JUST GOSSIP ABOUT PEOPLE

Miss Lucile Polk Carter Guest of Honor at Dance Given by Her Father-Musicale Is Given to Help Families of Soldiers

TONIGHT Lucile Carter will be the feten debutante, when her father, Willie Contact. Will give a large dance for her in the ballroom of the Rits-Cariton Hotel. Lorder, will give an agreedly resembles her father and aunt. Mrs. Joe Leidy. She Lucie is very tall and eyes and rather a small head, and looks specially well in rather has dark mair and the lie very fond of riding, and may always be seen at the

> COLONEL AND MRS. BOWIE This fetching couple will appear tonight in "The

Dictator," to be given by Penn Charter School members. The lady in the picture is none other than Mr. William C. Hayes, while Mr. John Spurr is the Colonel. There seems quite an atmosphere of conjugal bliss about the dears

at the ten table.

Mr. and Mrs. C. Hartman Kuhn have taken apartments at the Bellevue-Stratford

Miss Frances Sullivan, daughter of Mr.

for the remainder of the winter

unable to return to his home.

the winter at the Swarthmore.

Dr. and Mrs. Howard Kennedy Hill and their family will spend the winter at their country home at Villanova instead of com-ing to town, as they have done in former

Miss Sophie Ferguson, of Chestnut Hill, has issued cards for a tea to be given on Wednesday of next week in honor of the members of the Germantown bockey team.

Mr. Arnold Jennings, of Princeton Uni-versity, has returned to college after spend-ing the Thanksgiving holidays with his

Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Tallman, of Wynne-wood, had Mr. and Mrs. R. Warren ogden, of Niagara Falis, as their guests last week.

Mrs. J. S. Croll, of Princeton, N. J., is spending several days with friends in Ger-

An engagement of considerable interest has been announced by Mrs. S. Grinafelder, of Baltimore, Md., whose daughter, Miss Flora S. Grinafeldar, is betrothed to Louis Strousse, of this city, son of Mr, and Mrs. Morria Strousse.

The Suburban Athletic Club, of Lans-downs, held its fifth annual banquet this week at the clubhouse, Mapte avenue, Lans-downs.

Entertainments

horse shows m and hunt meets in riding clothes, She is fling the greater part of the winter with Ner mother, Mrs. George Brooks, who is entertaining considerably for her also,

The guests tonight will be chiefly from the deputante set and a faw of the younger married people. Wil-He's mother, Mrs. Wil-Ham T. Carter, will recelve the guests with and Mrs. Leldy his other sister, Mrs. William C. Dickerman, of New York, will also be present, and, of course, Cornella Leidy, who, by the way, is just as tall as Lucile, but as fair as Lucile is dark.

THE Old York Road Achapter of the Pennsylvania Women's Division for National Preparedness is getting up a musicale to beneat several families of Palladelphia soldiers in Mexico. The affair is to be held in the hall of Miss Marshall's school at Oak Lane tomorrow evening at 8:15 o'clock. The proceeds are to be devoted to providing Christmas bexes for the men at the border and for the relief of such of their families as may be destitute at home here. The chapter has pledged

itself to provide and care for six families | Storer will be remembered as Miss Eliza-and twenty-two children, whose needs | beth Claxton, of Chestnut Hill, before her marriage a few years ago. At the tea which Mrs. Louis Barciay Robinson, of 1712 Locust street, will give tomorrow Mrs. Walter Jackson Freeman and Mrs. Fielding Otis Lewis will preside most imperative.

In one oase-a woman whose husband is tubercular and unable to work-they have six children, and the eldest, a boy, is at the border; two of the children are cick at present and the family is virtually without means of support. Ancase is that of a woman with two small children, whose husband is at the front. This little family is destitute of clothes and food. A third case is a widow whose son is at the border. She has five small children, one of whom is III, and she is ill herself. There is great seed of all the necessities of life for this smily, too-and so it goes. There are other cases of equal urgency, and it seems to me that charity begins at home. Here se are, working our hands off for the Allies and for the Central Powers at various fairs and other entertainments, and right here in our midst is terrible want and privation. Not that the Emergency Aid is not handling this matter well and efficiently, for it does for home as well as abroad, but there is a certain glamour short working for the war sufferers, and I think very often individuals forget these about them for the sake of sentiment. Mrs. Theodore C. Knauff is treasurer of the York Road Chapter.

THE Charity Ball was a brilliant suc cess and the spectacular effect superb, though it was strange to see Old King Cole as a slim and dignified person. I think the whole thing, without exception, far surpassed any Charity Ball of former years. The "Arabian Nights" costumes were probably the most colorful and bril-Bant, Charlle Morgan led the dancing dressed as Robin Hood. Students of the Jefferson College represented King Cole and his merry men, and his court was made up of ladies-in-waiting and pages and Cinderellas and Prince Charmings. My gracious! but the pirates were flerce, and such little soldier boys I never did 200. The Harlequins and Columbines wars perfectly wonderful, too; in fact, it is hard to may which set outdanced or outdressed the other.

IT 18 interesting to hear that Mr. White-house, a member of the English Parliament, is to spend the week-end with the Elmund Eyanses at Ardmore. Mr. and Mrs. Evans will give a dinner in his honor tonight and will follow it with a large reception, at which Mr. Whitehouse will work on the "World of the Future."

Mr. Whitehouse is a noted Englishman and ardent pacifiat. His object in comlag over to this country is to spread a sace propaganda. A large luncheon was cen at the Bellevue-Stratford today, at which Mr. Whitehouse addressed the pubic, to whom it was open. Mrs. Evans, you will remember, was Rebecca Winsor, one of the James Winsors' beautiful NANCY WYNNE.

Personals

Richard Este has issued invitations a dinner at the Philadelphia Country temorrow, at 7:30 voicek, to meet and Mrs. Coleman Brown. The guests afterward attend Mrs. Scott's Supper at the Bellevue-Stratford.

sand Mrs. Harry Morse Coffin, of 507 herry street, Germantown, will shortly likeliations for a dance at the German Cricket Club on Tuesday, Janua, in honor of their daughter, Miss Come.

Entertainments

Members of the Penn Charter Dramatic Club will appear tonight in Richard, Harding Davis's play "The Distator." The purformance will be given in the ballroom of the Hellevie-Stratford, and a number of prominent women have given their names as patronesses for the productice, many of whom will occupy boxes. Among them are Mrs. Alfred Reginald Alian Mrs. Is month H. Austin, Mrs. Norrie S. Barratt. Mrs. Charance Hartlett, Mrs. Edward W. Hok. Mrs. Frederick M. Brigham, Mrs. Hanty I. Brown, Mrs. Hanty I. Brown, Mrs. Charles H. Burr, Mrs. Henry Chapman, Mrs. 3. Hudson Chapman, Mrs. David S. H. Chew, Mrs. Philip S. Colling Mrs. Lammed du Pout, Mrs. Pierre B. du Pont, Mrs. Rowland C. Evans, Mrs. Imase R. David, Mrs. Charles H. Kwite, Mrs. Clifford R. Fart, Mrs. Sendand E. Foseders, Mrs. Arthur B. Umraatt, Mrs. Julia H. Tobas, Mrs. Aliana G. Brandt, Mrs. Julia H. Tobas, Mrs. Arthur B. Umraatt, Mrs. Julia H. Tobas, Mrs. Aliana G. Brandt, Mrs. Langt, Mrs. irs Burton Mustin of West Johnson al, Germantown, left this week for El on Tax, to join Mr. Mustin for a brief Mrs. Mustin will return by way of succis. Fin., where she will be the of her brother-in-law and sinter, Dr. Mrs. Ericset Quins. Mrs. Quins was a Oracos Read before her marriage.

des. their hope to Strafford, next week. I retire to fown for the winter.

and Mrs. Morgan Robard, of West

James W. Holland, Miss Luop B. H. Holland, Mrs. Edward Hopkinsch. Jr., Mrs. C. Stanley Northot. Mrs. Lanac W. Jennes. Mrs. Robert D. Jenks, Mrs. William F. Jenks, Mrs. Hichard M. Jones, Mrs. William Gray Knowles, Mrs. Robert N. Kline. Mrs. Thomas Leaning, Mrs. Theodoro Le Bouillier, Mrs. Robert G. LeConta, Mrs. James G. Lelopr. Mrs. John T. Lewis, Jr., Mrs. Jay B. Lippincott, Mrs. J. Bertran Lippincott, Mrs. James M. Longacre, Mrs. John M. Longacre, Mrs. George H. Lorimer, Mrs. C. Watson McRechan, Mrs. Edward E. Marshall, Mrs. William R. Nicholson, Mrs. William Pepper, Jr., Mrs. George A. Piersol, Mrs. George Norris Piersol, Mrs. Evan Handolph, Mrs. Benjamin B. Roath, Mrs. Mrs. Francis B. Besves, Jr., Mrs. L. Irving Reichner, Mrs. Charles J. Rhozads, Mrs. John B. Roberts, Mrs. Joseph Saller, Mrs. Alfred G. Beattergood, Mrs. William Ellis Stillern, Mrs. E. Marshall Scull, Mrs. William T. Shoemakar, Miss Violet Penn-Gaskell Skillern, Mrs. E. Marshall Scull, Mrs. William Ellis Stillern, Mrs. Fownsend, Jr., Miss Marjorie B. Townsend, Mrs. Charles Edward Van Peli, Mrs. Jacques L. Vauclain, Mrs. John Wanamaker, Mrs. John M. Whitail, Mrs. Thomas S. Williams, Mrs. Grahame Wood, Mrs. Horatio C. Wood, Jr., Mrs. Charlton Tarnall, Mrs. Harold E. Yarnall and Mrs. John L. Scull.

CANTAVES CHORUS CONCERT

Well-Known Women Singers Open Drexel Institute Series

The Cantaves Chorus, one of the best known organizations of local woman de-voted to ensemble singing, opened its sea-son last night at the Drexel Institute, where yoled to ensemble singing, opened its season last night at the Drexel Institute, where the program also inaugurated the annual series of free concerts. May Porter, Mus. Bac, who has been the indefatigable director of the Cantaves since the beginning, again had the forces in control, and assisting her as sololats were Florence Haenle, vidlinist, and Poir Willa, baritone. Obligati to various numbers were supplied by Roba Stanger, violincellist; Alice Fidler, contraito, and the following sopranos—Mabel Eims, Ruth Cross, Loda Goforth, Elizabeth Hussiton and Mae Walker Lofland. The accompanists were William Sylvano Thunder at the plano and James M. Dickin-Thunder at the piano and James M. Dickin-

on at the organ.

The chorus fulfilled the significance of its name, "singing birds," in its varied con-tributions, as the voices were fresh and sweet and showed careful preliminary se-lection and thorough routining. The exclu-sively choral selections were Harker's "Calm on the List'ning Ear of Night," Cad-man's "The Wish." man's "The Wish," a delightful piece, with violin and cello accompaniment; Fay Fos-ter's "Louisiana Luliaby," Poldini's difficult

ter's "Louisiana Luliaby," Poldini's difficult
"Dancing Doil," and Kampermann's "In
Sunny Spain,"

The most elaborate offering was Christian Sinding's "Let the Fiddles, Flutes and
Brasses," distinctively written for a female
quartet and chorus, with an interesting
background almost orchestral with its
plano, violin and grand organ of more
than ordinary importance, too, was Stevenson's "Vienness Sorenade," in which Mr.
Wizia's full and suave voice carried the
burden. He also had two solo numbers, the
arias from "Le Roi de Lahore" and from
Leoncavallo's "Zaza." Miss Haenle gave a
very clever reading of Vieuxtemps's taxing
"Polonaise and Ballade,"

SCULPTURE AWARDS MADE Jury Recognizes Philadelphia Girl and

Other Women Artists

The special jury that viewed the exhibit of women sculptors of the Plastic Club has announced the winning awards, which were selected from 100 creations submitted by the leading sculptors of the country.

The Auguste Rodin medal was awarded to Anna Vaughan Hyatt for her model in miniature of her equestrian monument Jean d'Arc, recently erected on Riverside drive, New York. and Mrs. James Francis Sullivan, of Twenty-first and Walnut streets, will return home this week from the Adiron-dack Mountains, N. Y., where she has been spending some time. New York.

Mrs. John da Costa Newbold and her daughters, Miss Ellen Newbold and Miss F. Angela Newbold, of Betzwood, Pa., will shortly close their country house and come to town for the winter months, when they will occupy their residence, 2221 St. James place. New York.

Three honorable mentions were awarded as follows: To Fiorence Lucius, for study of two dancers, entitled "A Garden Group"; to Grace Mott Johnson, for study of a lion, entitled "Old Lion," and to Beatrice Fanton, of Philadeiphia, for her portrait of the head of a youth. Friends of Mr. John da Costa Newbold will be glad to hear he is recuperating after his recent serious illness. He is still

head of a youth.

The Rodin medal is in gold and bears in

MINUS THE SCENERY

Miss Jean Burt, of this city, who has been spending the summer at the ranch of her brother, Mr. Struthers Burt, Har B-C, Jackson's Hole, Wyo., has returned and will spend the winter in town. Mr. and Mrs. Caleb Fox, of Berthellyn, Ogontz, have left for Hot Springs, Va., where they will spend a fortnight. Mr. John Abbott, of Boston, Mass, who is now in business in this city, has taken an apartment at the Swarthmore. Mr. John Mears, of Germantown, is also spending Mrs. I. Harrison Hutchinson, of Oakwood, Jobstown, N. J., will shortly issue invitations for a bridge on the afternoon of Monday, December 18, at 2 o'clock to meet Miss Rose Barnes, of Jobstown, formerly of Yonkers, N. Y.

The wedding of Miss Barnes and Mr. Henry Livermore, of Omaha, Neb., formerly of New York, will take place on Wednesday, January 3, in Holy Trinity Chapel, New York.

> "Henry, how do you like my new hat?" "Well, er—let me see it from the back."

Mr. Ward J. Davies has returned to Rutgers College, New Brunswick, after spending the Thanksgiving holidays with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Davies, at their home, 139 East Walnut lane, Ger-MISS FAAS SINGS FOR CHARITY Recital of Brilliant Soprano Benefits Music Settlement School

The Music Settlement School, in the noble work of which she has long been interested, was the beneficiary of Mildred Faua's recital, which drew a large maituse audience yesterday to Witherspoon Hall. The size of the audience seems warrant for the statement that the recital, which was under the capable direction of Heien Pulaski Innea, profited the beneficiary in a considerable sum.

The audience had an elaborate program representative mainly of the romantic and contemporary composers. The list was one which displayed Miss Fasa's technical skill as a singer and her talent for interpretation. Her voice is one of luccious quality, nrilliant in the opper register and singularly mallow in the lower. It is a large but not explosive voice, for dynamic control is one of the phases of her art which Miss Fass has learned. Her singing, as to style, is characterised by spoutaneity and festing for the message of the song. There is also an individuality which sets a personal impress, often original, upon her interpretations.

Ward disphens the talented young American composer, was a very accompished accompanist, and one of the successes of the afternoon was scored by his compositions. The audience had an elaborate program

What's Doing Tonight

Morthern Medical Association annual. Ritbranchatha is Girard College of contrain at Dr. William H. Alley and Dr. Adam R. Par Togatchak Ellberg Ball, Engled Hall Brand and Enting Carden street I o'clock Free.
Free attent dinner, Philadelphia Motor Speciary Association, Majorite Habri, U.S. o'clock. THE DAY'S WORK



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THE VACANT WORLD the other room and thence to the corridor

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

CHAPTER XXVIII-(Continued)

STOP! "Now, decant it through this funnel into

Again, using both hands for steadiness, she did his bidding.
And one by one as she filled the little flasks of chained death, the engineer steppered them with his left hand.

When the last was done, Stern drew a tramendous sigh and dashed the sweat from his forehead with a gesture of victory. Into the residue in the dish he poured little nitric acid.

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

TOMORROW'S

Evening & Tedger

ONE CENT

"That's got no kick left in it now, anyow," said he relieved. "The HNO3 tames quick enough. But the bottles—take ire—don't tip one over, as you love your

He stood up, slowly, and for a moment remained there, his face in the shadow of the lamp shade, holding to the table edge for support with his left hand.

At him the girl looked.

"And now," she began, "now——?"

The question had no time for completion. For even as she spoke, a swift little something flicked through the window behind them.

It struck the opposite wall with a sharp crack! then fell slithering to the floor. Outside, against the building, they heard another and another little at once a second missile darted through

This hit the lamp. Stern grabbed the shade and steadled it. Heatrice stooped and snatched up the thing from where it lay beside the table.

Only one glance Stern gave at it, as she held it up. A long reed stem he saw wrapped at its base with cotton fibers—a fish-bone point, firm lashed—and on that point a dull red stain, a blotch of something dry and shiny.

"Blowgun darts i" cried he. "Polsoned!

"Blowgun darts" cried he. "Poisoned! They've seen the light—got our range! They're up there in the tree tops—shooting

With one puff the light was gone. By the wrist he seized Beatrice. He dragged her toward the front wall, off to one side.

her toward the front wall, off to one side, out of range.

"The flasks of Pulverite! Suppose a dart should hit one?" exclaimed the girl.

"That's so! Wait here—I'll get them?"
But hhe was there beside him as, in the thick dark, he cautiously felt for the deadly things and found them with a hand that dared not tremble. And though here, there, the little venom stings whise-shed over them and past tham, to shatter on the rear wall, she helped him bear the viale, all nine of them, to a place of safety in the left-hand front corner where by no possibility could they be struck.

Together then, quietly as wraiths, they

left-hand front corner where by no possibility could they be struck.

Together then, quietly as wraiths, they
stole into the next room, and there, from
a window not as yet attacked, they spiled
out at the dark tree tops that lay in dense
masses almost brushing the walls.

"See? See there?" whispered Stern in,
the girl's ear. He pointed where, not ten
yards away and below, a blacker shadow
seemed to move along a hemicok branch.
Porgotten naw, his wounds. Porgotten his
loss of blood, his fever and his weakness.
The sight of that creeping stealthy sitack
nerved him with new vigor. And, even as
the girl looked. Stern drew his revolver.
Speaking no further word, he laid the
ugly barrel firm across the still.

Carefully he sighted, as best he could
in that gloom lit only by the stars. Coldiy
as though at a target-shot, he hrought the
musaic sight to bear on that deep, crawling
ahadow.

Then suddenly a spurt of fire split the

Then suddenly a spurt of fire split the

Out they peered.

"Look! Torches!" whispered he.

There at the far end of the hallway a red glare already flickered on the wall around the turn by the elevator shaft. Already the confused sounds of the attackers were drawing near.

"They're managed to dis area, the here." night. The crackling report echoed away, And with a bubbling scream, the shadow loosened from the limb as a ripe fruit

Vaguely they saw it fall, strike a branch, slide off, and disappear.

All at once a pattering of darts flickered All at once a pattering of darts flickered around them. Stern felt one strike his fur jacket and bounce off. Another grazed the girl's head. But to their work they stood, and flinched not.

Now her revolver was speaking, in antiphony with his; and from the branches, two, three, five, eight, ten of the ape-things fell.

"Give it to 'em!" shouted the engineer, as though he had a regiment behind him. "Give it to 'em! And again he pulled trigger.

The revolver was empty.

With a cry he threw it down, and, running to where the shotgun stood, snatched it up. He scooped into his pocket a handful provided that a sum. Brighter the torghlight grew.

The revolver was empty.
With a cry he threw it down, and, running to where the shotgun stood, snatched it up. He scooped into his pocket a handful of shells from the box where they were stored; and as he darted back to the window, he cocked both hammers.

"Poom! Poom!"
The deep baying of the Lefever roared out in twin jets of flame.
Stern broke the gun and jacked in two more shells.
Again he fired.

"Allan!" she whispered. "Come back, back, away from here. We've got to get up those stairs, there, at the other end of the hall. This is no kind of place to meet them—we're exposed here. There's no protection!"

Again he fired.
"Good heaven! How many of 'em are there in the trees?" shouted he. "Try the pulverite!" cried Beatrice. "Maybe you might hit a branch!"

Stern flung down the gun. To the corner where the vials were standing he ran. Up he caught one—he dared not take two lest they should by some accident strike together.

"Here-here, now, take this!" he bel-

And from the window, aiming at a pine that stood seventy-five feet away—a pine whose branches seemed to hang thick with the Horde's blowgun men—he slung it with all the strength of his uninjured arm.

Into the gloom it vanished, the little meteorite of latent death, of potential horror and destruction. "If it hits 'em they'll think we are gods, after all, what?" cried the engineer, peering eagerly. But for a moment, nothing

"Missed it!" he groaned. "If I only had my right arm to use now, I might----" Far below, down there a hundred feet beneath them and out a long way from the tower base, night yawned wide in a burst of helling glary

of hellish glare. A vast conical hole of flame was gouged in the dark. For a fraction of a second svery tree, limb, twig stood out in vivid detail, as that blue-white glory shot aloft.

All up through the forest the girl and Stern got a momentary glimpse of little, clinging Things, crouching misshapen, hid-

Then, as a riven and distorted whiri burst upward in a huge geyser of annihilation, came a detonation that ripped, stunned, shattered; that sent both the defenders staggering backward from the window.

Darkness closed again, like a gaping mouth that shuts. And all about the building, through the trees, and down again in a titanic, slashing rain fell the wreckage of things that had been stone and earth and root and tree and living creatures—that had been—that now were but one indistinguishable mass of ruin and of death. After that, here and there, small dark objects came dropping, thudding, crashing down. You might have thought some coamic gardener had shaken his orchard, his orchard where the plums and pears were rotten-ripe.

"One" cried the engineer, in a strange, wild avultant valce. wild, exultant voice.

CHAPTER XXIX

The Battle On the Stairs ALMOST like the echo of his shout, a

ridor outside. They heard a clicking, uliding, ominous sound; and, with instant comprehension, knew the truth.

They've got up, some of them—somehow!" Stern cried. "They'li he at our threats here in a moment! Load! Load! You shoot—I'll give 'em Pulverite!"

No time, now, for caution. While the girl hastily threw in more cartridges, Stern gathered up all the remaining vials of the explosive.

explosive.

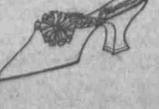
These garnered along his wounded arm, which claused them to his body made a little bristling row of death. His left hand remained free to fling the little glass

bornbs.
"Come Come, meet 'em—they mustn't trap us here!"
And together they crept noiselessly into

Boudoir Slippers

make the daintiest intimate gift! Here are all the attractive styles one could wish for!

"Where Only the Best is Good Enough"



"The chief!" he whispered, And as he spoke, Beatrice almed.

There, shambling among the drove of things, they saw him clearly for a moment. Ugiler, more incredibly brutal than ever he looked, now, by that uncanny light.

Stern naw—and rejoiced in the aight—that the obeah's law hung surely broken, all awry. The quick-blinking narrow-lidded eves shuttled here, there, as the creature sought to say out his enemies. The nostrils dilated, to entet the spoor of man. Man, no longer god, but mortal.

One hand held a crucillus meating. One hand held a crackling pure-knot. The other gripped the haft of a stone az, one blow of which would dash to pulp the atout-

winding stairway the scoops of the faring their terches into each room passed, some into view around the at the distant and,

Shuffling, bideous beyond all worth the fire gleam, bent, wisened, bics, Things swarmed toward them in a wand shiftling mass, a reck of horror.

The defenders, peering from behird the broken balustrade, could hear the guitural jabber of their beast talk, the clicking play of their fangs; could see the craning necles, the talons that he'd spears, bludgeons, blowguns, even Jagged rocks.

Over all the smoky gleams wavered in a gheatly interplay of light and darkness. Uncanny shadows leaged along the walls. From every corner and recess and black, empty door ghoulish shapes seemed creep-

Tense, now, the moment hung. Suddenly the engineer bent forward, star-

"The chief!" he whiepered. And as he

This much Stern noted, as in a finsh; when at his side the gir's revolver spat. The report roared heavily in that constricted space. For a moment the obean stopped short. A look of brute pain, of wonder, then of quintupled rage passed over his face. A twitching grin of passion distorted the huge, wounded gash of the mouth. He screamed. Up came the stone ax.

(CONTINUED TOMORROW)

GIRARD ALUMNI TO GIVE PORTRAITS OF PRESIDENTS

"They've managed to dig away the barricade somehow," said Stern. "And now they're out for business—clubs. poisoned darts and all—and fangs and claws! How many of 'em? God knows! A swarm, that's all!" Presentation of Pictures of Doctor Allen and Doctor Fetterolf Takes Place Tonight

The Alumni of Girard College will present the institution with two oil paintings of former presidents of the college tonight. The portraits are of Dr. William H. Allen, who was president of Girard College from 1850 to 1883, with a short intermission, and Dr. Adam H. Fetteroif, who was president from 1883 to 1910.

The pictures are by Frank B. A. Linton, who is well known in Philadelphia. They are of three-quarter size and will be hung in the office of Dr. C. A. Herrick, now president of the college.

ident of the college.

The presentation exercises will be held in the College Chapel and all of the young men and boys now at the institution as well as the faculty will be present.

The picture of Doctor Allen will be presented by Lawrence Farrell, of the class of 1871, and that of Doctor Fetterolf by Ferdinand H. Graser, of the class of 1898. They will be received by the Board of Pirectors of City Trusts, the administrators of the estate of Stephen Girard.

Preceding the exercises an inspection of "You're right," he answered, "Come!"
Like ghosts they slid away, noiselessly, through the enshrouding gloom.
Even as they gained the shelter of the

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Hudson Seal Muffs.	14.50 2	2.50
Natural Skunk Muffs	16.50 2	5.00
Beaver Muffa	19.50 2	5.00
Mole Muffs	29.50 3	2.5h
Taupe Fox Muffs	32.50 3	3.50
Kolinsky Muffs	49.50 B	2 nn