

JUST GOSSIP ABOUT PEOPLE
Grand Fete Will Be Held on Grounds of the Van Rensselaer Place June 22 for Navy League Benefit—"Forewarned Is Forearmed"

PLANS for the fete out at Fort Washington, the Van Rensselaer's country seat, which takes place June 22, have, of course, accomplished the desired effect, and much is in readiness for the event, which will partake of the usual outdoor parties. It is to be given for the Women's Branch of the Navy League, you know, and it will be the first time the Van Rensselaer's place has been thrown open to the public for one of these charity affairs.

Not that Mr. and Mrs. Van Rensselaer are not charitably inclined. On the contrary, their names are on every list, and, of course, Mr. Van Rensselaer is known for his support of the Philadelphia Orchestra. In fact, they are always in the fore whenever there is anything to encourage for the good of their fellow men.

But there have not been many fetes out the Reading way, except the Abington Hospital affair and the annual Hahnemann Hospital benefit, and these have been held lately at Latham Park, so you may be sure society with a large and capital S will be on hand to see the beautiful place on which is the Stone Mill where Lydia Darrah is said to have overheard the plans of the British and from where she made her famous trip to Continental headquarters to give the information to prepare the little army which fought so valiantly for our freedom.

Among the attractions for the afternoon will be the bridge parties for which Mrs. Francis I. Gowen is responsible. Mrs. Gowen tells me that she has had a number of applications, and that three beautiful prizes have been secured for each table, a first, second and consolation prize.

Among the women who have taken tables and will entertain three guests at each are Mrs. Edward Lowber Welsh, Mrs. Richard Cadwalader, Mrs. Harry McKean, Mrs. Frank Samuel, Mrs. John Mason and several others whose names I do not recall just at this moment.

It's really quite wonderful how the Villanova branch of Queen Mary's Guild has increased in strength this spring. The members meet at the home of Mrs. George Thayer every Monday morning, and they tell me there are between thirty and forty members present at every meeting.

Mrs. Thayer was Gertrude Wheeler, you know, a sister of Mrs. Dick Elliot, Countess Pappenheim, Mrs. Henry Norris and Mrs. Philip Wainman. Mrs. Wainman's husband was an Englishman and was killed at the front more than a year ago. Mrs. Thayer's husband is an officer of the First City Troop.

Among the women who work for the guild are Mrs. Samuel Bodine, Mrs. William Bodine, Mrs. Morris Stroud, Jr., Mrs. Healey G. Dulles, Mrs. William Innes Forbes, Mrs. Kenton Eisenberg, Mrs. Thomas Baird, Jr., Mrs. John Baird, Mrs. Herbert Lloyd, Miss Roberts, Mrs. George Curwen, Mrs. George Packard, Mrs. George Kendrick, 3d, Mrs. Charles Townsend, Mrs. Charles Sinnickson, Mrs. Joseph Jeanes, Mrs. Henry Scott, Jr., Mrs. John Dennison, Mrs. James Winsor, Jr., Mrs. C. C. Curtin, Mrs. Louis Rodman Page, Mrs. Mordecai Brown and Mrs. Morris Clothier. There are a number of others, but it's practically impossible to remember all.

When you are walking along the far path of the Wissahickon on a late afternoon and are about to pass under a rock thinking that you and your very bestest love are alone, my dears, and—well, a kiss more or less, if it's the right person, is harmless enough—well, as I remarked, you'd better look up over the rock, and then I won't see you, as I did yesterday. Never mind, I won't tell, but take my advice and be careful.

NANCY WYNNE.

Personal
The engagement of Miss Isabel Howell, daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. Robert Howell, of Philadelphia, to Mr. Lytle R. Gould, son of the late Dr. Elgin R. L. Gould and Mrs. Gould, of 57 West Fifth-second street, New York, is announced. Miss Howell is a sister of Miss Esther Howell. She is a member of the Junior League of this city, and is very active in Northfield work. Mr. Gould is a graduate of Yale. Mr. Gould expects to start in June for Japan, Korea and China on behalf of the International Young Men's Christian Association. He expects to teach at the Yash, the "Chinese Yale," at Changsha, China. No date has been set for the wedding.

West Philadelphia
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South Philadelphia
Mrs. Margaret Lyons, of 1805 South Broad street, will entertain this evening at the Lyric Theatre. Her guests will be entertained at supper at the Bellevue-Stratford after the performance.

North Philadelphia
The Second Annual May Hop and Dance given by the friends of the Lebanon Hospital will be held this evening at the Columbia Club, Broad and Oxford streets. Those on the dance committee are Miss Bertha Kirgel, Miss Rose Daroff, Miss Gertrude Spiegel, Mrs. Peter Abrams and Mr. Lewis Wolfman.

Dr. and Mrs. Clement Reeves Wainwright, of 1222 Walnut street, at whose house the Secours Duryea Sewing Class has been meeting during the winter, are occupying their summer home on West Chestnut street, Chestnut Hill.

Dr. and Mrs. William Hamilton Jefferys, of West Walnut street, at whose house the Secours Duryea Sewing Class has been meeting during the winter, are occupying their summer home on West Chestnut street, Chestnut Hill.

The annual meeting of the Woman's Permanent Emergency Aid will take place in the Wister mansion in Vernon Park this afternoon at 3 o'clock. Mrs. James Starr is president of the association.

The opening of the Bellevue-Stratford roof garden will take place on Friday evening, June 1, at 7 o'clock.



MISS EDWINA MARRON
Miss Marron is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles H. Marron, of 864 North Twentieth street. Her engagement to Mr. Harry E. Donohoe was recently announced.

They will be packed and sent to the main branch at the Church of St. Luke and the Epiphany. These articles of comfort are distributed among the less fortunate of the city and go a long way toward making the heat of the summer less difficult to bear.

Mrs. Henry Earnshaw is spending a week in Atlantic City.

Along the Reading
The annual business meeting and luncheon of the Noble Civic Club will be held on June 1. The election of officers will take place.

Mrs. E. K. Schultz, of Mather avenue, Roxborough, will leave next week for Forest Glen, Md., where she will visit her daughter, Miss Miriam Schultz, at National Park Seminary.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank E. North, of 210 Walnut street, Jenkintown, announce the engagement of their daughter, Miss Harriet North, to Mr. Norman Reading Kearns, of Harbortown. The date of the wedding is set for June 22.

Germantown
The Alumnae Association of the Stevens School in Germantown will hold its annual business meeting on Tuesday, May 22, at 3 o'clock at the school. The meeting will be followed by tea. Mrs. Horace Cleaver is president of the association.

Members of the primary department of the Germantown Academy, numbering forty children, gave a play on Friday afternoon entitled "In the Middle of Town." The Mandolin and Piano Club of the Academy gave a number of selections.

Tioga
Mr. and Mrs. John H. McLaren have returned from their wedding trip and are at home at 712 West Allegheny avenue. The bride was Miss Louella A. Bowen, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Bowen, of 2626 North Eighteenth street.

West Philadelphia
Mr. Henry Bailey, of Elm Grove, W. Va., has returned to his home after visiting his mother, Mrs. E. Bailey, of Larchwood avenue.

Miss Eleanor Bailey will leave today for Fort Washington, on Long Island, to be the guest of Miss Lucy Rafter for several days.

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Get Busy
Force the fingers down in the well-worn wallet and extract that yellowback.
Fifty Does it
The Government needs your fifty and your help, NOW.
BUY A BOND

Mrs. Lawrence Somers, Mrs. Juliet Somers, Miss Edna Lamb, Miss Ruth Hart, Miss Snyder, Mrs. Leonard Snyder, Mrs. Morris Flerman, Mrs. Benjamin Flerman, Mrs. Louis Walters and Miss Reba Berkowitz.

The members of the Tioga Tuesday Club have canceled the dates of their entertainments for the early spring and summer and will devote the time to sewing for the Emergency Aid. They include Mrs. Ralph Davis, Mrs. Julius Neufeld, Mrs. Charles Haigh, Mrs. Louis Bignard, Mrs. Allen Moats, Mrs. W. G. Gibbs, Mrs. Charles Thompson, Mrs. C. C. Clegg, Mrs. Rayson Bowman, Mrs. Thomas M. Scholey, Mrs. Ralph Humphreys, Mrs. J. H. Chadwick, Mrs. Harvey Creamer, Mrs. Walter Miller, Mrs. Paul Vogel and Miss Ida Drippe.

Roxborough
The members of St. Stephen's Protestant Episcopal Church held flag-raising exercises Sunday afternoon at 4 o'clock on the church lawn, Terrace and Hermit streets, Wicomico. The Rev. Edward S. Hale of St. David's Episcopal Church, Maryland, delivered the invocation and the Rev. Albert Stork, rector of St. Stephen's, pronounced benediction. Senator Owen B. Jenkins aroused great enthusiasm with his patriotic address. About 1000 persons participated in the singing of patriotic songs led by the church choir.

The Roxborough Current Events Club was entertained on Saturday evening by Mrs. Charles Frederick Miller at her home on East Gates street. The work of the Navy League and the Red Cross Society was discussed by Mrs. Miller, Miss Jessie Morris, Miss Eva Hampshire, Miss Jessie Rawley, Miss Edith Poe, Miss Henrietta Elizabeth Sheldrake and Mrs. William E. Shappert.

The Men's League of the Fourth Reformed Church gave a reception to the members of the congregation on Saturday night in celebration of the opening of the new social hall.

Camp 50, Patriotic Order Sons of America, will give a Twentieth Century Carnival on Wednesday, May 23, to June 2, on the grounds at Mitchell and Hector streets. The main feature of the entertainment will be "The Fire Dive" in which a woman covers herself with gasoline, climbs a ladder 100 feet high and, after igniting the oil, leaps into a tank of water; a carousel, with a monster steam engine and all the newest thrillers in open-air performances. A large tent will be erected and decorated with flags and bunting. Both electric and Japanese lanterns will be used in the decorations. Mr. James K. Helms is chairman of the committee having the affair in charge. Mr. J. G. Sharr, secretary, and Mr. Charles Slater, chairman of the publicity committee. Other active in the management are Mr. John R. Henderson, Mr. Esley Blackburn, Mr. Robert Wilde and Mr. W. Caspar Lee.

Mrs. Ellwood Irwin Beatty, of 202 Rochelle avenue, Wissahickon, was hostess to the Merion Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution at their May meeting.

Mr. and Mrs. Zerah Montgomery Gibson will be at home at Ridge and Shawmont avenues until the completion of the manse, 8332 Ridge avenue.

Miss Ina S. Lindman, of the Philadelphia School Garden Department, will give a canning demonstration, using the cold pack or Government method, on Thursday night at 7:30 o'clock in the Levering School, Ridge and Monastery avenues.

Weddings
McNALLY-RAUENZOHN
The marriage of Miss Florence E. Rauenzohn, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Odell Rauenzohn, of 433 Roxborough avenue, Roxborough, to Mr. Alfred B. McNally, also of that suburb, will take place this evening at the home of the bride's parents, The Rev. Paul Zellar Stroudach, of the Grace Lutheran Church, Ridge avenue, Roxborough, will perform the ceremony, which will be followed by a reception. The bride will be given in marriage by her father and will be attended by her sister, Miss Anna Hausenpohl. Mr. Ralph A. McNally will be his brother's best man. The bridegroom and bride will leave on an extended trip and upon their return will live on Martin street, Roxborough.

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"So you have a new baby at your house, Harry. How do you like him?" "I haven't seen much of him yet. I guess he's been in the repair shop most of the time since he came."

CONTRABAND
A Romance of the North Atlantic
By RANDALL PARRISH

CHAPTER XXX—(Continued)
IN ALL probability there were a number of towns, not marked on our imperfect chart, along the shores of White Bay, and also Notre Dame Bay to the south. A boatload of shipwrecked sailors could land at either place, and find means of disappearing before news of their arrival reached civilization. Yet I discovered absolutely nothing on which to base such an assumption. McNally was evidently in no haste to reach the latitude of St. John's, and take to the boats, for the Indian Chief was proceeding with great rapidity, and, as the afternoon was slowly passing, adhered to me we were scarcely moving, the reverberation of the screw being barely perceptible. To assure myself that the course I had mapped out was still being adhered to, I ventured into the cabin for a glance at the telltale compass. We were headed to the west of south.

The man Simms was on guard, holding against the front of the mizzen mast, with no one else visible. He was a dull, stolid fellow, and to test his orders, I turned toward the closed door of Miss Carrington's stateroom. Instantly he was on his feet to interfere. "You are not to do that, sir." "Not to do what?" "Not to go to the lady; those were my orders." I raised my voice in remonstrance, but had scarcely uttered a word, when McNally emerged from his stateroom, having the door ajar, and crossed the deck to face me. "What is the trouble here, Simms?" he asked, the harshness of his tone differing greatly from the pleasant conversation at dinner.

"Mr. Hollis was going to rap on the lady's door, sir." "Oh, he was, hey? Well, now see here, Hollis, you understand that you are to have no communication with any prisoners aboard, didn't you?" "I was not aware that Miss Carrington was considered a prisoner." "No, she is not, she is no longer to be bothered with your attentions," with no attempt to control his temper. "You know perfectly well that she was included in the list of prisoners." "How should I? I was with her when the parole was given."

"What of that? I am not here to discuss the parole method, and you are a broken word, you will go back to your stateroom, and stay there." "Supposing I refuse?" He grinned, exposing his teeth like a great cat. "I wouldn't advise you to try that," he sneered. "For there is crew enough on deck to man-handle you to a finish. You can go to the bottom of the sea, and I will have you thrown in. So take your choice."

I looked at the two of them, eager enough myself to make it a fight. Yet what was the use of that? I could not do anything good, and I would be overcome by numbers, perhaps seriously injured, and such a struggle would only handicap the girl. Besides, something in McNally's words, and the fact that he was a man of action, gave me a suspicion that he hoped I would be goaded into resistance. He was it with that object he had so promptly joined in the man's exhortation to go to the stateroom. He more clearly would evidently be to his advantage. These considerations flashed across my brain as Simms grinned at me, his right hand on the trigger, and his left hand on the revolver, and I saw the glint of the revolver undoubtedly in his hip pocket. McNally, pretending a coolness I am sure he was far from feeling, sat on the edge of the table, his feet drawn up, and he would have liked to smash him one, putting all his hate into a single blow between his sneering eyes. But I conquered myself, and hands clenched, crossed the deck and entered my stateroom, closing the door. I heard McNally laugh and say something to Simms; then I knew he crossed the cabin and went up the stairs.

The first sea rat to open that door, I called, "will get what's coming to him." There was a mocking laugh in answer, in which more than one voice joined; then White growled reply. "No one is a'comin' in, Mister; an' damnd me, if ye're a'gin' ter get out."

I grasped the knob, throwing my whole weight against the wood, and, as I did so, I heard a chuck just enough to reveal a stout bar. This time I was a prisoner beyond doubt; they had left me no loophole of escape. But McNally had done to want to witness the breaking of their plan? Could it be that McNally had no further use for me? No desire for another observation? If this was true, then it must be the men proposing that I should get ashore in one of those northern bays. And they had nailed me in to die like a rat in this hole, when the Indian Chief went down.

For the instant, as this fear gripped me, I was dazed and incapable of thought; helpless to even clearly comprehend the full horror. I do not believe I was my own situation, which so completely unmanned me, but the remembrance of Vera. What would become of her? She would be alone in McNally's cabin, and I could appeal. She would be forced into the boat despite her struggles, laughed at, and mocked. She might even be compelled to carry a man down into the sea. And then—what? At St. John's, in the midst of a civilized community, there might be hope of her finding friends, or a vessel to receive her. But not on that wild coast to the northward, where there was no one to whom she could appeal. She

was no longer alone. I indulged in a last glance through the door, just as the Indian Chief entered both sea and sky, but there was no cloud overhead, no sign of brooding storm. The sea, while not calm as in more southern latitudes, was not so rough as to prevent the landing of boats. The night was evidently to be a pleasant one, stars already peering out through the purple haze, the slipping masts majestically touch the dusky waters, and slowly an air-barely retain stowage-way.

I sat down to think again—hopeless, my mind on the same treadmill. Good God! what could I do? What effort of mine was possible? There was no means by which I could escape from the stateroom; I was like a rat in a trap, and McNally intended to leave me there in droves. Within an hour, perhaps, the Indian Chief would be ashore on the Newfoundland coast, in a country almost without communication with civilization, a mere party of shipwrecked seamen, and the Indian Chief would never be heard of again. Already I was practically dead; certainly as helpless to prevent the consummation of this villainous plan as though fathoms beneath the sea. How deadly still it was on board. No sound of footsteps reached me from the deck overhead; no voice spoke even in gruff orders; no movement of any kind arose from the cabin. Suddenly occurred to me that I had not even cleared the table; at least I had heard no rattle of dishes, or any evidence of work. Such a neglect certainly must mean that McNally's plan was known to all aboard of his own company. The steward must realize that there was to be no breakfast served, no necessity for washing up; the dirtied dishes might just as well go down where they were, as polished and clean on the pantry shelves. I opened the door again, noiselessly, my hand on the knob, and sought to look out. The space gave me no view; there was a light burning, but turned so low as to leave the cabin in semidarkness. I tried the instant, but no movement told of any presence. For the fourth time I tried my knife point on the bar holding me prisoner. It barely scratched the wood, for I could not force the handle through the narrow opening. I might smash it by shots from my revolver, but that would leave me unarmed, and create an alarm which would fill the cabin with men; besides the several ends of the bar would still hold the door secure.

I straightened up, my heart beating like a triphammer. Something strange, unaccountable was occurring in the cabin. I could make nothing of it; not even satisfied myself that what I seemed to hear was an

WHAT'S DOING TONIGHT
Dinner, Philadelphia Music Teachers' Association, Adelphia Hotel, 7:30 o'clock.
Lecture, "The Engineering of Man," Willard Beacham, Drexel Institute, Thirty-second and Chestnut streets, 8:15 o'clock.
The Municipal Band plays at Penn Treaty Park, East Columbia avenue and Delaware River, Free.
Annual review, John Wanamaker Commercial Institute, Metropolitan Opera House, 7:45 o'clock, Free.
Convention, Church of the New Jerusalem, Twenty-second and Chestnut streets, Free.
Second annual dance for Lebanon Hospital, Columbia Club. Admission charge.

Farmer Smith's Column

STILL GOING
My Dears—When your beautiful eyes look at this you have been reading these talks eighteen months. They have been quick months to us and long months to those who thought we would not last long. Nothing ever starts in this world without some one saying it will never succeed. Patience, persistence, perseverance—the three great "P's" which you should paste on your looking-glass. When you know down in your heart that you are right, then use the three great "P's." Do you know what obstacles are? If you are going along with me and you do not meet them you may know you are NOT on the road to success. Have you ever done one thing—conquered obstacles? Write and tell me about it—please. Your loving editor, FARMER SMITH.

STRANGE ADVENTURES OF BILLY BUMPUS

CROSSING THE BRIDGE
By Farmer Smith
Picture to yourself a high railroad bridge at either end of which are tents and soldiers. Now then a train rushes across and just as one goes over our good friend Billy Bumpus is seen coming along behind it. "I must cross in a hurry, so that I will not meet a train coming this way," thought Billy.

Just at that moment a soldier came out of one of the tents and eyed Billy. Then he pointed his gun at him. Billy looked up and smiled his sweetest smile. "Get out of here!" shouted the soldier. Billy looked at him with wide eyes. Surely he had never heard of Billy Bumpus, pet of the army and winner of medals. A train whizzed by and the soldier turned to look at it. That was the signal for Billy. Billy Bumpus is seen coming along behind it. "I must cross in a hurry, so that I will not meet a train coming this way," thought Billy.

His rifle exploded, but did not hit Billy; that was all that interested him. Billy did not stop to look a second time. He sped across the bridge, passing many bolts in the tracks. How he loved bolts! But he must hurry. Suddenly he thought of the guard on the other end. He would be across the bridge when he reached the other fellow, and surely he had done wrong.

He trotted along until he could see the tents and the guard at the other end of the bridge. Then he did a funny thing. A water barrel was beside the track. Billy pushed it over gently and down, and down it fell with a crash. AND the guards rushed below to see what had happened, while Billy put his tail a little straighter and marched on.

WOMEN TO SAIL FOR FRANCE

Mrs. D. Braden Kyle and Miss Juliana Wood, 2d, to Aid in Hospital Work
Mrs. D. Braden Kyle, whose husband, an eminent physician, retired since last October, will sail for France within the next few days to nurse wounded soldiers. She will be accompanied by Miss Juliana Wood, 2d, a young society girl. They expect to be established at the International Hospital at Cannes.

Neither Mrs. Kyle nor Miss Wood are connected with the American Red Cross as active workers, but they are going independently into the French service to do whatever work that organization may designate. Mrs. Kyle, who lives at 1517 Walnut street, has a husband, a retired doctor, since the death of her husband, Miss Wood is a daughter of Edward Randolph Wood, of 246 South Seventeenth street.

B. F. Keith's Theatre
THE SHOW YOU MUST NOT MISS!
A BREAM OF COMEDY
FLORENCE MOORE AND BROTHER FRANK MOORE
30 MINUTES OF THRILLS
Mark's Jungle Play
"THE WILD GUARDIANS"
"THE NIGHT BOAT," "DUNBAR'S DARKNESS," "THE SHARKERS," "CABLES & ROMER," AND OTHERS.

The Stanley
MARKET ABOVE 18TH
Pauline Frederick in "HER BETTER SELF"
"POSSIBLY ALL NEXT WEEK"
CLARA KIMBALL YOUNG
"THE EASIEST WAY"
PALACE
1214 MARKET STREET
MAY PICKFORD
in "A ROMANCE OF THE REDWOODS"

FORREST DAILY, 215
POSITIVELY JULIEN VERNE'S
LAST TWO WEEKS
MATS, 25c and 50c.
RESERVED SEATS IN ADVANCE
Augmented Symphony Orchestra.

GLOBE Theatre
"THE GOWN SHOP"
"A DREAM OF THE ORIENT"
CROSS KEYS MARKET BELOW 60TH
"THE SILENT MASTER"
"THE NIGHT BOAT"
"THE SHARKERS"
"THE WILD GUARDIANS"
"THE NIGHT BOAT," "DUNBAR'S DARKNESS," "THE SHARKERS," "CABLES & ROMER," AND OTHERS.

BROADWAY
"THE FOUR HUSBANDS"
"THE NIGHT BOAT"
"THE SHARKERS"
"THE WILD GUARDIANS"
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