

JUST GOSSIP ABOUT PEOPLE

Assembly Sees Large Attendance—Many Debutantes Present—Plans for Cafe Chantant—Other Matters

ACCORDING to old traditions (which, by the way, have been rather broken up of late) it had to rain yesterday, for the Assembly is supposed to bring hot weather. Don't ask me why I don't know. Well, whether the rain rained or the snow snow, the ball was beautiful, and everybody who could go was there. Among the debutantes who brightened in the dressing rooms and gave a jolt as they watched the guests greeting the formidable row of patronesses I spotted Dorothy Newbold, looking as pretty as a picture in a frock of white satin and tulle, made with a very full skirt.



MRS. SAMUEL H. CHASE Mrs. Chase, whose marriage took place today in St. Mark's Church, was Miss Susan Lynn Bruce, daughter of Mrs. Arthur Bruce.

Suzanne Elliott, a debutante of the year, led on a most fetching frock of white satin and gold lace; she was a guest at the John Stacy Jerks dinner, which was given before the ball. Emily Welsh, who was a guest at the Newbolds, was gowned in white and gold brocade. Of course, the decorations were superb, pink being the predominant color, and the Cluver Room was requisitioned into a garden, with grass carpet and rustic tables and seats. Into this cozy nook, the guests gathered and had their luncheon and toast after the dancing was over and the first shades of day moon began to make their appearance in the sky.

As usual, the ball was fearfully crowded, and it was very difficult to dance, and, of course, before supper it was somewhat a case of standing round until one saw who was there, but, as is also usually the case, with supper things began to liven up a bit. It is funny after the circle began to pop how the conversation seems to grow more interesting to your neighbor, and at times you wonder why it is you never before discovered how brilliant a talent he had, for he is really saying clever things.

Dignified though these balls always are, sometimes some of the guests are not so dignified in their speech, and I did hear one aged gentleman imploring the woman who was ascending the steps with him after supper to "Lift your feet, sister; lift them to the next step."

TABLETS are greatly in demand for the attractive "Cafe Chantant," which will be given Monday evening in the ballroom of the Germantown Cricket Club by the members of the Army and Navy Relief. Among those who have recently reserved tables are Mrs. J. Gardner Cassatt, Mrs. Charles Wolcott Henry, Mrs. Harrison Morris, Mr. and Mrs. Henry S. Grove, Mr. and Mrs. E. Bittenhouse Miller, Mrs. Herbert Warden, Mr. and Mrs. Edward J. Moore, Mrs. D. English Dailam, Jr., Mr. and Mrs. Louis C. Madala, Mr. and Mrs. Frederick W. Thomas, Mr. and Mrs. Emuldy H. Brown, Mr. and Mrs. Edward Comfort, Mr. and Mrs. Wheeler Lord, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Wayne, Jr., Mrs. Alfred Mellon, Mr. Alvan Smith, Mr. and Mrs. William H. George, Mr. and Mrs. Walter G. Henderson, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Ross, Mrs. David T. Young, Mr. and Mrs. Alfred S. Weil, Miss Ida Cushman, Dr. and Mrs. Clinton Polz, Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Wright, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Woodston, Mr. and Mrs. Lewis W. Wister, Mr. and Mrs. Edward Baina, Mr. and Mrs. Robert C. Wright, Mrs. Richard Wain Meirs, Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Whitney, Mr. and Mrs. Albert Outerbridge, Mr. George Puviance, Mr. and Mrs. Arthington Gilpin, Mrs. Samuel Vaughan Merrick, Mrs. Clarence W. Clark and Mr. and Mrs. George Franklin Brown.

AT the wedding of Eugenia Law and Livingston Biddle Thursday the Law automobile, with the bride and her sister and father, was five minutes late. The ushers had been having a fit, appearing one after the other at the end of the canopy, especially Tony Biddle, Sr., who was there when the bride arrived, holding his watch in hand, saying, "You're late." In their excitement the poor ushers were getting their immaculate white suits all dirty. You never saw such an array of misdeeds. Some went for the suburbs. Mary Law, aged seventeen, hopped out of the car first and looked a picture. She is really beautiful.

NANCY WYNNE. Mr. and Mrs. J. Bertram Lippincott, of 1712 Spruce street, will give a theatre party followed by supper on February 13 in honor of Miss Mary Lovering and Miss Katherine Pitsman, both debutantes of this season.

Mrs. Richard Norris will give a luncheon of sixteen covers at her home, 509 North Twenty-third street, on Friday, January 12. Among those who will be present are Mrs. Robert Sewell, Mrs. Joyce Sewell, Mrs. Randolph Justice, Mrs. William B. Hart, Mrs. Andrew Wheeler, Mrs. Quincy A. Gilmore and Mrs. George Lewis Justice.

Mrs. Frederick F. Stovell and Mrs. Ronald Barlow have gone to Lake Park to spend ten days.

Mr. and Mrs. Richard Gray Park and Miss Sarah Park are spending a few days at the Bellevue-Stratford. About the middle of the month they will go to Texas for six weeks.

Mrs. Percy K. Hudson, who spent the holidays with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Charles H. Johnson, at Westhorpe Farm, in Spangon, L. I., to place her children at school, but will arrive in Devon today and will spend the week-end with her parents.

Miss Alexander Mackay-Smith and her

also wore a mauve color frock, veiled in imitation of the same shade. A maroon-shaped hat of mauve tulle was trimmed simply with orchids and the carried yellow roses and violets. The bridemaids, including Mrs. John Stimpert, Miss Dora, Miss Louise, Miss Jane, Miss Mary, Miss Elizabeth, Miss Fern, of New York; Mrs. Howard Price, Henshaw, Mrs. William Coleman, Fremont, Miss Ruby Wertz, Miss Margaret Thompson and Miss Eleanor Biddle, all wore simple gowns of white satin, veiled in mauve tulle. The bridesmaid carried bouquets of yellow, pink and white flowers, and there were masses of yellow and white flowers in the dressing rooms and in the garden. The bridesmaid carried a bouquet of yellow roses and violets, and the bridesmaid carried a bouquet of yellow roses and violets.

Two little flower girls dressed in organdy frocks, yellow, white and yellow tulle, with yellow bows and yellow ribbons of yellow roses and violets, carried the bride's train. The bridesmaid carried a bouquet of yellow roses and violets, and the bridesmaid carried a bouquet of yellow roses and violets.

A large reception was held after the ceremony at the Bellevue-Stratford Hotel, where the bride and groom were entertained by the bride and groom. Mrs. Alexander Mackay-Smith, who was the bride's maid, carried a bouquet of yellow roses and violets.

Farmer Smith's Column

A CURE FOR LAZINESS

Dear children—Elihu that none of our mothers are LAZY. But some time ago I had a letter from you, telling me that you were lazy, and I thought I would write you a little something to help you. It is not so hard to be a good boy, but it is hard to be a good boy if you are lazy. I will tell you a story about a boy who was lazy, and how he became a good boy.

There was a boy named Tom who was very lazy. He would sit all day long in his room, and he would not do any work. His mother was very angry with him, and she told him that he must be a good boy, or she would send him to school. Tom was very sad, and he thought about what his mother had said.

One day Tom went to school, and he was very nervous. He did not know what to do, and he was very shy. The teacher noticed that Tom was different, and he asked him what was wrong. Tom told him that he was lazy, and he did not know how to be a good boy. The teacher smiled and told him that he would help him.

The teacher gave Tom a book, and he told him to read it every day. Tom was very happy, and he read the book every day. He learned a lot of things, and he became a good boy. His mother was very proud of him, and she told him that he was a good boy.

So, dear children, do not be lazy. Be a good boy, and you will be happy. Remember, a good boy is a happy boy. I am your friend, Farmer Smith.

THE PEACOCK TALKS By Farmer Smith. It is so hard to be a good boy, but it is hard to be a good boy if you are lazy. I will tell you a story about a boy who was lazy, and how he became a good boy.

The Peacock's walk amused the boy and he, too, began to strut about until finally he was so tired that he fell down. The boy was very happy, and he thought about what the Peacock had said.

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SUNDAY MORNING INVITATIONS

Invitations have been issued by the Rev. Francis Macomb Wetherill and Mrs. Wetherill, of 2300 Pine street, for a service on Sunday morning, January 14, at 10 o'clock. The service will be held in the church at 2300 Pine street, and will be conducted by the Rev. Francis Macomb Wetherill. The service will be held in the church at 2300 Pine street, and will be conducted by the Rev. Francis Macomb Wetherill.



BEYOND THE GREAT OBLIVION

(Sequel to "The Vacant World") By GEORGE ALLAN ENGLAND. The old man looked at the young man who stood before him, and he thought about the future. He had seen many things in his life, and he had learned a lot of things. He had seen the world change, and he had seen the world grow. He had seen the world become a better place, and he had seen the world become a more beautiful place.

CHAPTER XXXI—Continued. The old man looked at the young man who stood before him, and he thought about the future. He had seen many things in his life, and he had learned a lot of things. He had seen the world change, and he had seen the world grow. He had seen the world become a better place, and he had seen the world become a more beautiful place.

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much troubled. It was evident her mind was far from following his analysis. At last she spoke. "Alan!" she suddenly exclaimed. "Well!" "It's still out there somewhere, isn't it? Out there in those black, unbounded depths—the Abyss!" "You mean—" "Why couldn't we raise it again and—?" "Of course! You know I mean to try as soon as I have these people under some control so I can get them to co-operate with me—their minds to understand!" "Not till then? No escape till then? But, Alan, it may be too late!" she burst out with passionate eagerness. "Patience, be turned and peered at her in the black gloom." "Escape?" he queried. "Too late? Why, what do you mean? Escape from what? You mean the Abyss? But, Alan, it may be too late!" she burst out with passionate eagerness. "Patience, be turned and peered at her in the black gloom."

CHAPTER XXXII PREPARATIONS

HIS WORK to hear a drumming roar that seemed to fill the spaces of the Abyss with a wild tumult such as he had never known—a steady thunder, wonderful and wild. Starting up, he saw by the dim light that the patriarch was sitting there upon the stone, thoughtful and calm, apparently giving heed to this singular tumult. But Stern, not understanding, put a hasty question.

"What's all this uproar, father? I never heard anything like that up yonder, a surface world?" "That? Only the rain, my son," the old man answered. "Had you no rain there? Vainly, traditions tell of rain among the people of that day?"

"Rain? Merciful Heavens!" exclaimed his engineer. Two minutes later he was at the fortifications, gazing out across the beach at the sea. It would be hard to describe accurately the picture that met his eyes. The heaviest clouds that ever devastated a countryside was but a trifle compared with this monstrous, terrifying deluge.

Some five hundred miles of dense and saturated vapor, suddenly condensing, were pouring falling the water, but in drops, but in great, solid masses, thundering, belching, crashing as they struck the sea, which, churned to a deep and raging froth, flung mighty waves even against the massive walls of the village itself.

The fog was gone now; but in its place the rushing walls of water blotted out the sea. Yet not a drop was falling in the village itself. Stern wondered for a moment. But, looking up, he understood. The vast cliff was now dimly visible in the glare of the great flame, the steady rain of which was drowned by the tumult of the rain.

Amazed and full of wonder at this terrific storm, so different from those on the surface—for there was neither wind nor lightning, but just that steady, frightful slugging down of solid tons of rain—Stern made his way back to the patriarch's house. "There he met Beatrice, just awakened. She nodded toward the old man, much distressed." "Patience," he murmured. "Patience, friends—and peace!"

"Well," said he, at last, making himself heard only with difficulty, "even so, we can spend the day in making ready." And, after the simple meal that served for breakfast, he set down to think out definitely some plan of campaign for the recovery of the lost Paradise.

CONTINUED MONDAY

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ON MONDAY the Evening Ledger will publish the first of a series of articles on the Port of Philadelphia—its facilities, activities, the advantages it offers traders, its potential future and the plans proposed for its development.

MONDAY'S

Evening Ledger