

# TATTLING TIDBITS



"I was never so surprised in all my life," averred attractive Ruth Keefer yesterday, talking about the surprise party given her last Saturday evening. Between you and me, however, I think Ruth had a slight inkling of the whole affair, but she was too good an actress to let anyone know that she knew.

The party was in honor of her—well, it's nobody's business what birthday it was, and far be it from me, even though I do know that secret, to let it out. The entire party was arranged on the Q. T. by her friend, Edna Ryder. And Edna surely knows how to give a cracker-jack party at another person's house.

Everyone gathered at Edna's home and then at exactly eight-

thirty they went over to Ruth's.

Everyone, except Dick Bew, hid in the shadows. Dick rang the bell. They all waited. Suppose she had slipped out. But, no, she answered the ring and then what an avalanche of merrymaking greeted her!

Included among them were Lillian Ritter, Floss Farrell, Leaneor Schaffer, Vera Woolhouse, Sydney Ost, Jack Bader, Sam Hoy, Floss Mason, the O'Neil twins, Elbert Seeley, Dick Bew, Gordon Yates, Harry Kaufmann, Clara Sheppard, Frank Mulligan, Grace Boyajian, Charles Young, Dick Towell and Ruth Reading. Of course there were many more, but everything and everybody was in such excitement that I couldn't keep track of who was and who wasn't.

A few days ago I decided to wander over to the Airport Stadium and watch the high school boys practice. Football may be barbaric and even brutal, but it certainly does attract the girls. What a crowd of them there was to watch the struggle between the varsity and the scrubs. First of all I noticed Ruth Lane. She looked adorable in a lavender felt hat which contrasted charmingly with her white fur coat. She wore a tan silk dress with shoes and silk stockings to match.

Clara Sheppard was there and made a perfect picture in her lavender broadcloth sport suit and a black felt hat trimmed with velour and opossum. Autumn with all its golden glory was personified by Marion Winters, who was garbed in a black silk coat finished off with a white fur collar. Her attire was completed with a cerise taffeta hat.

The wind was certainly playing havoc with Beryle Breitingner's hair, but Beryle didn't mind for she carried her hat in her hand, and seemed plenty warm enough under her handsome brown coat. Floss Mason was there, too. She was most attractive in a black velvet hat, covered with varicolored feathers. It looked like a painter's box turned upside down. She kept the chilly breezes from her throat by a canton crepe scarf. From out of the pockets in her tan caracul coat I could see letters bulging.

Peeking out of the corner of my eye, I saw one was a special delivery from Colgate. Then I could make out another postmark that had been stamped in Florida.

"I see you have heard from Al Westney, Floss," I ventured.

"O, yes," she replied, "but I might just as well not. For really he doesn't tell me anything that I want to know. He did say, however, that he is out for track up there, that Jack Luse is one of the biggest men up there. He's over six feet, you know. Al also said that Howard Bolte is in the college orchestra and has been engaged to dance at several fraternity affairs, and that John Dagrossa is knocking them right and left on the football field."

"And the letter from Florida, Floss?" I persisted with repertorial nerve.

"O, that's from Trever Williams. He is down there on business. Real estate or something like that, but he gets time to go in bathing every day and even manages to take in some of the dances. His sister, Beryle, is in New York now. She is either with a show or is posing as a model, I am not certain which."

Speaking of football, let me mention some of the younger set I saw eagerly watching the progress of the Roses the other Sunday. There were Mr. and Mrs. Dan Bader. There was Stanley Johnson who seemed more engrossed in conversation with Dot Freeman than he was in the game. There were the McKnight brothers, Eddie and Vince. Then there was the high school crowd which included Dick Ogden, Barney Sasseen, Wilbur McKinley and Leonard Scott.

By the way, have you seen the floaters for the Bones' Dance next Saturday evening? They certainly are cute looking and I hear all the girls are saving them for their grad books. They are very artistic and all that, but I don't think Columbus would like the caricature of himself which is on the cards.

I was talking to Harry Kaufman about the Columbus dance just yesterday. He is chairman of the committee, you know, and he tells me that this is going to be some dance. There will be all kinds of novelty numbers, lucky favor dances, exhibitions and surprises galore. Of course all of them will be apropos of Columbus and his good ship, the Santa Maria. I believe that was the name of it.

Besides Harry Kaufman, the committee is composed of Jack Martin, the two Clems, Fortman and Wasleski. Everett Allen of the Bones Alumni, is also on the committee.

My gracious! I almost forgot

to mention where the dance is to be. It is to be at the Ambassador Hotel in the Pompeian Room. The New World Orchestra will furnish some rare African melodies for the dance numbers. Now there can only be two possible reasons why anyone of the younger set won't be there, and they are the two dollars charged for admission.

While I am on the subject of dances I might just as well let you know that the Phi Delta Sigma fraternity is planning for a big dance. But this won't come off until the middle of November, so unless any of the boys are really afraid someone else will beat them to it, they won't need to make their bids for some time to come.

Yes, the old adage that everything comes at once is certainly true. Along with these dances and parties, comes Hallowe'en, the spookiest of all occasions. At least that is what the Alpha Gamma girls intend to make it this year. Already they have gotten plans underway. From what I hear they are going to change the Chelsea Yacht Club into a cornfield scattered with pumpkins and scare-crows. And of course there will be a barrel of cider, just to keep people from getting dry inside in case bobbing apples

does not wet them enough. Among those who will see that the pumpkin party is to be a success are Elizabeth Lloyd, Lena Abernathy, Claire Heidleberger and Lillian Ritter.

Another organization planning festivities for Hallowe'en is the K. K. K. No, that does not stand for the Ku Klux Klan nor a soft drink; it is only the initials of the Kio Kei Klub which is a real nice organization of girls. There was certainly a lively meeting of the members the other evening at the home of Dot Roe on Providence Ave.

Of course I wasn't there, but I heard all about it. There were Mrs. Tommy MacDonald, Mrs. Starritt Hill (isn't it dreadful the way these young people are getting married nowadays) Jessie Roberts, Melvine Hess, Vera Buehler, Ethel Short, Dot Short, Louise Fisher, Dot Roe, Marie and Myrtle Day, Rena Stebbins, Jean Godfrey and Floss Glenn.

It's my private opinion that all of these meetings are an excuse to have the . . . No, I won't

say it. At any rate after the business session a crowd of fellows came around to the meeting as usual, partook of the refreshments and then escorted the girls home. Among the gallants who believe it a bounded duty to see that the girls are not allowed to go home by themselves were Ralph Gordon, Jack Tinney, Joe MacElroy, Dick Mahoney, Jack Martin, Jimmy Eckman and Joe Ryan.

I'll admit I have lost a lot of my pristine virtues since I became a newspaper writer. Why, now, I think nothing at all of nosing into other people's business and listening to what they say. In fact, I go so far as to commend eavesdropping. Really if it weren't for that I would have nothing at all for this column. For instance, the other evening the Lion Tamers had a very secretive session, only full fledged members being present.

But I heard all about it, and even who the new officers are, just by eavesdropping.

You see, the gathering was at the home of Larry Malin, who, by the way, was elected the president. Jimmy Reed was made the vice-president, Bill Hughes, the treasurer; while order will be kept in the future by Howard Philips, the sergeant-at-arms. George Hahn and Bud Barfoot were given something to do, but Dot Hoy and Dot Malin, who were in the next room listening could not be certain just what.



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