

JUST GOSSIP ABOUT PEOPLE

Mrs. William T. Carter Will Entertain at a Ball at the Ritz-Carlton Tonight for Her Granddaughter, Miss Lucile Carter—Other Matters

WELL, the week begins with more debutante doings, as you see, for Mrs. Carter will give a ball tonight at the "Ritz-Carlton," as I once heard a person at a party call it, for Lucile Carter, daughter of Willie Carter, has had a great many entertainments given for her this season and has been having a mighty good time.

There will be several dinners before tonight's ball. Mr. and Mrs. Phil Brice will entertain for Emily Harris and Mrs. Thomas Foster will entertain at the Bellevue and theatre in honor of Nancy Wynne Cook before taking her guests to the Carter dance.

WHAT active little centers the suburbs are! I was talking recently to a member of the Wynco chapter of the Pennsylvania Woman's Branch of National Preparedness; goodness knows if that is the correct name, for, to me, the most wonderful fact these women accomplish is the remembering of the title of their branches and chapters and the main title of the whole business anyhow. It's some work, believe me. To continue our narration, the annual business meeting of Wynco's chapter was held in the parish house of All Hallows' Church. The officers for the coming year elected were chairwoman, Mrs. Milton K. Neiffer; vice chairwoman, Mrs. Henry Spindler; secretary, Mrs. Harry S. Smith; treasurer, Mrs. Fletcher Pearson.



MISS GERTRUDE MORRIS

Miss Morris, a popular member of the younger set, will take part in the comedy, "Sylvia," which will be given on February 2 at the Bellevue-Stratford to aid St. Francis's Home for Convalescents in Darby.

The department for surgical dressings and hospital supplies is to meet every Tuesday morning in the parish house to sew, roll bandages and make things for the French soldiers. There are 130 women in this chapter and splendid work has been done by them in the past year.

HOW the little brides do crop up and take their part in the social doings once they have touched earth after blissful wedding trips. The latest one to announce dates is Mrs. Joe Swain, who was Jean Guthrie, of Wilkes-Barre, and who had one of the most beautiful weddings of the season. She will be at home at 2016 Locust street on Thursday afternoon during next month and March. Mrs. Swain has not sent out cards, but as so many persons do now-a-days, she is simply letting her friends know the papers and by word of mouth. Her house is as sweet as a bride's; believe me, she is some housekeeper. She does not resemble the young housekeeper, now an experienced one, who when she first came to this city to live went down to "Junkie's" one day and asked for "sweet-breads." I think that is one of the loveliest stories of a bride's struggles with running a house I have ever heard. Don't you?

It appears that General Pershing some time ago sent out an appeal for blankets made of newspaper covered with ticking, which will keep the dampness from the men who have to stand the excessively moist climate. This work has been undertaken with great zest by the kind members of the Wynco Chapter.

PERSONALS Mrs. D. Webster Dougherty will give a luncheon and bridge party at the Philadelphia Country Club, Bala, next Monday afternoon. Mr. and Mrs. Robert Bigelow, of New York, will attend the dinner which Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Clark, of the Ritz-Carlton, will give at the hotel before the ball which Mr. and Mrs. Arthur H. Lea will give in honor of Miss Katharine C. Lea on Wednesday night. Mrs. William Drayton Grange, of 1301 Spruce street, will give a dinner on February 9 before the ball which Mr. and Mrs. Robert H. Davis will give at Horticultural Hall. Mrs. Grange will entertain informally at luncheon today. Covers will be laid for eight guests. Mrs. Mark Stambach, of Lincoln Drive, Germantown, will give an informal dance tonight in honor of Mrs. Thaddeus C. White, of Pottsville, who is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Morton Poole. The Princess Der Line is a delightful little person and every one is anxious to entertain her in some way. Mr. and Mrs. William S. Lloyd, of 233 Harvey street, Germantown, will entertain at dinner on January 29 at the Germantown Cricket Club in honor of their son. An attractive dinner-dance took place at the Philadelphia Cricket Club on Saturday night. A number of dinners were given, among them one by Mr. and Mrs. Edward Schumann, of 15 Felham road; also one given by Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Barnitz. Mr. William F. Schweikhardt, of Morris-town, N. J., has issued cards for the marriage of his daughter, Miss Minnie Frederic Schweikhardt, to Charles Edward Eder, curate at the Church of St. Martin-in-the-Fields, Chestnut Hill, on Monday, January 29, at 8 o'clock in the Church of the Redeemer, Morristown. Mrs. Edward F. Hoffman, Mrs. Edward F. Hoffman, Jr., and Miss Phoebe White Hoffman will be at home informally on Tuesday afternoon after 4 o'clock on January 29, at 3805 Locust street. Mrs. Edward McGinley will talk on "Current Events" at the Twentieth Century Club, of Lansdowne, tomorrow afternoon. A literary class to study fiction of today has been organized for Thursday afternoons, with Mrs. Charles H. Leach as leader. The class is open to club members and members of the junior section. Mr. Alfred Day Dedaker, of Teacony, announces the engagement of his daughter, Miss Esther Lister Dedaker, to Mr. William C. Rossmel, of this city and Harford, Md. Rossmel is a classmate and a graduate of the University of

WEST PHILADELPHIANS

URGE NEW POSTOFFICE

Sixtieth and Market Streets District Has Outgrown Postal Service, Business Men Say

BRANCH NOW NECESSITY

Delays in Mail Serious Disadvantage, Thornton Is Told by Neighborhood Representatives

Merchants and business men in the vicinity of Sixtieth and Market streets have voiced a demand for a carrier postoffice to be located near their business center. The matter has been taken up by the Sixtieth and Market Streets Business Association and a committee has been appointed to call on Postmaster Thornton to explain the need.

At present the nearest carrier station is the West Market station, fifty-second and Market streets. Mail delivery service for the Sixtieth street and Millbourne districts is supplied by carriers from this station. The delay in mail delivery is a serious matter, particularly in the morning, when the mail is not delivered until 10 o'clock.

Upon these facts the committee will base its plea to Postmaster Thornton, according to J. E. Travis, vice president of the association. "A Sixtieth street carrying station can no longer be considered as a pleasing or remote prospect. The need is pressing and much to be desired," said Mr. Travis. "Although no criticism of the work of the carriers can be made, the men begin the delivery of mail at 10 o'clock in the morning, and all year round work in a rush which approaches Christmas-time proportions."

Mr. Travis also said that service for the Sixtieth street locality would be doubly satisfactory if the carriers could start from a neighborhood postoffice. At present the carriers must ride from Fifty-second and Market streets to the outlying routes. This circumstance retards the delivery, particularly the morning delivery, in which the bulk of the mail arrives.

Mr. Travis pointed out that although within the last ten years the Sixtieth and Market streets section has developed from a truck-farming center to a thriving business district, with the exception of an increased delivery force the postal facilities have been unimproved.

The inconvenience suffered during the recent holiday crush has served to arouse the dormant interest in the desired postoffice and the entire neighborhood is now interested and anxiously hoping for immediate favorable results from the delivery of a postmaster Thornton with the association committee.

What's Doing Tonight

Women's Bible Readers' association annual meeting, 1410 Chestnut street. Free. Charter reception and dinner, Bellevue-Stratford. Members only. Country Mayo men's ball, Mercantile Hall. Members only. Civic Symphony concert, Witherspoon Hall. Admission charged. South Philadelphia Business Men's Association, Broad and Federal streets. 8 o'clock. Free. Lecture on "Japan," by Dr. William F. Hughes, Jr. Hibernian hall. Free. Chester Memorial Home for the Blind, 4713 Chestnut street. Free. Chamber Music Association, 5136 Chester avenue. Free. Appearance of Lady Londgen just at daybreak at the doorway of my cabin, as I was about to retire for the night. The sound of her voice, as she called to me, startled me. I had never heard her voice before, and I was so surprised that I did not know who she was. She said she was the daughter of a friend of my father's, and that she was on her way to the States. I had never heard of her before, and I was so surprised that I did not know who she was.

Farmer Smith's Column

THE BOY AND THE MONSTER

Dearest Children: Once upon a time there was a little boy who was called the Monster, because he hated the Monster, the larger it became, until finally the boy became DESPERATE.

One night the Little Boy had a dream about the Monster, which, by the way, was nothing more nor less than Arithmetic. Now wasn't that a funny Monster?

In his dream the Little Boy saw an Old Man with a white beard, who said to him: "When you hate anything, you lie your- self to do it. Do you not know that FIGHTING is the ONE universal language? Surely you should be interested in NUMBERS, for numbers are understood all over the world."

"Take your laundry to a Chinaman and he uses the same figures YOU do. Buy a banana from an Italian at the corner fruit stand—he uses the same figures YOU USE. Love the thing you hate and it becomes easier."

After saying this the Old Man disappeared. The next morning the Little Boy was up bright and early, and he decided to finish a problem in Arithmetic which he had left the night before because he HATED it, and to do his best to love it.

After that the Little Boy became good at Arithmetic, much to his teacher's amazement, but he never told her of his dream. Lovingly, FARMER SMITH, Children's Editor.

TWO DOGS AND ONE CAT

By Farmer Smith

One night Billy Bumpus tucked his daughter Nannie into bed. "Tell me a story," pleaded Nannie. So Billy began: "Ginger was lying on the front porch fast asleep. He was having such beautiful dreams. Such a delicious piece of juicy meat he was just about to eat when—"

"Suddenly he sat up, his eyes very much awake, one ear stuck straight up. "What's that? What's that?" he thought, as he listened very carefully, his head on one side.

"He didn't have long to wait. Up the street came Thomas, the cat, on a run. His tail was as big as his body. "After him and almost upon him was Sport, the yellow dog, for whom Ginger had no love at all.

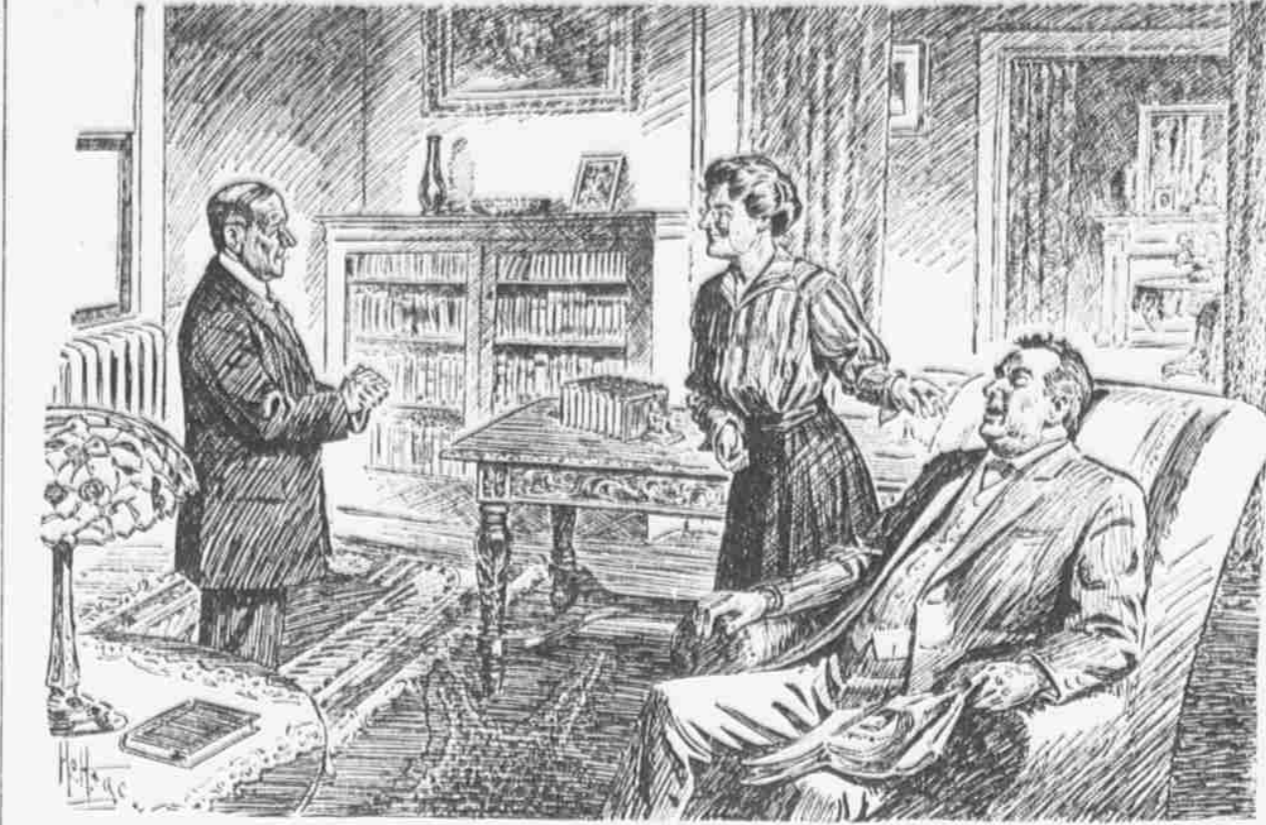
"Over the fence came Thomas and up a tree he went so fast that he looked like a black streak. "Sport, too, was coming fast. Over the fence he came and up the tree he went, but just as fast; he couldn't climb like Thomas.

"Ginger stood up and growled fiercely. "Say, you Sport," he said, "now you get out of here and get out quick, or I'll give you the worst licking you ever had." "Well, what's a matter with you?" said Sport. "Can't a fellow chase an old cat?"

"Don't stop to talk," said Ginger, advancing and showing his teeth, but mind what I tell you and get out quick. "Now, there was one thing Sport didn't like, and that was that he was afraid of Sport's barking. He knew that Sport was so very sharp, and Sport had felt the balance of one. So back over the fence he went, growling with rage. Ginger gave him a little bite just for good luck as he went back over the fence.

"Come on down, Thomas," pleaded Ginger. "Not just yet," said Thomas. "I guess I'll stay up here a while longer. I feel safer now." "But I am your friend," urged Ginger. "I don't think so. Sometimes I'm as important to know your enemies as it is to know your friends," answered Thomas. "That was too much for Ginger and he went away."

CAUGHT AT LAST!



"I'm so glad you came. I want you to back me up when I tell my husband that he snores."

THE IVORY CHILD

By H. RIDER HAGGARD

Author of "Hatter," "King Solomon's Mines," "She," etc.

THE STORY THIS FAR ALLAN QUATERMAIN, a famous African hunter and fortune-seeker, is in England on one of his occasional visits to Whitechapel. He is invited to attend a dinner at a famous old house.

MR. RAGNALL, the host, and Quatermain strike up a close friendship during the dinner. Ragnall is a young man of great beauty, who has named him because of a picture of an elephant which hangs on the wall. Miss Holmes takes a great interest in Quatermain and after dinner they two go for a walk in the park.

Quatermain makes inquiry about Ragnall's Arab name, Macumazani, and further inquires about the snake which he had seen in the bush. The Arab name is Quatermain and the snake is a cobra. Quatermain is a small snake which kills the elephant-god.

Quatermain tells Ragnall that he has seen the cobra which killed the elephant-god. Ragnall is very surprised and tells Quatermain that he has seen the cobra which killed the elephant-god.

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I should put myself in communication with you was not ridiculous in view of the fact you had already played in the story.

"Very far from ridiculous," I interpolated. "To tell the truth," went on Lord Ragnall, "I had already thought of doing the same thing, but somehow beneath the pressure of my imminent grief the idea was squeezed out of my mind, perhaps because you were so far away and I did not know if I could find you even if I tried. Pausing for a moment before I dismissed Savage, I rose from the desk at which I was writing and began to walk up and down the room thinking what I would do. I am not certain if you saw it when you were at Ragnall, but it is a large room, fifty feet long or so, though not very broad. It has two fireplaces, in both of which fires were burning on this night, and it was lit by four standing lamps besides that upon my desk. Now between these fireplaces, in a kind of niche in the wall, and a little in the shadow because none of the lamps was exactly opposite to it, hung a portrait of my wife which I had caused to be painted by a fashionable artist when first we became engaged."

"I remember it," I said. "Or rather, I remember its existence. I did not see it because a curtain hung over the picture, which Savage told me you did not wish to be looked at by anybody but yourself. At the time," remarked to him, or rather to myself, that I was so busy, I was a living woman in such a way seemed to me rather an ill-omened thing to do, though why I should have thought it so I do not quite know."

(CONTINUED TOMORROW)

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"Don't bark, Rags. It's the butcher boy and you might frighten him away."