

JUST GOSSIP ABOUT PEOPLE

Thirty-Seventh Annual Charity Ball With Spectacular Feature Opens Tonight—Nancy Wynne Chats About Other Things

ARE you all ready for tonight? Honestly, I wonder how we can keep it up these three days. Monday night it was Tony's concert, Tuesday the opera, last night Alford Barton's Flower Princess and now tonight the much-talked-of and greatly anticipated Charity Ball, with its wonderful spectacular opening feature, will be given on the floor-over seats and stage of the Academy of Music. For there is to be a



Photo by Photo-Crafters.

MRS. RUSSELL S. BOLES

There are to be a number of dinners before the ball tonight, foremost among them that given by Mr. and Mrs. Stobersbury for Sue Bruce and Sam Chase. Sounds sort of nice, doesn't it? "Sue and Sam"? Mrs. Stobersbury's daughter, Louise Brooke, is to be Sue's matron of honor, you know, and the Stobersburys are naturally interested in the wedding. Then the Aleck Van Tasselers will also entertain at dinner, and Mr. and Mrs. John Frederick Lewis.

Mrs. Boles before her marriage last week was Miss Mary McNeely, of Wynnefield, Pa. Mrs. Boles made her debut two seasons ago and has been a great favorite in the younger set.

March peeled forth and the bride and her maidens proceeded up to the altar. That man was some patient person, I think. He never even swore under his breath.

NANCY WYNNE.



PERSONALS

As CHRISTMAS approaches the spirit of the Christ Child goes abroad more and more, and the latest thing I have heard which is being done for Christmas has been gotten up by those indefatigable little workers, the Junior Auxiliary of St. Francis's Home for Convalescents. They have filled a number of Christmas stockings and added to those for girls a warm mittens and woolen gloves, and to the boys' stockings, caps and mufflers. Now, what is the idea? Well, suppose you want to make some poor child happy for Christmas, you go to the Hale Building, at Juniper and Chestnut streets, where these little maids are selling the stockings, buy one and give the name of some child you wish to help. The name and address are taken and the stocking delivered on Christmas Eve. As these girls take in the money for the stockings they turn it right into other stockings, and so a great many little boys and girls will be made happy Christmas morning. Further than this, if you do not happen to know of some little child, the members of the auxiliary have a list of deserving children and they will send your stocking for you. It's really a splendid idea, don't you think? And the little maids are busy as bees at it this week.



LOOKING over the debutantes of the present season as they appeared in yesterday's performance of the "Flower Princess" in the Bellevue ballroom one is impressed by their height. I have never seen so great a height of such tall girls. The changes, the coloring and lighting arrangement, with Alfred Barton were superb, and with Vinton Freedley as the perfect medium ideal type the show went with a snap. Elizabeth Latta, of course, received a goodly share of the applause for her two special numbers, while Helen Lane revealed great possibilities as an actress. Dorothy Norris's dance was nothing if not sensational, and she was obliged to give several encores.

NOW, my dear, it is not for me to condemn or condone, BUT when you are going on an affair, do try to make hubby come home in time to fasten your up the back or side, or wherever your intricate and fanciful frock may be hooked or buttoned together, and do not, oh! do not, I beseech you, tear over to a wedding, for instance, with a top coat over your frock and when hubby joins you in the pew drop the coat while he proceeds to button your frock, stick a pin in your lace on the side and fix a curl into place. It may sound exaggerated, but this did I see only recently with mine very eyes. I was at a smart wedding and turned to see if the bride party was about to come up the aisle, when, to my intense amusement, I saw a recent bride holding her arms up where her husband hook her sleeves, and that hooked she turned to the collar of the gown and worked so industriously that a package with the wedding

Mr. and Mrs. P. Williamson Roberts will give a small dinner for six next Monday evening at Bella Vista, their home in Villanova.

Mrs. Edgar B. Howard, of Bryn Mawr, who has been spending a few weeks in El Paso with her husband, will return home December 15.

Mr. William Townsend Wright will leave on Saturday for North Carolina, where he will spend a few weeks duck shooting.

Mrs. George Kendrick, of Villanova, is spending a few days in New York.

Mr. and Mrs. Lindsay Fairfax returned to his home at Lenox, Mass., Tuesday after spending a few days with his niece, Mrs. George Emlen Starr, of Radnor.

Mrs. William W. Bodine and her father-in-law, Mr. Samuel I. Bodine, of Stoneleigh, Villanova, will leave December 20 to spend the Christmas holidays with Mr. W. W. Bodine at El Paso. They will return about January 2 as Mrs. Bodine is to be one of the attendants in the bridal party at Miss Susan L. Bruce's wedding, January 6.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Dohan Rainford, of Torresdale, are being congratulated on the birth of a daughter this morning.

Miss Linda Baker and Miss Sarah Baker, daughters of Mr. Louis Baker, of Bala, will leave for New York on Saturday, where they will meet Miss Betty Ames and her sister, who will arrive from France on Sunday. Before returning to their home in St. Paul the Misses Ames will be the guests of Mrs. Baker for several days.

The engagement of Miss Linda Baker and Mr. Lesley Ames was recently announced. Mr. Ames has been stationed down on the Texas border with his regiment, but is expected to return home in January.

Mrs. William Lord Sexton, of Highland Avenue, Chestnut Hill, returned from New York last night. Mrs. Sexton will give a dinner on Friday night at her home.

Mr. and Mrs. William Alexander Lieber, of the Hill, Bryn Mawr, left yesterday for Washington where they will visit General C. H. Lieber for a few days.

Miss Alice Lewis Murphy has moved her studio from 10 South Eleventh street to 305 DeKalb square. She will be at home during the winter on Tuesday afternoons after half past 3 o'clock.

Mr. and Mrs. Spencer Mulford, 54, of Squirrel Corner, Church road and Washington lane, returned last Tuesday from Atlantic City, where they spent several days.

Mr. and Mrs. Cohan, of 2118 Green street, entertained at a theatre and dinner party last night in honor of his twenty-first birthday. There were twelve guests.

Mr. and Mrs. A. Wayne Robinson, of Syracuse, N. Y., arrived yesterday to spend a month as the guests of Mrs. Robinson's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Edwin S. Allen. They will occupy their new home in Haverford early in January.

Edouard de Kuryle, late premier danseur of the Imperial Russian Government Theatre at Warsaw, will dance at the Broad Street Theatre this afternoon under the auspices of the Philadelphia Art Alliance. His wife will assist him, and Miss Eleanor Dougherty and Miss Mabel Moore will also dance.

The feature of the program to which Philadelphia art lovers have been looking forward with most pleasurable anticipation is the production of "Suzuki Gawa," the ancient Japanese pantomime drama of the No School, the prevailing mode of dramatic expression during the later period of the Edo era. The adaptations were prepared by Mr. and Mrs. de Kuryle in Tokyo, where they worked in conjunction with Japanese artists and dramatists. Mr. de Kuryle's appearance here will afford Philadelphia their first opportunity to see these adaptations which have attracted wide attention in Russia, London and Paris.

Philadelphia society will be largely represented at the performance, at the conclusion of which tea will be served on the stage. Among those who will receive at tea will be Mr. and Mrs. de Kuryle, Miss Eleanor Dougherty, Mrs. J. Sellers Bancroft, Mrs. Edward Biddle, Mrs. Harold Tarnall, Mrs. John Gribbel, Mrs. John M. Oakley, Mrs. Annie Brown and Mrs. C. A. Heckscher Wetherill.

A large bazaar will open today in the Hale Building and will last through the week. The sale is being given for the benefit of the Dominican convent at 1814 Green street, where a house for working girls is maintained by the sisters. The women in charge of the tables include: Tanya de Jolla, Miss Leslie Fox, Miss Sarah Laughton, Miss Ellen Bling and Dr. Julia K. Harrison. Sweaters and silk stockings, Miss Mary Boggs Keely, Miss Anna Gilligan, Miss Elizabeth Hagan and Miss Mary Nofer. Restaurant, Miss K. Leahman, Mrs. M. Waffler, Mrs. M. A. Stewart and the members of St. Monica's Guild. Toilet articles, Miss Margaret Kennedy. The house table, Miss Susan Vanduyke. Books and Christmas cards, Miss M. Learning. Religious goods, Miss M. McQuilly and Mrs. W. Cunningham. Groceries, Mrs. M. Regina Jones and Miss Margaret Byrne. Jellies, Mrs. G. Prince Candy, Miss Lulu Hallor and Mrs. James J. Dreck. Bags and handkerchiefs, Miss Cora Harris, and the tartan table, Mrs. E. Doyle.

A card party and dance will be given tonight at Mercantile Hall for the benefit of the Eastville Sanatorium. There will be tables for euchre, 50c, pinochle and lotto. The affair is in charge of a committee of women, of which Miss Jeannette Goldberg is chairman and Mrs. A. J. Cohen secretary.

CHORAL SOCIETY REVIVES "DAMNATION OF FAUST" Splendid Performance of Berlioz Oratorio Not Properly Appreciated in Patronage

The grace of appreciative patronage commendable with the success of this achievement was not accorded the revival, after a number of years' absence from the local repertoire, of Hector Berlioz's "The Damnation of Faust." With the Choral Society opened its twentieth season last evening in the Academy of Music.

Particularly was the mood of filled seats and the financial encouragement which with them deserved that evening, for the performance was splendid. The soloists were Julia Heinrich, soprano, late of the Metropolitan Opera Company; Walter Pottier, a young and excellent Philadelphia tenor; Harold Keet, baritone, whose work with the Philadelphia Operatic Society led him first into the ranks of the Philadelphia-Chicago Company and then into the Metropolitan roster; and Henry Hots, basso, who has sung with the Operatic Society and with the country's leading choral organizations. The chorus was improved considerably over that of last year and the presence of a number of young and fresh voices was noticeable, the addition strengthening and balancing better some of the choir.

Berlioz called his work an operatic legend, but it falls under the general classification of oratorio or cantata, in that it is opera without scenery or costumes.

The writing for the chorus is grandiose except in a couple of passages, and this effect was augmented by the volume of the voice of singers heard. The tonal quality was good and the shading nicely graduated, while no exception could be taken to precision of attack and cessation and clearness of enunciation. Mr. Thumder had his forces thoroughly in hand and also exercised an understanding control over the orchestra so that the performance took on added value as a study in the strange harmonies, supreme understanding of the brasses and unusual instrumental devices of a master polyphonist from whom even Richard Wagner did not disdain to get points.

The Mephisto has comparatively little to do quantitatively, but her co-operation is very vital from the dramatic standpoint. Miss Heinrich lived up to the distinguished prestige of her father, Max Heinrich, who was the Mephisto when the work was introduced to Philadelphia in 1888. She sang the "King of Thule" air with the simplicity and feeling and brought tender and unaffected sentiment to her singing of the duet with Faust, "Angel Adored." Mr. Pottier's tenor is notably mainly for a sweet but not saccharine quality and this seemed better adapted to the sentimental side of his score than to that calling for passionate declamation. He was excellent also in the pensive and meditative passages. Sardonic humor and sinister intent dominated Mr. Keet's "Arch Fiend." There was comedy, but not of the rollicking kind in his rendering of the famous ballad:

There was King once reigning Who had a big black Reins.

Mr. Hots' humor was of different sort, a lusty comic spirit of the people, in the equally celebrated ballad of the "Flat in the Cellar Next" and his noble bass was ever smooth and resonant in his contributions to the success of the production.

W. R. M.

WHY BOYS LOVE THEIR BABY BROTHERS



Copyright, Life Publishing Co. Reprinted by special arrangement. Mother's voice: "Bobby, will you please do something to get baby to stop crying. Give him something to play with."

THEIR TREE OF KNOWLEDGE



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THE VACANT WORLD

By GEORGE ALLAN ENGLAND

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CHAPTER XXVI—(Continued) TITHEN he shuddered at recollection of that stealthy, apeline creeping of the Horde scouts in among the ruins, furtive and silent; their sniffing after the blood track; their frightful agility in clambering with feet and hands alike, swinging themselves up like chimpanzees, swarming aloft on the death hunt.

He had evaded them, from story to story, Beatrice, able now to walk, had helped him roll down balustrades and building stones, flung rocks, wrenched stairs loose and block the way.

And so, wounding their pursuers, yet tracked always by more and ever more, they had come to the landing, where by aid of the rifle barrel as a lever they had been able to bring a whole wall crashing down to choke the passage. That had brought silence. For a time at least pursuit had been abandoned. In the voiding dusty quietude of the walls, hurried down the stairway, Stern knew by the grunts and shrieks

out of wreck and chaos they had made, the favored man lay very still, his pulses throbbing in his throat.

Outside, very far, very faint in the forest, a muffled drum began to beat again. And the glow shadowed, lengthening across the floor, told that evening was drawing nigh.

CHAPTER XXVII TO WORK! THE engineer awoke with a start—awoke to find daylight gone, to find that dusk had settled, had shrouded the whole place in gloom.

"Confused, he started up. He was about to call out, when prudence muted his voice. For the moment he could not recollect just what had happened or where he was, but a vast impending consciousness of evil and of danger weighed upon him. It warned him to keep still, to make no outcry. A burning thirst quickened his memory.

Then his comprehension returned. Still weak and shaken, yet greatly benefited by his sleep, he took a few steps toward the door. Where was the girl? Was he alone? What could all this mean?

"Beatrice! Oh, Beatrice!" he called thickly, in guarded tones. "Where are you? Answer me!"

"Here—coming!" he heard her voice. And then he saw her, dimly, in the doorway.

"What is it? Where have you been? How long have I been asleep?" She did not answer his questions, but came quickly to him, took his hand, and with her own smoothed his brow.

"Better now?" asked she.

"Loser!" He felt right in a little while. It's nothing. But what have you been doing all this time?"

"Come, and I'll show you." She led him toward the door.

He followed, in growing wonder. "No attack, yet?"

"None. But the drums have been beating for a long time now. Hear that?" They listened. To them drifted a dull, monotonous sound, harbinger of war.

Stern laughed bitterly, chokingly, by reason of his thirst.

"Much good their orchestra will do them," said he, "when it comes to facing soft-skinned men!" He felt all right in a little while. He drained the whole dish at a draft, then caught his breath in a long sigh.

"But this means water!" cried he, with renewed vigor. "And—"

"Look here," she directed, pointing. There on the hearth stood the copper kettle, three-quarters full.

own secret and invention, which had won the catalytic intervention, would have made him ten times over a millionaire. More precious now to him, that knowledge, than all the golden treasures of the dead, forsaken world!

"We've got to risk a light," said he. "If fire's turned low and shaded, maybe they won't learn our whereabouts. But however that may be, we can't work in the dark. It would be too horribly perilous. One false move, one wrong combination, even the addition of one ingredient at the improper moment, and—well—you understand."

She nodded.

"Yes," said she. "And we don't want to quit—just yet!"

So they lighted the smaller of their copper lamps, and set to work in earnest. On the table, cleared of dishes and of food, Stern placed in order eight glass bottles, containing the eight basic chemicals for his reaction.

Beating him at his left hand, he set a large metal dish with three quarts of water, still warm. In front of him stood his copper kettle—the strangest retort, surely, in which the terrific compound ever had been distilled.

"Now our chairs and the lamp," said he, "and we're ready to begin. But first," and, looking earnestly at her, "first, let me frankly, wouldn't you just a little rather have me carry out this experiment alone? You could wait elsewhere, you know. With these uncertain materials, and the strange conditions we've got to work under, there's no telling what—might happen."

"I've never yet found a man who would willingly stand by and see me build Pulverite, much less a woman. It's a fearful thing! Don't be ashamed to tell me; are you afraid?"

For a long moment the girl looked at him.

"Afraid—with you?" said she.

CHAPTER XXVIII The Pulverite. AN HOUR passed. And now, under the electric light cast by the hooded lamp upon the table, there in that bare, wrecked office-horns of theirs, the Pulverite was coming. A faint hiss.

Already at the bottom of the metal dish lay a thin yellow cloud, something that looked like London fog on a December morning. There, covered with the water, it gently swirled and curled, with bright metallic glints and oily sheens, as Beatrice with a gold spoon stirred it at the engineer's command.

"From moment to moment he dropped in a minute quantity of glycerin, originated in glass test-tube graduated to the hundredth of an ounce. Keenly, under the lamp shine, he watched the final reaction; his face, very pale and set, reflected a little of the mental stress that bound him.

Along the table edge before him, limp in its sling, his wounded arm lay useless. Yet with his left hand he controlled the sleeping giant in the dish. And as he dropped the glycerin, he counted.

"Ten, eleven, twelve—fifteen, sixteen—twenty!" Now! Now pour the water off, quick! Quick!"

Splendidly the girl obeyed. The water ran, foaming strangely, out into a glass jar set to receive it. Her hands trembled not, nor did she hesitate. Only, a line formed between her brows; and her strange half-head, came quickly through her lips.

(CONTINUED TOMORROW)

Bequeaths \$10,000 to Church WASHINGTON, Dec. 7.—A bequest of \$10,000 by the will of Mrs. Frederic Gore Davis, widow of Assistant Secretary of State John C. Davis, is made by St. John's Protestant Episcopal Church, of New York city. The will was filed for probate here today. The money is to go to St. Mary's mission of the church.

Lord Burnham Left \$1,339,000 LONDON, Dec. 7.—The will of Edward, First Lord Burnham, proprietor of the Daily Telegraph, shows the value of the unestimated estate to be £267,871 (\$1,339,355), the net personality, £107,076.

What's Doing Tonight Charity Ball, Academy of Music. Exhibition of sculpture work by women, Placerville Club. Banquet, Association of Manufacturers' Representatives, Bellevue-Stratford, 8:30 o'clock. Lecture on "The Retraction of Gallium from Natural Gas," by G. A. Burrell, Franklin Institute. Symphony Society of Frankford, concert, Frankford High School. Columbia Club dinner, Columbia Club. Reception to the Rev. Dr. H. A. Weller, president of the Evangelical Lutheran Mission of Pennsylvania and adjacent States, Hotel Adelphi, 8 o'clock. Lecture on "Trees," by Dr. Martin Mackenzie, Wagner Institute, Montgomery avenue and Seventeenth street, 8 o'clock. Free. West Philadelphia Business Men, Fifth and Locust streets, 8 o'clock. Free. Central Germantown Avenue Business Men, 2340 Germantown avenue, 8 o'clock. Free. "The Business Men," 3543 Germantown avenue, 8 o'clock. Free. Colchekink Brass Men, Seventh street and Germantown avenue, 8 o'clock. Free. Lectures by John Kendrick Bantz, under the auspices of the University Extension Society, Wiltshire Hall, 8 o'clock. Dance to aid Eastville Sanatorium, Mercantile Club. Browning Society, New Century Club.

DALSIMER STANDARD SHOES Tomorrow, Dalsimer Will Place on Sale

A New Low Heel Model For A Very Low Price

An 8-inch Lace Boot of Tan or Black Calf with perforated vamp and lace stay.

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This is your opportunity to secure a pair of these boots that are being sought after by women of fashion, harmonizing with the suitings which have been adopted for Winter.

Dalsimer superior service always gives maximum quality and value, and we are pleased to offer another opportunity to the particular woman of moderate purse. 'TIS A FEAT TO FIT FEET Dalsimer Shoes and Hosiery 1204-06-08 Market St.

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