

JUST GOSSIP ABOUT PEOPLE

Drexel-Biddle Concert One of Yesterday's Events. Wedding of Allan Hunter and Miss Scott Is of Interest

Well, we were all there and the concert was its usual gro-ss-a-t success! And it was not too long and every one on the program was good, so that is going some, don't you think? So often at amateur concerts the talent is difficult and well, you know, at times even painful, but last night it was not so. The Drexel Biddle Bible Class Orchestra, of Holy Trinity Church, opened the concert, led by Doctor Sacer, their conductor. Then little Mrs. Greene sang delightfully, and was followed by Noah Brayne, whose great voice rang out through the ballroom with its usual volume and expression. Mrs. James Anderson and Mrs. Dorothy Johnson-Baseler added their bits of music to the evening, and in between some of the Bible Class brothers sang the Class Hymn, composed and led by Adam Geibel, and a few other pat hymns. The brothers were all ranged around the ballroom several rows deep.

Mrs. Duke Biddle sang various songs very delightfully, and seemed more at home with her Philadelphia audience this year than last. She wore one of her very handsomest frocks; it was just exquisite, of white satin and the entire bodice fashioned of rhinestones. Tony gave bouquets to all the women who sang, as is his usual custom, and they really were most unique this year—lovely, old-fashioned things, tied on the end of long crooks. There was one more than for the singers, so our gallant townsman, who is ever the devoted lover, took it by the extreme end of the crook and pushed it down from the back of the box right under his wife's nose, whereupon he bowed, and she received it most graciously and the house applauded joyously. Another amusing incident which enlivened the evening was the careful pinning of a carnation on the right shoulder (very high up in the air) of Sasha Jacobinoff by Mr. Biddle, which took some time and won much applause. You see, it could not be put in the left lapel of the coat because the violin had to rest on that side. Cordelia Duke and her devoted husband were in the box, and Mrs. Biddle joined her family after singing the aria from "Butterfly." Cordelia had a lovely flesh-colored frock and looked younger than ever.

A quartet formed by Arthur Jackson, Nelson Chantey, Eddie Brooks, Jr., and Bob Drexel gave Sir Arthur Sullivan's "The Long Day Closes" splendidly. Mary Comerford, who has decided talent, and Elizabeth Latta were delightful also. Mr. Tomkins, Tony's pastor and great friend, spoke during the evening. It was a most charming address, with a hearty, affectionate allusion now and again to his friend Tony, which was much applauded. Mrs. Billie Whalen sang later and Dan Donovan warbled "A Tol" and gave a duet with Miss Comerford, "Twice a Lover and His Lass," while Arthur Jackson sang the old-time favorite, "On the Road to Mandalay." Altogether it was fine, and the world and his wife were there, and those ladies of high and low degree who were not personally conducted to their seats by Tony himself had his able assistants to help them. Tony was busy in his really arduous task of making everybody happy. There is certainly a great feeling of friendliness at these annual affairs, and Mr. Biddle's gratitude to the singers who help him in his good work is not the least of the evening's pleasure. He is certainly one gracious host, let me tell you.

I noticed a good many parties in the case after the concert; the William Henry Trotter gave a supper party and the Van Rensselaers and George Fales Bakers.

We are all interested in the wedding of Arabella Scott and Allan Hunter, Jr., which is to take place today in the Church of St. Luke and the Epiphany. Their engagement was announced a little over a year ago, but no date had been set for the wedding. They are to be married very quietly, with only a very few friends present, and so quiet have they kept about their plans that the fact that they were to be married today only came out through their application for a license last week. Arabella's sister, Fanny, is going to be her maid of honor, and John Graham is to be Allan's best man. Miss Henrietta Sanders, an aunt of the little bride, will give a breakfast in honor of the newly wedded pair at her home on Locust street after the ceremony. Arabella is the daughter of Major W. Sanders Scott, U. S. A., and Mrs. Scott, and a sister of Nancy Scott, John Scott and Hutschell Scott, who married Rosamond Mitchell. She is a cousin of Betty Scott, who married Walton Clark while the troops were at Camp Brumhaugh. Arabella is extremely pretty, and will make a lovely bride. Here's to wishing them all the happiness in the world.

We were all welcoming Brooke Edwards last week from his long days spent in France driving the American ambulance, and now Gray Dayton has also returned. It's marvelous what splendid work these young fellows did on the battlefield. I expect Yorke Stevenson will be the next one to be welcomed. I wonder if they will all stay home for a while, or like the Oswald Chews, return to help once more.

Personals
Mrs. Charles H. Howell gave a luncheon followed by bridge at her home in Torresdale yesterday.
Mrs. William Page will give a card party at her home, 2118 Locust street, tomorrow in honor of her niece, Miss Shaw.
Mrs. David M. Ellis will entertain at luncheon and cards this afternoon at her home in Torresdale.
Mr. and Mrs. Sydney E. Martin are being congratulated on the birth of a daughter on Sunday, December 3. Mrs. Martin will be reintroduced to Miss Margaret Fox.

Indian Queen Lane, Germantown, have Miss Estelle K. Smith, of Atlanta, Ga., as their guest. Mrs. Dudley entertained at bridge a few days ago in honor of Miss Smith.
Mr. John Conyngham Stevens, of Clowery lane, Rydal, has returned to his home on a month's furlough. Mr. Stevens is a member of the Fifty Troop and has been at El Paso for some time. He will return to the Troop just before Christmas.
Mrs. Nicholas Biddle, of Old York road, Noblesburg, returned to her home last week from El Paso, Tex., where she spent a fortnight. Mr. Biddle is a member of the Troop and is stationed there for an indefinite period.
Mrs. Morris Stroud, Jr., has also returned from El Paso, Tex., where she spent some time and where Mr. Stroud is stationed with the troops.
Mr. and Mrs. Charles Potter, Jr., who have been spending some time as the guests of Mr. Potter's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Potter, at Chestnut Hill, have gone to town and are occupying their apartment at Fifteenth and Locust streets for the winter.
Mr. and Mrs. Potter have Miss Mary Weeks, of New York, as their guest for several days. They entertained at Mrs. Potter's supper club last Saturday evening in her honor.
Miss Frances Buck, of the Marlyn Apartments, will give a silk shower and bridge party tomorrow in honor of Miss Miriam Megawee, whose engagement to Mr. George E. Brown was recently announced.
Mr. and Mrs. Norman Grey have moved to the house formerly occupied by Mrs. Algernon Roberts at Balu.
Miss Florence D. Gillingham, of The Frontiers, is the guest of Dr. and Mrs. Harry McKing at their home, 53 North-up avenue, Upper Montclair, N. J.
Mrs. Frank H. K. Curtis, of Wynocte, and Mrs. Cyrus Webb, of Jenkintown, will be hostesses for this month's Women's Club of Wynocte, which will meet in the new clubrooms on Greenwood avenue on Wednesday, December 13. Miss Abby Sutherland, of Oronota School, will lecture at 2:30 o'clock in the afternoon, and on Wednesday afternoon, December 27, at the same hour, the club will give a children's Christmas party to the children of the club members, when Miss Janet Turner Broome, reader and impersonator, will entertain the children. After this tea will be served.
Mrs. Delaney and her daughter, Miss Florence Delaney, of Wynocte, are in town, have returned to their home from Hainesport, N. J., where they have been spending the last few weeks.
The regular meeting of the Plastic Club will be held in the clubhouse, 247 South Camac street, tomorrow afternoon at 8 o'clock. This meeting will be followed by afternoon tea for the members at 9 o'clock.
Invitations have been issued by the club for a private view of the invited sculptor exhibition of the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts, from 4 until 7 o'clock on Thursday. This is a very unusual affair and is looked forward to by many of the members who are interested in the progress of art, as it is the work of American woman sculptors. On Wednesday afternoon, December 13, from 4 until 6 o'clock, the club will entertain the members of the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts. Miss Blanche Dillays will preside at the tea table. On Wednesday afternoon, December 20, from 4 until 6 o'clock, the club will entertain the members of the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts. Miss Blanche Dillays will preside at the tea table. On Wednesday afternoon, December 27, from 4 until 6 o'clock, the club will entertain the members of the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts. Miss Blanche Dillays will preside at the tea table.
The Ladies' Auxiliary of the Old York Road Country Club will hold its regular business meeting tomorrow afternoon at 2 o'clock. After the regular business meeting a bridge and 500 party will be given for the members at 4 o'clock. The guests will be Mrs. H. D. Stevens and Mrs. James F. Ely, of Jenkintown, will be hostesses.
Mr. and Mrs. Henry D. Booth, formerly of Huntingdon, Pa., at the guests of Mrs. Booth's mother, Mrs. E. E. Denniston, of West School House lane, Germantown, until after Christmas. Mr. and Mrs. Booth will make their home in Germantown permanently. Mr. Booth was Miss Leonora Denniston before her marriage.
Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd Pennington Jones, of Grosse Pointe Farms, Detroit, are being congratulated upon the birth of a daughter.
Miss Helen Gormley, of 727 Lincoln drive, Germantown, entertained at dinner informally on Saturday night in honor of Miss Edith Atkin, of Knoxville, Tenn.
The Twentieth Century Club of Lansdowne will be the hostess club for the meeting of the Delaware County Association of Women's Clubs on Thursday. The morning session will open at 11 o'clock and is for delegates only. The afternoon session, which is open to all club women, will begin at 2:30 o'clock and will be addressed by Dr. Millard H. King on "How Has the Continuation School Idea Worked in Pennsylvania?" and by Mr. Albert J. Williams, of Media, on "Capital Punishment."
Mrs. Thomas G. Cooper will continue the series of "Contemporary Drama" with a talk on the "Drama of Charm—Sir James Barrie" at the Twentieth Century Club of Lansdowne this afternoon. Mrs. Isaac H. Rhodes has the program in charge, before which the regular first of the month business session will be held.
Mrs. Edward T. Comfort, of East Penn street, Germantown, has been spending several days in New York.

THE LULL BEFORE THE STORM
Copyright, Life Publishing Company. Reprinted by special arrangement.
"Daddy, what is the plural of apostasy?"
"Spies, my boy."

REALLY, SHE'S QUITE INNOCENT



"Your wife doesn't smoke, eh? None of the vices?"
"No, she only drinks and swears."

THE VACANT WORLD

By GEORGE ALLAN ENGLAND

Copyright, 1916, by Frank A. Munsey Company

CHAPTER XXIII—(Continued)

BEFORE the girl's eyes a sort of haze had gathered. Her heart beat thick and heavy. Stern's counting sounded very far away and strange; she hardly recognized his voice. To her came wild, disjointed, confused impressions—now a boy and distorted back, now a similar head, again a group that crouched and covered in its filthy squalor, hideously.

Then all at once, there right before her she saw the little woodland path that, slightly descending, led past a big oak she well knew, down to the margin of the pool. "Steady, girl, steady!" came the engineer's warning, tense as piano wire. "Almost there, now. What's that?"

For a brief instant he hesitated. The girl felt his arm grow even more taut; she heard his breath catch. Then she, too, looked—and saw.

It was enough, that sight, to have smitten with sick horror the bravest man who ever lived. For there, beside the smoldering embers of the great feast fire, littered with bones and indescribable refuse, a creature was squatting. On its humped back, the hideously more venomous, more dangerous of aspect.

Stern knew at once that here, not protrude nor crouching, was the chief of the blue horde.

He knew it by the superior size and strength of the Thing, by the almost manlike cunning of its heavy gorilla face, the gleam of intelligence in the reddened eye, the crude wreath of maple-leaves upon the head, the necklaces of finger-bones strung around the neck.

For the chief, the obeah-man of this vile drove, rising now from beside the fire with a gibbering chatter and a look of bestial malice, held between his fangs a twisted brown leaf!

Stern knew at a glance the leaf was the rudely cured product of some degenerated tobacco plant. He saw a glow of red at the tip of the close-rolled tobacco. Vapor issued from the chief's slit mouth.

"Good Lord—he's smoking!" stammered the engineer. "And that means—means the almost human brain. And—quick, Beatrice, the water! I didn't expect this! Thought they were all alike. Back to the tower, quick! Here, fill the pail—I'll keep him covered!"

Up he brought the automatic, till the bead lay fair upon the naked, muscular breast of the obeah.

Beatrice handed Stern the rifle, then snatching the pail, dipped it, filled it to the brim. Stern heard the water lap and gurgle. He knew it was but a few seconds, yet it seemed an hour to him at the very least.

Keener than ever before in his whole life his mental pictures now limned themselves with lightning rapidity upon his brain.

Vividly Stern beheld a deep gash or scar that ran from the chief's right eye—a dull, fishlike eye, evidently destroyed by that wound—down across the leathery cheek, across the prognathous jaw; a reddish-purple wale, which on that clay-blue skin produced an effect indescribably repulsive.

Then the chief grunted and moved forward toward them. Stern saw that the gait was almost human, not shuffling and un-

certain like that of the others, but firm and vigorous. He estimated the height at more than five feet eight inches, the weight at possibly one hundred and forty pounds. Even at that juncture his scientific mind, always accustomed to judge instinctively registered these data with the others.

"Here, you; get back there!" shouted Stern, as the girl rose again from filling the pail.

The cry was instinctive, for even as he uttered it he knew it could not be understood. A thousand years of rapid degeneration had long wiped all traces of English speech from the brutemind, who now, at most, chattered some bestial gibberish. Yet signs of lively interest. His eyes brightened, and a look of craft, of wily cunning, showed over his uncanny features.

Then he raised his head and gave a long, shrill, throaty call, ululating and un-speakably wild.

Something stirred in the forest. Stern heard a rustle and a croaking murmur; and quick fear chilled his heart.

To him it seemed as though a voice were

of his human ancestor. Perhaps that tradition may have been handed down some way, and still exist in the form of a crude beast-religion.

"Yes, but then—"

"Perhaps he wants to get in touch with us again; learn from us; try to struggle up out of the mire of degeneration, who knows? If so—and it's possible—of course he'd try to warn us of a poisoned spring!"

Acting on this hypothesis, of which he was now half-convinced, Stern nodded, by gesture-play he answered: Yes, yes, this warning he intended to drink of the water. The obeah-man, grinning, showed signs of lively interest. His eyes brightened, and a look of craft, of wily cunning, showed over his uncanny features.

Then he raised his head and gave a long, shrill, throaty call, ululating and un-speakably wild.

Something stirred in the forest. Stern heard a rustle and a croaking murmur; and quick fear chilled his heart.

To him it seemed as though a voice were

of his human ancestor. Perhaps that tradition may have been handed down some way, and still exist in the form of a crude beast-religion.

"Yes, but then—"

"Perhaps he wants to get in touch with us again; learn from us; try to struggle up out of the mire of degeneration, who knows? If so—and it's possible—of course he'd try to warn us of a poisoned spring!"

Acting on this hypothesis, of which he was now half-convinced, Stern nodded, by gesture-play he answered: Yes, yes, this warning he intended to drink of the water. The obeah-man, grinning, showed signs of lively interest. His eyes brightened, and a look of craft, of wily cunning, showed over his uncanny features.

Then he raised his head and gave a long, shrill, throaty call, ululating and un-speakably wild.

Something stirred in the forest. Stern heard a rustle and a croaking murmur; and quick fear chilled his heart.

To him it seemed as though a voice were

of his human ancestor. Perhaps that tradition may have been handed down some way, and still exist in the form of a crude beast-religion.

"Yes, but then—"

"Perhaps he wants to get in touch with us again; learn from us; try to struggle up out of the mire of degeneration, who knows? If so—and it's possible—of course he'd try to warn us of a poisoned spring!"

Acting on this hypothesis, of which he was now half-convinced, Stern nodded, by gesture-play he answered: Yes, yes, this warning he intended to drink of the water. The obeah-man, grinning, showed signs of lively interest. His eyes brightened, and a look of craft, of wily cunning, showed over his uncanny features.

Then he raised his head and gave a long, shrill, throaty call, ululating and un-speakably wild.

calling, perhaps the inner, secret voice of his own subjective self—a voice that cried: "Yes, who must drink water—now he knows you are not gods, but mortal creatures. Tricked by his question and your answer, your peril now is on you! Else!" The voice died. Stern found himself with a strange, fast eagerness trailing all through him, facing the obeah and—and not daring to turn his back.

Retreat they must, he knew. Retreat, at once! Already in the forest he understood that heads were being lifted, boatlike ears were listening, brute eyes peering and appearing through the little, flint-pointed spears. Already the girl and he should have been half-way back to the tower; yet still, inhibited by that slow, grinning, staring advance of the chief, there the engineer stood.

But all at once the spell was broken. For with a cry, a hoarse and frightful yell of passion, the obeah leaped—leaped like a huge and frightfully agile ape—leaped the whole distance intervening.

Stern saw the Thing's red-gleaming eyes on Beatrice. In those eyes he clearly saw the hell-flame of lust. And as the woman screamed in terror, Stern pulled trigger with a savage curse.

The shot went wild. For at the instant—though he felt no pain—his arm dropped down and sideways.

Astounded, he looked. Something was wrong! What? His trigger-finger refused to serve. It had lost all power, all control. For God's sake, what could it be?

Then—all this taking but a second—Stern saw he felt his truth. Staring, pale and horrified, he understood.

There, through the fleshy part of his forearm, thrust clean from side to side by a lightning-swift stroke, he saw the obeah's spear.

It dangled strangely in the firm muscles. The steel barb and full eighteen inches of the shaft were red and dripping.

Yet still the engineer felt no slightest twinge of pain.

From his numb, paralyzed hand the automatic dropped, fell noiselessly into the moss.

And with a formless roar of killing-rage, Stern swung on the obeah, with the rifle. Stern felt his heart about to burst with hate. He did not even think of the second revolver in the holster at his side. With only his left hand now to use, the weapon could only have given clumsy service.

Instead, the man reverted instantly to the jungle stage himself—to the law of claw and fang, of clutching talon, of stone and club.

The beloved woman's cry, ringing in his ears, drove him mad. Up he whirled the Krug again, up, up, by the muzzle; and down upon that villainous skull he dashed it with a force that would have brained an ox.

The obeah, screeching, reeled back. But he was not dead. Not dead, only stunned a moment. And Stern, horrified, found himself holding only a gunbarrel. The stock, shattered, had whirled away and vanished among the tall and waving ferns. Beatrice snatched up the fallen revolver. She stumbled; and the pail was empty. Spurring, splashing away, the precious water flew. No time, now, for any more!

For all about them, behind them and on every hand, the Things were closing in. They had seen blood—had heard the obeah's cry; they knew! Not gods, now, but mortal creatures! Not gods!

"Run! Run!" gasped Beatrice.

The spear still hanging from his arm, Stern wheeled and followed. High and hard he swung the rifle barrel, like a war club.

No counting of steps, now; no plays at divinity. Fasting, horror-stricken, frenzied with rage, bleeding, they ran. It was a hunt—the hunt of the last two humans by the nightmare horde.

In front, a bluish and confused mass seemed to dance and quiver through the forest; and a pattering rain of spears and little arrows began to fall about the fugitives.

Then the girl's revolver sputtered in a quick volley; and again, for a space, silence fell. The way again was clear. But in the path, silent and still, or writhing horribly, lay the way of the Things. And the pine-



Copyright, Life Publishing Company. PARADISE Experienced Traveler—Has my trunk arrived, sir? "Yes, There it is. It came ahead of you." "Great Scott! This is heaven, indeed!"

needles and soft moss were very red in spots.

Stern had his pistol out too, by now. For behind and on his flanks, like ferrets hanging to a hunted creature, the swarm was closing in.

The engineer, his face very white and drawn, veins standing out on his sweat-beaded forehead, heard Beatrice cry out to him, but he could not understand her words.

Yet as they ran, he saw her level the pistol against the hammer twice, thrice, with no result. The little dead disk sounded like a death warrant to him.

(CONTINUED TOMORROW)

FILL CHRISTMAS STOCKINGS

Help Santa Claus by Contributing to Public Ledger Storehouse

The tragedy of the empty Christmas Christmas stocking, the disillusionment of the child's belief in Santa Claus—to avoid the pathos of these on this Christmas a Santa Claus storehouse has been established by the Public Ledger at 608 Chestnut street.

Will you help fill the storehouse? Santa Claus will forget hundreds of little boys and girls this Christmas unless you do. Gifts of toys, new warm clothing, candy and money—especially money—are needed to gladden the hearts of these little folk who otherwise would be neglected.

Contributions may be mailed or brought to the Public Ledger Santa Claus Club, 608 Chestnut street.

What's Doing Tonight

Lecture on "World's Greatest Battles, Emma and Verduin," by Frederick Palmer, under auspices of University Extension Society, Witherspoon Hall, 8 p. m.

Lancaster Avenue Business Men, 3080 Lancaster Avenue, 8 p. m. Free. Academy of Natural Sciences, 1900 Race street, 8 p. m.

Chocknick Business Men, Seventh street and Chestnut, 8 p. m. Free. Annual Banquet, Market Street Business Men's Association, 5210 Market street, 8 p. m.

Thirty-fourth Ward Citizens' mass-meeting to protest against transfer of Burke season from Twenty-first and Callowhill streets to Sixtieth street and Lansdowne avenue, Calvin Presbyterian Church, Sixtieth and Master streets, 8 p. m.

Law Academy reception to meet the provost and vice provosts, Hotel Rittenhouse.

Annual Banquet, Sursum Alumnae Association of Samaritan Hospital.

Committee for endowment fund, Woman's Medical College.

Meeting to discuss church publicity, Curran Building.

Lecture by Charles W. Chestnut, Varick Temple.

Plays and plays, 43 South Eighteenth street.

High cost of living discussion, Baker Public School, Twenty-second and Ontario streets.

OPPENHEIM, COLLINS & CO

Chestnut and 12th Sts.

Important Sale Tomorrow—Wednesday

Very Extraordinary Purchase

250 New Winter Coats



Three of the Models Illustrated

The Fashionable Fabrics of the Season

\$18.75

Lined Throughout With Satin

Coats That Ordinarily Sell From \$25.00 to \$35.00

A remarkable purchase from one of our best New York coat houses; 250 very attractive coats, representing the smartest models shown this season, richly tailored and satin lined. The materials include:

Wool Velours, Broadcloths, Zibelines and Whipcords in Black and prevailing colors

Decidedly smart flaring models with back, front, double or all-around belts; convertible collars of plush or self material trimmed with velvet; border of plush around the bottom and turn-back cuffs, self stitched or trimmed with plush buttons.

No C. O. D's

No Approvals

No Exchanges