A. Potter, Mr. Wilson Potter, Mr. Joseph Wear and Mr. Harry B. Cox, the officers of

the corporation. The address of the evening was given by Mr. William Potter, former

Ambassador to Italy.
Mr. G. E. Anderson, manager of the plant,
presided as toastmaster.

Weddings

BOLTON-DUNCAN.

The marriage of Miss Marguerite Louise Duncan, daughter of Mrs. John Foster Dun-

can, of 6386 Church road, Overbrook, and Mr. Elmer Keiser Bolton, will take place this evening in the Overbrook Presbyterian

Church at So'clock. The ceremony will be followed by a reception at the home of Mrs. Duncan, after which Mr. and Mrs. Belton will leave on a wedding trip. They will be at home after February 1 at 12 Harwyn Court, 13th and Washington streets, Wilminston Del.

VROOM-McCONAUGHY. A wedding of interest to Philadelphians took place this evening at 5 o'clock when Miss Helen Leffingwell McConaughy, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Franklin A. Mc-

Conaughy, became the brids of Lleuten-ant Guysbert Hogert Vroom, U. S. N., son of the late Judge George A. Vroom, of Camden, and Mrs. Vroom, now of this city.

The ceramony was performed at the home of the bride's parents in Brooklyn.

The bridegroom, who is stationed on the torpedobnat Benham, is a brother of Mrs. Roscoe C Davis, wife of Lieutenant Commander Davis, of this city, and of Mrs. E. James Estess, of Shanghat, China.

What's Doing Tonight

"Flower Princess" musicale, Bellevus-Strat-

Pennarivania Peace Society celebrates fiftieth anniversary, Fifteenth and Hace streets

Twenty fifth anniversary of the Geographical Bottely of Fhiladelphia. Academy of Natural Eclenota. 1900 Bates street is o'clock Cullege of Physicians. Twenty-second and Luddow streets it o'clock

Norman' Bankar, Bamaritan Hespital Bunadration a Assertation Woman's Trade Union Learns, 1904 Arch

Choral Society presents "Damnation

mington, Det.

been visiting for some time.

THE great day has come! For the "Flower Princesa" will be given is afternoon and evening in the m of the Bellevue-Stratford and of the Pennsylvania Museum and School of Industrial Art, and or this have all the debs and secsalyear girls been working their the slippers off to learn the new and intricate steps to dance to the ie composed by Alfred Barton, and in the frocks designed by him, a collusion with Mrs. Leland Hargen and Eleanor Hopkins, What a the world will Philadelphia char. ies do if Eleanor marries Mr. when soon and goes off to West Firginia to live? Maybe Mr. Jones will come here. I really have not neard of any definite plans having een made, but I know if she leaves is it will be hard to find another girl as young and capable who will illingly and gladly give so much time to charity.

About all the debs in town whose amma's will let them will appear whind the footlights tonight frocked as fairles or peacocks or owers. I understand the feature of the second act will be the ballet of the "Awakening of Flowers," thich you can imagine will be made very pretty. Miss Mary Wurts in a be the solo dancer in this parcular ballet. There are to be caffodlis, orchids, cornflowers, roses, stolets, peonles and their foliage. It really will be lovely, don't you

Mrs. Vroom, whose marriage to Lieuten-T THE Ritz this afternoon Athere will be the Pi Sigma Fra-Brooklyn, was Miss Helen L. Mcternity fair, that extremely smart fraternity of girls which is always doing something in the way of good work. This time the proceeds are to benefit the Curtis Children's Seashore Home at Chelsea and St Christopher's Hospital for kiddies in

A great many of the younger married set and debutantes are in this fraternity, and I must say each one does try to do her darndest to make the fair a financial as well as social success. All the usual things are to be sold and tea will be served to dancing in the later hours of the afternoon.

MARY GREEN and Griswold Lorillard, of New York, are to be married quietly next week at the Dave Lewises' ome, 26 South Twenty-second street. The date set is Thursday, December 14. Mary has lived with her brother-in-law and sisier pretty much all the time since their marriage. Her engagement to Mr. Lorilard was announced about a year ago. No safe had been set for the wedding, so it only generally known yesterday. Mary is very pretty, in fact, very unseal looking, because her hair, which was very dark, has turned to a beautiful cray, and you know the effect of gray bir and a young face with very pretty coloring. She is very small and dainty, and dresses exquisitely. Mr. Lorillard is fall and very good-looking. He is the of Pierre Lorillard, of Tuxedo and New York, and belongs to about all the slubs in New York that are worth while.



ERMANTOWN residents were thrown Ginto a state of wild excitement last week when the supply of water was turned of during the morning, and a number of somen who had luncheon engagements found it a bit awkward, to say the least, for even if cold cream can do a lot toward enoving dust from the countenance, othing yet has been found which will take from the eyes the fact that one's are has not been washed, the unwashed would give it away every time. Be that as it may, it was an awful moment, will admit. One woman, however, with great presence of mind, telephoned the drug store and demanded a bottle M water. When it arrived it proved to he a mineral water; but time pressed, so, ing caunted, milady washed her face in fiming water, donned her best hat and went to the luncheon to find nearly all the other women there had done the same NANCY WYNNE.



Personals

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Kelso Cassatt will free a dinner of eighteen covers on Satur-er al Reaupre, their home in Rosemont, a bolog of Miss Eugenia Law and Mr. bonor of Miss Eugenia Law and Mr

Mr. and Mrs. Wikoff Smith, of Bryn Saturday at Colebrook Farms, their at Whitford, before the Whitelands

Mr. and Mrs. Henry C. Mayer, Jr., en ad at supper after the theatre last

Mrs. Austin S. Heckscher returned today her home in Devon, after spending the bulagisting holidays with her daughter, in Edwin O. Perrin, at Scarborough,

Mr. and Mrs. Richard Sydney Newbold re returned from their wedding trip and a staying at 2221 St. James place, the us of Mr. Newbold's parents, until their Lecture on 'The Catholic Church and Social Reform,' by the Rev. Dr. J. Ryan, of Washington, Houston Hall.

Mr. and Mrs. John P. Meigs, 3d, have was from their wedding trip and are home at 505 East Labcaster avenue. Bavids. Mrs. Meigs will be remembered Mus Elizabeth S. Myers.

risinds of Mrs. 8. Cameron Burnelde are it to hear that she is convaluating from recent attack of toxadilitie, and is at active City.

din theres Lewis Justice will give a tra-

ORCHESTRA PROGRAM FOR SCHOOL CHILDREN

Academy of Music Thronged for Free Symphony Concert in Ledger Series

Leopold Stokowski as the "bluebird for happineas" again led a rollective Mytyl and Tytyl, comprising some 2000 youngaters adventuring through the magle labd of music. The occasion was one of the series of Ledger free symphonic concerts for public school calidren, the time from 8 to 10 last evening and the place the Academy of Music. The historic old place has not seen such a gathering of rapt and happy youngsters since the days of Colonel McClure's Eight o'Clock Club, with its annual Yuletide yandeville of a quarter of a century ago. entury ago.

This was the first home appearance of the Philadelphia Orobestra since its return from a triumphal tour of the West, where it bore the exangel of what Philadelphia is it over the syangel of what Pritadespria to doing musically to outlands without great symphonic bands. Right royal was the welcome that conductor and men received from their juvenile admirers. Those in certain respects did not differ materially from some adult audiences: for instance, in the matter of late arrival on the part of a few and prolonged applause seeking for a fracture of the states. ture of the standing "no-encore" rule. But it was a singularly well-deported gather-ing and one of fine enthudasm, even for what it had not yet reached the capacity

what it had not yet reached the capacity to understand completely.

The orchestra deserved thoroughly its gala welcome for it gave of its best. There was no succumbing to the temptation to descend to the parfynotery, because the hearers were not routined or hypercritical. Seldom has Mr. Stokowski put more abandon, more coursing speed into the "Rids of the Valkyrles," from "Dis Walkuere." His reading of the "Waldweben," from "Siegfried," was suffused with a woodsy poesy, which perforce brought visionings of green woods and pastures new to the hearers. woods and pastures new to the hearers, some of whose puckered lips could hardly resist the lipe of echoing the wood notes wild of the bird in the score. And due impression of wizardry and solemnity was not absent from the magic fire music of "Die Wallenere".

The youngsters fared better than their The youngsters fared better than their elders, in that two soloists were provided Mme. Harrington-Smith sang the "Pleures mes Yeux" aris from Massenet's "Le Cid". "Depuis le Jour," from Charpentier's "Louise," and "Vissi d'Arte, Vissol d'Amore, "Louise," and "Vissi d'Arte, Vissol d'Amore, "from Puccint's "La Tosca." She has a soprano of even scale, mellow cone, almost verging to the meszo, and brilliant high notes, and her method in enunciation and tone placement is excellent. One might have wished a German lied and an English song to vary the operatic tenor of her offerong to vary the operatio tenor of her offer ngs, merely from the educational stand the progress of the concert. Hans Kindler, full of the spirit of youth himself, which akes him seem out of place as the first ellist of a great orchestra until he begins to play, was the other assisting artist and gave the familiar Boellmann "Variations Symphoniques" for violoncello and orches-tra with his accustomed accomplished tech-nique and irresistible vivacity

and De Lancey School, which were united in 1915, will present its eighth annual production, "The Dictator," by Richard Harding Davis, in the ballroom of the Hellevue-Stratford on Thursday evening. December 21. Mr. Charles H. Baird is president of the club and Mr. Robert Rhoads secretary. A resounding conclusion was found in the "Marche Slave" of Tschalkowsky, one of the spectacular show pieces in the orchesra's repertory.

Possibly these concerts will not strike he spark of genius into fire of some American Mozart, but from the absorbed attenon and the genuine enthusiasm manifested s safe to say that the LEDGER series ing notable missionary work in civic culure through the medium of music.

W. R. M.

Luncheon and Bridge

Luncheon and Bridge

Mrs. William H. Goll will entertain at luncheon and bridge tomorrow in the Rose Garden of the Believue-Stratford, at 12:30 o'clock. Among the guests will be Mrs. Samuel E. Bailey, Mrs. Albert Baitz, Mrs. Samuel E. Bailey, Mrs. Charles F. Berger, Mrs. A. A. Biness, Mrs. Lydia B. Bradford, Mrs. John M. Bradley, Mrs. William T. Brown, Mrs. William Butterworth, Mrs. Frank A. Bruner, Mrs. W. Lewis Cave, Mrs. G. Clamer, Mrs. George Datesman, Mrs. Laura Davis, Mrs. John F. Dee, Mrs. Thomas F. Durhum, Mrs. John H. Early, Mrs. George W. Edmonds, Mrs. Frans Ehrlich, Mrs. A. S. Kisenhower, Mrs. John C. English, Mrs. Richard Y. Filbert, Mrs. John Fritchle, Mrs. Edward B. Finck, Mrs. George C. J. Fleck, Mrs. Carl M. Gag, Mrs. Florence Garnet, Mrs. William Gemmi. also be a hower girl, Miss Catherine Mac-Dougail, and a page, Master Carl Lorenze. Mr. George Freeman will act as best man, and the ushers will be Mr. Robert Stoten-burgh, Mr. Lindon Stotenburgh, Mr. James B. Harper, Mr. Rex Altschuler, Mr. Wil-liam Woodcock and Mr. Richard Logan. The ceremony will take place at 6 o'clock in St. Mathias church, 12th and Wallace Mrs. Florence Garnet, Mrs. William Ger Mr. John Gilbert, of Red Top. Rydal, will Mrs. Guy Gundaker, Mrs. Harry I. Griese Mrs. Charles E. Hallowell, Miss Madelin Hazzard, Mrs. Paul Heine, Lancaster, Pa. Mrs. William Heller, Mrs. Alfred H. Henderson, Jr., Mrs. James A. Hollihan, Mrs. Herman Horn, Mrs. W. W. Ingram, Mrs. Edward Kahre, Mrs. Thomas H. Kaye, Mrs. W. Freeland Kendrick, Mrs. Albert Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Harvey, of Radnor, have had Miss Pauline Henderson and her sister, Miss Helen Henderson, of Johs-town, N. J., as their guests for several days. Miss Pauline Henderson returned last Mrs. Edward Kahre, Mrs. Thomas H. Kaye, Mrs. W. Freeland Kendrick, Mrs. Albert Koch, Mrs. Clarence Kugler, Sr., Mrs. Clarence P. Landreth, Mrs. William Laycock, Mrs. Charles F. Leisen, Mrs. Edward P. Linch, Mrs. Simon Cameron Long, Mrs. Charles H. Loncope, Mrs. Jenuie Lowenstein, Mrs. Harry A. Mackey, Mrs. Ellzabeth W. Matten, Mrs. William H. Marshall, Mrs. Charles I. Martin, Mrs. Clarence D. May, Mrs. Charles J. Miller, Mrs. H. A. Miner, Mrs. D. Charles Murtha, Mrs. A. Lincoln Myers, Miss Marie McAleer, Mrs. Mary A. McCauley, Mrs. Frank B. McClain, Lancaster, Pa., Mrs. John McCracken, Mrs. Samuel A. McDougal, Mrs. Benjamin C. McPherson, Mrs. Frederick Park, Mrs. Harry Parsons, Mrs. Arba Pennington, Mrs. George D. Porter, Miss Grace Porter, Mrs. B. Frank Raule, Mrs. L. William Roth, Mrs. Nettle Ruhland, Mrs. E. E. Scattergood, Mrs. Frank Schanz, Mrs. Frank Scheid, Mrs. Robert Schoffeld, Mrs. G. C. Ssidel, Mrs. E. C. Shellenberger, Mrs. George W. Shister, Mrs. William G. Forchana, Mrs. Frank Stockley, Mrs. William G. Forchana, Mrs. Edwin H. Vare, Mrs. William G. Forchana, Mrs. Edwin H. Vare, Mrs. William G. Forchana, Mrs. Edwin H. Vare, Mrs. William S. Lena Wagner, Mrs. Mrs. Charles Wessels, Mrs. Samuel Whan, Mrs. Charles Wessels, Mrs. George W. Young. PREPAREDNESS



Break through! Where had he heard those words Ah

THE VACANT WORLD

By GEORGE ALLAN ENGLAND Copyright, 1916, by Frank A. Munney Company

CHAPTER XXIV-(Continued) EMPTY? cried he. "Here take this one! You can shoot better now than I can!" and into her hand he thrust the second re-

Something stung him on the left shoulder. He glanced round. A dart was hanging With an eath, the engineer wheeled bout. His eyes burned and his tips drew

back taut from his fine white teeth.

There, already recovered from the blow which would have killed a man ten times over, he saw the obeah snarling after him. Right down along the path the monster was howling, beating his breast with both himse fists. And, now feeling fear no more than pain, Stern crouched to meet his on-staught.

CHAPTER XXX THE GOAL, AND THROUGH IT T Al.I. happened in a moment of time. moment, long- in seeming-as an hour The girl's revolver crackled, there behind him. Stern saw a little round bluish hole take shape in the obeah's ear, and red

Then with a ghastly screaming, the Thing

Out struck the engineer with the riflebarrel. All the force of his splendid muscles
lay behind that blow. The Thing tried to
dodge. But Stern had been too quick.

Even as it sprang, with talons clutching
for the man's throat, the steel barrel drove
home on the law.

An opening? No, he was mistaken. Inspecial, the Blues were massing there by the me on the jaw.

Everybody was singing now, everybody rearing out that brave old fighting chorus:

Now—all to-geth-er.
Smash them—and—break—through!"

And see! Look there: The goal! The scene shifted, all at once, in a qui-escountable and puzzling manner. Somehow, victory wasn't quite won, after h. Not quite yet. What was the matter, en? What was wrong? Where was he? Ab the goal!

Ah, the goal! Yes, there through the ruck and mass the Blues, he saw it again, quite clearly. He was sure of that, anybow,

The goal posts seemed a trifle near to-gether, and they were certainly made of grumbling store, instead of straight wooden beams. Odd, that He wondered, too, why the management

He wendered too, why the management allowed trees to grow on the field, trees and bushes—why a huge pine should be standing right there by the left-hand post. That was certaints a matter to be investigated and complained of, later. But now was no time for blicks.

'Probably some Blue trick,' thought Stern. 'No matter, it won't do 'em any

od. this time!"

Ah! An opening: Stern's head went lower iii. He braced himself for a leap. "Come on come on!" he yelled defiance. Again he heard the cheering, once more.

PHILADELPHIA FUR BILL.

The face is certainly scrambled or I miss
my guess. You got him through the ear
with one shot, by the way. Know that?
Pact! Drilled it clean! Just a little to
the right and you'd have had him for the en-

But never mind, we'll save him for the en-core—if there is any."
"You think they'll try again?"
"Can't say. They've lost a lot of fighters.
killed and wounded aiready. And they've
had a pretty liberal taste of our style. That
ought to hold them for a while? We'll see,
at any rate. And if luck stays good we'll
maybe have a thing or two to show them If they keep on hanging around where they aren't wanted!"

Came now a little slience. Heside Stern the girl sat, half supporting his wounded body with her firm, white arm. Thirst was beginning to torment them both, particubeginning to forment them both, particularly Stern, whose injuries had already given him a marked temperature. But water there was absolutely more. And so, still plantess, giad only to recuperate a little content that for the present the Horde had been held back, they wated. Waiting, they both thought. The girl's thoughts were all of him; but he, man-fashion, was trying to piece out what had happened to frame some coherent idea of it all, to analyze the some coherent idea of it all, to analyze the irgent necessities that lay upon them both

Here and there a disjointed bit recurred o him, even from out of the delirium that ad followed the blow on the head. From e time he had recovered his senses in the liking things were clearer.

He knew that the Horde, temporarily rightened by his mad rush, had given him ime to stumble up again and once more ift the girl before they had ventured to creep into the arcade in search of their

He remembered that the spear had been

JUMPS TO \$5,000,000

Everybody Wears Them and Prices Have Soared on Demand

WAR PARTLY TO BLAME

When Mrs. Cavewoman cuddled up to Mr. Caveman and murmured, "I would have furs," Mr. Caveman went out, clubbed a bear over the head and got them. And for a long time afterward he wasn't annoyed by a fur bill.

Philadelphia is somewhat different, for its rhiladelphia is somewhat different, for its fur bill this year is guing to be in the neighborhood of \$5.000,000. Everybody is buying them, and dealers say it has been the best year in the history of the business. Women seem to be fur crazy, they say, and no longer regard furs as luxuries, but as absolute necessities.

Like everything else, furs have advanced Like everything else, furs have advanced in price. Some have doubled, while others have experienced only a slight advance. The war, of course, is blamed for much of the advance, but on some of the American products dealers lay the blame solely on the large demand.

Thisadelphia matrons are buying expensive fur this against and blames of the course of

Thiladelphia matrons are buying expensive furs this season and lots of them. One large firm said that ten of its customers had purchased silver fox sets worth \$2000 each, while fifteen had bought sealskin coats ranging from \$1800 upward. Hudson Bay sealskin coats seem to be the most popular this year, according to this firm, ranging in price from \$100 to \$600. Moleskin coats also are popular, bringing from \$250 to \$500. Mink coats are more expensive, but none the less popular, at \$375 to \$500. Motor coats of leopard, raccoon and beaver are selling without trouble for prices ranging from \$135 to \$200.

There have also been several sales of fursibat are worth fortunes. Among these is the natural black fox fur, the rarest on the market. Black fox ranges in price a set from \$200 to \$10,000 and higher. Another rare fur is the silver fox, which brings from \$500 to \$4000. Still another of the expensive varieties is the Russian sable is valued at from \$500 to \$8000 a set, two skins to a set.

Of all the furs the moleskin gives the least wear. Dealers will not guarantee it, and it sometimes wears out within a year, being very delicate to rubbing or hard wear. Those that wear best are sealskin, fisher, skunk, raccoon and kolinsky, the new Russian fur that is in vogue this season.

The furs that have seen probably the biggest jump are the Holland and Scotch biggest jump are the Holland and Scotch moleskins, both of which have risen more than 300 per cent in price. This fur is used extensively in trimming the edges of dresses, collars and cuffs, and is in great demand.

Another fur that has gone to be a full formand.

Another fur that has gone up considerably is the fox fur in desirable shades, which has advanced fifty, seventy-five and in some instances 100 per cent in price.
Kolinaky has gone up 100 per cent because
of the war, and Hudson seal has jumped
nearly fifty per cent.
Philadelphia women own fortunes in furs.

Philadelphia women own fortunes in furs.
Mrs. Frank Clyde, of Bryn Mawr, is said to
have the most beautiful set of silver fox in
this vicinity, valued at several thousand dollars. Mrs. Clyde is the mother of Mrs.
George McFadden. Mrs. George Drexel is
the owner of a set of black fox fur valued in
many figures. A handsome collection of
sables is owned by Mrs. E. T. Stotesbury,
Mrs. Rodman Wanamaker is the possessor
of an ermins coat lined with Russian sable,
valued at above the \$20,000 mark.
The demand for furs is laid to the general
prosperity of the country, and also the con-

The demand for furs is laid to the general prosperity of the country, and also the conservative styles this year, which do away with the necessity of having furs remodeled each year to keen up with the times. Philadelphia's annual fur bill has been in the neighborhood of \$3,000,000, but this year, dealers say, it will go \$2,000,000 higher. This city is third in the fur trade, being preceded by New York and Chicago.

THREE WILL WED AGAIN, UNDAUNTED BY DIVORCE

License Applicants Show Romance Crippled, but Not Killed in Their Hearts

Despite failure in their first attempt at marriage, three divorced persons have de-cided to again be united by the bonds of matrimony and obtained their wedding r nits today

Vincente Pardo Castello came all the way from Hayana, Cuba, to be married in this city to Constance Squier, of 229 West

Hortier street.
Castello and his intended bride are twenty-five years old. After being divorced from her husband, Miss Squier resumed her maiden name, under which she obtained her second marriage license. She was divorced

from James W. Walker by Common Please Court No. 3 on the 27th of last month the grounds of desertion. Castello is physician. A second couple, one of whom was di-

vorced, came from Harrisburg, Pa. They are Walter B. Floyd and Mabel V. Van Riper. Floyd is a steamfitter and Mrs. Van Riper a chocolate coater. She was divorced in 1907 on the grounds of cruelty She was Floyd is thirty-three years old and his in-tended bride thirty-two. Howard M. Flowell, forty-sight years old,

of 6018 Locust street, who was divorced in Massachusetts in 1904, got a license to wed Melissa Richards, a widow, of the same address. Rowell is a messenger. Mr. Richards's husband died March 10, 1903, August Maier, fifty-three years old, a farmer, of Dresher, Monigomery County, Pa. obtained a license to wed Louisa, Osiertag, fifty-one years old, of 2921 North Ninth street. Both applicants were married before. Maier's wife died four months in the city, while Mrs. Ostertag has

Ninth Street. Maier's wife died four months ago in this city, while Mrs. Ostertag has been a widow for fifteen months.

Other Ricenses issued today are:
John Gabres. 2330 Christian at., and Maris Noian 2316 Montrose at.
Walter. Flored, Harrisburg. Pa., and Mabel. Plots. Hiper. Harrisburg. Ps.
John Simons. 1214 Christian st., and Elizabeth. Brown. 512 S. 10th st.
Brown. 513 S. 10th st.
Brown. 514 S. 10th st.
Brown. 514 R. 10th st.
Brown. 515 S. 10th st.
Brown. 516 R. 10th st.
Brown. 517 S. 10th st.
Brown. 518 S. 10th st.
August Maier. Droaber. Pa., and Louisa Cattring. 2011 N. 50th st.
August Maier. Droaber. Pa., and Louisa Cattring. 2011 N. 50th st.
Mariey. 2125 Federal st.

WILLS ADMITTED TO PROBATE Louise Goldsborough Estate, Valued at \$15,700, in Private Bequests

Wills probated today were those of Louisa Goldsborough, 1411 Lombard street, which in private baqueats disposes of property valued at \$15.700; Lydia A. Ogden, who died in the German Hospital, \$5200; Andrew J. Miles, 2118 North Percy street, \$3600; Charles T. Steinbach, Haitimore, Md., \$2400; Samuel C. Miller, 1863 Person street, \$2500, and Clara P. Conover, 138 Past Wushington lare, \$1700.

The personalty of the estate of Sophia H. Harmann has been appraised at \$17,314.81; Thomas B. Doyle at \$11,187.47 and Julia S. Wurtz at \$8542.92.

Hospital Nurses Hold Baxaar

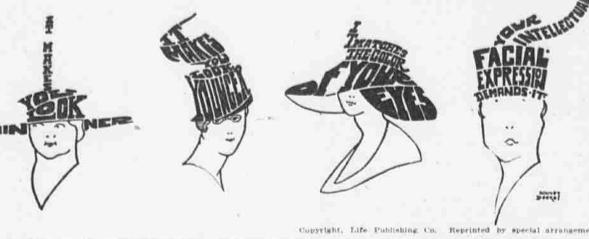
Hospital Nurses Hold Baxaar

A bazaar for the purpose of raising funds
for endowing a private room for sick members of the Germantown Hospital alumnas
is boing held today and temperor in the
basement of the Nurses Home, Penn and
Chew streets, Germantown. The basear in
being conducted by the surses themselves
dany fancy articles, useful and organization
are being sold. Demation are also being
received by the committee in their of
which Mrs. Frank F. Offstneth, 1818 mittenhouse amounts in Historical

An unearthly, piercing yell split the forest.

Bitterly be swore, Under his arm be ir. Then Starn saw the obeah, his jaw tightened the ball. He ran!

HATS AND THE HINTS THAT SELL THEM



hanging oddly awry, all loose and shattered,

fall headlong in the path.

But before he could strike again, could batter in the base of the tough skull, a moan from Beatrice sent him to her aid. "Oh, God?" he cried, and sank beside er on his knees. On her forehead, as she lay gasping

mong the bushes, he saw an ugly welt.
"A stone? They've hit her with a stone

Killed her, perhaps?"

Kneeling there, up he snatched a revolver, and in a deadly fire he poured out the last spitting shots, pointblank in the faces of the crowding rabble.

Up he leaped. The rifls barrel flashed and gillered as he whiteld it. Like a Up he leaped. The rifle barrel flashed and glittered as he whirled it. Like a

reaper, laying a clean swath behind him the engineer mowed down a dozen of the Shrieks, grunts, snarls, mingled with his Then fair into a jabhering ape face he flung the blood-stained barrel. The face

faded, vanished, as hideous illusions finds in a dream.

And Stern, with a strength he never dreamed was his, caught up the fainting girl in his left arm as easily as though she had been a child. Still dragging the spear which pierced

is right-his right that yet protected her a little—he ran.
Stories, daris, spears, clattered in about him. He heard the swish and tang of them, heard the leaves flutter as the mis-

iles whirled through: Struck? Was he struck again?
He knew not, nor cared. Only he thought of shielding Beatrice. Nothing but that,

just that!

"The gate—oh, let me reach the gate!
God! The gate—"

GEORGE ALLAN ENGLAND

has written a sequel to "THE VACANT WORLD"

the serial now running in these col-umns. It is called BEYOND THE GREAT

OBLIVION" and carries the romantic adventures of Allan Stern and Beatrice Ken-

drick into even more interesting chapters. This sequel begins in SATURDAY'S

Evening & Ledger ONE CENT

And all of a sudden, though how he could not tell, there he seemed to see the gate before him. Could it be? Or was that, too, a dream? A cruel, vicious mockery of his disordered mind? Yes-the gate! It must be! He recog

nized the giant pine in a moment of lucid-ity. Then everything began to dance again. o quiver in the mocking sunlight. "The gate" he gasped once more, and staggered on. Belind him a little train of blood drops from his wounded arm fell on the trampled leaves

Something struck his bent head. Through It a blinding pain darted. Thousands of beautiful and tray lights of every color began to quiver, to leap and whiri

"They've - set the building on fire" thought he; yet all the while he knew it was impossible, he understood it was only an Illusion.

He heard the rustle of the wind through the forest. It blent and mingled with a horrid tumult of grunts, of cilcking cries, of gnashing teeth and little bestial cries. "The -gate!" sobbed Stern, between hardset teeth, and stumbled forward, ever forward, through the Hords.

To him, protectingly, he clasped the beautiful body in the tiger skin. Living? Was she yet living? A great, aching wonder filled him. Could be reach the stair with her and bear her up? Hurl back these devile? Save her, after all?

The pain had grown exquisits in his head Something seemed hammering there, with regular strokes—a red-hot sledge upon an wil of white-hot steet.

To him it looked as though a hundred, a thousand of the little blue fiends were leaping, shricking, circling there in front of him. Ten thousand? And he must break

To him instantly recurred a distant echo To him instantly recurred a diacant echo of a song, a Harvard football song. He re-membered Now he was back again. Yale, a: Harvard, 17—New Haven, 1898. And see the thousands of cheering spectators: The hats flying through the air—flags wav-ing—red, most of them! Crimson—like blood!

Came the crash and boom of the old Harvard Band, with big Jos Foley banging the drom till it was it to burst; with March slowing his lungs out on the cornet and all the other follows raising Cate. Uppear I Cheering ! And again the music

f and broke into a straight, resistless dash As he ran he veiled: Smach them-and-break through!" All his waning strength ungathered fo

that run. Yet how strangely tired he felt-how heavy the ball was growing! What was the matter with his head With his right arm? They both sched hid-eously. He must have got hurt, some way, in one of the "downs". Some dirty work,

They were trying to tackle?
"Darnn you" he cried in boiling rage.
I'll.—I'll show you a trick or two—yet!"
His stopped, circled, dodged the clutching

ands, feinted with a tactic long unthough

newhere. Hotten sport! He ran Never in all his many games had he seen such a peculiar gridiron, all tangled and overgrown. Never such a host of tackles. Hundreds of them? Where were the Crimsons? What? No support, no in-

terference? Hell! Yet the goal was surely just there now right ahead. He ran

"Foul" he shouted, savagely, as a Blustruck at him, then another and another and many more. The tasts of blood came and many more. The taste of blood came to his tongue. He spat. "Foul." Right and left he dashed them, with a lant's strength. They scattered in panic fifth strange and unintelligible cries.

The goal! He reached it. And, as he crossed the Down, down " sobbed he.

> CHAPTER XXVI Beatrice Dares.

AN HOUR later Stern and Beatrice sat Aweak and shaken in their stronghold on the fifth floor, resting, trying to gather up some strength again, to pull together for resistance to the siege that had set in. With the return of reason to the en-meer-his free bleeding had somewhat checked the onset of fever—and of con-aciousness to the girl, they began to piece out, bit by bit, the stages of their retreat.

Now that Stern had barricaded the stairs, two stories below, and that for a little while they felt reasonably safe, they were able to

with menace, seemingly hopeless in its out-"If it-hadn't been for you." Beatrice was saying. "If you hadn't picked me up and carried me, when that stone struck

"How's the ache now?" Stern hastily in terrupted, in a rather weak, yet brisk, volce, which he was trying hard to render matter of fact. "Of course, the lack of water, ex-cept that half-pint or so is bathe your bruise with, is a rank barbarity. But if we haven't got any we haven't-that's all. All -till we have another go at 'em!"

"Oh, Allan!" she exclaimed, tremulously, 'Don't think of me! Of me, when ye hack's gashed with a spear cut, your head's battered, arm pierced and we've neither water nor bandages—nothing of any kind

"Come now, don't you bother about me!"
he objected, trying hard to smile, though
racked with pain. "Fil be O. K. fit as a
fiddle, in no time Perfect health and all
that sort of thing, you know. It'll heal right away.
"Head's clear again atready, in spite of

that whack with the war club or whatever it was they landed with. But for a while f certainly was seeing things I had 'em-had 'em bad! Thought well, strange things. "My back? Only a scratch, that's all

It's begun to congulate already, the blood has hasn't it?" And he strove to peer over his own shoulder at the slash. But the pain made him desist. He could hardly keep back a groan. His face twitched involun-

The girl sank on her knees beside hin Her arm encircled him; her hand smoothed his forehead; and with a strange took she studied his unnaturally pale face. "It's your arm I'm thinking about more han anything," said she. "We've got to than anything," said she.

have something to treat that with me, does it hurt you very much, Allan?" He tried to laugh as he glanced down at the wounded arm, which, ligatured about the spear thrust with a thong and supported by rawhide sling, looked strangely blue and

"Hurt me? Nonsense! . I'll be fine and dandy in no time. The only trouble is I'm not much good as a fighter this way Southpaw, you see. Can't shoot worth z—a cent, you knew, with my left. Otherwise I wouldn't mind." "Shoot? Trust me for that now!" she exclaimed. "We've still got two revolvers and the shotgun left, and lots of ammuni-tion. I'll do the shooting—if there's got to be any done!"

"You're all right, Beatrice!" exclaimed be wounded man fervenily. "What would do without you?" And to think how near you came to but never mind. That's over

you came to—but never mind. That's over now; forget it!"
"Yea but what next?"
"Don't know. Get well, maybe. Things might be worse. I might have a broken arm or something; laid up for weeks—alous starvation and all that. What's a mere puncture? Nothing! Now that the spear's out it'll hegin healing right away.
"Dot a million, though, that What's Him-

No Scraps of Paper Torn at Metropolitan as Urlus Sings the Swan-Knight Any one disposed to treat jocosely so en rringly poetic a work as "Lohengrin"

OPERATIC BELGIUM

and plucked it out. The blood, he recalled

was spurting freely as he had carried Bea-trice through the wreckage and up to the first landing, where she had regained partial

(CONTINUED TOMORROW)

UNDERGOES INVASION

might tell how operatic Belgium, or the Brabant of legend, was invaded at the Metropolitan last night. Nor, if he did, should there be any offense shown at mention of the coincidence that Mr. Urius, the shining knight of the occasion, is really Flemish and that, queerly and contradictorily mough, Mmes. Happoid and Ober and Messrs. Goritz and Braun are of the Teutons Teutonic in emotion and thought. For scraps of paper were not even in one' mind, so real is the old truth that art knows no diplomacy, nor boundary lines, nor na-

tional disagreements. Familiar a friend as he is, "Lohengrin can take on abs each performance as the armor be wears. Mme. Gadski used to be the standard Elsa, for instance, just as Mmes. Homer and Matzenauer used to alternate as Ortrud. Perhaps a sketchy contrast of their imper-sonations is not out of place. The newer Elsa sang with much expression and with a clearly defined zeal that were capital.
If she suggests an incomplete version of
the Wagner of 1850 it was because of the indefinable but underliable lack of the mys tic, fairy story spirit which alone lifts the hero of the swan from the plane of melo framatic antiquity to the plane of poetic fantasy. It is just this spirit, so difficult of realization in Elsa, that is virtually actress proof in Ortrud. So Mme. Ober, natching her enchantress with those of Saussen, Matzenauer and Homer, did no To the black wonder and awe of the k scene" she lent a contralto not great, but thrilling and menacing. Her yellowish face was a nice touch of impressionism

Not much that is important or novel can be recorded of the others. The clear lyric tenor of Mr. Urius shone, and his last scene was a piece of sheer witchery. Mr. Braun did the King with fair success. That garrulous person, the herald, was admirably sonerous in the throat of Robert Leonhardt, and of course the gem of the night was Mr. Goritz's Telramund—a black and disas-trous jewel, flawless and frightful in its gloomy setting. It is one of the supreme oles of a supreme artist-singer and actor His precision of speech was again superb.

Mr. Bodansky conducted poetically, nervously, with knowledge of the inward being of the score. The way in which he de-tached the prelude to the opera, making it sound like a tone poem, brings the thought that some day he may take his place on the platform of a symphony concert. The clusive atmosphere of "absolute" music hangs about his head like sea-murmuring ound a shell

HECKLING OF WILSON DENOUNCED BY "ANTIS"

Women Opponents of Suffrage Prepare for Big Campaign at Capital

WASHINGTON. Dec. 6 -- Denunciation of the act of suffrage workers in heckling the President during his address before Congress yesterday was made by speakers at today's preliminary sessions of the National Association Opposed to Woman Suffrage. This was the first national conventions to America, in waster who believe received. tion in America of women who believe prog-The antis will try to down the old "de

structive" bugaboo, and show the con-structive side of their organization—the utilinate union of women of all creeds and ciasses for the advancement of womanhood. The immediate objective—the defeat of the national woman suffrage movement—will be more or less relegated to discussion along these lines. these lines. President William Howard Taft, Elihu

Root, William Cabot Lodge, Charles W. Ellot and Lyman Abbott have been invited to attend the big banquet. Mrs. Lanning. Mabel Boardman, Ida M. Tarbell and Kate Douglas Wiggin are present.

The association is composed of twenty-five State organizations, and has an en-rollment of more than 150,000 members.