JUST GOSSIP ABOUT PEOPLE

Entertainment for Home for Friendless Children Attracts Many-Representative List of Patronesses

THE first dress rehearsal of the musical melange, "A Flight of Fancy," was held one day last week in the ballroom of the Bellevue-Stratford, and it was a scream. Of course, everybody was late to begin with. Then these few who did come: "Only thirty-five minutes late, Mr. D....," and "May I leave in fifteen minstes, Mr. D-?" Well you know them. You've seen them many times. They

went through their parts heroically, and it's going to be a big thing, my dears. So don't miss it tomorrow and Wednesday nights. It's going to be great. Drezol Steele, of the Plays and Players, does a mighty snappy song and dance, and the choruses come on with lots of pep and vim, just as they do in real, live musical comedy. If you could have seen the director holding a pet Boston terrier in one arm and gesticuinting with a cigarette in the other hand. calling madly for Mian p----- and in the next breath humming over a slow and dreamy walts with another set of girls and men. If you could see all this as I have you would laugh, too. Some one leaned too heavily against the scenery and over it went, making a crashing sound. and causing the director to grit his teeth and beg for strength not to use bad language.

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ю In the midst of it all sits screnely Mrs. George W. Urquhart, president of the board of managers of the Northern Home for Friendless Children, the worthy charity for which cause all this excitement takes place. She keeps her

head, belleve me, and writes down names one after another, which little trick means Mrs. ----- has taken another box for Tuesday night and Mrs. one for Wednesday.

The board of managers for the affair consists of Mrs. George W. Urquhart, president; Mrs. Alexander M. Fox, Jr., first vice president; Mrs. Frederick P. Warren, second vice president and recording secretary; Mrs. William G. Henry, corresponding secretary; Mr. William R. King, treasurer; Mrs. William C. Yerkes, assistant treasurer; Mrs. Edward M. Moll, secretary of admission and dismission committee; Mrs. Theodore Julius, Mrs. Frank W. Mussey, Mrs. Benjamin S. Kunkel, Mrs. William E. Hexamer, Mrs. Kenton Warne, Miss Mary S. Sloan, Mrs. Howard S. Roberts, Mrs. Charles J. Bender, Mrs. Edmund Carre, Mrs. Roland A. Bowers, and the board of trustees includes the Rev. Loyal Y. Graham, D. D., president; Mr. Edward S. Sayres, first vice president; Mr. Wilson Mitchell, second vice president; Mr. William R. King, treasurer; Mr. J. Millard Kessler, secretary; Mr. Charles O. Baird, Mr. Howard W. Lewis, Mr. Frank Pearson, Mr. Robert C. Heyl, Mr. J. Jacob Mohr, Mr. William G. Blair, Mr. Samuel B. Vrooman, Mr. Frank Van Roden, Mr. William H. Stevens.

Mrs. Quincy A. Gillmore has lasued in-vitations for a reading class on Friday afternoons during the winter, which will be held at her home, 2131 Locust street.

BEYOND THE GREAT OBLIVION (Sequel to "The Vacant World")

By GEORGE ALLAN ENGLAND

The in energiest to make the home During the weeks of "softling I live on the fan that Alian a pade rod, and game. It is not result a streat deal after that is the construction seagning craft, for he plang to work in uses. tinger ethy on th along the sound. Starp dures off for, minutes and when he awakes he the best is being drawn he a larrific i toward a great raterest. In some nous way he and Bestrice are saved drain in the great plunge, but the s dashed to bits. Fruits their peritons is a longe they see the waters rising i thers.

CHAPTES XII-(Continued)

HE WATCHED a few moments interest by than with a fresh resolve, desperate yet joyful in its strength, once more sought the

girl. "Beta," said he. "how brave ars you?" "How brave? Why, dear?" He paused a moment, then replied: "Be-cause, if what I believe is true, in a few minutes you and I have got to make a right for life—a harder fight than any we've made yst—a fight that may last for hours and may, after all, end only in death. A battle royal! Are you strong for it? Are you braze?"

battle royall Are you strong for it? Are you brave?" Try me!" she minwered, and their eyes met, and he knew the truth, that come what might of life or death, of loss or gain, de-feat or victory, this woman was to be his "Listen, then it" he

life. "Come, we must be at work!" he told her, as together they peered over the edge and now beheld the weltering flood creeping up, up along the thundarous plungs of the waterfall till it was within no more than a hundred feet of their shelter. As the depth of the fall decreased the spray-drive lossened, and now, with the full coming of day, some reflection of the golden morning alcy crept through the spray. Yet Photo by J. Mitchell Ellist Miss Wall will take part in the extravaganza which

will be given tomorrow and Wednesday nights in the ballroom of the Bellevue-Stratford for the benefit of the Northern Home for Friendless Children morning sky crept through the spray. Yet neither to the right nor left could thay see shore or anything save that long, swift, altding wall of brine, foam-tossed and ter-Elizabeth Adams, was there, also the Smiths, Mary and Edith, with the latter's devoted suitor (need I name him ?).

There were about twenty-seven in this party, and Phoebe and George Harding had the time of their young lives looking The Robert Martin Williams had a

and Mrs. Edmund H. McCullough enter-tained a similar number. Also among those present were the Evans Roberts, with the Dorr Newtons, the P. Frederick Rothermels, Jr., with a handful of guests; Harry Lawrence, Jr., who gave a party for several file and Katherine Orden: the tained a Lillie and Katherine Orden: the tained a similar number. Also among those present were the Evans Roberts, with the Dorr Newtons, the P. Frederick Rothermels, Jr., with a handful of guests; Harry Lawrence, Jr., who gave a party for several of the younger girls; Jean and Theodora Lillie and Katherine Orden: the sum work cut along the rock-shelf, the Theodora Lillie and Katherine Ogden; the

laid them out along the rock-shelf, the most sheltered spot of the ledge. The planks were lashed into a rough most of float with what cordage remained

and her brother Taylor in addition to their daughter and several other guests; the Caleb Foxes, the J. B. Lippincotts and Mrs. Walter Waring Hopkinson. NANCY WYNNE. NANCY WYNNE. little girl.

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he naw a golden sun that weltered all across the heaving flood in a brave splen-dor; and, off to northward, a wooded line of hills, blue in the distance, yet beautiful

of hills, blue in the distance, yet boautiful with their promise of salvation. Stern understood, then, what must have happened. He saw that the upfilling of the abyrs, whatever might have caused it, had flung them forth; he perceived that the temporary flood which had taken place be-fore once more another terrific down-draft should pour into the gaping chasm, had cast them out, floated by their raft of lanks scen as matchetreum which he her water in a cup defily fashioned from a huge loaf; and when she had drunk and eaten some of the fruit they sat and talked a while in the grateful warmth of the sun. Bhe seemed depressed and disheartened, at last, as they discussed what had hap-pened and spoke of the future. "is too much. There's nothing now except planks, even as match-straws might be flung and floated on the outburst of a gey-

eer. He understood; he knew that, fortune favoring, life still beckoned there ahead. And in his heart resolve leaped up: "Life! Life?" he cried. "Oh. Beatrice, look? Sce! There's land ahead, there-

land !

together on the beach. "Just he patient, that's all," hads he. "Just give me a day or so to find out our location, and I'll get things going again, never fear. A week from new we may be sailing into Boston Harbor-who knows?" And, shipwrecked and destitute though they wore, alone in the vast emptiness of that descrited world, yet with his optimism and his faith be coaxed her back to cheer-fulness and smiles again. "The whole carth is ours, and the fullness But the girl, still circled by his arm, iny senseless. Alian knew he could make no progress in that manner. So by dint of great labor, he managed to draw her some-what on to the float and there to lash her with a loose such of cordage in such wise that she could breathe with no danger of

"The whole earth is ours, and the fullness thereof!" he cried, and flung his arms defantly outward. "This is no time for hesitance or fear. Victory lies all before us yet. To work! To work!"

That day was long and bitter, an agony of toil, hops, daspair, labor and struggle, and the girl, reviving, shared it foward the second of toil, hops, daspair, labor and struggle, and the girl, reviving, shared it foward the second dasth away, but so long as the buoyant planks. This is not the Masistrom STERN'S observation of the rising flood proved correct. By whatever theory it might or might not be explained, the fact was no hope of appeal to any help. In this manifers world there could be no proved correct. By whatever theory it might not be explained, the fact was rising fast, and that Inside of half an hour at the outside the torrent would angult their ledge.

would angulf their ledge. It seemed as though there must be some reat. Thythmic ebb and flux in the unsound a landward current draw them can. Their on strength. too, in spite of the long flux incalculable regurgitation of the sea, which poured into that itianic gulf. And it was upon this flux, stormy and wild and full of seeting whirbools, that Allan Stern and the girl now built their only possible hops of salvation and of "Come, we must be stated the the marrow, we to hausted and "Come, we must be stated the the marrow, we to hausted and "Come, we must be stated the the marrow, we to hausted and "Come, we must be stated the the marrow, we to the marrow, we to hausted and "Come, we must be stated to the marrow, we to the marrow.

way to land. Night found them utterly exhausted and soaked to the marrow, yet allve, stretched out at full length, inert, upon the warm sands of a virgin beach. There they lay, supine, above high tide, whither they had dragged themselves with terrible exertion. And the stars whoeled overhead ; and down upon them the strange-featured moon won-dered with her pallid gleam. Locture. Arademy of Music, Locture. "Religious Echaration in the Schools." by Dr. Abby P. Leland, Church House, Locture, "A Tour of Brasil," by Dr. J. P. Santamarina, Griffith Hall, New Jersey Society Hanguet, Bellevue-Strat-ford.

What's Doing Tonight

Philadelphia Grand Opera Company presents Lucie," Academy of Music.

HECCERCECCCCCCCC

Fireless, foodlass and writhout shelter, un-protected in every way, possessing nothing now save just their own bodies and the draggled garments that they wore, they lay and slept. In their supreme exhaustion they risked attack from wild beasts and from anthropoids. Sleep to them was now

"To work !" said be again. "It we're going to save ourselves out of this inferno we've got to make some kind of prepara-tion. We can't just swim and trust to hack. We shall have to make a float of some sort or other, I think." eastern sky.

Stern woke first, dazed with the long stern woke hrst, dated with the long sleep, toward midmorning. A little while he hay as though adream, trying to realize what had happened; but soon remembrance knitted up the fabric of the peril and the close secape. And arising stiffly from the sand, he stretched his eplendid muscles, rubbed his eyes and stared about him.

A burning thirst was tormenting him. His tongue clave to the roof of his mouth; he found, by trial, that he could scarcely

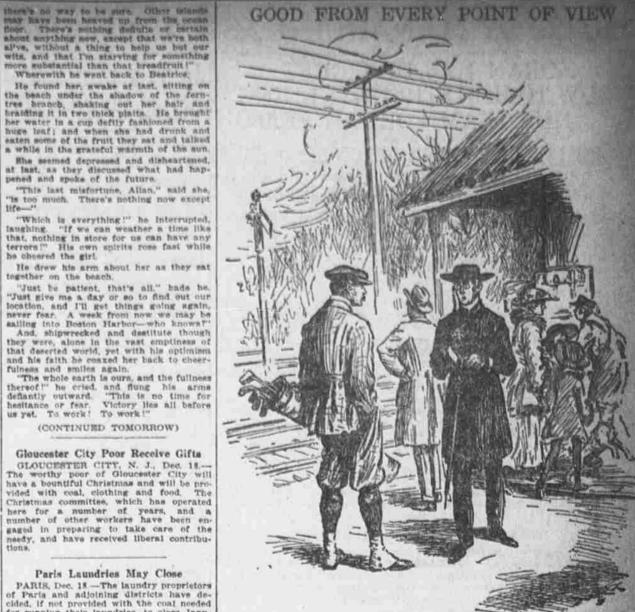
"Water !" gasped he, and peared at the deep green woods, which promised abundant brooks and streams.

But before he startes on that quest he looked to see that Beatrice was safe and sound. The girl still slept. Stending above her he made sure that she was resting easily and that she had taken no harm. But the sun, he saw, was shining in her face.

"That won't do at all !" he thought ; and That won't do at all?" he thought; and now with a double moive he strode off up to face it. There's no other chance at all?" They waited now calmiy, with the reals-They waited now calmiy, with the reals-

hung rock, a spring whereof he drank till

GOOD FROM EVERY POINT OF VIEW



Copyright, Life Publishing Company, Reprinted by essetal arrangement. The Reverend-Yes, he's engaged, fortunately, to a girl who takes him to church every Sunday. "Well, I'm glad of it. He's always getting in front of me on the

links,"

900 Would Join Stonemen

the first week of its existence. The Rev. H. C. Stone, founder of the organization, was the principal speaker at a meeting in the Bedford branch of the Young Man's Christian Association yesterday. More than 200 applications for member-ship have been received by the Brooklyn branch of the Stoneman Fellowship during

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tiful, was it not-the very unusualness of the whole affair giving a sort of piquancy to the occasion? You see, they had first planned to be married on Saturday, and then Karl found that he had to be out in Chicago or some place West before Christmas, and they would not have been able to have any honeymoon, so what did the wise young people do but advance their wedding one week and go down to Hot Springs for a week, and then come back for the reception, which was given on the original date, and then this week on to the West. I hear that the lights in the Longstreth house were not quite perfectly put in when the wedding took place-you know they had practically just moved in a few days beforeto just at an inauspicious moment they went down. Now the officiating elergyman was young and not terribly used to the service, and many things happened. Some say that one of the pauses was caused by the fact that the bride hesitated over the word "obey," but finally said it. Then the clergyman got all mixed up, and when the time came to may, "With this ring I thee wed." he said "With this wing I thee fied." There was one general yell, but finally things

quieted down, and the ceremony went on, and I, for one, hope that the pair will live happy ever after,

THE wind-up of Made-in-America week at the Ritz on Saturday night was the <text> occasion for a general gathering of the

tend as such, and course, has eleter.

Mr. and Mrs. William N. Morice, of St. D To you go to the Lodge-Longstreth Martins, will entertain at dinner at the Garmantown Cricket Club on Wednesday, December 27.

party of a dozen or so, including the

Billy Mulfords, who had two guests; the

Fahnestocks, who had Anna Walthour

Personals

MISS DOROTHY WALL

after them.

Mr. and Mrs. Cesare Sturani have closed their country place at Glen Riddle' and have taken an apartment at the Clinton. Mrs. Sturani will be remembered as Miss Alberta Brinton

Mrs. Harry Blynn will be at homs New Year's afternoon from 5 until 8, when there will be dancing. The card of Mr. Bryce Blynn is- inclosed.

Mr. and Mrs. Francis de St. Phalle, who have been spending some time in New York, have taken the house of Mrz. Voorhees Drayton, on Prospect avenue. Melrone Park, for the winter. Mrs. Drayton will spend the winter as the guest of her mother, Mrs. Theodors Voorhees, at Colony House, Melross Park.

Mias Molly Bally is spending some time with Mrs. Joseph K. T. Van Pelt, Id, at Atlanta, Ga.

Portrait of a person who has been Mrs. L. Rodman Page, Jr., is stopping with her mother, Mrs. Harman P. Kremer, at 2016 Walnut street. told that a patient always proposes to his nurse when he is getting well.

Mrs. William H. McMullen entertained Saturday at luncheon, followed by cards, at her country place at Ardmore.

Mr. John Conyngham Stevens, of Sunny-aide, Rydal, who has been spending a month at his home on furlough, returned hast Friday to El Paso, where he joined his troop.

Mr. William Forbes, of Radnor, who is slan a member of the First City Troop, will return this week on furlough, and will be able to spend Christmas with Mrs. Forbes.

Dr. Edward W. Taylor and Mr. Clarence Clark, of Cedron. Indian Queen lans, Ger-mantown, spent several days last week at the Oakland Club. Berkeley County, St. Stephens, N. C. They will return the first of this work.



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nation of those who have no alternative to

huge, fronded tuft of the giant fern-trees that abounded there, he came back down the beach to the sleeping girl, who still lay unconscious in her tiger skin, her heavy hair spread drying on the sands, her face buried in the warm soft hollow of her arm. He thrust the stalk of the fern-tree branch far down into the sand, bending it so that the thick isaves shaded her. He ate plentifully of the fruit and left much for her. Then he knelt and kissed her fore-

head lightly, and with a smile upon his lips set off along the beach. A rocky point that rose holdly against the norning, a quarter mile to southward, was

morning a quarter mile to southward, was his objective. "Whatever's to be seen round here can be seen from there," said he. "Twe got my job cut out for me, af right--here we are, stranded, without a thing to serve us, no tools, weapons or implements or sup-plies of any kind--nothing but our bare hands to work with, and hundreds of miles between us and the place we call home. No boat, no conveyance at all. Unknown country, full of God knows what perils?" Thinking, he strode along the fine, smooth, even sands, where never yet a human foot had trodden. For the first time he seamed

nation of those who have no alternative to hardiship. And steadily the flood mounted up, up, toward the ledge, and now the seethe was very near. Now slready the leaping froth of the plunge was dashing up sgains thair rock. In a few moments the shelter would be submarged. Were stands, where hever yet a human foot fail frodden. For the first time he seemed to realize just what this world now meant-a warld devoid of others of his kind. While the girl and he had been among the ruins of Manhattan, or even on the Hudson, they had felt some contact with the past; but here Stern's eys looked out over a world as virgin as on the prinal more. And a var

their rock. In a world as would be submarged. He put his lips close to her ear, for now his voice could not carry. "Let's jump for it?" he cried. "If we will the flood reaches us here we'll be crushed against the rock. Come on, Heatrice, wave got to plunger" Sho answered with her syes; he knew the girl was ready. To him he drew her and their kies was one that spoke eternal farewell. But of this thought no word passed their lips. "Come ?" bade the man conce more.

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