JUST GOSSIP ABOUT PEOPLE

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur H. Lea Will Entertain at Large Dance Tonight at the Bellevue-Stratford in Honor of Their Niece

THE second big debutante affair of the week will be the ball which Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Lea will give for their niece, Katharine Lea, who is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles M. Lea, of Devon. The ball will be given in the Bellevue-Stratford, and Mr. and Mrs. Lea will be assisted in receiving by the debutante's parents. An unusual number of dinners will be given before the dance, including one by Mr. and Mrs. John W. Brock for Betty Brock, daughter of Mrs. Arthur Brock; a dinner which the Bertram Lippincotts will give for Louise Lea, who is the daughter of ex-Governor Preston Lea and Mrs. Lea, of Wilmington; Mr. and Mrs. T. Henry Dixon will entertain for Elizabeth Trotter, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William Henry Trotter, and Mr. and Mrs. Roland L. Taylor will give a dinner for Meta and Alice Janney, the debutante daughters of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph A. Janney; then Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Lincoln Clark will entertain at the Ritz-Carlton in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Edward W. Clark, 3d, the latter, you know, was Hazel Dolph, of Portland, Ore., and Sarah Penrose is to give a dinner, and Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Gazzam also will entertain.

IT IS an erroneous idea that wealth and luxury of every kind in life are always the things that are most satisfying; I was highly diverted recently on boarding a train for one of the suburbs to see the wife of a man whose name stands for everything that is best in culture and who is one of our very wealthiest and most exclusive members of society, and, believe me, she is right alongside of hubby in all his ideas and associations. Well, my dears, discarding for once her many limousines and cars, milady entered the nice, common train and settled herself comfortably on one of the seats and proceeded to spread out her sable coat, evidently relieved that there was no maid nor footman to do it for her. Then she unrolled a magazine—one of the kind filled with short and snappy stories—and proceeded to enjoy herself. In a few minutes, however, hubby came into the car, he who had occupied the first seats among the mighty in pretty nearly every project undertaken in the city in the last twenty years, especially musical ones. Well, he slipped up the aisle and, with a twinkle in his eye, as of a schoolboy playing hookey, leaned over and popped a five-cent chocolate nut bar into the lap of his much-feted and attractive wife. Then he seated himself beside her and carefully unwrapped the tin foil from a similar bar which he had saved for himself and ate the whole piece, evidently having the time of his life. Mrs. laughed heartily at him and took a bite or so herself.

Which only goes to prove that no matter how powerful a factor in the world of finance or how beautiful, kind and benevolent one may be, there are times when to let down the bars and just be "plain folks" is a huge relief.

GREAT interest is felt here in the marriage of Miss Beasie du Pont, daughter of Mrs. Gardner du Pont, of 901 Broome street, Wilmington, who will be married this afternoon in Christ Church, Wilmington, to Reginald Shippen Huidekoper, of Washington, a descendant of the old Philadelphia Shippen, Rush, Willing and Huidekoper families.

Mr. Huidekoper before living in Washington made his home in Meadville, in this State. He has purchased the house at 1707 New Hampshire avenue, in Washington, where he and his bride will make their home. The house is the one formerly occupied by George Von L. Meyer, ex-Secretary of the Navy, and later by Mr. George W. Vanderbilt.

A great many Philadelphians will go down to Wilmington today for the wedding, which will take place at 4 o'clock.

NANCY WYNNE.

Photo by Marceau.

MISS MARY MORRIS

Miss Morris, who is a popular member of the younger set, will take part in the musical extravaganza to be given on February 2 in the ballroom of the Bellevue-Stratford for the benefit of St. Francis' Home for Convalescents.

Personals

At the wedding of Miss Ethel A. Shields, of Bryn Mawr, and Mr. Harry Darlington, of Pittsburgh, which will take place on Wednesday, January 31, Mr. Darlington will be attended by Mr. Harman Denny, Jr., of Pittsburgh, as best man, and there will not be any ushers.

Mrs. Rufus Scott, of Hortter street and Wissahickon avenue, Germantown, will give a luncheon and bridge on Thursday, February 8.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Lee Patton, of 262 Harvey street, have issued invitations for a dance on February 16 in honor of their son, Master J. Lee Patton, Jr.

Dr. and Mrs. Frank Gummey, of Greene street, Germantown, gave a dinner on Monday night.

There will be a tea at the home of Mrs. Louis F. Benson, 2014 De Lancey place, on February 1, given by the Colonial Dames. Old family records of historic value will be brought by members of the society for interesting discussion.

Mrs. Thomas Henry Miles, of 610 West Upsal street, will give a luncheon on January 30 in honor of Miss Nancy Hoyt Smyth.

Mr. and Mrs. Sheldon F. Potter, of 113 West Willow Grove avenue, St. Martins, will be at home on Saturday, January 27, and February 3. Mrs. Potter was Miss Margaret Yardley before her marriage.

Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Kingston, of 5030 St. Martin's lane, Chestnut Hill, accompanied by their daughter, Miss Marion Kingston, have gone to Atlantic City.

Mrs. Voorhees Drayton, of Elkins Park, left the first of this week for Concord, Mass., where she will spend several days at St. Paul's School visiting her son, Master Henry Drayton.

There will be the monthly social evening for the men of the Church of St. Martin-in-the-Field on Wednesday of next week. Mr. Scovill will give a talk on bird life.

Mr. and Mrs. George Blair, of Wynnewood road, Wynnewood, have Mrs. Blair's mother and sister, Mrs. Rogers and Miss I. Rogers, of Pittsburgh, as their guests. Mr. and Mrs. Blair and their guests will leave on Saturday for New York, where they will spend a week.

Mr. and Mrs. Melvin H. Harrington, of Upsal street, Germantown, have gone to Hawaii for the remainder of the winter.

Mrs. W. W. Adams, Jr., of Navahoe avenue and Mermaid lane, Chestnut Hill, entertained the members of her bridge club yesterday.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Weeks and Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Stockhausen also spent the week-end at the shore.

Mrs. Bruce Ford, of Summit avenue, Chestnut Hill, left yesterday for Palm Beach for a three weeks' stay.

Arrangements are being made for a dinner dance to take place on Tuesday, January 30, at the Germantown Cricket Club.

Miss Jennie Keys, of Greene street, Germantown, has issued cards for a dance on Saturday at the New Century Club.

Mrs. H. Lee Sturgeon, of 4701 Wayne avenue, Germantown, has gone to Florida for the remainder of the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Goldsmith, of 1710 North Thirteenth street, announce the betrothal of their daughter, Miss Dorothy L. Goldsmith, to Mr. Morton A. Netter, son of Mr. and Mrs. Henry N. Netter, who will assist in receiving informally Sunday afternoon from 3 until 6 o'clock, at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Goldsmith.

Miss Eleanor Edmonds, of Wayne avenue and Lincoln drive, accompanied by her fiance, Mr. Stanley Ketchem, also of Germantown, will leave on Friday for Newark, N. J., where Miss Edmonds will be bridesmaid for Miss Dorothy Perkins and Mr. Ketchem will be an usher for Mr. Estabrook, whose wedding will take place on Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Watson, Jr., of 58 West Willow Grove avenue, Chestnut Hill, have gone to Atlantic City for several days.

Mr. J. Pyor Williams, of Wilkes-Barre, is spending some time in the city this week.

Mrs. H. A. Bary, of 41 East Tulpehocken street, Germantown, entertained at luncheon and bridge yesterday.

Mr. and Mrs. H. E. Dupuy, of Jenkintown, left last week for an extended trip to Nassau and the Bahama Islands, returning home about the end of February.

The Jenkintown High School Athletic Association will give its annual dance at the Jenkintown Club and Reading Room on Friday evening of this week at 9:30 o'clock.

Mr. and Mrs. William Francis Hogan, of Brooklyn, N. Y., announced the engagement of their daughter, Miss Katharine Eleanor Hogan, to Mr. Arthur Montgomery Woodfield, son of the late Mr. George William Woodfield, of Woodfield, Md.

Weddings

ZELL—KATER

An unusually attractive wedding will take place this evening in St. Paul's Memorial Protestant Episcopal Church, Overbrook, when Miss Edythe Louise Kater, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James Kater, of Merion, will become the bride of Mr. Frank Davis Zell, Jr.

The ceremony, which will take place at 7:30 o'clock, will be performed by the Rev. William R. Turner, rector of the church, and a choir of eight voices will sing the wedding march.

The church will be decorated with white roses, Easter lilies, lilacs, ferns and smilax, huge bunches being placed at the entrance to the chancel.

The bride, who will be given in marriage by her father, will wear a handsome gown of white tulle over satin. The long court train will be of silver brocade. Her tulle veil will be held in place by a band of pearls. She will carry a shower bouquet of white orchids and lilies of the valley.

Miss Marion D. Kater will attend her sister as maid of honor. She will wear a frock of cloth of gold, with a large picture hat of the same material, and carry an old-fashioned round bouquet of violet orchids and ferns.

Mrs. Walter Foskett, of Logansport, Ind., will be the matron of honor, and will wear a smart model of cloth of gold and turquoise blue silk, with a blue tulle hat adorned with a gold rose.

She will also carry an old-fashioned bouquet of orchids and ferns.

Mr. Zell will have Mr. E. J. Young, of Johnstown, as best man, and the following ushers: Mr. Thomas Pinder, Mr. A. Duncan Yocum, Jr., Dr. James J. Nelson, Jr., Mr. Charles W. Chandler, Mr. Brenton Wallace and Mr. Cyril Hepburn.

After the wedding a reception will be held at the home of the bride's parents on Merion avenue, Merion.

Upon their return from a wedding journey Mr. and Mrs. Zell will live at 1853 Wynnewood road, Overbrook.

What's Doing Tonight

Peirce School graduation exercises, Academy of Music, 7.30 o'clock. Invitation.

Girard College January Class presents "Merchant of Venice." Girard College, 7.30 o'clock. Invitation.

Temple University, department of pharmacy, gives dance at 1710 North Broad street. Invitation.

Dr. Joseph McFarland lectures on "Highways and Byways of Medical Science." Central Y. M. C. A., 8 o'clock. Free.

Dinner to George J. Watson by Builders' Exchange. Bellevue.

Provident Life Agents' Convention, Adelphia Hotel.

Homeopathic Medical Society meets at Hahnemann College, 8.30 o'clock. Members only.

Philadelphia Milk Exchange dinner at Adelphia Hotel, 7 o'clock. Members only.

Rich Quartet concert, Witherspoon Hall. Admission charge.

Treble Clef concert, Horticultural Hall. Admission charge.

Dickens Fellowship annual meeting, Hotel Walton.

Girl Scouts' entertainment, Furness School. Free.

RECORD CLASS WINS DIPLOMAS AT PEIRCE

253 Assemble Tonight for Graduation Exercises at Business School

Commencement exercises will be held tonight in the Academy of Music for 253 graduates of the Peirce School, constituting the largest class in the fifty-one years' history of the institution. Each of the graduates already has obtained a position, and many of them have come from distant parts of the country to attend the exercises.

The graduation ceremonies will begin at 8:15 o'clock. At 5:30, prior to the exercises, members of the class and alumni of Peirce School will be guests at a dinner to be held in the Hotel Walton. E. J. Cattell, city Statistician, member of the class of 1872, will be a speaker at the dinner, together with E. J. Conner and H. V. Dougherty. H. O. Wells will be toastmaster.

After the banquet the class will march in a body to the Academy. At the commencement Congressman George S. Graham will preside. General Leonard Wood will deliver the address to the graduates and the presentation of diplomas will be made by the vice principal of the school, Professor J. A. Luman. Prayer will be offered by the Rev. Dr. Robert Johnston, rector of the Church of the Saviour, and the benediction will be pronounced by the Rev. Dr. George Edward Reed, of Harrisburg.

The graduates have completed courses in one of three departments—secretarial, shorthand and business. Many of those who will receive diplomas are men and women of foreign birth, and the list includes natives of England, Poland, Armenia and Nicaragua. The ages of the graduates range from seventeen to fifty years.

LIST OF GRADUATES

The list of those who will receive diplomas follows:

Susie M. Adams
Catharine A. Aleber
Harry R. Albert
Charles J. Ambrogi
William P. Amesbury
Richard S. Angle
Holford J. Arason
Robert A. Arrison
Joseph Asenko
Archibald W. Austin
Clara B. Ayres
Marie M. Bark
John R. Baker
Morris H. Baker
Katherine H. Bald
May Barten
Marie E. Baur
Hannah S. Begle
Frieda L. Benedix
Thomas H. Bennett
James G. Beitsch
Joseph Bigos
Joseph Black, Jr.
Norman D. Blank
Russell Blood
Griffith J. Bowman
Anna K. Boyle
Harold F. Bras
Julius C. Brenner
Agnes M. Brogan
James N. Bulat
Horace M. Burke
Alfred H. Cambare
Grace H. Carson
Catherine M. Carson
Miriam E. Carson
Ronald E. Castator
Anthony Cellucci
Edith E. Clark
Allen Conking
Mary C. Cuttor
Mildred E. Davenport
William B. Dalton
William F. Daniel
Charles H. Davis
John J. Dennehy
Abram N. Dennis
George H. Derrickson
Louis De Sipio
Hubert J. Dever
Virginia F. Dewees
William Dickson
Florence Dieterle
William C. Dillon
Elinor H. Dixon
John H. Dobson
Helen R. Dougherty
Anna M. Doyle
Evelyn A. Drago
Ray E. Duckheimer
Marion Engel
John W. Eyre
Alice M. Ferrer
Helen D. Ferry
Kate A. Fetherolf
John D. Finnagan
Anna M. Fleming
Edward C. Foge, Jr.
Rhoda Foley
Raymond A. Fox
Hummel Frafo
Kathryn B. Freed
Helen A. Funk
Joseph Gardner
Anthony L. Geiman
Theodore W. Gibbs
John A. Gillespie
Joseph S. Gillespie
Catharine Gilmore
Charles C. Gleason
Janet E. Good
Harold E. Goodler
Sarah E. Gotthardt
May M. Gourley
James C. Grove
Simon G. Gross
Viola E. Grover
Elmer H. Hall
Gertrude M. Hammell
Elsie M. Hefford
Elwood B. Heritage
Anna M. Hettinger
Lawrence C. Higgins
Ethel M. Holbrook
Raymond Holbrook
Mary W. Hopenstabler
William W. Housel
Mary E. Howard
Henry M. Howell
Helen R. Hudleston
George A. Huet
Cora L. Hunsicker
Agnes Irwin
Ruben Isaacman
Ralph S. Iviins
Harriet F. Jackson
Elizabeth A. Jacobs
Rebecca P. Jarrett
Eva B. Jenkins
Edward H. Jennings
Jean Van Jolline
Hugh F. Jones
Cyril I. Karafin
Carman E. Kellner
Allen B. Kelly
Helen M. Kelly
Harriet I. Kepler
Marie A. Kerrigan
Mahlon M. Kistler
Louisa Knabe
Eric W. Koehns
Alice Kran
Franklin H. Kramer
Louise J. Lacher
Joseph S. Landis
Rachel W. Latta
Marian V. Leito
Herbert A. Leister
Lillian E. Leonard
William Lesky
James M. Letton
Hyman Lieberman
Mary S. Lippincott
Clarence R. Lockard
Anna L. Loesche
Wong M. Long
Rose T. Lorch
James V. Loughran
Esther C. Lukens
Frederick Lunn
John F. Lynch
Mabel McBride
Mary A. McClure
Mary T. McGettigan
Pearce T. McGowan
Mary H. McHenry
Anna M. McPhillips
Lucy M. McQuaite
Katherine J. McShain
Elizabeth Macow
Lawrence J. Mallon, Jr.
William T. Marriott
Leon C. Marsh
Catharine M. Martin
Edith L. Martin
Edith M. Mauer
Elizabeth G. Meborter
Harry D. Meredith
Effie H. Miller
Jonathan H. Miller
Isabel C. Moffet
Estelle M. Monaghan
Edith A. Moore
Harold K. Morlan
James Mor. Morris
Henry Mueller
Pearl M. Muir
Robert J. Nash
Lillie M. Nelson
Alice Newell
Anna M. Nolan
Joseph H. Noman
Joseph F. Ogden
Anton O. Ollison
Katherine A. Ford
Hilma D. Paulson
Raymond S. Podrick
Walter B. Phillips
Henry R. Pickard
Helen B. Pearl
Walter W. Pratt
Charles B. Prettyman, Jr.
Charles H. F. Price
Francisco Prieto
John Probert
Vincent E. Purcell
Dorothy M. Radak
Harry F. Raggenstein, Jr.
Barton V. Read
Mildred F. Rhoads
Alan H. Rockhill
Ruth F. Rumble
Carl M. Sayre
Meredith Samuellan
Arthur Schlieske
William J. Schoen
Dorothy L. Scott
Alma Seaton
Harry C. L. Shappell
George W. Shaver
Ella M. Shaw
Helen R. Siemers
Lillian Silverman
Blanche Simon
George Skiles
Mary C. Smith
Paul H. Smith
George W. Smith
Anastasia Sosena
Caroline A. Spengel
Clayton S. Stalio
Mary Steelman
John H. Stein
Diademia S. Stevenson
Marguerite E. Stevenson
Hildagarde Stoneleigh
William E. Stoll
Frances M. Stout
Albert H. Stover
Freda Streckstein
Arcenia M. Suarez
William Sutton
Edward E. Swen
Mary C. Thomas
Alice M. Thompson
Lester D. Thorne
William H. Thorne
Frank Mel. Torchiana
Lewis W. Van Pelt
W. A. Vanucci
Leon C. Wagner
Hazel A. Walker
Daniel E. Weaver
Dennis J. Welsh
Marie E. Wellenmayer
Ruth A. Wellenmayer
Maurice Weinfeld
Melvin Weiss
Leona C. Weiss
Howard L. Werner
Charlotte K. Wescott
Earl J. Wheeler
Ada E. Williams
Samuel Wilkinson
Chester H. Williams
William C. Wilson
Joseph W. Witt
Harold E. Woldon
William H. Wolf
Parke R. Young
William W. Zimmiger

U. OF P. HOSPITAL DEFICIT

High Cost of Drugs and Provisions Held Responsible

The high cost of drugs, provisions and other supplies caused a $22,00 deficit at the University Hospital for the year 1916, according to the forty-second annual report issued today. The expenses last year were $310,073.99, as compared with $286,159.41 for the year before.

Approximately 6677 patients were treated at the institution during the year, 5993 of these being free cases. The total number of patients treated in the various dispensaries was 20,036. The hospital has now 113 nurses and a staff of 178 physicians, including seventy-eight on the medical staff and seventy-one on the dispensary staff. Approximately $28,500 was received in donations by the hospital during the year.

Suffrage Party at Cynwyd

A "suffrage package party" is being held today at the home of Mrs. Edgar S. Gardner, 435 Bryn Mawr avenue, Cynwyd, by members of the Woman Suffrage party of Bala and Cynwyd.

THE DIGNITY OF LABOR

Copyright Life Publishing Company.

Office Boy—Gee whiz! It looks like everything in the world had went up in price except me.

THE IVORY CHILD

By H. RIDER HAGGARD

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

THE STORY THUS FAR

ALLAN QUATERMAIN, a famous African hunter and fortune seeker, is met in England on one of his occasional visits. While there he is invited to attend a dinner at a famous old estate.

LORD RAGNALL, the host, and Quatermain strike up a close friendship during the reception prior to the dinner in honor of Miss Holmes, Lord Ragnall's fiancee.

LUNA HOLMES is a young woman of great beauty, who was named Luna because of a birthmark in the shape of a moon on her breast.

During the course of the dinner Miss Holmes tells Quatermain of an incident in her early life. Some two Arabs tried to an attempt to kidnap her. Shortly after dinner these two Arabs arrive, making inquiry about Quatermain.

HAFUT and MAKU was for Quatermain in far Arab land, Quatermain, and further frightens Lord Ragnall's valet, Savage, by producing snakes from his pockets. The Arabs are shown in and asked with Quatermain to return to Africa and kill the giant elephant-god Jana.

Quatermain smells of an increase "from the rotting with the Arabs first bite and sets up through a miss, the elephant killing a child. Miss Holmes then intakes the incense, and wears a child-god place a string of gems on her neck. The Arabs prophesy that Quatermain will slay the elephant, and that Miss Holmes will come to Africa. They leave and give Quatermain a small packet as a present for Ragnall's fiancee. It is the string of gems which Miss Holmes saw in the vision.

That night Quatermain discovers Miss Holmes walking in her sleep. He follows her into the garden and arrives in time to prevent Hagut and Maku from abducting the unconscious woman.

Two years later Lord Ragnall surprises Quatermain by visiting him in Africa. Ragnall is seeking Luna, who, after becoming his wife, disappeared from their home on the Nile. Luna was driven insane when an elephant tore her child from her arms and crushed it to the earth. Ragnall, to satisfy his wife's vanity, agreed to the African trip.

Ragnall tells Quatermain the details of his wife's disappearance and expresses the belief that she has gone to Jana on the Nile. To the great surprise Quatermain discredits this theory and gives his reasons for believing that Luna has been kidnapped by the priests, Hagut and Maku, who he thinks, treated her as the oracle of their worship.

Hope fills Ragnall and the two men begin preparations for a rescue expedition.

CHAPTER VIII—(Continued)

"PLEASE put it all down as a rich man's whim," he concluded.

So we fell to discussing the scheme, route and details of our proposed journey. Expenditure being practically no object, there were several plans open to us. We might sail up the coast and go by Kilwa, as I had done on the search for the Holy Flower, or we might retrace the line of our retreat from the Mazitu country which ran through Zululand. Again, we might advance by whatever road we selected with a small army of drilled and disciplined retainers, trusting to force to break a way through Kendah, or we might go practically unaccompanied, relying on our native wit and good fortune to attain our ends. Each of these alternatives had so much to recommend it, and yet presented so many difficulties that after long hours of discussion, for this talk was renewed again and again, I found it quite impossible to decide upon any one of them, especially as in the end Lord Ragnall always left the choice with its heavy responsibilities to me.

At length in despair I opened the window and whistled twice on a certain low note. A minute later Hans shuffled in, shaking the wet off the new corduroy clothes he had bought upon the strength of his return to affluence, for it was raining outside, and squatted down upon the floor at a little distance. In the shadow of the table which cut off the light from the hanging lamp he looked, I remember, exactly like an enormous and antique toad. I threw him a piece of tobacco which he thrust into his corncob pipe and lit with a match.

"The Baas called me," he said when it was drawing to his satisfaction; "what does the Baas want of Hans?"

"Light in darkness!" I replied, playing on his native name, and proceeded to set out the whole case to him.

He listened without a word, then asked for a small glass of gin, which I gave him doubtfully. Having swallowed this at a gulp as though it were water, he delivered himself briefly to this effect:

"I think the Baas will do well not to go to Kilwa, since it means waiting for a ship, or hiring one; also there may be more slave traders there by now who will bear him no love because of a lesson he taught them a while ago. On the other hand the road through Zululand is open, though it be long, and there the name of Macumazana is one well known. I think also that the Baas would do well not to take too many men, who make marching slow, only a wagon or two, and some drivers, which might be sent back when they can go no further. From Zululand messengers can be dispatched to the Mazitu, who love you, and Bausi or whoever is king there today will order bearers to meet us on the road, until which time we can hire other bearers in Zululand. The old woman at Beza-Town told me, moreover, as you will remember, that the Kendah are a very great people who live by themselves and will allow none to enter their land, which is bordered by deserts. Therefore to force that you could take with you and feed upon a road without water would be strong enough to knock down their gates like an elephant, and it seems better that you should try to creep through them like a wise snake, although they appear to be shut in your face. Perhaps also they will not be shut since did you not say that two of their great doctors promised to meet you and guide you through them?"

"Yes," I interrupted, "I dare say it will be easier to get in than to get out of Kendah Land."

"Last of all, Baas, if you take many men armed with guns, the black part of the Kendah people of whom I told you will perhaps think you come to make war, whatever the white Kendah may say, and kill us all, whereas if we be but a few perchance they will let us pass in peace. I think that is all, Baas. Let the Baas and the Lord Igeza forgive me if my words are foolish."

Here I should explain that "Igeza" was the name which the natives had given to Lord Ragnall because of his appearance. The word means a handsome person in the Zulu tongue. Savage they called "Sisela," I don't quite know why. "Bena" in Zulu means to push out the breast and it may be that the name was a roundabout allusion to the proud appearance of the dignified Savage, or possibly it had some other recondite signification. At any rate Lord Ragall, Hans and myself knew the splendid Savage thenceforward by the homely appellation of Beans.

His master said it suited him very well because he was so green.

"The advice seems wise, Hans. Talo now. No, no more gin," I answered.

As a matter of fact, careful consideration convinced us it was as wise that we acted on it down to the last detail.

So it came about that one fine afternoon about a fortnight later, for hurry as we would our preparations took a little time, we trekked for Zululand over the sandy roads that run from the outskirts of Durban, our baggage and stores were stowed in two half-tented wagons, very good wagons since everything we had with us was the best that money could buy, the after part of which served us as sleeping-places at night. Hans sat on the voor-kies or driving seat of one of the wagons; Lord Ragnall, Savage and I were mounted upon "salted" horses—that is, horses which had recovered from and were therefore supposed to be proof against the dreadful sickness—valuable and docile animals which were trained to shooting.

At our start a little contretemps occurred. To my amazement I saw Savage, who insisted upon continuing to wear his funereal upper servant's cutaway coat, engaged with grim determination in mounting his steed from the wrong side. He got into the saddle somehow, but there was worse to follow. The horse astonished at such treatment, bolted a little way; Savage sawing at its mouth. Lord Ragnall and I cantered after it past the wagons, fearing disaster. All of a sudden it swerved violently and Savage flew into the air, landing heavily in a sitting position.

"Poor Beans!" ejaculated Ragnall as we sped forward. "I expect there is an end of his journeyings."

To our surprise, however, we saw him leap from the ground with the most marvelous agility and begin to dance about snapping at his posterior parts and shouting:

"Take it off! Kill it!"

A few seconds later we discovered the reason. The horse had shied at a sleeping puff adder which was curled up in the sand of that little frequented road, and on this puff adder Savage had descended with as much force, for he weighed thirteen stone, that the creature was squashed quite flat and never stirred again. This, however, he did not notice in his agitation, being convinced, indeed, that it was hanging to him behind like a bulldog.

"Snakes! my lord," he exclaimed, when at last after careful search we demonstrated to him that the adder had died before it could issue into action.

"I hate 'em, my lord, and they haunts the said aunts' me. If ever I get out of this I'll go and live in Ireland, my lord, where they say there ain't none. But it isn't likely that I shall," he added mournfully, "for the omen is horrid."

"On the contrary," I answered, "it is splendid, for you have killed the snake, not the snake you. 'The dog it was that died,' Savage."

After this the Kafirs gave Savage a second very long name, which meant "He-who-sits-down-on-snakes-and-makes-them-flat." Having remounted him on his horse, which was standing patiently a few yards away, at length we got off. I lingered a minute behind the others to give some directions to my old Groupa gardener, Jack, who shivered at parting with me, and to take a last look at my little home.

Alack! I feared it might be the last indeed, knowing as I did that this was indeed a dangerous enterprise upon which I found myself embarked. I who had vowed that I would be done with danger.

With a lump in my throat I turned from the contemplation of that peaceful dwelling and happy garden in which each tree and plant was dear to me, and waving a good-by to Jack, cantered on to where Hagosi was waiting for me.

"I am afraid this is rather a sad hour for you, who are leaving your little boy and your home," he said gently, "to face unknown perils."

"Not as sad as others I have passed," I answered, "and perils are my daily bread in every sense of the word. Moreover, whatever it is for me it is for you also."

"No, Quatermain. For me it is an hour of hope; a joyful hope, I admit, but the only one left, for the letters I got last night from Natal and England report that no clue whatsoever has been found, and indeed that the search for any has been abandoned. Yes, I follow the last star left in my sky and if it sets I hope that I may set also, at any rate to this world. Therefore I am happier than I have been for months, thanks to you," and he stretched out his hand, which I shook.

It was a token of friendship and mutual confidence which I am glad to say nothing that happened afterward ever disturbed for a moment.

CHAPTER IX

The Meeting in the Desert

NOW I do not propose to describe all our journey to Kendah Land, or at any rate the first part thereof. It was interesting enough in its way and we met with a few exciting adventures, also some others. But there is so much to tell of what happened to us after we reached the place that I have not the time, even if I had the inclination, to set all these matters down. Let it be sufficient, then, to say that although owing to political events the country happened to be rather disturbed at the time, we trekked through Zululand without any great difficulty. For here my name was a power in the land and all parties united to help me. Thence, too, I managed to dispatch three messengers, half-bred border men, lean fellows and swift of foot, forward to the king of Mazitu, as Hans had suggested that I should do, advising him that his old friend, Macumazana, Watcher-by-Night and the yellow man who was named Light-in-Darkness and Lord-of-the-Fire, were about to visit him again.

After resting for a fortnight in the northern parts of Zululand, to give time to our wayworn oxen to get some flesh on their bones in the warm bushveld where grass was plentiful even in the dry season, we trekked forward by a route known to Hans and myself. Indeed, it was the same which we had followed on our journey from Mazitu Land after our expedition in search for the Holy Flower.

(CONTINUED TOMORROW)

Farmer Smith's Column

PRESENCE OF MIND

Dear Children—I should not fulfill my aim as an editor did I not tell you HOW to cultivate PRESENCE OF MIND.

The reason people get lonely is because they are always looking for something which is OUTSIDE of themselves.

I recommend that YOU get acquainted with YOURSELF, so that you may never be lonely.

One of the best ways of cultivating PRESENCE OF MIND is walking ALONE. Lincoln when the affairs of State pressed upon him and some vexing question came up would say, "I will give you my answer later." Then he would take a walk and get his answer from the trees, the buzzing bees, or from the stars in the silence of the night. Or, he would "let the matter rest overnight" and in the morning the answer would come to him from—HIMSELF.

Thinking too hard upon one subject blurs your eyesight and you cannot see the thing as it really is. When you are called upon to decide some question, I recommend that you think of something pleasant or wonder what your editor is doing at that very minute.

Learn to think and act quickly and accurately, but when doubt assails you seek that little quiet room in the door of your very being—your heart, and there and there only will you find the real answer to your real problem. Then the answer will be YOUR ANSWER and you will, in time, perhaps years, cultivate a calm and a poise which comes only to those who have the greatest of gifts, PRESENCE OF MIND!

Always your loving editor,

FARMER SMITH.

HOW WILLIE TREETOAD BECAME WHITE

By Farmer Smith

"You told me a story the other night about Willie Treetoad and you left out how he became white," said Nannie Goat to her father, Billy Bumpus, one night.

"Well, you see, it was this way," began Billy, thinking hard.

"The Frog brothers were so surprised to think that Willie Treetoad had got ahead of them that they lay awake all night wondering how they could get even with him. 'To think,' said Jack, 'a Treetoad like him climbing a tree and dropping down a dandelion string to tickle our throats. What shall we do to him?'

"'I do not know,' said Bill. 'But when the morning comes I will think of something.'

"'There is one thing we have never thought of,' said Jack, and that is, mother was telling the other day about a flower called the poppy, which puts people to sleep, and I wonder why we cannot put a poppy under his nose and make him go so fast asleep that he will not wake up for a day or so.'

"When morning came the two Frog brothers went out to look for a poppy. They found one growing down at the lower end of the meadow and they took it home.

"'Now,' said Bill, 'how in the world are we going to get that little rascal away from his home?'

"'That will be easy,' said Jack; 'we will walk past his house and tell his mother we are going to catch butterflies, and ask the time of day. Then we will go away up to the top of the hill and jump in the brook and swim down as fast as we can. When we get home we will get our poppy and hop over to see what Willie is doing.'

"Then they got their poppy and went over to find Willie Treetoad. He was fast asleep under the weeping willow tree. They put the poppy under his nose and then waited a while. They shook him, but he did not move. Then they shouted to the Butterfly: 'Hey, there, will you give us some fuzz off your wings to paint Willie Treetoad white, so that his own mother will not know him?'

"'Certainly,' said the Butterfly. 'I will fly under the wire fence and scrape off some white for you.'

"Then the Frog boys took the white and made some paint, and with it they painted Willie Treetoad until they would not have known him themselves.

"After that they went home."

NEWSPAPERMEN HONOR GOV. EDGE AT BANQUET

Legislative Correspondents' Club Entertains Executive, Member of Body

TRENTON, Jan. 24.

The New Jersey Legislative Correspondents' Club, consisting of the news writers who cover legislative proceedings, tendered a banquet to Governor Walter E. Edge, one of the members of the club, at the Trenton House last night. Governor Edge is the first newspaper man ever elected to the executive office of the State, and the correspondents made the most of the occasion.

On a handsome menu containing the photograph of the new Governor this was inscribed:

"Attesting the wisdom of the New Jersey electorate in according to the newspaper profession, personified by its luminous exemplar, Walter E. Edge, its place at the head of the State."

State Treasurer Read, of Camden, in a speech, said that he believed the State would give and receive a square deal from the new executive. Mr. Read said that from what he knew of Governor Edge there would be no closed doors and no executive sessions in his administration.

Mr. Edge modestly thanked the newspaper men for the honor they accorded him, and declared that he would frequently talk to them during his administration in order to spread his views and policies broadcast. His administration, he declared, would be one of the widest publicity.

State Librarian John P. Dullard, also a correspondent, said the club felt honored in Governor Edge's election, and asserted that not only the Governor, but the club was to be congratulated on his victory.

EVERYBODY IS GOING TO THE
CHESTNUT STREET OPERA HOUSE
TWICE DAILY—2:05 and 8:05
D. W. GRIFFITH'S
COLOSSAL $2,000,000 SPECTACLE
"INTOLERANCE"
LOVE'S STRUGGLE THROUGHOUT THE AGES
Mr. GRIFFITH'S First and Only Production Since "THE BIRTH OF A NATION"

The Stanley
MARKET Above 16TH
CONTINUOUS—11:15 A. M. to 11:15 P. M.
HOUSE PETERS
and MYRTLE STEDMAN in THE Happiness of Three Women
Thurs., Fri. & Sat.—MARIE DORO in "LOST AND WON"

PALACE 1214 MARKET—10c, 20c ALL THIS WEEK
MARY PICKFORD in "PRIDE OF THE CLAN"
Nxt Wk, Pauline Frederick in "Slave Market"

ARCADIA CHESTNUT Below 16TH CONTINUOUS 10 A. M. to 11:15 P. M.
Louise Huff & Jack Pickford in "Great Expectations"
Adaptation of Dickens's Celebrated Novel. All Next Week—DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS in "THE AMERICANO"

REGENT MARKET BELOW 17TH DAILY, 10c; EVGS., 15c.
Vivian Martin
"IN THE RIGHT DIRECTION"
Friday and Saturday, "Wife by Proxy"

VICTORIA MARKET STREET Opposite Postoffice ALL THIS WEEK
CLARA KIMBALL YOUNG
In Her Second Selznick Picture
"THE FOOLISH VIRGIN"
By Author of "Birth of a Nation"

GLOBE Theatre MARKET AND JUNIPER STS. VAUDEVILLE—Continuous 10c, 15c, 25c, 35c 11 A. M. to 11 P. M.
LOTTIE MAYER AND HER DIVING VENUSES
Cabaret De Luxe, Others

Cross Keys MARKET Below 60TH Daily, 2:30, 10c. Evgs. 7 & 9, 15, 20, 25c.
OUR THIRD ANNIVERSARY
Europe's Greatest Sensation—the Marvelous
SINGER'S MIDGETS
50 TINY MEN, 20 PRANCING PONIES, 2 MIDGET ELEPHANTS
Exposition By Small People on Large Scale.

ACADEMY OF MUSIC
NEWMAN TRAVELTALKS COLOR VIEWS MOTION PICTURES
FRI. EVENING SAT. MATINEE | THE NEW CHINA
Tickets 50c, 75c, $1 at Heppe's. Amp., 25c.

B. F. Keith's THEATRE Adelaide & Hughes MELVILLE ELLIS & IRENE BORDONI WILLIAM GAXTON & CO.; WATSON SISTERS, OTHER VAUDEVILLE STARS, and MRS. VERNON CASTLE in "PATRIA." COME EARLY—TODAY at 2; TONIGHT at 8.

LYRIC POP. $1.50 MAT. TODAY TONIGHT AT 8:15
THE BLUE PARADISE with CECIL LEAN

ADELPHI TONIGHT AT 8:10 POP. $1 MAT. TOMORROW
"VERY GOOD EDDIE"

GARRICK—Mat. Today LAST 4 EVGS.
Mr. Leo Ditrichstein in "THE GREAT LOVER"
NEXT WEEK — SIR HERBERT BEERBOHM TREE in "HENRY VIII"; EDITH WYNNE MATTHISON, LYN HARDING. Seats Tomorrow.

FORREST—Mat. Today EVENINGS 8:15
RAYMOND HITCHCOCK
in a New Musical Play, "BETTY"

BROAD—Pop. Mat. Today 50c to $1.50
NIGHTS AT 8:15. MATINEE SATURDAY.
GEORGE ARLISS in "THE PROFESSOR'S LOVE STORY"

STRAND VENANGO STREET EAST OF BROAD
Daily 2:15; Evgs. 7 and 9.
NAZIMOVA in "WAR BRIDES"
Thurs., Fri., Sat.—CLARA KIMBALL YOUNG in "THE COMMON LAW"

KNICKERBOCKER 40TH AND MARKET STS.
STOCK CO. in "ROLLING STONES"
Matinees Tuesday, Thursday, Saturday, 25c.
NEXT WEEK—"SHEPHERD OF THE HILLS"

Zoological