ing for coal.

ing lamp held on high, eyes eager to behold the prospect, he knew that success was

Down in these depths, almost as in the interior of the great Pyramid of Gisch—though the place smelled dank and close and stifling—time seemed to have lost much of its destructive power. He chose one boller that looked sound, and began looking for coal.

two were his only companions

otten materials, naked and sweaty, grimed,

rotten materials, naked and sweaty, grimed, spent, profane, exhausted, everything was ready for the experiment—the strangest, surely in the annals of the human race.

He lighted up the furnace with dry wood, then stoked it full of coal. After an hour and a half his heart thrilled with mingled fear and exultation at sight of the steam, the third that the sight of the steam, to hiss from the leaks in the long pipe.

## JUST GOSSIP ABOUT PEOPLE

#### Thanksgiving Week Gayeties-Patronesses for Charity Ball-Nancy Wynne Talks of Other Events

To Does seem odd to have Thanksgiv-ling with its Penn-Cornell game follow-ing the Army-Navy game, for the lat-ter was always requided us the wind-ter was always requided us the wind-ter was always requided us the wind-ter was always requided the Army and Navy game and spent the week-end as the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Francis E. Donahoe, of Mont-clair, N. J. Among the other guests were Mr. and Mrs. Robert Lovejoy, of Schenec-tady, N. Y. ties one to think of Christmas little more than three weeks off!

Of course, Nathalie Elliot's marriage to Fitshugh Green this afternoon will be THE event of the week. Then on Wednesday the first of the Navy Yard dances will be held in the sail loft. There will, as is generally the case, be numerous dinners before the affair.

And all week the debutantes will be as busy as the proverbial little bee, flitting about from one tea to another, and sipping the honey of life with each cup of

The list of patronesses for the Charity Hall contains, as usual, the names of most or many of the prominent women in town. Among those who have subscribed this year are Mrs. John Cadwalader, Mrs. Joseph Carson, Mrs. William T. Carter, Mrs. J. Gardner Cassatt, Mrs. Robert Kelso Cassatt, Mrs. Harrison K. Caner. Mrs. William W. Arnett, Mrs. Esmonde H. Austin, Mrs. Henry Paul Baily, Mrs. Edgar Wright Baird, Mrs. Matthew Baird, Jr., Mrs. George Fales Baker, Mrs. Thomas Willing Balch, Mrs. John W. Converse, Mrs. J. A. P. Crisfield, Mrs. Henry Brinton Coxe, Mrs. George S. Crampton, Mrs. Samuel M. Curwen, Mrs. Thomas De Witt Cuyler, Mrs. Edward C. Dale, Mrs. Charles E. Dana, Mrs. Seymour Davis, Mrs. Francis X. Dercum, Mrs. James A. Develin, Mrs. Philemon Dickinson, Mrs. Jacob S. Disston, Mrs. Fitz Eugene Dixon, Mrs. George Dallas Dixon, Mrs. T. Henry Dixon, Mrs. Beauveau Borie, Mrs. Henry C. Boyer, Mrs. George A. Bostwick, Mrs. Ferree Brinton, Mrs. Charles H. Howell, Mrs. Joseph B. Hutchinson and Mrs. Edward Inger-

Times, indeed, have changed, and manners are not what they used to be! I heard such a screamingly funny story at a luncheon the other day. The hostess told me her little girl, aged seven, went to a party, and the child for whom it was given was very disagreeable to her. So the mother said to her offspring, who, by the way, can do no wrong(): "My dear, if the little girl was so disagreeable to you, why didn't you come home? For when I was a child that is what I should have done." To which the young hopeful replied: "That's all right, mother. Times have changed since you were a little girl, and I just slapped her face and

The first of the series of informal teas given yesterday by the Plays and Players at the Playroom, 43 South Eighteenth street, was notable for the particularly good musical program of the afternoon. Robert Armbruster opened with Schumann's "Les Papillons," delightfully rendered, and later in the afternoon gave two charming Spanish compositions, by Albeniz, which have not heretofore been heard in this city, with a danse from Debussy as an encore. Mrs. James M. Anders's sympathetic contralto was heard in several particularly fine selections, and Arthur E. I. Jackson stirred his audience with the timely "Three Grenadiers," fol lowing it with several lighter songs. Mrs. Edith Mahon accompanied Mrs. Anders and Mr. Jackson.

Mrs. Robert Geddes, as chairman of the

An engagement of interest announced last week in New York was that of Miss Dorothy Gray, daughter of Mrs. L. A. Gray, and Mr. Mason Beverly Value. Mason Value spent much of his time here last year. You may remember his sister. Caroline Value, was one of the most popular girls the year she came out, and an intimate friend of Mrs. Nelsbn Vulte, nee Gladys Turnbull, now one of the most popular of the younger married women in the Navy set.

NANCY WYNNE.

#### Personals

Mrs. George McCellian, of 1116 Spruce street, has issued invitations for Saturday, December 9, from 4 until 7 o'clock, to meet Mr. and Mrs. Robert Hare Davis, Mrs. Davis was Miss Kate Furness Jayne.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Smith Thomson, of 1722 Spruce street, have issued invitations for a dinner on Wednesday evening, December 27, at 7:30 o'clock.

Mr. and Mrs. George R. Newbold will give a dance this evening at the Philadelphia Cricket Club. St. Martins, in honor of Miss Ethel Newbold. The receiving party will include Miss Maria Frazer, Mrs. T. N. Merywether, Mrs. David Pepper, Mrs. Harry Clifton Adams, Miss Elizabeth Adams and Miss Etherine R. Newbold, Miss Newbold will wear a gown of white satin and tuile.

Mr. and Mrs. George W. Childs Drexel, of Bryn Mawr, will entertain at dinner this evening in honor of Miss Eugenia Law, whose marriage to Mr. Livingston L. Biddle will take place in January.

Mr. and Mrs. Albert Atlee Jackson will entertain at a theater party, followed by supper at the Ritz-Carlton, this evening in honor of Miss Margaret Harris, debutante daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. Andrews Harris, Jr., and Miss Emily P. Walsh, debutante daughter of Mrs. T. Henry Dixon.

Mrs. Albert Hoyt, of Church lane, Germantown, will give a theater party, fol-lowed by supper, this evening in honor of lier cousin. Miss Nancy Hoyt Smyth, de-butante daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Calvin M. Smyth, and Miss Emelyn Shipley, debu-tante daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Walter Shipley.

Miss Ciarissa Townley Chase, of 2021 Pine street, will give a small tes tomorrow afternoon in honor of Miss Susan Lynah Bruce, whose marriage to Mr. Samuel H. Chase will take place on January 6. Mrs. Francis McCrea Wirgman, a sister of Miss Chase, will preside at the tea table.

Major Logan Feland and Mrs. Feland, of House Number I, Philadelphia Navy Tard, will entertain at a musical tea this afternoon in honor of Mrs. George Barnett, wife of the major general commandant of the United States Marine corps. Tomorrow evening Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Drexal Biddle, of 1104 Walnut street, will give a dinner in honor of Mrs. Barnett.

Miss Risa Reath, of 1838 Pine street, spent Saturday in New York, attending the Army and Navy football game.

Mr. Frederic H. Strawbridge, of Haver-ford, entertained at tea last Saturday in his room after the Swarthmore-Haverford

Mrs. William Cookman, of 420 West Price street, Germantown, has issued in-vitations for a luncheon and bridge on Wednesday, December 6.

Mr. and Mrs. George Franklin Brown, of West Price street, Germantown, will spend Thanksgiving in Lakewood, where they will attend the golf tournament.

#### Weddings

GREEN-ELLIOT

One of the most important marriages of the season took place this afternoon at 3:30 o'clock in St. Mark's Epizeopal Church, when Miss Nathalie Wheeler Elliot, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Richard McCall Elliot, became the bride of Lieutenant Fitzhugh Green, U. S. Ni. The Rev. Frederick Lobdell, of Rutherfordton, N. C., assisted by the Rev. Elliot White, rector of the church, officiated.

the Rev. Elliot White, rector of officiated.

The bride, who was given in marriage by her father, was attended by her wister, Mrs. Sidney F. Tyler Brock, as matron of honor, and by her debutante sister, Miss Suzanne Elliot, also Miss Eleanor B. Hopkins, Miss Elzie Sinkler, Miss Atine M. C. Coleman, Miss Cella Higgins and Miss Joan Packard beidesmaids.

bridesmaids. Little Miss Ethel Norris, Miss Gertrude Little Miss Ethel Norris, Miss Gertrude Thayer, Miss Avis Thayer and Miss Virginia Brock were the flower girls, while Master Sidney Brock, Jr., and Master Charles Thayer acted as ribbon bearsiz. The bride wors a gown of lustrous white satin, trimmed with rich lace, and a veil of old lace. She carried tilles of the valley. The matron of honor's gown was of gold cloth and she carried yellow chrysanthemums.

The six bridesmaids were frocked in dark The six bridesmaids were frocked in dark blue satin, trimmed with gold braid to match the uniforms of the ushers. They were dark blue velvet hats and carried golden chrysantemums. The four little flower girls were yellow satin dresses and blue sashes, velvet hats and carried baskets of tea roses.

Lieutenant Richard McCall Elliot, Jr.,

U. S. N., the bride's brother, acted as best man, and the ushers were Lieutenant John Borland, Lieutenant W. Atlee Ed-wards, Lieutenant Lawrence Townsend, Jr., and Lieutenant Ernest R. Gunther. Following the ceremony a small recep-tion was held at 1824 De Lancey place.

O'NEILL-MONAGHAN

O'NEILL-MONAGHAN

Monsignor Eugene F. Murphy officiated this morning at 7:30 o'clock at the marvriage of Miss Frances V. Monaghan, of 4142 Pechin street, to Mr. William O'Neili fi St. Mary's Church. Manayunk.

Mrs. Mary Rose Kelly was Miss Monaghan's only attendant, and Mr. O'Neili had Mr. Charles V. Linahan as his best man. After a wedding trip Mr. and Mrs. O'Neili will make their home at 4131 Freeland avenue.

YOUNG-SWEENEY

A quiet wedding of interest to Phila-delphians at Atlantic City this afternoon in St. Paul's Methodist Episcopal Church was that of Miss Mary Mason Sweeney, daughter of Mrs. E. M. Sweeney, of 27 North Chelsea avenue, Atlantic City, and Mr. Louis Alonzo Young, of this city. The Mr. Louis Alonzo Young, or this city. The bride was attended by her sister, Miss Elizabeth Sweeney, as maid of honor, and Mr. Young had his brother, Mr. Raymond Blaul Young, as his best man. The bride was given in marriage by her brother, Mr. George Sweeney. After an extended trip through the South Mr. and Mrs. Young will be at home after January 1 at 5309 Angora

Mr. Young is a graduate of the civil of Pennsylvania in the class of the Civil of Pennsylvania in the class of 1914. He was first honor man of the senior class and a member of the Sphinx and Phi Kappa

#### What's Doing Tonight

Schaff Carnival. Horticultural Hall.
An evening with American composers, Philocusian Club, fi944 Walnut street; 8.55 o'clock,
Lecture on Emerson, by Charles W. Woodcury, Haverford College, Charles W. Woodcury, Haverford College, Carnival Address to Adelivered at the meeting
of the Germanities, pp. Director George S.
College of Person of Chesting Hall, Person S.
College of Person of Wharves, Docks
of Ferriss, Liberty Hall, Vernon Park; 8

o'clock.

'What the Federal Trade Commission Will De for You," by Edward N. Hurley, Lecture before Sales Managers' Association, Bellevus-tratford, Bullevus, Lecture on Cuba, by Bishor Charles W. Currier, Catholic Girls' High School.

Lecture, 'Rodin, the Spirit of Modern Art." by E. D. Martin, Association Hall, Germantown. town.
South Philadelphia Business Men's Associa-tion. Broad and Federal streets, Apollo Gles Club, Estay Hall, Last Man Club, Continental Hotel.



Photograph by Photo-Crafters. MISS CHARLOTTE VARE Mins Vare will be in the cast of "The Flight of Funcy," a charity performance at the Bellevue-Strat-furd on December 19 for the bene-

#### SIMPLE PROCESS



are absolutely the last human beings-

"If anybody also had been spared, whether

He shook a dubious head.
"There may be some one else somewhere,"
he answered slowly, "but there's nobody
else in this part of the world, anyhow.

Nobody in this particular Eden but just you and me. To all intents and purposes I'm Adam. And you—well, you're Eve! But the tree? We haven't found that—

She gave him a quick, startled glance, then let her head fall, so that he could not see her eyes. But up over her neck.

her cheek and even to her temples, where the lustrous masses of hair fell away, he saw a tide of color mount. And for a little space the man forgot to

smoke. At her helgazed, a strange glean

And no word passed between them for a while. But their thoughts—?

CHAPTER XIII

THE GREAT EXPERIMENT

THE idea that there might possibly be others of their kind in far-distant parts of the earth worked strongly on the mind of the girl. Next day she broached the subject again to her companion.

"Suppose," theorized she, "there might be a few score of others, maybe a few hundred, scattered here and there? They

might awaken one by one, only to die, if less favorably situated than we happen to be. Perhaps thousands may have slept, like us, only to wake up to starvation!"

"There's no telling, of course," he an-

swered seriously. "Undoubtedly that may be very possible. Some may have escaped the great death, on high altitudes—on the Eiffel Tower, for instance, or on certain mountains or lofty plateaus. The most we

"But if there are people elsewhere," she interrupted eagerly, her eyes glowing with hope, "isn't there any way to get in touch with them? Why should we expect them to seek us out? Why don't we hunt? Suppose only one or two in each country should have survived; if we could get

them all together again in a single colony

"You mean the different languages and arts and all the rest might still be pre-

at probabilities. And-

produced by special arrangement Copyright, Life Pub. "Do you find it difficult to get character in your portraits, Mr. Brush?"
"Not at all. The diminishing strokes are what do it."

### THE VACANT WORLD

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

THE STORY THUS FAR

BEATRICE KENDRICK, a stenesrapher, slowly regains conseduances and opens her store of the consequence of th

they clothe themselves and store.

Later Stern discovers a spring hear the building, thus assuring a constant supply of fresh water. While on his way to the remains of a hardwars store where he secures revolvers, guns, ammunition and other useful articles, he finds snear head. This is the first indication that there are other human belies alive on earth. Stern is feld where here were the stern as the first stern are the stern as the stern and the stern are sterned excedition the following day he gives Besties a revolver.

CHAPTER XII-(Continued)

ONCE her quick eyes spied a deer in the tangles of the one-time Gramercy Park, now no longer neatly hedged with iron palings, but spread in wild confusion that joined the riot of growth beyond. On the instant she fired, wounding the

Stern's shot, echoing hers, missed. Al-ready the deer was away, out of range through the forest. With some difficulty they pursued down a glenlike strip of they pursued down a glentike strip of woods that must have once been Irving

Two hundred yards south of the park they wighted the animal again. And the girl with a single shot sent it crashing to earth. Place.

"Bravo, Diana!" hurrahed Stern, run "Bravo, Diana!" hurrahed Stern, run-ning forward with enthusiasm. The "deer fever" was on him as strong as in his old days in the Hudson Bay country. Hot was the pleasure of the kill when that meant food. As he ran he jerked his knife from the skin sheath the girl had made for him.

Thus they had fresh venison to their heart's content—venison broiled over white-hot coals in the fireplace, juicy and savorysweet beyond all telling.

A good deal of the meat they smoked and salted down for future use. Stern undertook to tan the hide with strips of hemiock bark laid in a water pit dug near the spring. He added also some oak bark, nut galls and a good quantity of young sumac shoots.

"I guess that ought to hit the mark if anything will," remarked he, as he immersed the skin and weighted it down with rocks.

"It's like the old 'shotgun' prescriptions of our extinct doctors—a little of everything, bound to do the trick, one way or another."

The great variety of labors now imposed

arts and all the rest might still be pre-served? The colony might grow and flour-ish, and maskind again take possession of the earth and conquer it in a few decades? Yes, of course. But even though there shouldn't be anybody else, there's no cause for despair. Of that, however, we won't speak now."

"But why don't we try to find out about it?" she persisted. "If there were only the remotest chance——" The great variety of labors now imposed

The great variety of labors now imposed upon him began to try his ingemity to the full. In spite of all his wealth of practical knowledge and his scientific skill, he was astounded at the huge demands of even the simplest-human life.

The girl and he now faced these, without the social co-operation which they had formerly taken entirely for granted, and the change of conditions had begun to take change of conditions had begun to true the old saying was: "One man is no true true treations. The interception of the telegraph office opposite the Flation.

Into it have the out the out it?" have trief the maince—"

"By Jove, I will try it!" exclaimed the remotest chance—"

"By Jove, I will try it!" exclaimed the samined than new thought, a fresh ambition. "How?" I don't know just yet. It will try it!"

rue the old saying wan." and how the world had been the world merely because of the interelations in the interdependencies of human beings in vast numbers.

He was commencing to get a glimpse of the vanished social problems that had enmeshed civilisation in their true light, new that all he confronted and had to struggie with was the unintelligent and overbearing dominance of nature.

All this was of huge value to the engineer. And the strong individualism (essentially anarchistic) on which he had prided himself a thousand years ago was now beginning to receive some mortal blows, even during these first days of the new, solitary, unsocialized life.

But neither he nor the engineer, and the strong individualism (essentially anarchistic) on which he had prided himself a thousand years ago was now beginning to receive some mortal blows, even during these first days of the nation. But the colls of wire still remained.

But neither he nor the engineer, sadd the explorer, gathering together several coils. "Now when I get this over to the Metropolitan, I think the first sover to the Metropolitan, I think the first station.

But the ration of the ration of the count of the him the metropolitan that steen the building, overlooking Madison avenue. They reached the received the series of the silfent station of the old window on the east side of the tower and descending a fifteen-foot ladder that Steen hi

the glow of their stone fireplace, and many were the aspects of the case that they developed. These hours seemed to Stern the happiest of his life.

For the rapprochament between this

the happlest of his life.

For the rapprochement between this beautiful woman and himself at such times became very close and fascinatingly intimate, and Stern feit, little by little, that the love which now was growing deep within his heart for her was not without its answer in her own.

But for the present the man restrained himself and spoke no overt word. For that, he understood, would immediately have put all thirup on a different basis—and there was little and the purpose as a well as though of the utmost finish.

He connected up the repaired apparatus with these autannae, and made sure all was well. Then he dropped the wires over the sea singent work still waiting to he deem.

There is no doubt in my minit wild he was a light to be sent and a light to be set and a light to be sent and a light to be accomplianted.

"Now for some power!" exclaimed the engineer. And with his lamp he went down to inspect the dynamos again and to assure himself that his belief was correct, his faith

that one or two of them could be put into unning order. Three of the machines gave little promise for water had dripped in on them and they were rusted beyond any apparent rehabili-tation. The fourth, standing nearest Twen-

vere labor, in intervals of food-getting,

cooking and household tasks. At last, when

in Chicago or San Francisco, in London, Paris or Hongkong, they'd have made some y-third street, had by some freak of chance seen protected by a canvas cover.

determined effort before now to get in touch with New York. This, the prime center of the financial and industrial world, would have been their first objective point." This cover was now only a mass of rotten rags, but it had at least safeguarded the machine for so long that no very serious deterioration had set in. "But suppose," asked she, "there were others, just a few here or there, and they'd only recently waked up, like ourselves. Could they have succeeded in making themselves known to us so soon?" Stern worked the better part of a week

with such tools as he could find or makehe had to forge a wrench for the largest nuts-"taking down" the dynamo, oiling,

filing, polishing and repairing it, part by part.

part.

The commutator was in bad shape and the breaker for the superior of the breaker for The commutator was in bad shape and the brushes terribly corroded. But he tinkered and patched, harmered and heated and filed away, and at last, putting the machine together again with terrible exertion, decided that it would run.

CHAPTER XIV
THE MOVING LIGHTS
DANTING with exhaustion and a

"Steam now!" was his next watchword, when he had wired the dynamo to connect with the station on the roof. And this was on the eighth day since he had begun his labor.

An examination of the boiler room, which he reached by moving a ton of fallen stonework from the doorway into the dynamo room, encouraged him still further. As he penetrated into this place, feeble-shin-

Of this he found a plentiful supply, well preserved, in the bunkers. All one afternoon he labored, wheeling it in a steel barrow and dumping it in front of the furwhere the smokestack led to and what condition it was in he knew not. He could not tell where the gases of combustion would escape to; but this he decided to

leave to chance.

He grimaced at sight of the rusted flues and the steam pipes connecting with the dynamo room—pipes now denuded of their asbestos packing and leaky at several joints.

A strange, gnome-like picture he presented as he poked and pried in those dim regions, by the dim rays of the lamp, spiders, rosches and a great gray rat

DANTING with exhaustics and stored ment, Stern made his way back to the ongine room. It was a strangely critical moment when he select the corroded incoming when he select the corroded incoming when he select the corroded incoming the world not budge.

Stern, with a curse of sheer exasperation smatched up his long spanner, shaved it through the spokes and wrenched.

Groaning, the wheel gave way, it turned. The engineer hauled again.

"Ge on!" shouted the man. "Biart! Move!"

With a hissing plaint, as though reballious against this awakening after its agalong sleep, the engine creaked into motion. In spite of all Stern's olling, ever journal and bearing squeated in angulah a rickety tremble possessed the engine at this way about to collapse, the whole fabric of the resuscitated plant, leaking at a score of joints, creaking, whistling, shaking, volcing a hundred agonized wees, revived in a grotseque, absurd and shocking imitation of its onstime beauty and power.

At sight of this shastly resurrection the engineer (whose whole life had been passed in the love and service of machinery) fall a strange and sad emotion.

He sat down exhausted on the floor. In his hand the lamp trembled. Yet, all covered with sweat and dirt and rust as he was, this moment of triumph was one of the sweetest he had ever known.

He realized that this was now no time for inaction. Much yet remained to be done. So up he got again and set to work. First he made sure the dynamo was running with no serious defect and that his wiring had been made properly. Then he heaped the furnace full of coal and closed the door, leaving only enough draft to insure a fairly steady heat for an hour or so.

This done, he toiled back up to white Beatrice was eagerly awaiting him in the little wireless station on the roof.

In he staggered, all but spent. Panting for breath, wild-eyed, his coal-blackened arms stretching out from the whiteness of the bearskin, he made a singular picture.

"It's going!" he exclaimed, "Tre got current—it's good for a while, anyhow Spiders, roaches and a great gray rat or two were his only companions—those, and hope.

"I don't know but I'm a fool to try and carry this thing out," said he, dubiously surveying the pipe, "I'm liable to start something here that I can't stop. Water-glasses leaky, gauges plugged up, safety valve rusted into its seat—the devil!"

But still he kept on. Something drove him inexorably forward. For he was an engineer—and an American.

His next task was to fill the boiler. This he had to do by bringing water, two palls at a time, from the spring. It took him three days.

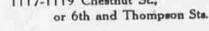
Thus, after eleven days of heart-breaking lonely toil in that grimy dungeon, hampered for lack of tools, working with rotten materials, naked and sweaty, grimed.

that mask she read the dominance, the driving force, the courage of this versatile, unconquerable man.

(CONTINUED TOMORROW) "No way to estimate pressure or any-thing," remarked he. "It's bull luck whether I go to hell or not!" And he stood back from the blinding glare of the furnace.

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