

JUST GOSSIP ABOUT PEOPLE

Bal Masque Huge Success—Doors of Hotel Were Thrown Open to All Who Could Show Tickets. Other Matters Prove Diverting

MY DEAR, did you go? Because if you didn't you surely missed it. The hall decorated with the Made-in-America Bazaar was certainly one big success and every one has a simply great time. There is a certain excitement about talking to perfect strangers, thinking they are your best friends, or discussing the matrimonial trials of supposed mutual friends, whom you thought you had recognized as John Jones or James Smith. The excitement when the unmasking takes place is delicious! However, there were no terrible things to discuss last night, and I for one danced gaily through the myriads of masks of courtiers and favorites of the harem, Uncle Sam and Miss Columbia, deities and sprites, pirates and kings and knights, derbies and cats, and witches who, soaked to their eyes, teeth, pained happily about the ballroom floor at the hotel for the decoration and appreciation of those who sat in rows and gazed delightedly upon them.

My dear, I was impressed with the way the ballroom was roped off; almost with the air of an Assembly! Almost—not quite! The hostesses, all looking extremely handsome in their cloth-

ing, and with jeweled red, white and blue bands across one shoulder, received at the foot of the stairs. Among them were Mrs. Harry Harrison, Mrs. Billy Cochran, Mrs. Browning, Mrs. Mitchell, Mrs. Keith and Mrs. Sam Bell.

When a bugle blew and the lights were lowered and Mrs. Logan Feland appeared in the spotlight to sing the "Star Spangled Banner" there was much confusion on the part of dutiful sons of America, because many of them had elaborate head-dresses which would not come off in a hurry.

Frances Starr came in after her performance clad in her "Little Lady in Blue" frock, looking just as demure and girlish as could be.

My dears, have you heard the latest? I fairly shouted when the story came to me; it sure was one on the bridal party! It happened thus: At a recent wedding, after the reception was over and the happy pair had departed, pursued by shoes, rice, confetti and everything else in sight, the ushers, bridesmaids and even the best man, who is supposed to protect the bridegroom on such occasions, finding time hanging heavy on their hands, after all the previous excitement, decided to dash into a waiting automobile and chase the bride and bridegroom of an hour to their train. They followed them into the heart of the city, swinging around corners on two wheels, dashing up this street and down that, straining their eyes to catch a glimpse of the Newlyweds. When at last the motor stopped, having evidently given up all idea of reaching the station and a train, the pursuers clambered out and the bridesmaids rushed up and embraced a rather powdered and painted person dressed in the gayest of gay frocks, who was escorted by a large and pompous-looking gentleman, who did not seem in the least glad to be thought a bridegroom! Help! Aid! Succor! The pair had escaped them after all and for one hour the entire bridal party had been chasing a perfectly strange man and woman. Sometimes these practical jokes are not so funny when they fit the other shoe, eh, wot?

NANCY WYNE.

MISS ESTELLE PAULINE ERNERT

Miss Ernert's engagement to Mr. Matthew Robert Gray, of Burlington, Kan., was recently announced.

Photo by Marceau.

Personals

Mrs. Harry Clifton Adams, of 1712 Pine street, will give a dinner on December 28 in honor of her daughter, Miss Margaret Adams. The guests will afterward attend the Christmas German of the committee. Mrs. Adams will also entertain twenty guests at the Supper Club on Saturday, December 30. Twenty-second street, of Chestnut Hill, one of the season's debutantes.

The marriage of Miss Mary Victoria Green and Mr. Griswold Lorrillard, of Tuxedo, N. Y., took place this afternoon at 4:30 o'clock at the home of the bride's brother and sister, Mr. and Mrs. David Lewis, 35 South Twenty-second street. The Rev. John J. Wheeler officiated. Mr. and Mrs. Lorrillard will live in Tuxedo, N. Y.

Miss Sylvia Barnes, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Hampton Barnes, of 1817 Delaware place, has had Miss Elizabeth Porter, of Washington, D. C., as her guest for several days. Miss Porter is now the guest of Mrs. Newbold, of this city, and is an alumnus of the second American Bazaar held at this week at Horticultural Hall.

Mrs. William T. Hunter, of Devon, will give a dinner in honor of her son, Mr. Edward T. Hunter, twenty members of the St. Luke's football team on Saturday night at the Merion Cricket Club.

Mr. and Mrs. Peter Shields, of Bryn Mawr, announce the engagement of their daughter, Miss Ethel Shields, and Mr. Harry Huntington, Jr., son of Mrs. Harry Huntington, of Pittsburgh. Miss Shields was a debutante in 1914.

Invitations have been issued for a series of subscription dinner-dances to be held at the Huntington Valley Country Club during the winter months. The first one will be given on Tuesday, December 15, at 7:30 o'clock, and the others on the following dates: Thursday, January 11, and Saturday, February 4. The committee in charge includes Mr. Sidney F. T. Brock, Mr. Fitz Eugene Butler, Mr. J. Hugh Dangler, Mr. John H. Egan, Mr. William H. Egan, Mr. Joseph Wharton Lippincott, Mr. Hallock Morgan, Mr. Samuel K. Reeves, Mr. George Tyler and Mr. Daniel B. Wentz.

Mr. and Mrs. William Alexander Lieber returned to their home in Bryn Mawr last evening after a week in New York and Washington. They will give a party for the first of the season on Saturday night in honor of Mrs. Lieber's debutante cousin, Miss Anna Hollingsworth Lieber.

Mrs. Graham Spencer and the Misses Spencer, of Devon, have left for Saratoga Lake, N. Y., where they will pass the winter.

Mrs. and Mrs. George W. Kendrick, 34, have purchased the Lincoln Godfrey house, of Villanova, formerly the home of the Hubert L. Clarke, and are making extensive alterations before moving in after the first of the year.

Invitations of interest to many Philadelphia residents have been issued by Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Street Barnes, of Johnstown, N. J., for the marriage of their daughter, Miss Adeline Barnes, and Mr. Henry Wells Lawrence, of York, Pa. The wedding will take place on Wednesday, January 3, at 4 o'clock in Trinity Chapel, West Twenty-second street near Broadway, New York. The bride and groom will be accompanied by their relations and few intimate friends will attend the ceremony. After an extended wedding trip Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence will be at home at Ely Court, Forty-first street, Omaha, Neb. Miss Lawrence is a graduate of the Ogontz School and a frequent visitor in this city.

Mrs. and Mrs. Ralph Eaton, of Norwich, Conn., are receiving congratulations on the birth of a son. Mrs. Eaton will be remembered as Mrs. Kenneth Endres, of Jenkintown, before her marriage last year.

Mrs. G. A. Leininger announces the engagement of her granddaughter, Miss Elva Leininger, to Mr. Albert H. Dingus.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Johnson, of Troy, N. Y., have recently announced the engagement of their daughter, Miss Thelma Helene Johnson, to Mr. Henry A. Smith, of this city.

Mrs. and Mrs. Arthur E. Post, of Bellevue avenue and Eagle road, Wayne, are being congratulated upon the birth of a daughter, yesterday. Mrs. Post will be remembered before her marriage as Miss Leona Manning Pearce, of the Bartram, Thirty-third and Chestnut streets.

Mrs. A. B. Addis, of 3839 North Broad street, gave a very pretty luncheon in the east room of the Rittenhouse Hotel, Tuesday afternoon, followed by a bridge party in the rose room. Mrs. Addis's guests included Mrs. Charles Lukens, Mrs. Thomas Lukens, Mrs. Samuel Alcott, Mrs. James Spencer, Miss M. Schiedel, Mrs. Nelson Sailer, Mrs. John Goodfellow, Mrs. William Stemmer, Mrs. H. H. House and Mrs. M. C. Crawford.

Mr. and Mrs. Evan E. Kimble, of the Nearby, have left for Chicago, to spend a fortnight.

The first meeting of the Philadelphia Alumnae Club of the Zeta Phi Eta Oratory Sorority was held at the home of Miss Frances Ledford Hess, 4212 Cedar avenue, yesterday afternoon. Miss Olga Newton, planning the role of Love in the "Experience company," was guest of honor. Miss Newton is a member of the Alpha chapter of Zeta Phi Eta at Boston.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas L. Lawton, of 5520 Morris street, Germantown, announce the engagement of their daughter, Miss Edythe Lawton, to Mr. Walter Hopkins Chapman, also of Germantown.

The Rev. Dr. Twamley, of the Protestant Episcopal City Mission and of the Catholic Mission, gave Tennyson's "Enoch Arden" with Strauss's wonderful musical setting in the Auditorium, 3415 Chestnut street, last evening. Miss Gladys M. Barnett, of Bryn Mawr College and daughter of the Rev. Dr. Augustus E. Barnett, of the Church of Our Redeemer, at Sixteenth and Oxford streets, rendered the music. The affair was purely a social one.

The Terpsichoreans will hold their December dance in the Gold Room of the Adelphi on Saturday evening. The committee in charge includes Mr. K. J. Birnbaum, Mr. G. H. Knauser, Mr. J. P. McCollough and Mr. C. E. Wolfinger.

Mr. and Mrs. A. Bosher, of 628 Spruce street, are being congratulated upon the birth of a son last Saturday. The baby is to be named Samuel.

AS SHE SEEMED TO HIM



Copyright, Life Publishing Company.
Mr. Henry Peck—Ah, Mr. Cubed, an excellent portrait! You have placed the very soul of my wife upon the canvas.

BEYOND THE GREAT OBLIVION

(Sequel to "The Vacant World")

By GEORGE ALLAN ENGLAND

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SUMMARY OF PRECEDING STORY.
Allan Stern, a mechanical engineer, and his wife, Beatrice, were living in a small apartment in New York. They were both of the "lost generation" type, and were living a life of quiet desperation. They were both of the "lost generation" type, and were living a life of quiet desperation.

THE STORY THIS FAR.
Stern and Beatrice, arrived at the old man's house, to make the most of the time. During the week, Allan catches with a rifle and a gun. When their time home is made comfortable and all arrangements are made for the future, Stern and Beatrice return to their old home in the Metropolitan Hotel. They are both of the "lost generation" type, and are living a life of quiet desperation.

CHAPTER VIII.—(Continued)

STERN'S hunting, fishing and gardening did not occupy his whole time. Every day he made it a rule to work at least an hour, two, if possible, of the thirty-foot factory shape on the timber ways which now stood on the river bank.

All through July and part of August he labored on this book, building it stanch and true, caking it thoroughly, fitting a cabin, stepping a first mast, and making all ready for the great migration which he knew that he would have to make when the arrival of cool weather.

He doubted very much, in view of the semitropical character of some of the foliage, whether even in January the temperature would now be below freezing; but in any event he foresaw that there would be no fruits available, and he objected to a winter on fish ponds. In preparation for the trip he had built a little "smokehouse" near the beach, and here he smoked considerable quantities of meat—deer meat, venison, and such as he could get. He was so fortunate as to shoot during the third week of their stay at the bungalow, and a good score of hams from the wild pigs which he rooted out, and then the beech growth half a mile downstream.

Often the girl and he discussed this coming trip, of an evening, sitting together by the river to watch the stars wander and the black shadows of the night creep in. Now and then a portion of the night sky—or perhaps a leaning back in their huge, rusted chairs lined with furs on the broad piazza; or again, if the night were cool or rainy, in front of their blazing fire of pine knots and driftwood, which burned with a gorgeous blue and green and crimson in the vast throat of Hope Lodge fireplace.

Other matters, too, they talked of—strange speculations, impossible to solve, yet filling them with vague uneasiness, and a kind of mighty awe in face of the vast, unknowable mysteries surrounding them; the forces and phenomena which might, though friendly in their outward aspect, at any time precipitate catastrophe, ruin and death upon them and extinguish in their persons all hopes of a world reborn.

The haunting thought was never very far away: "Should either one of us be killed—what then?"

One day Stern voiced his fear. "Beatrice," he said, "if anything should ever happen to me, and you be left alone in a world which, without me, would be a world of horrors and impossibilities, would you instantly become a mad scientist way out there, to produce a way for anything to happen to you? Understand?"

She nodded, and for a long time that day the silence of a great past weighed upon their souls.

CHAPTER IX

Planning the Great Migration.
STERN planned a trip for the powerful field glasses he had rescued from the Metropolitan Building, and by an ingenious addition of a wooden tube and another lens carefully ground out of rock crystal, succeeded in producing on the right-hand barrel of the binoculars a telescope of reasonably high power. With this, of an evening, he often made long observations, after which he would spend hours gazing at over many sheets of the birch bark, which he then carefully saved and bound up with leather strings for future reference.

In Van's set of encyclopedias he found a fairly large celestial map and through

to leave his home, with winter coming on, she asked at length, pensively, the freight calling its glow across her cheek and glittering in her eyes.

"Wise? Yes. We can't stay here, that's certain. And what is there to fear out in the world? With our firearms and our knowledge of fire itself, our science and our human intelligence, we're far more than a match for all enemies, whether of the beast world or of that race of the Hilde I hate, in a way, to revisit the ruins of New York for more ammunition and canned stuff. The place is too ghastly, too hideous now, after the big fight."

"Boston will be a clean ground for us, with infinite resources. And, as I said before, there's the Cambridge observatory. It's only two or three miles back in the forest, from the coast; maybe not more than half a mile from some part of the Charles River. We can sail up, camp on Soldiers' Field and visit it easily. Why not?"

He sat down on the tiger rug before the fire, near the girl. She drew her head down into her lap; then, when he was lying comfortably, began playing with his thick hair, as he loved to do with her hair.

"If you think it's all right, Allan," said she, "we'll go. I want what you want."

"That's my good girl!" exclaimed the engineer. "We'll be ready to start in a few days now. The boat's next thing to finished. With the breadfruit, smoked steer and buffalo meat, hams and canned goods now on our shelves, we've certainly got enough supplies to stock her for a two months' trip."

Even with less wealth he was in starting. You see, the world's land untouched my mankind for so many centuries that all the blighting effect of man's folly and greed and general decay has vanished.

"The soil's got back to its natural state, animal life abounds, and so long as I still have a good supply of cartridges, we can live almost anywhere. Anthracite? I don't think there's much danger. Oh, yes, I remember the line of blue smoke we saw yesterday over the hills very clearly, but what does that prove? Lightning may have started a fire—there's no telling. And we can't always stay here, Beta, just because there may be dangers out yonder."

He hung one arm toward the vast night, beyond the panes where the mist and storm were beating cheerlessly.

"No, we can't camp down here indefinitely. Now's the time to start. I may, we've got all of sixty days' of down-right civilized food on hand for a good cruise in the Adventure. The chance of finding other people somewhere is too precious not to make any risk worth while."

More than the girl, he realized the prime importance of this possibility. Though he and she loved each other very dearly, though they were all in all to each other yet he comprehended the loneliness she felt rather than analyzed—the infinite need of man for man, of woman for woman—the old social, group-instinct of the race beginning to reassert itself even in their Eden.

During the last week or so Stern had more than once caught himself listening for some other sound of human life and activity. Once he had found the girl standing on a wooded point among the pines, shading her eyes with her hand and watching downstream with an attitude of hope which spoke more fluently than words. He had stolen quietly away, saying nothing, careful not to break her mood. For he had understood it; it had been his very own.

The mood expressed itself, at times, in long talks together of the seeming drainage when there had been so many millions of men and women in the world. Beatrice and Stern found themselves dwelling with a peculiar pleasure on memories and descriptions of throngs.

They would read the population statistics in Van's cyclopedias, and wonder greatly at them, for now these figures seemed the unreal chimeras of wild imaginations.

"They would talk of the crowded streets, the 'T's,' crushes and the jams at the Bridge entrance; of packed cars and trains and overflowing theatres; of great concourses they had seen; of every kind and condition of affairs whose thousands of their kind had once rubbed elbows, all strangers to each other, yet all one vast kin and family ready in case of need to succor one another, to use the collective intelligence for the benefit of each."

Sometimes they indulged in fanciful comparisons, trying to make their present state seem wholly different. "This is a pretty fine way to live, after all," Stern said one day, "even if it is a bit lonesome at times. There's no getting up in the morning and rushing to an office. It's a perpetual vacation! There are no appointments to keep, no angry clients kicking because I can't make water run up hill or make cast iron do the work of foot stool. No saloons or free lunches, no subway to stuff the breath out of us, no bills to pay and no bill collectors to dodge; no laws except the laws of nature, and such as we make ourselves; no bosses and no bad shows, no politics, no yellow journals, no styles."

"Oh, dear, how I'd like to see a milliner's window again!" cried Beatrice, rudely interrupting his thin stream of optimism.

"Do you really think we're wise to—"

"These skin clothes, all the time, and no hats, and no chignons and no—no nothing at all—I, I never half appreciated things till they were all taken away!"

Stern, feeling that he had tapped the wrong vein, discreetly withdrew; and the sound of his caulked hammer from the beach told that he was expending a certain irritation on the hull of the Adventure.

Together they planned the last details of the trip.

"Is the sail coming along all right, Beta?" asked Stern, the night when they decided to visit Cambridge. "You expect to have it done in a day or two?"

"I can finish it tomorrow. It's all woven now. Just as soon as I finish binding one edge with leather strips it'll be ready for you."

"All right; then we can get a good, early start on Monday morning. Now for the details of the freight."

They worked out everything to its last minutiae. Nothing was forgotten, from ammunition to the soap which Stern had made out of moose fat and wood ashes and had pressed into cakes; from fishing tackle and canned goods to tooth brushes made of stiff vegetable fibers set in bone; from provisions even to a plentiful supply of birch-bark leaves for taking notes.

"Monday morning we're off," Stern concluded, "and it will be the grandest launch in the world. The Adventure is here, she's safe enough for anything from here to Europe."

"Name the place you want to see and it's yours. Florida? Bermuda? Mediterranean? With the compass I've made and adjusted to the new magnetic variations, and with the maps out of Van's set of books, I reckon

we're good for anything, including a trip around the world."

"The survivors will be surprised to see a fully stocked yawl putting in to rescue them from savagery, eh? Imagine doing the Captain Cook stunt, with white people for subjects!"

"Yes, but I'm not counting on their treating us the way Captain Cook was: are you? And what if we shouldn't find anybody, dear? What then?"

"How could we help finding people? Could a billion and a half human beings do all at once, without leaving a single isolated group somewhere or other?"

"But you never succeeded in reaching them with the wireless from the Metropolitan Hotel, Allan."

"Never mind—they weren't in a condition to pick up my message; that's all. We surely must find somebody in all the big cities we can reach by water, either along the coast or by running up the Mississippi, or along the St. Lawrence and through the lakes. There's Boston, of course, and Philadelphia, New Orleans, San Francisco, St. Louis, Chicago—dozens of others—no end of places!"

"Oh, if they're only not all like New York!"

"That remains to be seen. There's all of Europe, too, and Africa and Asia—why, the whole wide world is ours! We're so rich, girl, that it staggers the imagination—we're the richest people that have ever lived, you and I. The 'plutocrats' in the old days owned their millions; but we own—we own the whole earth!"

"Not if there's anybody else alive, dear."

(CONTINUED TOMORROW)

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