

JUST GOSSIP ABOUT PEOPLE

Junior Ball at University Will Interest the Younger Set—Prominent Women Work for the Bazaar at Horticultural Hall Middle of December

AMONG the numerous social events centering about the Thanksgiving season will be the Junior Ball of the University of Pennsylvania, to be held in the University Hall on Friday evening, December 1. Many of the season's debutantes and a goodly number of smart persons from out of town, who will come on for the Penn-Cornell game on Thanksgiving Day, will be the guests of the Junior class.

The committee this year includes Norris Barratt, Tristram Colket, Curtis Allen, Morris Freeman, William G. Hopkins, Gordon Konantz, Arthur Jefford, Samuel Martin McCure, Gerald Hulskamp, Carl W. Andrews, Weaver Marston, Raymond Blau Young, George Kerr, William Eberle, Paul Weingarten, George Wolfstein, William Hiltner, Victor Chiquino, Raymond Rilling, Harold Webber and Jesse Wike, with Arthur Tyrol Bising as chairman.

Preparations for the huge allied bazaar to be held during the week of December 31 at Horticultural Hall go on apace, and many groups of women have been formed to work for this or that particular booth. Cretonne has such unlimited possibilities that those who are interested in that table are making any number of fascinating articles, curtains, pillows, bags and what-nots for the big week. Mrs. Rodman Griscam, who has charge of the cretonnes, has organized a class which meets every Monday afternoon at the home of Mrs. Percy Simpson in Overbrook, and the prominent women who meet there will be aids at the bazaar.

Among them are Mrs. S. Lewis Ziegler, Mrs. Charlton Yarnall, Mrs. Robert C. Wright, Mrs. George Woodward, Mrs. Hugh Wilson, Mrs. H. Weber, Mrs. Abram S. Valentine, Mrs. Paul Thompson, Mrs. Charles Starr, Mrs. Charles Scott, Mrs. Henry B. Robb, Mrs. G. C. Purvis, Mrs. Ell K. Price, Mrs. Francis Potts, Mrs. W. W. Potter, Miss Phoebe Phillips, Miss Edith Peters, Mrs. F. R. Packard, Mrs. Frederick W. Morris, Jr., Mrs. James Lineaweaver, Mrs. Burnett H. Landreth, Jr., Mrs. J. D. Keen, Mrs. Walter Horstmann, Mrs. Charles Henry, Miss Hawthorne, Miss Guernsey, Mrs. John C. Groome, Mrs. John Gibbon, Mrs. J. B. Davis, Miss Garretson, Miss Evans, Mrs. M. G. Cook, Mrs. G. W. Cook, Mrs. Edward W. Clark, Mrs. Henry C. Burr, Mrs. W. G. Buehler and Mrs. Henry Ball.

I understand Yorkie Stevenson, who for a year or more has been driving an ambulance on the French battle front, is returning to this country—indeed, if not mistaken, will be home in time for the proverbial turkey or boar's head or what ever is proverbial in his family.

I mustn't forget the very successful dinner given last night by the Women Writers' Club at Hamilton Court. Miss Marie Sellen, as chairman of the dinner committee, arranged the affair; following the dinner a vaudeville was given under the direction of Miss Agnes Repplier, 23, chairman of the entertainment committee. There were about fifty guests present.

The difference in the treatment one receives when one is "some punkins" was amusingly illustrated recently when, while riding out Walnut street long after the rush hour, my attention was caught by a man just across the aisle, a very prominent lawyer, as it happened, who was so engrossed in his evening paper that when the car came to Twenty-first street, his stopping-place, he failed to look up.

The car gathered speed for that long jump out over the bridge which takes it into the "unfashionable wilds of West Philadelphia," as one periodical loves to style it, when the man of law suddenly came to. He jumped up, rushed to the conductor, who promptly and good-naturedly pressed the button, stopping the car right in the middle of the bridge.

I could not help thinking of the times other more obscure souls had asked for a little indulgence from the motorman or conductor, when it was raining pitchforks, and of how their requests were frequently met.

NANCY WYNNE.

Personal

Mrs. Charles H. Howell has sent out invitations for a luncheon, followed by cards, at Luzon Cottage, her country place, at Torresdale, on Monday, December 4.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Pease will chaperon a party to the Army-Navy game on Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. John Frederick Lewis, of 1814 Spruce street, will give a dinner-dance this evening in honor of Miss Marion S. Wirtz, a debutante of this season.

Mr. and Mrs. Langdon E. Mitchell, of 2329 De Lancey place, will entertain at dinner this evening in honor of Miss Katherine C. Lee, debutante daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles M. Lee. Later the guests will attend the dance to be given by Mr. and Mrs. Lewis.

A dinner will also be given before the dance by Mr. and Mrs. Earl R. Putnam in honor of Miss Katherine Putnam.

Mr. Geoffrey G. Butler, of Corpus Christi College, Cambridge, England, whose marriage to Miss Elizabeth Jones, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Levering Jones, took place last night, will give a talk on international law at Houston Hall this afternoon. Invitations have been issued by Mr. and Mrs. Jones.

Mrs. Frederic Henaley, who has been spending the summer at Brighton, Atlantic City, has opened her town house, 1018 De Lancey place.

Miss Harriet Deaver, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. John B. Deaver, of Wynona road, Wynona, who has been spending this month at White Sulphur Springs, Va., has returned home. Doctor Deaver will leave tomorrow for Boston, where he will spend several days.

Miss Alma M. Curtis, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Harry E. Curtis, of 5870 Drexel road, Overbrook, has issued invitations for a luncheon next Monday in honor of Miss Ruth McNeely, whose marriage to Dr. Russell Bolin will take place next Wednesday.

The Misses Sharridge, of 1714 Pine

Mrs. Louis Lewis, whose photograph appears at the top, is president of the Philadelphia Auxiliary of the Southern Industrial Educational Association, which is to give a dance tomorrow evening at the Bellevue-Stratford.

Mrs. Howard Anders appears below.

street, will be at home informally on Friday afternoons during the winter.

Miss Adele Barratt West, of Chester avenue, and Miss Mildred Dallas will motor to the Army and Navy game this week, to be the guests of Miss Agnes Phelps, daughter of Lieutenant Arthur Phelps, U. S. N., of Newton Center, Mass. Miss Phelps will return to Philadelphia and spend the week-end with Miss West.

The Plastic Club, of 247 South Camas street, was the scene yesterday afternoon of an attractive affair when the president of the club, Miss Florence Fulton, gave a talk on "Intimate Notes of Scottish Life and Character." Miss Beale Phillips gave a series of delightful Scottish songs, while Mrs. Frederick B. Mount presided at the tea table.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry E. Birkinbine, formerly of this city, but who are now living at Harrisburg, Pa., are receiving congratulations on the birth of a son, John Longcope Birkinbine. Mrs. Birkinbine will be remembered as Miss Marjorie Longcope, of Lansdowne.

The friends of the Uptown Home for the Aged will give a sacred concert on Sunday evening, November 24, at Apollo Hall, 1718 North Broad street. This is the second of a series which they are giving for the benefit of the home. The committee in charge led of the home. The committee includes Mr. David Waxman, Mr. William Raten, Mr. Albert Cohen, Mr. Louis Entine, Mr. Benjamin Gold, Mr. Charles Small, Miss Rose Koenig, Miss Jennie Solodar and Miss Rose Kinderman.

The Girard Canoe Club entertained last evening in honor of the Tau Phi Club at the home of Mr. Fred Giordano, 1328 Porter street.

The senior auxiliary of the Jewish Sheltering Home will give a dance on Thanksgiving night at Apollo Hall, 1728 North Broad street. A lucky number contest will be one of the features of the evening and a talking machine will be given as a prize.

Mr. and Mrs. Alfred P. Post, of 1130 South Fifty-second street, who have been spending some time at the St. Charles, Atlantic City, have returned home.

Mrs. George W. Shisler, of 2013 South Broad street, will give a dinner-dance at the Rittenhouse on Thursday, December 7.

Weddings

FLAVELL-WARD

A quiet wedding took place yesterday at 4 o'clock in Trinity Lutheran Church, Germantown, when Miss Edith M. Ward, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Ward, of 112 West Penn street, was united in marriage to Mr. Albert T. Flavell, the Rev. Luther De Yoe officiating. Miss Ward was attended by Miss Ella Coustabel as maid of honor.

McEWAN-CARPENTER

A quiet home wedding took place last evening at 6:30 o'clock when Miss Ella B. Carpenter, daughter of Mrs. E. B. Carpenter, of 446 West Brighthurst street, Germantown, became the bride of Mr. William S. McEwan, Jr. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. Purman Shook, and was followed by a reception. After January 15 Mr. and Mrs. McEwan will be at home at 6229 Ogontz avenue, Oak Lane.

LYNN-PINNAGAN

A wedding of interest, which took place yesterday morning at 9 o'clock, was that of Miss Kathryn Finnegan, of this city, and Mr. Francis Lynn, of Hudson, N. Y. The solemn high nuptial mass was celebrated by the Rev. Thomas Stablon. The bride, who was given in marriage by her father, Mr. Hugh Finnegan, was attended by Miss Genevieve Finnegan as maid of honor. The bridesmaids were Mrs. Albert Witman, Mrs. Hannah Leach, Miss Agnes Finnegan and Miss Hannah Toney.

Mr. Lynn had his brother, Mr. James Lynn, as his best man, and the ushers were Mr. John Francis Newell, Mr. Michael Derby, Mr. Martin Coan and Mr. Albert Witman. A breakfast at the home of the bride followed the ceremony. After an extended wedding trip Mr. and Mrs. Lynn will live in Hudson, N. Y.

CANFIELD-YOST

The marriage of Miss Elizabeth Braden Yost and Mr. Joseph M. Canfield, Jr., took place at 5:30 o'clock yesterday afternoon at the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Frank H. Yost, 238 East Johnson street, Germantown. Mr. and Mrs. Canfield will be at home on Tuesdays in January at 524 East Johnson street.

British Novelist's Son Dies in War

LONDON, Nov. 23.—Lieutenant Cutcliffe Hyne, of the Irish Guards, has died of wounds received in battle. He was the only son of Charles Cutcliffe Hyne, the novelist and traveler, and was twenty-one years old.

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BRUTE



His wife: "Charles, dear, you are growing handsome every day." "I'm sorry, Isabel, but I'm rather hard up at present."

THE VACANT WORLD

By GEORGE ALLAN ENGLAND

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THE STORY TELLER

BEATRICE KENDRICK, a stenographer, newly returned consciousness and opened her eyes upon a scene of utter devastation and ruin. The office in the Metropolitan Building, New York, where she had sat at the typewriter when she suddenly fell asleep, now seemed but a heap of bricks and mortar. The walls and floors and piles of debris were all that remained. Beatrice's hair reached to her ankles.

When Beatrice and Allan, one of the city's greatest engineers in the underground world, came to life also in his laboratory. At each movement hers of his recovered wreckage remained. Beatrice's hair reached to her ankles.

CHAPTER IX—(Continued)

AGAIN he picked up his sledge and, now more cautiously, once more started forward.

"All I can do," he thought, "is just to go right ahead as though this hadn't happened at all. If trouble comes, it comes that's all. I guess I can meet it. Always have it away with it, so far. We'll see. What's on the cards has got to be played to a finish, and the best hand wins!"

He retraced his way to the spring, where he carefully rinsed and filled the Cosmos bottle for Beatrice. Then back to the Metropolitan he came, donned his bearskin, which he fastened with a wire nail, and started the long climb. His sledge he carefully hid on the second floor, in an office at the left of the stairway.

"Don't think much of this hammer, after all," said he. "What I need is an ax. Perhaps this afternoon I can have another go at that hardware place and find one."

"If the handle's gone, I can haft it with green wood. With a good ax and these two revolvers—I'll find some rifles—I guess we're safe enough, spearheads or not."

About him he glanced at the ever-present moldier and decay. This office, he could easily see, had been both spacious and luxurious, but now it offered a sorry spectacle. In the dust over by a window something glittered dully.

Stern found it was a fragment of a beveled mirror, which had probably hung there and when the frame rotted, had dropped. He brushed it off and looked eagerly into it.

A cry of amazement burst from him. "Do I look like that?" he shouted. "Well, I won't for long!"

He propped the glass up on the steel beam of the window opening and got the scissors out of the bag. Ten minutes later, the face of Allan Stern bore some resemblance to its original self.

"What will she think and say?" he wondered, as he once more took up the bag and started on the long, exhausting climb. Sweating profusely, badly "blown"—for he had not taken much time to rest on the way—the engineer at last reached his office in the tower.

Before entering, he called the girl's name. "Beatrice! Oh, Beatrice! Are you awake and visible?"

"All right, come in!" she answered cheerfully and came to meet him in the doorway. Out to him she stretched her hand in welcome, and the smile she gave him set his heart pounding.

He had to laugh at her astonishment and naive delight over his changed appearance; but all the time his eyes were eagerly devouring her beauty.

For now, freshly awakened, full of new life and vigor after a sound night's sleep, the girl was magnificent.

The morning light disclosed new glints of color in her wondrous hair, as it lay broad and silken on the tiger skin.

This she had secured at the throat and waist with bits of metal taken from the wreckage of the filling cabinet; and there long he would find her a profusion of gold pins and chains in some of the Fifth avenue shops to serve her purpose till she could fashion real clothing.

The touch of her fingers, soft and warm, dispelled his every anxiety. The thought that he was working now for her; serving her; striving to preserve and keep her, thrilled him with joy.

And as some forebodings of the future came to him, his fears dropped from him like those outworn rags he had discarded in the forest.

"Well, so we're both up and at it again,"

assault point might portend, but he dispelled it.

"Well, come along down," bade he. "It's getting late already. But first we must take just one more look by this fresh morning light from the platform up above, there!"

She assented readily. Together, talking of their first urgent needs, of their plans for this new day and for this wonderful, strange life that now confronted them, they climbed the stairs again. Once more they issued out on to the weed-grown platform of red tiles.

There they stood a moment, looking out with wonder over that vast, still, marvelous prospect of life-in-death. Suddenly the engineer spoke.

"Tell me," said he, "where did you get that line of verse you quoted last night? The one about this vast city-heart all lying still, you know?"

"That? Why, that was from Wordsworth's 'Sonnet on London Bridge,' of course," she smiled up at him. "You remember it now, don't you?"

"No-o," he exclaimed a trifle dubiously. "—that is, I never was much on poetry, you understand. It wasn't exactly in my line."

Stern looked at her, amazed. Was this, could this, indeed, be the girl he had employed in the old days—the other days of routine and of tedium, of orders and specifications and dry-as-dust dictation? He thought from a strange spell he aroused himself.

"The poem?" exclaimed he. "What next?"

"Oh, that? I'd almost forgotten about it. I was dreaming. It goes this way, I think:

"Never did the sun more beautiful sleep
In his first splendid valley, rock, or hill,
N'er saw I, never felt a calm so deep;
The river glideth at his own sweet will,
Dear God! the very houses seem asleep,

And all this mighty heart is standing still!"

She finished the tremendous stanza almost in a whisper.

They both stood silent a moment, gazing out together on that strange, inexplicable fulfillment of the poet's vision.

Up to them, through the crystal morning air, rose a faint, small sound of waters from the brooklet in the forest. The nesting birds below were busy "in song and noise," and through the golden sky above a swallow slanted on sharp wing toward some unseen leafy goal.

Far out upon the river faint specks of white wheeled and hovered—a flock of swooping gulls, snowy and beautiful and free. Their pinions flashed, spiraled and sank to rest on the wide waters.

Stern breathed a sigh. His right arm slipped about the sinuous, fur-robed body of the girl.

"Come, how?" said he, with returning practicality. "Bath for you, breakfast for both of us—then we must buckle down to work. Come!"

CHAPTER X

NOON found them far advanced in the preliminaries of their hard adventure.

Working together in a strong and frank companionship—the past temporarily forgotten and the future still put far away—half a day's labor advanced them a long distance on the road to safety.

Even these few hours seemed to prove that, unless some strange, untoward accident befell, they stood a more than equal chance of winning out.

Ready to begin with, that a home on the forty-eighth story of the tower was entirely impractical, since it would mean that most of their time would have to be used in laborious climbing, they quickly changed their dwelling.

They chose a suite of offices on the fifth floor, looking directly out over and into the cool green beauty of Madison Forest. In an hour or so they cleared out the bats and spiders, the rubbish and the dust, and made the place very decently presentable.

"Well, that's a good beginning, anyhow," remarked the engineer, standing back and looking critically at the finished work.

"I don't see why we shouldn't make a fairly comfortable home out of this, for a while. It's not too high for ease, and it's high enough for safety—to keep prowling bears and wolves and—other things from exploring us in the night."

He laughed, but memories of the spearhead tinged his merriment with apprehension. "In a day or two I'll make some use of an outer door or barricade. But first, I need that ax and some other things. Can you spare me for a while, now?"

"I'd rather go along, too," she answered wistfully, from the window all where she sat resting.

"No, not this time, please!" he entreated. "First I've got to go way to the top of the tower and bring down my chemicals and all the other things up there."

"Then I'm going out on a hunt for dishes, a lamp, some oil and no end of things. You save your strength for a while; stay here and keep house and be a good girl!"

"All right," she assented, smiling a little sadly. "But really, I feel quite able to go."

"This afternoon, perhaps; not now. Good-by!" And he started for the door. Then a thought struck him. He turned and came back.

"By the way," said he, "if we can fix up some kind of a holster, I'll take one of those revolvers. With the best of this leather here, nodding at the Gladstone bag, 'I should imagine we could manufacture something serviceable.'"

They planned the holster together, and he



AS IT LOOKED TO THE PESSIMIST

cut it out with his knife, while she slit leather thongs to lash it with. Presently it was done, and a strap to tie it round his waist with—a crude, rough thing, but just as useful as though finished with the utmost skill.

"We'll make another for you when I get home this noon," he remarked, picking up the automatic and a handful of cartridges. Quickly he filled the magazine. The shells were green with verdigris, and many a rust-spot disfigured the one-time brightness of the arm.

As he stepped over to the window, aimed and pulled the trigger, a sharp report burst from the weapon. And a few leaves, clipped from an oak in the forest, sagged down in the bright, warm sunlight.

"I guess she'll do all right!" he laughed, sliding the ugly weapon into his new holster. "You see, the powder and fulminate, sealed up in the cartridges, are virtually imperishable. Here, let me load yours, too."

(CONTINUED TOMORROW)

What's Doing Tonight

Russian Ballet, Metropolitan Opera House, 8:00 o'clock.

Symposium on Zionism, 10 o'clock. Spring Garden street east of Broad, 8:15 o'clock.

Dinner of Pennsylvania State Society, Bellevue-Stratford, 8:30 o'clock.

Lecture on "The Electric Strength of Air and Methods of Measuring High Voltages," by John B. Whitehead, Franklin Institute, 8 o'clock.

Philadelphia Teachers' Association, Assembly Room, Philadelphia Normal School, 7:30 o'clock.

Lecture on "John Rich, Pennsylvania Inventor of the Steamboat," by Dr. George F. Swearingen, North-East High School, Eighth street and Lehigh avenue, 8 o'clock.

United Business Men's Association, Bingham Hotel, 8:30 o'clock.

Claret Club dinner, Bellevue-Stratford, 8:30 o'clock.

"Zoning Philadelphia," by Bernard J. Newman, Light House Forum, Lehigh avenue near Second street.

"Country Fair," Mater Dolores Church, Frankford.

Women's Union, 428 Bala-had street. Concert for benefit of Church of Our Lady, 428 Bala-had street.

Chalken avenue and Chestnut street.

Military to Bury Johnstown Boy

JOHNSTOWN, Pa., Nov. 23.—William Carr, a Johnstown boy, killed in a quarrel with United States regulars while on duty on the Mexican border, will be given a military funeral today.

Hoskins

902-04-06 Chestnut St.

XMAS GIFTS

For his home convenience

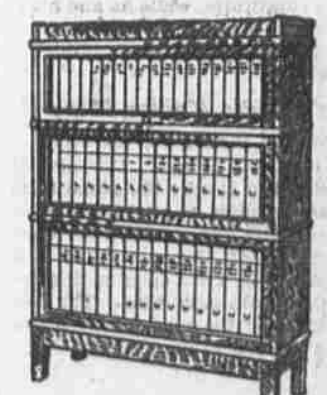
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"The Passing of The Great Race" is likely to excite widespread interest. Madison Grant's work is a profound study of world history from the ethnological standpoint."

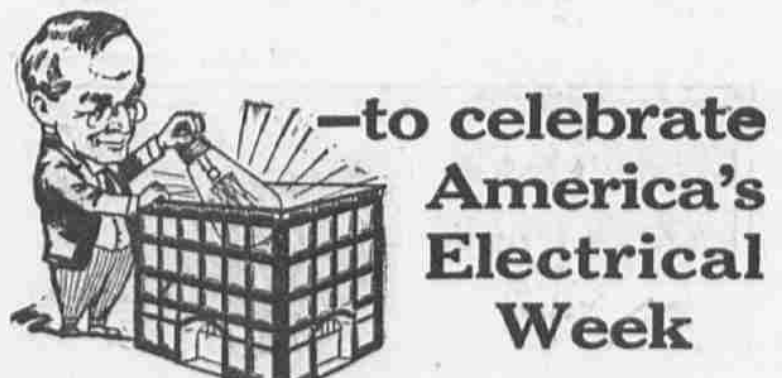
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