

JUST GOSSIP ABOUT PEOPLE

Plays and Players to Build Clubhouse—Rose Festival Opens Tonight—Rummage Sale for Crippled Children

It is splendid that the Plays and Players have at least found a suitable clubhouse and a large enough one to build a clubhouse, and they have made a contract for the purchase of said lot for the sum of \$25,000. It is on Ludlow street, at the center of the block bounded by Chestnut, Nineteenth and Twentieth streets, just a square and a half from the present club rooms. The lot is the size of that on which the Little Theatre is built on De Lancey street and has a rear entrance on Ransstead street, through which scenery and various other appliances can be very conveniently handled.

Besides the purchase of the property, it will require at least 30,000 more dollars to put up the building. With the amount the building fund committee has raised, it is not possible to erect a very comfortable and attractive clubhouse, containing an adequate stage and auditorium.

To say that members of the Plays and Players are delighted and interested is to speak mildly. In fact, it is said they will probably raise the amount required in a short time, and in that case the committee promises a clubhouse for their "very own" ready for occupancy next fall.

Those of us who have attended the Rose Festival and delightful Sunday afternoon teas at the present Playrooms anticipate with pleasure this new home for some of the finest of clubs going.

TONIGHT we have the opening of the Rose Festival at the First National Armory, Broad and Callowhill streets, when the much-talked-of "Cook" rose will be named.

The ceremony will really be lovely. Miss Martin, president of the Garden Clubs of America and chairman of the local Garden Club, has arranged the table, but has not as yet arranged the name of the sponsor or sponsors of the rose.

The armory will be converted into a garden, a real lake will ripple in the center of the great space, surrounded by real grass and real roses growing in real earth will outline the paths at the end of the hall there will be a platform which will be carpeted with a magnificent Oriental rug, which is loaned for the occasion by a local dealer. At the side of the platform a huge vase will be placed containing the unnamed rose. The unnamed chrisopher will then step to the platform, walking through the rose pathway, accompanied by several debutantes of the year as attendants, and she will place a wreath at the base of the vase. A walk called "The American Rose Walk," written by Victor Herbert during the past two weeks for this special occasion, will be played, Mr. Herbert having been invited to conduct the orchestra himself this evening. The walk finished, the rose will be sprinkled and christened for Mrs. Stotesbury, after which the "Star Spangled Banner" will be played. The whole idea is a pretty one, I think, and Society is greatly interested in it.

Don't forget the rummage sale at Black's old store today, for "Sweet Charity" in other words, for the little people of St. Edmond's Home. It lasts for three days, I know but, just the same, go early if you want to buy.

Oh! those rummage sales; what ceaseless tales of joy they bring forth! Last year there was one given and a certain grade dame of this city who had a dress made by a fashionable and costly dressmaker (oh, yes, very costly) had decided after two wearings that it was not becoming. She also decided she would not give it to a maid as she objected to seeing the maid dressed in her cast-off finery, so she sent it to the sale. Imagine her astonishment when a few days later, on looking out from her motor window, she noticed a maid who wore afternoon off her maid parading up Walnut street in the very gown. Upon inquiry she found that the maid had wandered into the sale the week before and had bought the frock for \$5. Yes, they do have bargains like that, so be sure to go. Think of the dear little stick tops you will help if you do. Besides, they will have "cats" every day.

NANCY WYNNE.

Mrs. Charles Wister, of Penn and Fox streets, Germantown, entertained the members of her luncheon club yesterday.

Mrs. Natalie Blizard, of Pulaski avenue, Germantown, will entertain at dinner on April 10 at the home of Miss Annetta Gillispie. Miss Frances Day will also give a dinner before the class.

The girls club of the Stevens School will give a concert on April 20 at the Germantown Cricket Club, which will be followed by a dance.

Mr. and Mrs. Lytton Patterson, of Wilmington, had Miss Dorothy Burgess as their guest over the week-end.

Mrs. Herbert L. Clarke will not receive afternoons as she is out of town. She will be at home next week, however, at the home of Mrs. Carrion.

Mrs. Albert Francine, of 264 South Pennsylvania street, left town last Saturday for Augusta, Ga., to spend several weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Lincoln Godfrey, Jr., of Philadelphia, spent some time last week at the home of Mrs. Lincoln Godfrey, Jr., of Atlantic City.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Marshall, of Bydal street, who have been spending some time at the Huntingdon Valley Country Club, left for White Sulphur Springs, Va., last Saturday to spend several weeks.

Mrs. Mary Louise McCown, who is attending school at Bennett's, in Millbrook, Pa., will arrive on Wednesday to spend several days at the home of Miss Annetta Gillispie, of Benet street, Chestnut street.

Mr. and Mrs. Lincoln Gillispie, of 332 Chestnut street, Germantown, will give a dinner at the Casino on April 11 in honor of Miss Freda Gillispie. The card of A. Lincoln Gillispie, Jr., is inclosed.

Mr. T. B. Sims and Mrs. P. Sims gave a dinner today at the Acoors Club in honor of Miss Sally Lee. The card of the last of the series of Mrs. S. Naudain Duer's dancing will be given for a ten days stay.



MISS MARGARET COOPER. Miss Cooper is the daughter of Mr. Samuel W. Cooper, secretary of the Art Club. She has decided to take the part of an ingenue in Howard Shelley's farce, "The Family Tree," to be given Monday night at the Little Theatre.

W. Frost, home director of the China Inland Mission.

The dancing class which meets the third Monday of each month at the Casino in Germantown was held last night.

Miss Eliza Frost, of Summit, N. J., will be the guest of Miss Houston for several weeks.

Mrs. Lynch and her son and daughter, Mr. Thomas Lynch and Miss Sarah Lynch, of Greensburg, Pa., who had been spending several weeks at the Traymors, Atlantic City, spent several days last week in this city at the Bellevue-Stratford before leaving for their home.

A wedding of interest which will take place Tuesday evening, April 17, will be that of Miss Margaret Earle Purner, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John W. Purner, of Glenside, and Mr. Clifford North Jenkins, son of Mr. E. T. Jenkins and the late Mrs. E. T. Jenkins, of Brooklyn, N. Y. The ceremony will be performed in the Carmel Presbyterian Church, Edge Hill road.

Miss Purner left last Friday for Newark, N. J., where she will spend several days at the home of Miss Elizabeth Sommer. Miss Sommer entertained at bridge Friday afternoon in honor of her guest.

This week Miss Purner will go to Brooklyn, where she will be the guest of her father's father, and will be extensively entertained at several dinners and luncheons and a theatre party.

The friends of Mr. W. J. Chase, of Roslyn, will be glad to hear that he is recuperating rapidly after his recent operation at the Hahnemann Hospital and is expected to return home in a few weeks.

Mrs. Frank Denniston, of Roslyn, has issued invitations for a bridge and 500 on Thursday afternoon, March 29, at 2:30 o'clock. The card of Miss Nellie Henry, of this city, is inclosed.

A St. Patrick's Day party was given at the home of Mr. Harry Held, 2315 East Susquehanna avenue, by the Vesper Social of Kensington.

Miss Ravor and Miss Held sang a duet and Mr. John H. Miller sang a few of the latest songs.

The following were present: Mr. Harry Held, Miss Kathryn Doerl, Mr. Roy Goeffinger, Miss Edith Pote, Mr. James Warner, Miss Sarah Owen, Mr. Harold Schneider, Miss Clara Chesley, Mr. John Miller, Miss Margaret Biddle, Mr. Hay Quinn, Miss Thora Leverman, Mr. Allen Christine, Miss Marie Havor, Miss Elmira Held, Miss Elizabeth Held and Miss Mary Held.



THE AFTERGLOW

A Sequel to "Beyond the Great Oblivion" By GEORGE ALLAN ENGLAND

CHAPTER XXX (Continued) O merged in the somber gray of the horizon, did she sadly and very slowly descend the path once more, back to the loneliness of a home where now no husband's presence greeted her.

Though she tried to smile—tried to believe all would yet be well, old (deafening) glancing up from her labors at the cooling hearth, saw tears were shining in her beautiful gray eyes.

Barbarian though the ancient beladame was, she knew, she understood that after all, now as for all time, in every venture and in every task, the woman's portion was the harder one.

CHAPTER XXXI A Strange Apparition AT A good road pace, where open going permitted, the party made way, striking boldly across country in the probable direction of the lost aeroplane.

Some marched in silence, thoughtfully; others sang, as though getting out upon the Great Southern Sea in fishing boats. But one common purpose and ambition thrilled them all.

A man less boldly resourceful than Allan Stern must have thought long, and hesitated, before thus plunging into a desolated and unknown territory on such a hunt.

For, to speak truth, the finding of the needle in the haystack would have been as easy as any hope of ever locating the machine in all those thousands of square miles of devastation.

But Stern felt no fear. The great need of the colony made the expedition imperative; his supreme self-trust rendered it possible.

From the very beginning of things, back there in the tower overlooking Madison forest, he had never even admitted the possibility of failure in any undertaking. Deafening in wholly outside his scheme of things. That it could ever be his portion simply never had occurred to him.

As they progressed he carefully reviewed everything in his mind. Plans and equipment seemed perfectly adequate. In addition to the impediments already mentioned, a few necessary tools, a supply of cartridges for transporting the machine, and three bottles of brandy for emergencies had been judiciously added to the men's burdens.

Each, in addition, carried a small flat water-jug, tightly stoppered, slung over his shoulder. Allan counted on streams being plentiful, but he meant to look out even for the unexpected, too.

He had wisely taken means to protect their feet for the long tramp. In spite of all their opposition he had made them prepare and bind on sandals of goat's leather. Hitherto they had gone barefooted at Settlement Cliffs; but now that was no longer permissible.

The total equipment of each man weighed not less than one hundred pounds, including tools and all. No weaklings, like the men of the twelfth century, could have stood the kaff marching under such a load; but these huge fellows, muscular and lithe, walked off with it as though it had been a mere trifle.

Allan himself bore an equal burden. In addition to arms and provisions he carried a powerful binocular, the spoil of a wrecked optician's shop in Cincinnati.

Tenderfoot, as the column advanced in a long line, loose dust and wood-ashes rose about the feet, and the air grew thick and irritating to the lungs.

Now and then they had to make a detour round a cherted and fallen trunk, or cut their way and clamber through a chaotic barricade of twisted limbs and branches. Not infrequently they saw burned bones of animals or of Anthropoids.

Underfoot, as the column advanced in a long line, loose dust and wood-ashes rose about the feet, and the air grew thick and irritating to the lungs.

The distance between Settlement Cliffs and the machine was wholly problematical; yet, once he should come within striking distance of the scene of his disaster, he felt positive of being able to recognize it.

Not far to the south of the spot, he remembered, a very steep and noisy stream flowed toward the east, and off to north-west of it rose a peculiarly formed, double-peaked mountain, easily recognizable.

The sandbarren itself, where he had been obliged to abandon the machine, lay in a kind of broad valley, within striking distance of the cliffs, while the other slope gradually upward to the foothills of the double mountain in question.

"Once I get anywhere within twenty miles of it, I'm all right," thought Allan, anxiously sweeping the horizon with his binoculars as the party paused on a high ridge to rest. "The great problem is to locate that mountain. After that the rest will be easy."

At noon they camped again, ate sparingly, and rested an hour. Here Allan brought his second map up to date. This map, a large sheet of parchment, served as a record of distances and directions traveled.

Starting at Settlement Cliffs he had painstakingly entered on it every stage of the journey, every ridge and valley, water-course, camp and landmark. Once the goal reached, this record would prove invaluable in retracing their way.

"If the rest of the trip were only indicated as well as what's past!" he muttered, working out his position. "One of these days, when other things are attended to, we must have a geodesic survey, complete maps and plans, and accurate information about the whole topography of this altered continent. Some time—along with a few million other necessary things!"

The third day brought them nowhere. Still the brute stretched on and on before them, though now, far to right, Allan occasionally could glimpse a wooded mountain spur through the binoculars, as though the limits of the vast configuration were in sight at least in one direction.

A BACHELOR'S LIFE IS A JOYFUL ONE



Bachelor Friend—After all, it is the little, homely things about a house that count. Mother—How dare you refer to my children in that manner!

In his Pauline he would have covered it easily in as many minutes. But now all was different. Nothing remained save slow, laborious plodding, foot by foot, through the choking desolation of the burned world.

They camped near a small stream for the night, and cast their lines, but took nothing. Stern gave this matter no great weight. He thought, perhaps, it might be a mere accident, and still felt confident of finding fish elsewhere.

Even the discovery of three or four dead perch, floating belly up, round and round in an eddy, gave him no clue to the total destruction of all life.

He did not understand even yet that the terrific conflagration, far more stupendous than any ever known in the old days, had even created the streams and killed there the very fish themselves.

Yet already a vague, half-sensed uneasiness had begun to creep over him—not yet a definite presentiment of disaster, but a feeling of a subconscious feeling that the odds against him were too great.

And once a thought of Napoleon crossed his mind as he sat there silently, camped with his men, and he remembered Moscow, with its strange, new apprehension.

Next morning, having refilled their canteens, they set out again, still in the same direction. Stern often consulted his chart, to be sure they were proceeding in what he took to be the proper course.

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But to left and ahead nothing still showed but devastated land. The character of the country, however, had begun to change. The valleys had grown deeper and the ridges higher. Allan felt that they were now coming into a more mountainous region.

"Well, that's encouraging, anyhow," he reflected. "Any time, now, I may sight the double-peaked mountain, I can't leave in sight any too soon to suit me!"

There was need of sighting it, indeed, for already the party had begun to suffer not a little. The perpetual tramping through ashes had started cracks and sores forming on the men's feet. Most of them were coughing and sneezing much of the time, with a kind of influenza caused by the acrid and biting dust.

The dried food, too, had started an intolerable thirst, and water was terribly scarce. The canteens were now almost all empty; and more than one brook or pool, to which the men eagerly hastened, turned out to be saline or hopelessly fouled by fallen forest wreckage, fostering and green-slimed in the cooking sun.

In spite of the eye-irritations and pigments, some of the men were already suffering from sunburn and ophthalmia, which greatly impeded their efficiency. Their failure a take fish was also beginning to dishearten them.

Allan pondered the advisability of suspending day travel and trekking only by night, but had to give over this plan, for it would obliterate all possibility of his sighting the landmark, the cleft mountain. Though he said nothing, the pangs of apprehension were biting deep into his soul.

For the first time that night the idea was strongly borne in upon him that, after all, his might be little better than a wild-goose chase; and that—despite his desperate need of the Paulliac engine—perhaps the better part of valor might be discretion, retreat, return to Settlement Cliffs while there might still be time.

Yet even the few hours of troubled sleep he got that night, cramped in a blackened ravine, served to strengthen his determination to push on again at all hazards.

"It can't be far now," thought he. "The trail simply can't be very far. We must have made the best part of the distance already. What madness to turn back now and lose all we've struggled so hard to gain! No, no—we go again! Forward to success!"

Next morning, therefore—the fourth since leaving left New Hope River—the party pushed forward again. It was now a strange procession, limping and slow, the men blinking through their shields, their hands and faces smeared with mud and ashes.

Painfully, yet without a word of complaint or rebellion, they once more trailed over the fire-scorched hills on the quest of the wrecked Paulliac.

Hour by hour they were now forced to pause for rest. Some of the impediments had to be discarded. During the forenoon gear and part of the cordage should be thrown away.

Toward mid-afternoon he sorted out the tools and kept only an essential minimum. Now that they had seen no possible need for ammunition, he decided to leave half of that also.

The tools and ammunition he carefully cached under a rock cairn and set a tall, burned pole up over it, with crosspieces lashed near the top. The position of this cairn he minutely noted on his map. Some day he would return and get the valuables again.

Nothing could be spared from the provision packets, but these were much lighter, anyhow. This helped a little. But Allan could see that the strength of his men, and his own force as well, was diminishing faster than the burden.

So, with a heavy heart, now half-inclined to abandon the task and turn back, he surveyed the horizon for the last time that night in vain search for the landmark mountain of his hopes.

Morning dawned again pitilessly hot and sun-parched. By 5 o'clock the party was under way, to make at least a few miles before the greatest heat should set in.

Allan realized that this must be the crucial day. Either by nightfall he must sight the mountain or he must turn back. And with fever-burning eagerness he urged his limping men to greater speed, chafed at each delay, constantly examined the horizon, and with consuming wrath cursed the furies which in its venomous hate had brought this anguish and disaster on his people.

Just a little past 8 o'clock a cry suddenly burst from Zangamon, who had left the line during a pause to look for water in a nearby hollow.

Stern heard the man's hoarse voice unmistakably resonant with terror. To him he ran.

"What is it, Zangamon?" he cried thickly, for his tongue was parched and swollen. "What have you found? Quick, tell me!"

"See, O Krommo! Behold!" exclaimed the man, pointing.

Stern looked—and saw a human body, charred and distorted, face downward on the blackened earth. Up through the back something projected—something hard and sharp.

"The speared, wide-eyed, staring at the thing."

"A spearhead, so help me!"

"He realized the truth. They had found one of his slaughtered companions of the terrible flight from the Herd!"

Stern recoiled, shocked though he was, yet a certain joy possessed him. For now he knew he could not be far from the path of success. The wrecked machine, he knew, could not be more than one or two days' march ahead. If the party could only last that long—

"The others came hobbling. When they, too, saw the mournful object and knew that it had been a deep silence fell upon them. In a circle they surrounded the corpse of their murdered comrade, and for a while they looked on it with woe.

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What's Doing Tonight

Lecture, "Current Events," William Ryan Myers, assistant University Extension Society, Association Hall, 5449 Germantown avenue, 8 o'clock. Admission charge. Mass Show, First Regiment Amory, Broad and Callowhill streets, 8 o'clock. Admission charge. Lecture, "The Family," Emma Goldman, North Broad Street Drawing Rooms, 715 North Broad street, 8 o'clock. Admission charge. Fifty-seventh street Improvement Association, Silson Hall, Sixtieth and Girard avenue, 8 o'clock. Free. Lancaster Avenue Business Men, 3928 Lancaster avenue, 8 o'clock. Free. Lecture, "Hunting Big Game in Alaska with a Movie Gun" (illustrated), Howard W. DeBois, Engineers' Club, 1317 Spruce street, 8:15 o'clock. Members. Lecture, "The Proposed City Charter," Charles L. McKeehan, lobby, Central Y. M. C. A., 8:15 o'clock. Free. Lecture, "Life, Death and Reproduction in Simplest Organisms," Professor H. R. Jennings, Wagner Institute of Science, Seventeenth street and Montgomery avenue, 8 o'clock. Free. Northwest Business Men's Association, 2345 Columbia avenue, 8 o'clock. Free. Methodist conference, Twelfth street and Lehigh avenue, 8 o'clock. Free. Opening of three-day rummage sale for St. Edmond's Home, 1024 Chestnut street, Free. Engineers' Club addressed by Brigadier General George W. Goethals, Witherspoon Hall, Members. Mass-meeting for men, at the Arch Street Presbyterian Church, Free. Bazaar for Crippled Children of St. Edmond's Home, Forty-fourth street and Haverford avenue, Free. Lecture, "Vice," by Mrs. A. V. Herron, Third Baptist Church, Broad and Ritner streets, Free. Lecture, "Korea, Manchuria and China," by Dr. W. E. Hughes, Academy of Natural Sciences, Free. Rotary Club monthly dinner, Curtis Publishing Company, Independence Square, Members.

CHESTNUT STREET OPERA HOUSE TWICE DAILY, 2:15 AND 8:15 A Big, Patriotic Spectacle "Womanhood" or "THE GLORY OF THE NATION" The Photoplay of the Moment—Dealing With Our Present International Troubles EVERY GOOD AMERICAN SHOULD SEE IT!! Prices, Mats. 25c to 1.00. Lower Floor Seats 25c to 1.00. Nights, 25c to 1.00. Performance.

B. F. Keith's Theatre ANOTHER GREAT SHOW! HEADED BY Gertrude Hoffmann AND COMPANY OF 25 AL HERMAN FRANKLIN ARDELL, FRANK ORTH and W. J. DOOLEY, Others. MRS. VERNON CASTLE in "PATRIA" CONTINUOUS 11:15 A. M. to 11:15 P. M.

The Stanley PAULINE FREDERICK IN SCREEN "SAPHO" MARKET ABOVE 16TH

Palace 1214 MARKET STREET 10 A. M. to 11:15 P. M. MARGUERITE CLARK in "THE FORTUNES OF FIFI"

Arcadia CHESTNUT BELOW 16TH 10:15 A. M., 11:15 P. M. WILLIAM DESMOND in "BILLY BIRD" Added—Mrs. Vernon Castle in "PATRIA," No. 8.

Regent MARKET ABOVE 6TH 11 A. M. to 11:15 P. M. BLANCHE SWEET in "THOSE WITHOUT SINS" WITHOUT SINS

Victoria MARKET ABOVE 6TH 9 A. M. to 11:15 P. M. WM. FARNUM in "A TALE OF TWO CITIES" Thurs., Fri., Sat.—"THE MOUNTAIN"

GLOBE Theatre MARKET & JUNIPER STS. LAURELVILLE—Continous 11 A. M. to 11 P. M. Octavia Handworth (Herself) and Selected "SALVATION SUE"

CROSSKEYS MARKET BELOW 60TH DUES, 2:45, 9:15, 9:30, 9:45, 9:55, 10:00, 10:15, 10:30, 10:45, 11:00, 11:15, 11:30, 11:45, 12:00, 12:15, 12:30, 12:45, 1:00, 1:15, 1:30, 1:45, 2:00, 2:15, 2:30, 2:45, 3:00, 3:15, 3:30, 3:45, 4:00, 4:15, 4:30, 4:45, 5:00, 5:15, 5:30, 5:45, 6:00, 6:15, 6:30, 6:45, 7:00, 7:15, 7:30, 7:45, 8:00, 8:15, 8:30, 8:45, 9:00, 9:15, 9:30, 9:45, 10:00, 10:15, 10:30, 10:45, 11:00, 11:15, 11:30, 11:45, 12:00, 12:15, 12:30, 12:45, 1:00, 1:15, 1:30, 1:45, 2:00, 2:15, 2:30, 2:45, 3:00, 3:15, 3:30, 3:45, 4:00, 4:15, 4:30, 4:45, 5:00, 5:15, 5:30, 5:45, 6:00, 6:15, 6:30, 6:45, 7:00, 7:15, 7:30, 7:45, 8:00, 8:15, 8:30, 8:45, 9:00, 9:15, 9:30, 9:45, 10:00, 10:15, 10:30, 10:45, 11:00, 11:15, 11:30, 11:45, 12:00, 12:15, 12:30, 12:45, 1:00, 1:15, 1:30, 1:45, 2:00, 2:15, 2:30, 2:45, 3:00, 3:15, 3:30, 3:45, 4:00, 4:15, 4:30, 4:45, 5:00, 5:15, 5:30, 5:45, 6:00, 6:15, 6:30, 6:45, 7:00, 7:15, 7:30, 7:45, 8:00, 8:15, 8:30, 8:45, 9:00, 9:15, 9:30, 9:45, 10:00, 10:15, 10:30, 10:45, 11:00, 11:15, 11:30, 11:45, 12:00, 12:15, 12:30, 12:45, 1:00, 1:15, 1:30, 1:45, 2:00, 2:15, 2:30, 2:45, 3:00, 3:15, 3:30, 3:45, 4:00, 4:15, 4:30, 4:45, 5:00, 5:15, 5:30, 5:45, 6:00, 6:15, 6:30, 6:45, 7:00, 7:15, 7:30, 7:45, 8:00, 8:15, 8:30, 8:45, 9:00, 9:15, 9:30, 9:45, 10:00, 10:15, 10