

INTERIOR OF HOLY TRINITY CHURCH DURING DUKE-BIDDLE WEDDING CEREMONY



A remarkable photograph made by an Evening Ledger staff photographer. The bride and bridegroom are clearly shown at the altar, standing between the rows of bridesmaids and facing the Rev. Dr. Floyd W. Tomkins. At the right of the altar steps the figure in the light costume and tall hat is Mrs. Benjamin N. Duke, mother of the bridegroom. On the left in the third row the figure in the large white hat is Mrs. George W. Childs Drexel. In the same row are Mrs. Alexander Van Rensselaer, Mr. George W. Childs Drexel and Mr. Alexander Van Rensselaer. In the fourth row back of Mrs. Drexel is Mrs. Sidney Emlen Hutchinson, daughter of Mr. E. T. Stotesbury, who, with Mrs. Stotesbury, is in the pew directly back of her.

TALK OVER THE BIDDLE-DUKE WEDDING LITERALLY ENDLESS

Incidents Without Number Furnish Subjects for Conversation Virtually Certain to Keep Society Occupied With Recollections Delightful and Remarkable.

There was an exceptionally large lot of "things to talk over" about the Duke-Biddle wedding today, and there were a great many little morning parties assembled in various houses in the Rittenhouse Square district. Of course, the thing everybody said first was, "Did you ever see such a crowd?" and then they got on to the subject of the women's clothes. But they came back to the crowds. Did you see Mayor Blankenburg go up the back stairs at the Biddles' because the only other way the Mayor could get up to the third floor to see the presents was the packed and jammed front stairway? And did you see Mrs. Van Rensselaer and Mrs. Drexel go out through the stable to get to their autos because the front steps at that time were impassable? They were not the only ones. The side-yard of the house at 2104 Walnut street, just the kitchen windows, saved many a wedding guest and her gown from that front-door crush. From the yard they entered the stable, or rather garage these days, among the jealously crowded gasoline tanks and other unkindly equipment, and emerged thence to the blind alley, where a few steps brought them to the safety of their autos on 21st street.

The feat of getting up to see the presents was hazardous, but one could do it if he or she kept his or her elbows tucked inward and went sideways. Once up there, there was only a peep to be had, really, through the door, across which bars had been nailed, and one had to just look in at the high piled wonders of silver and gold and glass and diamonds—no, the diamonds weren't there then.

Most of the jewels had been sent to bank, but a few were still around, because Mr. Biddle was seen hurrying some where with a box of them in one hand and something that looked like checks in the other. It was said he gave his daughter a substantial check, enough to make her independent for life.

Every one was interested to know before the reception just how far Mr. Biddle would impose his temperance views on his guests. It was said the wedding would be completely Bryanized, for last winter the leader of the Drexel-Biddle Bible classes had poured all the contents of his costly cellar down that blind alley opening on 11th street and taken the pledge. But these hopes and fears were not to be fulfilled, for there was Champagne.

WONDERFUL CLOTHES. And then, the clothes. Among the many gorgeous gowns worn that of the bride's mother stood out in relief. It was made of brilliant red tulle over a foundation

of white satin. The skirt was cut extremely short, over slippers and stockings of cream white. The tulle was laid on in tiers of knife-plated ruffings, and was finished about the foot in long points.

One gorgeous costume worn by a guest who was unable to obtain admission was fashioned of lemon-colored tulle, made high-waisted, and with a very short skirt over stockings of the same pale yellow and very high-heeled slippers of black satin. This gown was topped with a poke bonnet of yellow straw, tied under the chin with blue velvet strings and having two streamers of the same material attached to the crown and falling down the back.

THE WEDDING TRIP. And where did the bride and bridegroom go on their wedding trip? They are now on the luxurious private car "Olympia," speeding westward. The car belongs to Benjamin N. Duke, the father of the bridegroom. They are accompanied by a valet, a maid, a chef and a porter. Their destination is Southern California and they will be on the Pacific coast for about a month and will probably visit the Panama-Pacific Fair at San Francisco.

They will make their home for the remainder of the summer at the country estate of Mr. and Mrs. James H. Duke, uncle of Mr. Duke, at Somerville, Long Island.

The feminine interest in weddings is not only perennial; it is also universal. Twenty-five women to every man were

represented in the throngs that crowded Rittenhouse Square yesterday afternoon, and they ranged in ages anywhere from 8 months to 80 years.

And while they waited for the big event to come off they aired the gossip they had gleaned from heaven knows where, as is the way with women.

"I hear the Dukes had to settle five millions on her outright before the match was made," said a fat person, depositing her avoirdupois on a tin rubbish can in the square, thereby threatening to upbraid that article forever for the purpose for which it was made.

"Nonsense," replied her companion, a thin-lipped individual with a baby in her arms, "what would he have to do that for when he could have the rock of this country and abroad. It was a love match," she added confidentially, as though she might have been hiding under the sofa when the truth was plighted, "I had it from good authority."

"Some people," retorted the fat one, comfortably sinking into the can, "say it is too young, but for my part I believe in early marriages. Take the first good chance you get is what I tell my daughter, and don't go gadding about until you get so old no man wants you."

At that moment a cavalcade of mounted policemen pushed back the mob surging in front of the edifice and the hushed murmur bespoke the coming of the bridal motor.

The feather on the hat of an old negro woman who had been standing on a box for more than two hours, quivered with

excitement, and her protruding hatpin promised to give sabre scars to six unfortunate ladies who stood in the rear of her.

"My Gawd," she said in suppressed, tense tones, "I've stood here since 2 o'clock. Ain't I gonna see even a little orange blossom?"

One breathless moment, one fleeting glimpse of a palpitating little girl and all was over. The motor felt its way feebly down the street, and the crowd sank back to await the second peep before going home to get John's supper and dream sweet dreams of the time when they, too, wore orange blossoms and a white tulle veil.

BIDDLE ENGAGEMENT FORMALLY ANNOUNCED

Brother of Bride of Yesterday to Wed Bridegroom's Sister, Miss Mary L. Duke.

Formal announcement of the engagement of Miss Mary L. Duke to Anthony J. Drexel Biddle, Jr., was made today. The wedding will take place early in the summer, probably at the country house of the Dukes.

A. J. Drexel Biddle was asked to confirm the report of the engagement, and in doing so gave out the news, a surprise to many, that his son had recently gone into business, whereas it was generally understood that the young man was still at school, and was at school for at least the first part of the current academic year. Mr. Biddle said:

"A. J. Drexel Biddle, Jr., whose engagement was announced this morning,

was during his school days at St. Paul's School, but recently entered on a business career in New York city, where he is now." He added that his son was 20 years old and Miss Duke 22.

She was maid of honor at the wedding of Miss Cordelia Biddle and Angier Buchanan Duke, in Holy Trinity Episcopal Church yesterday, and Mr. Biddle was one of the ushers.

Miss Duke will inherit a large sum, the eventual share of her brother, Angier Duke, being estimated at more than \$400,000. Young Mr. Biddle has comparatively small expectations, as his father, whose estate is said to be less than \$1,000,000, has two other children, Mrs. Angier Duke and Livingston Biddle. He is three years older than his sister, who is 17, and his brother is about two years younger.

Milk Scalds Baby. Eleven-month-old Rosie Quinto, 410 South 18th street, was badly scalded on the legs today when, while playing, she caused her mother to upset a can of boiling milk, which the woman was heating for the child. The baby was hurried to St. Agnes' Hospital. Her condition is not dangerous.



A New Hudson
A Big Car That's Distinctive
The latest production of the HUDSON designers is a new-model Six-54. It is for men who want an uncommon car, distinguished and impressive. Its every line speaks eminence. This car is a final development—the fruition of the first great HUDSON Six. And the fact shows in every detail.

In many respects this car is original; a unique, distinct creation. Its design shows the genius of Howard E. Coffin, who has added so many attractions to motoring. It will excite new respect for this great designer who heads the HUDSON engineering corps.

This new Six-54 is a masterpiece model, brought out by the world's largest builders of Sixes.

One glance will show that it marks the maximum in car building. It has all the power and size and room which any one wants in a car. It has all the beauty, all the refinement which any man has hoped for.

That a car of this class can be built at this price will surprise you. But it is a simple result of building Sixes alone, and building more than any one else.

Come see this new model—you who want a car that stands out. This will meet your ideas. In every respect it comprises the best that HUDSON designers can give you.

Price, \$2,350, f. o. b. Detroit.

HUDSON MOTOR CAR CO., Detroit, Mich.
Gomery-Schwartz Motor Car Co.
253 North Broad Street
Phone, Filbert 2164

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

The Jitney Juggernaut By WILL PAYNE

THE other day a new word popped into the language and a new kind of cheap and swift transportation appeared in every main street on the Pacific coast. Within thirty days the Jitney Bus was all over the Continent, and timorous trolley magnates were frightened into a blue funk. In this timely article Will Payne discusses the short past and the long future of the five-cent motorcar ride and its relationship to the street car system of the country.

Other Features in this Number

The Fool's Heart, a Western mystery story by Eugene Manlove Rhodes; Balm for Lovers, a funny love story by George Weston; The Devil Drives, a snappy sea story by Peter B. Kyne; Japan and the United States, an able and authoritative paper by Samuel G. Blythe; a new Phoenix story by Richard Washburn Child and another war article by Mary Roberts Rinehart.

OUT TODAY
Five Cents of all Newsdealers and Post Boys
THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY
INDEPENDENCE SQUARE, PHILADELPHIA

CAT'S PAW
CUSHION RUBBER HEELS
Protect you against slipping, and gives your step the safe buoyant lightness of the trained athlete.

You get more than safety for your money when you buy Cat's Paw Heels.

"I'm more afraid of a slipper than I am of a lion. So I wear Cat's Paw Rubber Heels with the Foster Friction Plug."

W. J. James

YOU get comfort—the extra quality of rubber gives greater resiliency—makes your step as easy as the cat's own.

You get durability—the Foster Friction Plug not only prevents slipping, but makes them wear longer, because the plug is put where the jar and wear comes—gives that crisp little click to your step which keeps you out of the "gum shoe" class.

And there are no holes to track mud and dirt—yet they cost no more than the ordinary kinds—50c. attached—all dealers and repair men—black and tan.

Get a pair of Cat's Paw Heels today. They will pay you daily dividends of satisfaction all summer.

FOSTER RUBBER CO.
195 Federal Street, Boston, Mass.

Representative and purveyor of the Foster Friction Plug with its genuine slipping.

"Faultless" Hair Mattresses

As Your Mattress Is, So Are You. Especially in Summer. Hot, enervating nights have no terrors for owners of "Faultless" Mattresses—the most luxurious produced.

Install them now and awake refreshed. Today we can promise prompt delivery.

Dougherty's "Faultless" Bedding
1632 CHESTNUT STREET

Faultless Mattresses
Box Springs
Brass Beds

STEAMSHIP NOTICES
ANCHOR LINE
NEW YORK AND GLASGOW
New Royal Mail Steamships
CAMERONIA, MAY 1, NOON
TRANSYLVANIA, MAY 7, 8 P. M.
For rates and full particulars apply to
J. J. McBRATH, 1019 Walnut St.
ROBT. TAYLOR & CO., 902 Walnut St.
Or Any Local Agent.