

JUST GOSSIP ABOUT PEOPLE

Large Ball Will Be Given Tonight by Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Emlen Newbold for Their Debutante Daughter, Miss Dorothy Emlen Newbold

THE much-talked-of Newbold ball will come off tonight in the ballroom of the Bellevue-Stratford. Really, one wonders how in the world the forerunners can get one decoration down and another up, affairs follow so close upon each other. Still, there is an interval of two days between the Hunt ball of Wednesday night and tonight's ball.



MRS. ROBERT DENIG Mrs. Denig is the wife of Lieutenant Denig, of the Navy Yard. They are at present the guests of Captain John Ellis and Mrs. Ellis at Fort du Pont, Del.

Of course, all the Newbold, Dixon, Thayer, Landreth, Allison, Borie connection will turn out in full force tonight, and there are to be several handsome dinners given before the ball. Mrs. Gardner Cassatt will entertain for Mrs. Brooke; Mr. and Mrs. J. Percy Keating, uncle and aunt of Dorothy, will give a dinner; Dr. and Mrs. Frank Packard will entertain at their home on Nineteenth street in honor of their debutante niece, Mary and Elizabeth Packard; Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Bayard Bowie will give a dinner at their home, 1710 Walnut street, and Dr. and Mrs. Penrose will entertain for Sarah.

The ballroom will be handsomely decorated with greens and various flowers, pink predominating in the colors used. Mrs. Newbold and her daughter will receive their guests at the entrance to the ballroom. Of course, Dorothy's cousins, Molly Thayer, Patty Borie and Emily Welsh, will be much in the foreground, for the Dixon family is a particularly clanish one, and there are so many first cousins it would be hard to count them all. There are the five Thayer brothers, for instance, and then the Tom Dixon family, with the five daughters and two sons. Margaretta has yet to come out in that family. I think she is the youngest cousin of all. Of course, Patty Borie is on the Newbold side in relationship and she is an only child, an small Virginia Newbold is the only daughter of John S. Newbold. Clem Newbold, by the way, will give a party on the eighteenth of the month for Dorothy and Patty Borie at the Pitt-Carlton. I do not think Cordelia Biddle Duke was as much feted in her debutante year as Dorothy has been.

HAVE you heard about the coming book written by a prominent society woman? It's coming on, I hear, though it is taking some time in the writing, for I first heard of it more than a year ago. Be that as it may, she is writing one, and it will come out soon, I understand. I am told also it is "Advice to a Daughter Written by a Mother," though I am by no means sure that this is the authentic title; but it is a series of letters to a girl in society and is a sort of guide of conduct. Society is anxiously awaiting the child of this charming matron's brain, and there is no doubt but that the book will be read by all who know her, and her fame will pass on to those who know her not. The sooner it is finished the better, say I.

THEY are terribly in love, and of course that explains it, but why, when you meet them on the street and make a few impersonal, casual remarks, should she turn every color of the rainbow and he look as if he'd rather you were in—let's say Buffalo—than just at that place in particular where you happen to be? They should not be surprised that the rumor is all over town and that they are engaged before they are ready to tell it themselves. Just last week didn't they go to a movie, and didn't I sit back of them, and didn't he when it seemed darkest in the audience, take her hand in his and kiss it surreptitiously, and didn't she giggle just as hard as she could, and did they either of them suspect I saw them? No, indeed; but I did. Be careful, Kitty; I may tease you some more if you are not prudent in these little demonstrations of affection.

NANCY WYNNE.

Mrs. Joseph Trotter will give a luncheon followed by cards at her home, 2127 Walnut street.

Mrs. Charles Matthews, of Haverford Center, gave a large luncheon yesterday at the Bellevue-Stratford.

Mrs. Justice Cox entertained at cards last evening at her home, 1010 Spruce street.

Mr. and Mrs. George H. Earle, 34, who have been spending the autumn with Mrs. Earle's parents, Dr. and Mrs. Jonathan Earle Browder, in St. Martins, opened their home in Haverford yesterday.

Invitations have been issued by Dr. and Mrs. George Lewis Smith, of Wayne Avenue, Germantown, for a dance on February 3, at the Philadelphia Cricket Club, in honor of their son, Master George Lewis Smith, Jr.

Mrs. George A. Hostwick gave a card party yesterday at her home in Roxborough.

Mrs. Harold Gade, of 6028 Greene street, Germantown, will give a small dance on Friday, January 19.

Miss Gabriela Tighman, of the Rittenhouse Hotel, is spending a fortnight in Spring Lake, N. J.

Judge J. Willis Martin and Mrs. Martin, of Bethlehem Pike, Chestnut Hill, have taken apartments at the Pitt-Carlton for the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. A. Wayne Robinson, Jr., who have been the guests of Mrs. Robinson's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Edwin I. Ailee, in Germantown, are occupying their new home in Haverford.

Mr. and Mrs. Caleb F. Fox, of Hertsell, Old York road, Ogontz, have Mr. Fox's sister, Mrs. G. Jason Waters, of New York, as their guest for several days.

Mrs. Henry S. Jeanes, of 2012 Spruce street, will be at home on Thursdays during this month and February after 4 o'clock. No cards have been issued.

Mr. and Mrs. John Rittenhouse, who have been the guests of Mrs. David T. Young, of Philadelphia street, Germantown, have returned to their home in Baltimore.

The seventeenth annual meeting of the Philadelphia Women's Association for the Better Observance of the Lord's Day was held at the home of Mrs. Samuel Chew, 1714 Walnut street, yesterday at 3 o'clock. Interesting addresses on the progress of the work were given.

Invitations have been issued for the fourth annual dinner given by the men of the Church of the Holy Trinity, to be held on Tuesday evening, January 23, at 8:30 o'clock, in the parish house of the church, Sweetbriar and Walnut streets. The com-

mittee in charge includes Mr. Charles F. Brown and Mr. Alexander P. Williamson.

At the wedding of Miss Miriam Mcgarrett and Mr. George Brown, which will take place on Thursday, January 25, the matron of honor will be the bride's sister, Mrs. Herbert M. Tilden, and the bridesmaids will be Miss Mildred Jack, Mrs. Harold, Marie Cook, Miss Josephine Ford, of Ohio; Miss Elsie Hepburn, Miss Lucille Pollock, of Richmond, Va.; Miss Frances Buck, Little Miss Miriam Tilden and Miss Virginia Forrester will be flower girls.

Mrs. Augustus Vane, Miss Mcgarrett's aunt, will give a dinner on January 18 at her home in Merion in honor of Miss Mcgarrett and her bridal party.

Mrs. Albert Rose Sutherland, who has been visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. Earl Wagner, 329 South Forty-second street, will sail on Monday on the United States transport Hancock from the Philadelphia Navy Yard for Santo Domingo, where Lieutenant Sutherland, United States Marine Corps, is now stationed.

Mr. and Mrs. Raymond P. Healey, of Haddon Heights, are receiving congratulations on the birth of a son on January 1.

Miss Miriam Schultz, daughter of Mrs. R. K. Schultz, of Mather avenue, Jenkintown, has returned from Washington Park Seminary, Washington, D. C., where she is attending school.

The Old York Road Country Club gave a dinner dance last evening at 7:30 o'clock.



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NOT FAR OFF She—No, Horace, I must withhold my answer until you attain greater heights.

in the clubhouse. The hosts were Mr. and Mrs. Lewis R. Faulkner, Mr. and Mrs. Harold Perrill, Mr. and Mrs. Walter E. Peet.

On Saturday, January 20, at 8 o'clock, a novelty card party will be given in the clubhouse. The committee in charge is composed of the following: Mr. and Mrs. John P. McLean, Mr. and Mrs. Seaton H. Rich, Dr. and Mrs. W. B. Lake.

On Saturday evening, January 27, a "Lucky Member Dance" will be given at the club. Those in charge are Mr. and Mrs. Charles R. Brady, Miss Beatrice Wallace, Miss Ruth Landis and Mr. W. C. Walton.

The afternoon events during the month of January are arranged as follows: Wednesday, January 17, at 7:30 o'clock, a "Military 500." The hostesses are Mrs. F. E. Edmonds and Mrs. E. M. Stroud; and Wednesday, January 24, at the same time a "kaffe klatch," at which Mrs. S. C. Larseler and Mrs. H. R. De Groat will be hostesses.

Mrs. H. W. Jayne, of Park avenue, Elkins Park, has had her son and daughter-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. D. W. Jayne and family, of Montclair, as her guests for several days.

Dr. and Mrs. F. J. Herbert, of Old York road, Elkins Park, have returned from Atlantic City, where they have been spending several days.

Mr. and Mrs. Louis B. Fortner, of Summit avenue, Jenkintown, will leave shortly for Honolulu, H. I., where they will spend some time, and will visit many places of interest through the West on their way to the islands.

Friends of Mr. Theodore Calver, of Greenwood avenue, Jenkintown, will be glad to hear that he has recovered from his recent illness.

Mr. and Mrs. L. R. Winters and family, of Hillside avenue, Jenkintown, have returned from New York, where they spent several days of last week.

Colonel S. H. Allen and Mrs. Allen, of Wynose road, Jenkintown, have closed their country house and taken apartments on Spruce street, where they will spend the winter months.

The Rev. Robert Cole, formerly of Jenkintown, who is now making his home in Virginia, spent several days here last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph R. Redfern, of this

city, announce the engagement of their daughter, Miss Ethel Redfern, and Mr. Gustave J. Trautman, also of this city.

The Omega Sigma Club of Philadelphia will give its first annual dance on Wednesday evening, January 17, at the Belmont Country Club. The committee in charge includes Mr. L. Paul Cross, Mr. James J. Convery, Mr. Frank J. Scannell and Mr. J. Wallace Henner.

Miss Lela Mann, of the St. James, and Miss Margaret Williams, of 4624 Hazel avenue, will attend a luncheon and theatre party in New York tomorrow given by Mrs. Jack du Brind, of the Hiltown, who before her marriage in early October was Miss Frieda Brown, of Johnstown.

The T. G. Club will hold its dance on February 15 in the Philomathean Club, at 344 Walnut street. The officers of the club include Mr. Henry Albrecht, president; Mr. Theodore Hess, vice president; Mr. George W. Glazier, Jr., secretary; and Mr. John H. Hans, Jr., treasurer.

Dr. Henry L. Dorr, of Boston, entertained Dr. Robert H. Nones and Mrs. Nones at dinner last evening at the Bellevue-Stratford and at the theatre afterward.

Mr. and Mrs. Freeman Scott Belcher announce the marriage of their daughter, Miss Dorothy Adeline Belcher, to Mr. Walter Karl Mackin on Wednesday, January 10, at Ardmore.

Mr. and Mrs. Schwartz, of North Philadelphia, gave a surprise party in honor of the engagement of their daughter, Miss Edith D. Schwartz, to Mr. Jack Silverstein. Among the guests present were Miss Edythe A. Lane, Miss B. Bauer, Miss Rose Silverstein, Miss Hilda Kaubler, Miss H. Fortman, Miss Pauline Corbis, Miss Ida Sobot, Miss Sadie Schwartz, Dr. Louis H. Joseph, Dr. D. Aloysius Albrecht, Mr. Louis Purzone, Mr. George D. Schultz, Mr. Robert E. Moss, Mr. Joseph H. Kessler, Mr. Herman Washer and Mr. Sidney Schwartz.

The engagement of Miss Ida M. Cain, of 1177 Locust street, to Mr. Leonard C. Friedman, of Philadelphia, is announced.

Farmer Smith's Column

HOW DO YOU KNOW? My dear children—I am cold now and there are some who suffer from the cold our wonderful club has helped many to help themselves, and grown-ups often ask me how I know who am DESERVING. GOD DOES NOT ASK FOR REFERENCES.

I try to use the brains God gave me, and if some one who is not deserving gets what is not rightfully belonging to him then whose fault is it?

I believe that there is GOOD in every person, and I try to reach that one spark of GOOD. No one was ever born who did not have a MOTHER, and I cannot believe ANY MOTHER was ever BAD.

The tottering drunkard may get to heaven before I do, and I may get there last of all, but that does not keep me from looking for the GOOD in the children of this earth, for all must be little children when the white angel calls for them, or he will not take them.

Try to help all. The lady who scrubs the floor has a heart as big as the woman in the limousine.

Yes, the world is getting better, and I want YOU to do your part and leave the rest to One who is wiser than us. The greatest good comes to those who do a kindness for kindness' sake and not for hope of reward. Lovingly, FARMER SMITH, Children's Editor.

BILLY'S CAT AND DOG STORY

By Farmer Smith

"Why do dogs hate cats?" asked Nannie Goat of her father, Billy Bumpus, one night.

"Dogs and cats are NATURAL enemies," began her father. "We all have natural enemies. Sometimes BAD THOUGHTS are our enemies, and we have to chase them out of our minds and back fence, the cat is a dog's chase cat."

"Oh!" said Little Nannie, and then she added: "Tell me a dog and cat story."

"Billy was thoughtful and thoughtful," said Nannie, and then she said: "What was the story of your last night, Thomas?" asked Ginger of the big black cat.

"Why?" asked Thomas, as he carefully washed and brushed his whiskers.

"Such a racket as you did keep up," said Ginger. "I couldn't get a wink of sleep."

"Well, the very idea of sleeping at night, anyway," said Thomas, sharpening his claws on the nearest tree.

"Don't you ever sleep at night?" asked Ginger, surprised.

"I should say not," said Thomas, "especially on such lovely moonlight nights."

"Is there anything so very wonderful about the moon?" said Ginger.

"Come out tonight," said Thomas, "and see for yourself."

"I will," said Ginger. "Where will you be?"

"On the fence," Thomas, "of course."

"That night Ginger called and called and called, but he was hiding under the porch he intended staying out all night."

"Finally after all the lights were out in the house, Ginger went around to the back fence and looked softly at the moon."

"Are you there, Thomas?" he said.

"Yes," said Thomas, from the top of the fence. "The moon has not come up yet."

"Ginger lay down and waited long and patiently but no moon."

"What's the matter with the moon?" he said. "Isn't it time for it to come up?"

BEAUTY IS ITS OWN REWARD



By CHARLES DANA GIBSON Copyright Life Publishing Company. Reprinted by special arrangement.

"How do you painters feel about this craze for old masters?" "It makes us wish we were dead."

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

By GEORGE ALLAN ENGLAND Copyright, 1916, by Frank A. Munsey Company

CHAPTER XXXVI (Continued) CAME a disturbance in the folk. Heads began a murmur of voices arose.

The patriarch, no longer trembling, but with his head held proudly up, both hands outstretched, had stepped into the circle. And now, advancing toward Kamrou, he spoke in quick and eager sentences. He restored at the engineer, raised his hand on high, bowed and stepped back.

"Yes," said "Thomas," to the old man, who was looking at the engineer with a fighting blood to one last, bitter struggle.

Silence again. Kamrou had not stirred. Still his great hands rested on his knees, but a thin, nervous smile lengthened his lips. He, too, looked at the engineer, who gave the stare back with resolute hate.

"What the devil now?" thought Stern, frowning every muscle for the expected attack. Track there came none. Instead the patriarch asked a question of those who stood near him; and hands now guided the old man toward the place where Stern was standing.

"Oh, son!" Oh, son!" exclaimed the old man when he had come close. "Now hearken! For, verily, this is the only way!"

It is an ancient custom of the Mercurians that any man, captive or free, can ever challenge our chief, whoever he be, to the death combat. If the chief wins, he is the victor; if he loses, the victor takes his plans. Many hundreds of years, I know not how long, this has been our way.

"Kamrou has said that you must die, the girl must be his prize. Only one way remains to save her and yourself. I have delivered to him your challenge already. Let fate decide the issue."

Everything seemed to whirl before Stern's eyes. He wished that a moment all grew black. In his ears sounded a great roaring, louder than the roar of the huge flame. Quick questions flashed through his mind. "Right or wrong?" "If he dies, I die with him?" "What chance?" "Sparks?" "Moses?"

He knew not. Only he knew that in whatever way the ancient combats must be held, he was ready to fight.

"You affirm the challenge I have given in your behalf?" demanded the patriarch. "If you accept it, say."

Stern nodded. Kamrou's eyes narrowed; his smile grew fixed and hard, but in it Stern perceived the easy contentment of a bull toward a chance, wounding. And through him thrilled a passion of hate such as he had never dreamed in all his life.

"Come a truck word from the patriarch. Somebody was shaking the engineer's hands. All at once the ropes gave way. Free and unfettered he stepped forward, stretching his arms, opening and closing his cramped, numbed hands, out into the ring toward Kamrou, the chief.

Off came the gag. Stern could speak at last. His first word was to the girl. "Beatrice!" he called to her, "there's one chance left! I'm to fight this ruffian here. If I beat him we're free—we own this tribe, body and soul! If not—"

He broke off short. Even the possibility was not to be considered. She looked at him and understood his secret thought. "Well, the Mercurians know that Kamrou should die by her own hand before the patriarch spoke again.

"My son," said he, "there is but one way for these combats. It has been so these many centuries. By the smooth edge of the great boiling pit the fights are held. Man against man it is. Verily, you two with only your hands must fight! He who loses—"

"Does into the pit?" "There is no other way," he answered. "The new, terrible weapons you cannot use. The arrows, slings and spears are all forbidden by ancient custom. It is the naked grasp of the hands, the strong muscles of two men against each other! So we decide our chief."

"If, alas, can help you in nothing, I am powerless, weak, old. Were I to interfere now and try to change this way, my own

stream, the roaring of the flame, and over all the throbbing-throb of those infernal copper drums worked powerfully on his senses.

Already he seemed to feel the grip of Kamrou, the pangs of the hard struggle, the sudden plunge into the vat of scalding death.

With a strong effort he flung off those fancies and faced his sneering foe, who now—his red-washed face puckered into a malicious grin—stood waiting.

Stern all at once saw the patriarch cross him.

"Go, son!" cried the old man. "Now is the moment! When the drums cease, lay hold of him!"

Even as he spoke, the great drums slowed their beat, then stopped.

Stern, with a final thought of Beatrice, advanced.

All the advantages lay with Kamrou. Familiar with the place was he, and with the rules of this incredible contest. Everywhere about him stood crowding hundreds of his folk, giving him their allegiance, hostile to the newcomer, the man from another world. Out of all that multitude only two hearts beat in sympathy and hope for him; only two human beings gave him their thoughts and their support—a helpless girl; a feeble, blind old man.

Kamrou stood taller, too, than Stern, and certainly bulked heavier. He was in perfect condition, while Stern had not yet fully recovered from the fight in the Abyss. From the great change in living conditions there in the depths, and—more important still—from the harsh blow of the rock that had numbed his elbow on the beach, Kamrou was better.

His arms and hands, too, still felt the cramping of the cords that had bound him. He needed a few hours yet to work them into suppleness and perfect strength. But despite these disadvantages, he was more important still—from the harsh blow of the rock that had numbed his elbow on the beach, Kamrou was better.

He must fight now at once under all handicaps, or die—and in his death yield Beatrice to the barbaric passions of the chief.

Oddly enough, there returned to his mind, as he drew near the waiting, sneering Kamrou, that brave old warrior of the Greeks of Xenophon as they buried themselves against the vastly greater army of the Persians—"Zeus Sotir and Nike—Zeus Sotir and Victory!"

The shout burst from his lips. Forward he ran, on to the battle where either he or the barbarian must perish in the boiling pit—forward, to what? To victory—or to death?

Kamrou stood fast till Stern's right hand had almost gripped his throat—for Stern, the challenger, had to deliver the first attack.

But suddenly he slipped aside, and as Stern swerved for him, made a quick leap. With an agility, a strength and skill tigerlike and marvelous, he caught Stern round the waist, whirled him and would have dashed him toward the pit. But already the engineer's right arm was under Kamrou's left; the right hand had him by the throat, and Kamrou's head went sharply back till the vertebrae strained hard.

A moment they swayed, tugging, straining, pulling. In the old days Stern would not for one moment have been a match for this barbaric athlete, but the months of life close to nature had hardened him and toughened every fiber. And now a stab of joy thrilled through him as he realized that in his muscles lay at least a force to hold the savage for a little while, and—

To Stern came back his wrestling lore of the very long ago, the days of Harvard, in the dim, vanished past. He freed his left arm from the agonistic grip of Kamrou, and quick as lightning, got a ju-jitsu strangle hold.

The savage choked, gurgled, writhed; his face grew purple with stagnant blood. When he leaped, dragging the engineer with him, they fell, rolled, twisted—and Stern's hold was broken.

A great shout rose as Kamrou struggled up and once more seized the American. He

clock. Clad only like the chief, he faced him.

"Well, now," said he, "here goes! And may the best man win!"

Kamrou waved the circle back at one side. It opened, revealing the great pit to the southward of the flame. Stern saw the vapors rising, bluish in that strange light, from the perpetual boiling of the black waters in its depths. Oddly enough, even at that moment a stray bit of scientific thought nipped into his consciousness—the memory that under compressed air water boils only at very high temperatures. Down here, in the great pressure, the water must easily be over three hundred degrees to scethe like that.

He, too, smiled. "So much the better," thought he. "The hotter, the sooner it's all over for the man who goes!"

Ep rose numbers of the two-pronged torques. Stern got confused glimpses of the folk—he saw the terrible, barbaric savagery with which they now anticipated this inevitable tragedy of at least one human death in its most awful form.

She? He knew not. But in a long, last cry of farewell he raised his voice. Then, with Kamrou, he strode toward the steaming, boiling pit in the smooth rock floor.

Two tall men broke through the tussling eager throng. In their hands they bore each a golden jar, curiously shaped and closed, and bearing a whitened resemblance to a coffee-pot.

"What the devil now?" wondered Stern, eager to be at work. He saw at once the meaning—the jars. One of the bearers approached Kamrou. The other came to him. They raised the vessels, and over the antagonists' bare bodies poured a thin, warm stream of rank-smelling oil. All over the skin they rubbed it, till the bodies glistened strangely in the flame-light. Then, with muttered words he could not catch, they withdrew.

All seemed confused and vague to Stern as in a painful dream. Images and pictures seemed to present themselves to his brain. The light, the fog and heat, the rising

raised him like a child, and took a step, two, three toward the infernal cauldron in the rock floor.

(CONTINUED TOMORROW)

The sequel and conclusion to "Beyond the Great Oblivion" will be published in these columns. The Evening Ledger will announce the date as soon as possible.

"Good Evening, Madam. Ah, I See You Use SMOOTHAS-GLASS, THE MALIGNANT FLOOR WARRIOR! It Chips, Cracks, Softens And Sticks To The Furniture."

"ADS" YOU HAVE NEVER SEEN.

He had been a child, and took a step, two, three toward the infernal cauldron in the rock floor.

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