JUST GOSSIP ABOUT PEOPLE

Nancy Wynne Is Interested in the Meeting of Mrs. J. Hutchison Scott's Supper Club on Saturday Night—Other Matters Discussed

THE final meeting of the first series of Mrs. Scott's Supper Club at the Bellevue-Stratford came off with a decided snap on Saturday night. Instead of the ballroom the club met in the Rose Garden, and I must say this charming room lends itself particularly well to affairs of this kind. There is an air of coziness that is quite unequaled, although it does crowd up a bit. In fact, on Saturday it was necessary to place tables outside in the corridor to accommodate the number of members who came late and had neglected to reserve tables far enough ahead.

The Meyer Davis Orchestra, in the balcony, quite outdid itself in the number of encores, and altogether the occasion was very festive.

The largest party was that given by Mrs. Gustavus Remak, who had a long table at one end of the room and gathered some eighteen of the debutante set around the board. The honor guests were Betty Trotter and Sophie Baker. Then Mrs. Charles Francis Bochman had quite a party in honor of pretty Edith Gracie, who came on from Washington to visit Esther Bochman.

Mrs. Roddy Page, with her "returned trooper," was a member of another party, and, indeed, there were several other men from the Troop who were enjoying their freedom from military discipline to the full. The Horace Allens had Charles Richman, the actor, with his wife, as their guests, also Marion Dougherty and the Jimmie Potters; and Harry Lawrence had the pretty "Lillies," Jean and Theodora, and several others at his table.

Among others who entertained were the Sam Huhns for Ethel Huhn and Lisa Norris; the James M. Reeds, the Churchill Williamses, the Walter Clothiers, Mrs. Clayton French Banks, the W. W. Atterburys and the J. Ridgway Reilly's.

The second series for the winter will open on Saturday night of this week.

THE French committee of the Emergency Aid gave a production of the pictures of the field service of the American Ambulance last night at the Little Theatre, on De Lancey street above Seventeenth. It was really very interesting, and three of the men who had been driving ambulances in the war zone were there to make explanatory comments on the pictures—Grey Dayton, Brooke Edwards and Yorke Stevenson, if you please. Brooke and Grey came home before Yorke, but they went over earlier, you know, so they have all had about the same length of experience. All three men were very interesting and had many experiences to tell. Miss Agnes Repplier, whose outspoken sympathy for the Allies is very great, gave a short and as usual witty address, which was greatly appreciated by her audience. The patronesses of the meeting included Mrs. John Cadwalader, Mrs. Gardner Cassatt, Mrs. Thomas H. Fenton, Mrs. M. Filler, Mrs. John Markoe, Mrs. J. Willis Martin, Mrs. J. Kearsley Mitchell, 3d, Mrs. John H. McFadden, Mrs. Arthur Emlen Newbold, Mrs. Alexander Van Rensselaer, Mrs. Barclay H. Warburton, Mrs. George Woodward, Miss Mary K. Gibson and Miss A. C. Knight.

The Little Theatre was crowded with guests, in spite of the fact that the pictures had already been exhibited three times here before Christmas.

MORE and more interest is evidenced as the date approaches in the recital which Madame Louise Homer will give on Wednesday evening for the benefit of the Hahnemann Hospital and Medical College. Among additional patronesses and boxholders are found the names of Mrs. Edward T. Stotesbury, who, though absent herself from the city, has taken tickets for the affair and will send some one in her place; Mrs. Harry B. French, Mrs. Gibson Bell, Mrs. Harry C. Potter, Mrs. William T. Carter, Mrs. William Horstmann and several others.

THE recital is under the auspices of the Board of Women Managers, an organization of energetic women who devote much of their time to the interests of the hospital and college. The direct supervision of the affair is in the hands of the board's committee on entertainment, which is composed of the following: Mrs. Clarence Bartlett, chairman; Mrs. W. J. Montgomery, Mrs. William P. Barba, Mrs. T. H. Carmichael, Mrs. Jay Gates, Mrs. Joseph S. McCullouch, Mrs. Walter Madeira, Mrs. Biddle R. Marsden, Mrs. Dorothy Potter, Mrs. Howard Cameron Potts, Mrs. George C. Thomas, Jr., and Mrs. John H. Whittaker.

A touch of particular interest is given the program for the recital by the fact that the operatic contralto will sing four songs written by her gifted husband, Sidney Homer.

NANCY WYNNE.

Personals

Mr. and Mrs. William Yorke Stevenson will entertain with music on February 14 at the home of Mrs. Stevenson's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Price Wetherill, 251 South Eighteenth street.

Miss Margaret Winsor Harris, of Chestnut Hill, will attend the Junior Prom, on Monday, February 5, at Yale University.

Miss Mary W. Lippincott, of Rabbit Hill, Washington lane, Wyncote, will have Miss Margaret Franks, of New York, as her guest for several days this week. Miss Franks arrived on Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. Wilmer W. Hoopes and family, of Oak Meadows, Valley road, Paoli, left on Saturday for Atlantic City, where they will spend several days at the Marlborough-Blenheim.

Mr. and Mrs. John Tucker, of New York, spent the week-end in this city. Mr. Tucker came on to be one of the ushers at the wedding of Miss Mary Wood Baily and Mr. B. H. Brewster Keene, that took place on Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. George Davis, of Allen lane, Chestnut Hill, will give a dinner tomorrow night before the dance at the Germantown Cricket Club. Their guests will be Mr. and Mrs. Samuel H. Davis, Mr. and Mrs. Stanley Barton, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Guisham, Mr. and Mrs. LeRoy Richards, Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Goodall.

Mr. and Mrs. William S. Lloyd, of 233 Harvey street, Germantown, will give a dinner at the club also, in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Burton Mustin and a number of their friends. Mr. Mustin is a member of Troop D, Pennsylvania Cavalry, which has just returned from El Paso, and the dinner has been arranged to celebrate the fact. Among the guests will be Captain J. William Good and Mrs. Good, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Rogers, Mr. and Mrs. John Blakeley, Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Dudley, Miss Miriam Partridge, Mrs. A. D. S Ilman, Mr. W. Price Hall, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Huston, Mr. and Mrs. Lewis J. Geiger, Mr. and Mrs. Francis Ellis MacIlvain, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Ferkins, Mr. Joseph Schenck, Mr. and Mrs. Edward Jackson, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Anschl and Mr. and Mrs. John Wilkins.

Mrs. Antonio C. Pescano, who has been the guest of her daughter, Mrs. Arthur Colahon, has returned to her home in Detroit.

Mr. and Mrs. John Reeder Parsons, of Ardmore, are receiving congratulations on the birth of a son.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Coffin, of Hansberry street, Germantown, will give a theatre party, followed by supper at the Bellevue-Stratford, on Thursday, in honor of Miss Nancy Hoyt Smyth and Miss Evelyn Shipley. The guests will be Miss Marguerite Burton, Miss Edith Kingsley, Miss Hazel Coffin, Mr. William Clothier, Mr. Gordon Smith, Mr. Donald M. Gawthrop, Mr. Joseph Replogle and Mr. Russell Robinson.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Burgess and their family are occupying their new home at 515 Lincoln drive, Germantown.

Mr. and Mrs. James M. Granshach entertained at the theatre, followed by supper on Saturday night at the Bellevue-Stratford. Among their guests were Mr. and Mrs. C. Edward Firth, Mr. and Mrs. Gustave Roehm, Mr. and Mrs. Carl Metz, Mrs. Stephen Kent, and Mr. and Mrs. John J. Krieger. Mrs. Krieger will entertain at luncheon on Wednesday.

The junior room of the Friends' Select School was held on Friday night in the Philomusian Club at 3944 Walnut street. About 200 guests attended. The committee in charge of the dance included Miss Katharine Halterman, Miss Helen Taulane, Miss Gertrude Quick and Miss Dorothy Nelms. The affair was chaperoned by Mrs. F. J. Halterman, Mrs. Lewis B. Taulane, Mrs. W. H. Quick and Mrs. Frank Nelms.

Mr. and Mrs. David B. Provan left yesterday for Palm Beach, Fla., where they will spend the next fortnight at the Royal Poinciana.

A surprise birthday party was given last week in honor of Mr. Jay Klein, at his home, 3045 North Sixteenth street, by his friends.

Among those present were Miss Martha Hiegersoll, Miss Elizabeth Hiegersoll, Miss Jean Gould, Miss Margaret Paul, Miss Marion Shaw, Miss Naomi Dugan, Miss Winnifred Fox, Miss Dorothy Fox, Miss Margaret Donnell, Miss Jean MacElroy, Miss Gladys Secrest, Mr. William Donnell, Mr. John Gould, Mr. Rodger Jones, Mr. Robert Paul, Mr. Walter Clingenhoffer, Mr. George Clingenhoffer, Mr. Robert Heniches, Mr. Leo Klein, Mr. Walter Conninson, Mr. Frank Heigersoll and Mr. Jay Klein.

"Romeo and Juliet" will be shown in moving pictures at the Twentieth Century Club of Lansdowne tomorrow afternoon as an illustration of the highest class of film art, with a lecture by Doctor Oberholtzer, of the Pennsylvania Board of Censors. Mrs. Francis D. Maxwell, chairman of the federation committee, will have the meeting in charge. An informal reception to Mrs. Ronald P. Gleason, president of the State Federation; Mrs. H. S. Prentiss Nichols, vice president of the eastern district; Mrs. William Leverett, general secretary of the federation, and Mrs. George Pierpont, chairman of the Suffrage Committee of the State Federation, will be held during the social hour. To all club members and members of the junior section the courtesy of guest for this meeting has been extended.

The Ancient Order of Hibernians will hold its annual ball this evening in the Academy of Music, and an unusually large attendance is expected.

Judge Eugene C. Bonniwell and Mrs. Bonniwell will lead the grand march, which will be as usual the opening feature of the evening.

What's Doing Tonight

Fiftieth annual ball, Ancient Order of Hibernians, Academy of Music. Members.

Mary Commandery, Knights Templar, reception, Horticultural Hall. Members.

Lecture, "Ventilation in Its Relation to Health," by Dr. R. Franklin Rose, Academy of Natural Sciences. Free.

Pennsylvania Women's Division for National Preparedness, meets 221 South Eighteenth street. Free.

Miss Elsey Holt's recital, Witherspoon Hall. Admission charge.

Brotherhood of Carpenters formal and official opening of new home, 1803 Spring Garden street. Members.

Dr. Katharine Blackford lecture, Central Y. M. C. A. Free.

Pennsylvania Rexall Club convention, Adelphia Hotel. Free.

Graduate exercises John Hay School, Wharton street above Sixth. Free.

Photo by J. Mitchell Elliot.

MISS STELLA MARIE MURPHY

Miss Murphy, who is one of the earnest workers in behalf of the musical comedy to be given at the Bellevue-Stratford this week for St. Francis Country House, will be one of the chorus girls in the "Millionaire" number that will be one of the features of the show.

THE FIRST HIGH-POWER CAR

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THE IVORY CHILD

By H. RIDER HAGGARD

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

THE STORY THUS FAR

LUNA HOLMES RAGNALL, the young and beautiful wife of Lord Ragnall, disappears mysteriously from her cabin in a boat on the Nile. She has been insane since her child was snatched up by an elephant in England and dashed to death at her feet. Since that time she has worked her husband to go to Africa.

LORD RAGNALL finally consents, and it is while they are on the train that his wife disappears. There is absolutely no trace of her whereabouts, but the witness is forced to believe that she was dragged to the river.

ALLAN QUATERMAIN, a famous African hunter and fortune seeker, was Lord Ragnall's guest on his last trip to England, and in despair Ragnall turns to Quatermain for help. Allan and his lieutenant, major Anscombe, Hans and Bagshot with his valet, Savage, leave for Kendah Land. There they meet two Arabs.

HARUT AND MARUT, prophets of the White Kendah, arrive to meet Allan, whom they call Macumazana, just as they had predicted when they appeared as centuries at Ragnall's home. They wish Allan to kill Jana, the witchdoctor-god of the Black Kendah, so that the child-god of the White Kendah will be safe forever. But Quatermain and Ragnall are certain that Luna is still in Harut and Marut and they agree to the Arabs' terms in order to reach the sacred city.

Harut and Marut disappear to return with escort later.

CHAPTER IX—(Continued)

"HERE come the spook men, Bass, the whole regiment of them." We ran and looked. It was true. Marshaled in orderly squadrons, the camels with their riders were sweeping toward us, and a fine sight the beasts made with their swaying necks and long, lurching gait. About fifty yards away they halted just where the stream from our spring entered the desert, and there proceeded to water the camels, twenty of them at a time.

Two men, however, in whom I recognized Harut and Marut, walked forward and presently were standing before us, bowing obsequiously.

"Good morning, Lord," said Harut to Ragnall in his broken English. "So you come with Macumazana to call at our poor house, as we call in your fine one in England. You think we got the beautiful lady you marry, she we give old necklace, I mit not so. No white lady ever in Kendah Land. We hear story from Macumazana and believe that lady drowned in Nile, for you 'member she walk much in her sleep. We very sorry for you, but gods know their business. They leave when they will leave, and take when they will take. You find her again some day more beautiful still and with her soul come back."

Here I looked at him sharply. I had told him nothing about Lady Ragnall having lost her wits. How, then, did he know of the matter? Still I thought it best to hold my peace. I think that Harut saw he had made some mistake, for leaving the subject of Lady Ragnall, he went on:

"You very welcome, O Lord, but it right tell you this most dangerous journey, since elephant Jana not like strangers, and," he continued slowly, "think no elephant like your blood and all elephants brothers. What one hate rest hate everywhere in world. See it in your face that you already suffer great hurt from elephant, you or some one near you. Also some of Kendah very fierce people and love fighting, and p'raps there war in the land while you there, and in war people get killed."

"Very good, my friend," said Ragnall, "I am prepared to take my chance of these things. Either we all go to your country together, as Macumazana has explained to you, or none of us go."

"We understand. That our bargain and we no break word," replied Harut.

Then he turned his benevolent gaze upon Savage, and said, "So you come, too, Mr. Bena. That your name here, eh? Well, you learn lot things in Kendah Land, about snakes and all rest."

Here the jovial-looking Marut whispered something into the ear of his companion, smiling all over his face and showing his white teeth as he did so. "Oh!" went on Harut, "my brother tell me you meet one snake already, down in country called Natal, but sit on him so hard that he grow quite flat and no bite."

"Who told him that?" gasped Savage.

"Oh! forget. Think Macumazana. No, then p'raps you tell him in sleep, for people talk much in sleep, you know, and some other people got good ears and hear long way. Or p'raps little joke Harut. You 'member, he first-rate conjurer. P'raps he send that snake. No trouble if know how. Well, we show you much better snake Kendah Land. But you no sit on him, Mr. Bena."

To me, I know not why, there was something horrible in all this jocularity, something that gave me the creeps as always does the sight of a cat playing with a mouse. I felt even then that it foreshadowed terrible things. How could these men know the details of occurrences at which they were not present and of which no one had told them? Did that strange "tobacco" of theirs really give them some clairvoyant power, I wondered, or had they other secret methods of obtaining news. I glanced at poor Savage and perceived that he, too, felt as I did, for he had turned quite pale beneath his tan.

Even Hans was affected, for he whispered to me in Dutch, "These are not men; these are devils, Baas, and this journey of ours is one into hell."

Only Ragnall sat stern, silent and apparently quite unmoved. Indeed, there was something almost sphinx-like about the set and expression of his handsome face. Moreover, I felt sure that Harut and Marut recognized the man's strength and determination, and that he was one with whom they must reckon seriously. Beneath all their smiles and courtesies I could read this knowledge in their eyes; also that it was causing them grave anxiety. It was as though they knew that here was one against whom their power had no avail, whose fate was the master of their fate. In a sense, Harut admitted this to me, for suddenly he looked up and said, in a changed voice and in Bantu:

"You are a good leader of hearts, O Macumazana, almost as good as I am. But remember that there is one Who writes upon the book of the heart. Who is the Lord of us who do but read, and that what He writes, that will befall, strive as we may, for in His hand is the future."

"Quite so," I replied coolly, "and that is why I am going with you to Kendah Land and fear you not at all."

"So it is and so let it be," he answered. "And now, Lords, are you ready to start? For long is the road and who knows what awaits us ere we see its end?"

"Yes," I replied, "long is the road of life and who knows what awaits us ere we see its end—and after?"

Three hours later I halted the splendid white riding camel upon which I was mounted and looked back from the crest of a wave of the desert. There far behind us on the horizon, by the help of my glasses, I could make out the site of the camp we had left and even the tall anthill whence I had gazed in the moonlight at our mysterious escort which seemed to have sprung from the desert as though by magic.

This was the manner of our march: A mile or so ahead of us went a picket of eight or ten men mounted on the swiftest beasts, doubtless to give warning of any danger. Next, three or four hundred yards away, followed a body of about fifty Kendah, traveling in a double line, and behind these the baggage men, mounted like every one else, and leading behind them strings of camels laden with water, provisions, rents of skin and all our goods, including the fifty rifles and the ammunition that Ragnall had brought from England. Then came we three white men and Hans, each of us riding as swift and fine a camel as Africa can breed. On our right, at a distance of about half a mile, and also on our left, traveled other bodies of the Kendah of the same numerical strength as that ahead, while the rear was brought up by the remainder of the company, who drove a number of spare camels.

Thus we journey in the center of a square whence any escape would have been impossible, for I forgot to say that our keepers, Harut and Marut, rode exactly behind us, at such a distance that we could call to them if we wished.

At first I found this method of traveling very tiring, as does every one who is quite unaccustomed to camelback. Indeed, the swing and the jolt of the swift creature beneath me seemed to wrench my bones asunder to such an extent that at the beginning I had once or twice to be lifted from the saddle when, after hours of torture, at length we camped for the night.

Poor Savage suffered even more than I did, for the motion reduced him to a kind of jelly. Ragnall, however, who I think had ridden camels before, felt little inconvenience, and the same may be said of Hans who rode in all sorts of positions, sometimes sideways like a lady, and at others kneeling on the saddle like a monkey on a barrel-organ. Also, being very light and tough as simple, the swaying motion did not seem to affect him.

By degrees all these troubles left us to such an extent that I could cover my fifty miles a day, more or less, without even feeling tired. Indeed, I grew to like the life in that pure and sparkling desert air, perhaps because it was so restful. Day after day we journeyed on across the endless, sandy plain, watching the sun rise, watching it grow high, watching it sink again. Night after night we ate our simple food with appetite and slept beneath the glittering stars till the new dawn broke in glory from the bosom of the immeasurable East.

We spoke but little during all this time. It was as though the silence of the wilderness had got hold of us and sealed our lips, or perhaps each of us was occupied with his own thoughts. At any rate, I know that for my part I seemed to live in a kind of dreamland, thinking of the past, reflecting much upon the innumerable problems of this passing show called life, but not paying much heed to the future. What did the future matter to me, who did not know whether I should have a share of it even for another month, or week, or day, surrounded as I was by the shadow of death? No, I troubled little as to any earthly future, although I admit that in this oasis of calm I reflected upon that state where past, present and future will all be one; also that those reflections, which were in their essence a kind of unshaped prayer, brought much calm to my spirit.

With the regiment of escort we had virtually no communication; I think that they had been forbidden to talk to us. They were a very silent set of men, finely made, capable persons of an Arab type, light rather than dark in color, who seemed for the most part to communicate with each other by signs or in low-muttered words. Evidently they looked upon Harut and Marut with great veneration, for any order which either of these brethren gave, if they were brethren, was obeyed without dispute or delay. Thus, when I happened to mention that I had lost a pocketknife at one of our camping places two days' journey back, three of them, much against my wish, were ordered to return to look for it, and did so, making no question. Eight days later they rejoined us much exhausted and having lost a camel, but with the knife, which they handed to me with a low bow; and I confess that I felt ashamed to take the thing.

Nor did we exchange many further confidences with Harut and Marut. Up to the time of our arrival at the boundaries of the Kendah country, our only talk with them was of the incidents of travel, of where we should camp, of how far it might be to the next water, for water-holes or old wells existed in this desert; of such birds as we saw, and so forth. As to other and more important matters a kind of truce seemed to prevail. Still I observed that they were always studying us, and especially Lord Ragnall, who rode on day after day, self-absorbed and staring straight in front of him as though he looked at something we could not see.

Thus we covered hundreds of miles, not less than five hundred at least, reckoning our progress at only thirty miles a day, including stoppages. For occasionally we stopped at the water-holes or small oases, where the camels drank and rested. Indeed, these were so conveniently arranged that I came to the conclusion that once there must have been some established route running across these wastelands to the south, of which the traditional knowledge remained with the Kendah people. If so, it had not been used for generations, for save those of one or two that had died on the outward march, we saw no skeletons of camels or other beasts, or indeed any sign or man. The place was an absolute wilderness where nothing lived except a few small mammals at the oases and the birds that passed over it in the air on their way to more fertile regions. Of these, by the way, I saw many that are known both to Europe and Africa, especially ducks and cranes; also storks that, for aught I can say, may have come from far-off, homely Holland.

At last the character of the country lower-lying stretches, then bushes, then occasional trees and among the trees a began to change. Grass appeared on its few bucks. Halting the caravan I crept out and shot two of these bucks with a right and left, a feat that caused our grave escort to stare in a fashion which showed me that they had never seen anything of the sort done before.

That night, while we were eating the venison with relish, since it was the first fresh meat that we had tasted for many a day, I observed that the disposition of our camp was different from its common form. Thus it was smaller and placed on an eminence. Also the camels were not allowed to graze where they would as usual, but were kept within a limited area while their riders were arranged in groups outside of them. Further, the stores were piled near our tents, in the center, with guards set over them. I asked Harut and Marut, who were sharing our meal, the reason of these alterations.

"It is because we are on the borders of the Kendah country," answered old Harut. "Four days' more march will bring us there, Macumazana."

"Then why should you take precautions against your own people? Surely they will welcome you."

"With spears perhaps, Macumazana, learn that the Kendah are not one but two people. As you may have heard before, we are the White Kendah, but there are also the Black Kendah, who outnumber us many times over, though in the beginning we from the north conquered them, or so says our history. The White Kendah have their own territory; but as there is no other road, to reach it we must pass through that of the Black Kendah, where it is always possible that we may be attacked, especially as we bring strangers into the land."

"How is it then that the Black Kendah allow you to live at all, Harut, if they are so much the more numerous?"

"Because of fear, Macumazana. They fear our wisdom and the decrees of the Heavenly Child spoken through the mouth of its oracle, which, if it is offended, can bring a curse upon them. Still, if they find us outside our borders they may kill us, if they can, as we may kill them if we find them within our borders."

"Indeed, Harut. Then it looks to me as though there were a war breeding between you." (CONTINUED TOMORROW.)

"WAR BABIES"

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"HAVE A HEART!"

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"Aw, say, Bill, don't scare him any more. He's as pale as a ghost now."

Farmer Smith's Column

WHAT IS WORTH WHILE?

My Dear Children—May I ask your idea of what is worth while? As the sentence stands it is not so familiar to you as "I will not do it." I do not think it is worth while."

The important lesson of the great war is this: The world will soon be peopled with those who are doing things WORTH WHILE.

Let us try to study the word "worth." We ask the grocer how much grapes are worth. I ask you how much your time is worth. Are you jamming each day, each hour, each minute, into USEFUL SERVICE?

When you are playing the piano are you WORTH anything when some one asks you to play for a party?

If you play baseball are you asked to take important posts? Are you a candidate for captain of the team?

Has any one ever said of you: "He (she) is not worth much"? This does not always apply to Money.

What have you done today that is worth while?

Lovingly,

FARMER SMITH, Children's Editor.

THE HAPPY CHICK

By Farmer Smith

Blim, blim, blim!

"Oh, Mother, dear! I hear some one knocking outside the coop. I must run out and see who it is." Charlie Chick started from under his mother's wing with a rush.

"Wait, wait! Take it calmly. Let me peek out and see who it is. You must not be too hasty, especially when you are young," said Mrs. Plymouth Rock, cuddling Charlie under her wing as she peeked out of the coop.

"Ah! I told you so. It is Rover, the big dog, gnawing at a bone back of our home. You must beware of dogs and cats." Mrs. Plymouth Rock settled herself once more and Charlie closed his eyes for a nap. When he woke up he stretched his wing over his little leg and yawned. Then he asked:

"Mother, why does a dog have horns?"

"Horns? Horns? I did not know that a dog had horns—do you mean ears?" asked Charlie's mother, laughing.

"Yes; that must be it. But why haven't I horns or ears that stick out?"

"You do not need them, my dear. Mother Nature does not want us to be burdened with things which are of no use to us. A dog needs his ears to hear with. They are placed where they will catch all the sounds that come to him. He must hear the rustle of the grass which tells him that a rabbit is near." Mrs. Plymouth Rock looked lovingly at her son and cuddled him once more under her wing.

All was quiet for a time and then Charlie Chick poked his head out from under his mother's wing and said, "How may we know our enemies, mother, dear?"

"My child, you ask a lot of questions for a tiny chick; still, you will never learn if you do not ask. Beware of things which have four legs. Beware of the birds that fly in the air, lest you chance to fall into the claws of a hawk. Keep your ears open, even if they do not stick out like a dog's, for the shrill cry of the hawk will warn you when you are in danger."

"Thank you," replied Charlie Chick, as he sauntered forth into the lot.

By and by he saw something moving toward him. Remembering what his mother had said, he looked and saw that the object had two legs. Sure enough! It was Buddie from the big house coming to feed the chickens.

Such a scampering in the hen yard! Charlie was soon surrounded by a lot of other chickens, all bent on having their share of corn. When he and his mother had eaten their fill, they both went back to the coop and Charlie said:

"I saw Buddie coming and I knew that he was a friend because he had two legs; but, mother, dear, he did not have ears like Rover."

"No," said Mrs. Plymouth Rock, softly, "but we must not try to tell our friends by their ears or eyes, but by the kindness which they show toward us." After saying this Charlie's mother peeked under her wing and found that he was fast asleep.

"How happy is childhood!" she said to herself. "That is the way it should be."

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NORMA TALMADGE in "FANTHEA"

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The University Extension Society presents
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ADDED ATTRACTION—MATINEES ONLY
Francis X. Bushman and BEVERLY BAYNE in
First Episode of "THE GREAT SECRET"

ACADEMY OF MUSIC WED. EVG., JAN. 31ST
Louise HOMER SONG RECITAL
(BENEFIT HAHNEMANN HOSPITAL)
TICKETS 50c to $2
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ROLLER SKATING PALACE, 59TH and MARKET Afternoon 2:45—Evening 7:45 Intervening Airtrac. Every Night Refined Patronage. Adm. 15c

"What's that crowd there?" said a man at Eleventh and Chestnut streets.

"Why, they're going to the Chestnut Street Opera House to see 'Intolerance.' It's like that all the time," said another man.

"Must be a great show to draw them like that. Let's go and see it."

And they did, like 100,000 other wise Philadelphians.

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
Will Never Be Seen in Any Theatre Below the Standard of the Chestnut Street Opera House
4 COMPLETE THRILLING STORIES—4 SHOWS IN ONE
PRICES: Evenings and Saturday Matinees, Lower Floor, 75c, $1.00. Some $1.50. First Balcony, 50c, $1.00. Second Balcony, 25c. Other Matinees: Lower Floor, 50c, 75c. Some $1.00. First Balcony, 50c, 75c. Second Balcony, 25c.

ACADEMY OF MUSIC
PHILADELPHIA ORCHESTRA
LEOPOLD STOKOWSKI, Conductor
Friday Afternoon, Feb. 2, at 3:00
Saturday Evening, Feb. 3, at 8:15
Soloist: ERNEST SHELLING, Pianist.
Overture, "Manfred".....SCHUMANN
Symphony No. 4 (Italian).....MENDELSSOHN
Variations for Piano & Orch.....SCHELLING
Tone Poem, "Tod und Verklarung"....STRAUSS
Seats Now on Sale at Heppe's, 1119 Chestnut

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Singer's Midgets World's Greatest and Marvelous Aggregation
30 Tiny Men & Women; 20 Prancing Ponies 2 Midget Elephants; Other Elephants
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"The Girls and the Baron"
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MLLE. BLANCA & CO.; RONITA & LEW HEARN; WRIGHT & DIETRICH; OTHERS. MRS. VERNON CASTLE in "PATRIA."
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428 Year of the Famous Fairy Play
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Grand ballets, dances and the play complete in every detail by 200 clever juveniles.
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HOFMANN SOLOIST
Res. Seats, 75c to $2.00, now at Heppe's.

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VERY GOOD EDDIE

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THE BLUE PARADISE With CECIL LEAN
Next Week—ANNA HELD in "FOLLOW ME"

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SIR HERBERT BEERBOHM TREE HENRY VIII
EDITH WYNNE MATTHISON, LYN HARDING
SOUVENIRS TONIGHT

Walnut Matinee Tues., Thurs., 25c, 50c Eve. Mat. Sat., 25c, 50c, 75c Evgs. 25c, 50c, 75c, $1.00
A Little Girl in a Big City

Casino Billy Beef Trust Watson
10 TONS OF GIRLS
8th & Walnut Sts.

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GEORGE ARLISS in "THE PROFESSOR'S LOVE STORY"
50c to $1.50 at Popular Wednesday Mat.

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RAYMOND HITCHCOCK
in a New Musical Play, "BETTY"

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