JUST GOSSIP ABOUT PEOPLE

The Senior Class of the University of Pennsylvania Makes Plans for Its Annual Dance to Be Held on Friday, Feb. 16, in Weightman Hall

AND now we turn our attention to future parties which are still in the planning. Athough it does strike me that it is rather a pity for the seniors of the University of Pennsylvania to have chosen the same night as the second Assembly for their annual ball, as doubtless some of the patronesses will attend the Assembly, you know; but be that as it may, the Ivy ball will come off that night, and great are the

MISS KATHARINE ELIZABETH BURNS

Miss Burns will take one of the leading parts in

"Cynthia," the musical comedy to be given on Friday night at the Bellevue-Stratford for St.

Francis's Convalescent Home in Darby.

NANCY WYNNE.

Personals

Mr. R. Penn Smith, Jr., Mr. and Mrs. Wil

liam S. Ellis and Mr. and Mrs. Charles Sin-

Miss Gabriella Tilghman, of St.

will leave next week for Lake Placid, N. Y. where she will enjoy the winter sports.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles A. Munn, of Radnor,

Mrs James D. Winsor, of Haverford, will

entertain at dinner at the Merion Cricket Club this evening in honor of Miss Made-leine Z. Doby, of New York, who will deliver

lecture entitled "Wanted-A Mother" at

Mr. and Mrs. J. Claude Bedford, of Media,

Mr. and Mrs. Alfred G. Clay, of 1229

Mr. and Mrs. Peter Shields entertained

at dinner on Monday evening in honor of their daughter, Miss Ethel Shields, and her

Mr. and Mrs. G. Henry Stetson,

Juniper avenue, Eikins Park, have Mr. G. Cameron, of Phoenix, Ariz., as their guest

for several days. Mr. Cameron will return to Phoenix about the middle of February.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles McInnes, of Rydal

road, Rydal, have had Mrs. McInnes's sister,

Miss Lucille Fenton, of Baltimore, as their guest for several weeks. Miss Fenton re-turned to her home today.

Mrs. Howard E. Stevenson, accompanied by Miss Vera Brinkworth, of Waring road, Elkins Park, has returned from New York.

Mr. and Mrs. James M. Bryan, formerly

of Mountain avenue, Eikins Park, have left for Boston, Mass., where they will make

Mr. and Mrs. William H. Trappe, of Jenkintown, have closed their country home and are occupying an apartment at the Colonial, Eleventh and Spruce streets, for the winter months.

The Schmidt Quartet, assisted by Mr. William Multer, baritone, and Mr. Joseph W. Clarke, pianist, will give a concert on the evening of Thursday, February 8, at 8:15 o'clock, in Association Hall, 5849 Ger-

Mr. and Mrs. Richard Gummere, Haverford, are staying at Atlantic City.

Weddings

CAULDWELL-THACKARA

their home in the future.

mantown avenue.

Spruce street, who have been spending some time in Atlantic City at the St. Charles

have returned from Washington and will leave for Palm Beach early in February.

Atlantic City.

the club that evening.

Hotel, have returned home.

Roberta Bedford.

wedding party.

Mrs. Frederick Jost, of 1904 Pine street,

prepartions the refor. A number of novelties have been planned by the committee, with a view to surpassing previous records of the dance, which interests local society every year as well as the University circle. This year it has been decided to introduce continual dancing by having two orchestras, and best of all these two will be Europe's New York Orchestra and Herzberg's, of this city. There will be great rivalry, I'm thinking, between the twain.

Then breakfast will be served from 1:30 o'clock until 3, and will consist of sausage and scrambled eggs, toast and coffee. Members of the younger set are quite excited over this from all I hear. The decorations will be Oriental. Already a number of prominent matrons have promised to act as patronesses for the dance. which is one of the biggest social affairs given at the University each year:

ALTHOUGH all the amateur actors and actresses in the musical comedy, "Cynthia." which comes off Friday night at the Bellevue-Stratford in aid of the well-known Convalescent House at Darby, are unusually talented, Katharine Burns, who takes the

part of the tall, worldly minded "mother" who manages her "short husband" and W. H. Hentz, Mrs. Samuel K. Reeves. is overloyed at finding a "Count" for her Mrs. George Fritz Chandler, Mrs. Richdaughter's hand, stands out prominently ard H. Harte and Mrs. John J. Henderas one of the leading stars. The part of son. a contriving and flashy nouveau riche mother is a difficult one for a last year's graduate to impersonate, but Miss Burns carries it off with decided skill and the complete mannerisms of the worldly "mamma." As Madame La Pompadour in the carnival scene Miss Burns gives a wonderful reproduction of that personage.

Unusually graceful and altogether charmingly girlish, May Walsh plays the part of Cynthia with an unaffected ease. She is decidedly light and airy on her feet and combines a charming little actress with a graceful dancer. Arthur Hirst, as a "live-wire" hotel clerk "putting up the prices" in carnival time, is an actor of real merit. And then there are Mildred Carter, Rosalie Hoban, are Mildred Carter, Rosalie Hoban, will receive informally tomorrow afternoon Frank Harrity, Brandon Walsh. John No cards have been sent out. Mrs. Jose Harden and Paul Vanneman, the latter will be assisted in receiving by Mrs. William of whom is so well known for his Miss Caroline Biddle. dancing. Each and every member of the cast deserves to win praise Friday night, and they will. There is no doubt about that, for "Cynthia" is a real show from start to finish. Marie Carrigan will delight the audience in the carnival act with her wonderful specialty dance of a Russian maiden in costume.

An unusually large number of wellknown women will act as patronesses at this year's show, and include Mrs. Robert W. Lesley, Mrs. Robert Thaxter Bicknell, Mrs. Edward de V. Morrell, Mrs. James Francis Sullivan, Mrs. Joseph P. Rogers, Mrs. Hubert J. Horan, Mrs. Joseph Norris, Mrs. Anthony Hirst, Mrs. Harry Poth, Mrs. Ernest La Place, Mrs. Henry Foster Walton, Mrs. Frank Brunner, Mrs. Henry G. de Burlo, Mrs. John M. Mack, Mrs. Daniel Egan, Mrs. Arthur Baugh, Mrs. Thomas Burns, Mrs. James Harrity, Mrs. James Bonner, Mrs. John T. Dee, Mrs. James McNichol, Mrs. Leonard Hickley, Mrs. Jonathan Edwards, Mrs. Alexander Davisson, Mrs. Michael Murphy, Mrs. James Mundy, Mrs. Frank Trainer, Mrs. Robert Quennell, Mrs. Joseph Lamorelle, Mrs. Murtha Quinn, Mrs. McMichan, Mrs. John Conway and Mrs. John Henderson.

AGROUP of members of fashionable society have taken boxes for the performance of Moniuszko's "Sonnets from the Crimea," which will be given tomorrow night in the Academy of Music in aid of the Paderewski fund.

The Polish committee of the Emergency Ald is in charge of the concert. Mrs. Robert von Moschzisker is chairman of the special committee. Other members of the committee include Mrs. Edward Browning, Mrs. G. Clymer Brooke, Mrs. George Fritz Chandler, Mrs. Ldward Crozer, Mrs. W. Barklie Henry, Mrs. Jay B. Lippincott, Mrs. Edmund H. McCullough, Mrs. Norman MacLeod, Mrs. Samuel W. Meek, Miss Sophie Benuveau Norris, Mrs. G. Stuart Patterson, Mrs. Edward Rowland and Miss Mary L.

The boxholders include Edward H Johnson, Gustavus Remak, Jr., Mrs. Edward Browning, Mrs. Samuel W. Meek, Dr. George Fales Baker, Mrs. Arthur H. Lea, Mrs. John W. Coles, Mrs. John C. Gribbel, Mrs. Robert von Moschzisker, Mrs. J. Willis Martin, Mrs. Reed A. Morgan, Mrs. Robert W. Lesley, Mrs. Norian MacLeod, Mrs. George C. Thomas, Mrs. John Cadwalader, Mrs. Samuel S. Fels, Mrs. William Burnham, Miss Nina Lea, Mrs. Herman Loeb, Budd Manufacturing Company, Mrs. Francis L. Potts, Mrs. William M. Potts, Miss Mary W. Lippincott, Mrs. Edgar M. Church, Mrs. eorge, Woodward, Miss Sallie Houston teene, Mrs. Westray Ladd, Thaddeus ecki, S. Davis Page, Mrs. Benjamin O. Miller, Mrs. Lewis L. Smith, Mrs. Charles H. Ludington, Miss Mary L. Stewast, Mrs. Winthrop Bargent, Mrs. when Miss Eleanor Sherman Thackara, daughter of Mr. Alexander H. Thackara, American Consul General in Paris, was married to Mr. Frederic Cauldwell, of Washington, D. C. formerly of the diplo-matic service.

The coremony took place at the home of Mr. Lindley Johnson, at Rosemont, before members of the families and a few intimate friends, and was performed by Monsignor Drumgoole, rector of St. Charles Borromeo's Seminary, Overbrook.

Miss Thackara, who was given in marriage by her brother, Mr. Alexander M. Thackara, Jr., of New York, wore a beautiful gown of white tulle over cloth of silver and carried a shower bouquet of white sweet peas, narcissi and mignonette. Miss Elizabeth Thackara attended her sister as maid of honor and wore a frock of pearl gray taffeta and tulle and carried an arm bouquet of pink roses and mignonette.

The bridesmaids, Miss Marian K. Johnson and Miss Anna Thorndike, of Boston, a cousin of the bride, were gowned in pear gray georgette crepe and carried pink roces and mignonette.

Mr. Cauldwell was attended by his brother, Mr. James A. Cauldwell, of this city, as best man. There were no ushers. Upon their return from a wedding journey Mr. and Mrs. Cauldwell will be at home in Washington after March I.

DARLINGTON-SHIELDS

A pretty home wedding took place this afternoon at 5 o'clock in the home of Mr. and Mrs. Peter Snields, when their daughter. Miss Ethel A. Shields, became the bride of Mr. Harry Darlington, Jr. of Pittsburgh, son of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Darlington, of Chicago.

Palms, ferns, smilax and various colored flowers were effectively used in decorating the house throughout. The Rev. Riley W. Little, general secretary of the Society for Organizing Charity, performed the ceremony. Mr. Shields gave his daughter in The bride wore a handsome gown o

white tuile, with panels of white satin em-broidered in pearls and crystals, and a long court train of white tuile edged with a band of satin. Her veil of tuile was held in place with a coronet of pearls. She car-ried a shower bouquet of white orchids and biles of the valley. and lilles of the valley.

Miss Cora G. Shields, the bride's sister was maid of honor and wore pale green satin and tulle, trimmed with sliver lace. Her hat was of orchid-colored tulle and sliver lace and she carried an arm bouquet of tayender orchids and white mignonette with lavender ribbon, velled in green

The only bridesmaid was Miss Gertrude Harris, of Tuxedo Park, N. Y. Her frock was of orchid-colored satin and tuile trimmed with silver lace, and a hat to match, Her bouquet was of pale pilk ropes, white lilacs and lavender sweet peas tied with pale green ribbon and velied in orchid-

The charming little flower girl. Miss Anita Shields, wore a white lingerie dress, with a pale pink sash and a pink georgette crepe picture hat. She carried a white basket of pink sweetheart roses and white sweet peas, tied with pink tulie.

Mr. Darlington was attended by Mr. Harmer Denny, Jr., of Pittsburgh, as best man, and there were no ushers. After an extended wedding trip through the South, Mr. and Mrs. Darlington will be at home after June 1 at 721 Irwin avenue Pittsburgh.

> Farmer Smith's Column

WHAT IS FORESIGHT?

Mr. and Mrs. George Wentworth Carr. 6435 Overbrook avenue, announce the engagement of their daughter, Miss Fleanor Eakin, to Mr. Howard Frement Okie, son of Mr. John Brognard Okie, of Lost Cabin, My dear Children - Have you ever thought of ONE thing animals have which many grown-ups and many children have At the luncheon which Mrs. John W. Con-

verse gave on Sunday at her home in Rose-mont the guests included Mr. and Mrs. Robert I. Montgomery, Miss Mary Mont-gomery, Mr. and Mrs. Charles A. Munn, Jr., Mr. and Mrs. John R. Valentine, Mr. When the fall days come and the leaves drop softly to the earth the squirrel family the cellar of its bungalow with nuts

and Mrs. William Innes Forbes, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Daniel, Miss Mary Converse, When the flaky "mackerel" sky adorns

Musser Capp, Mrs. Henry L. Townsend and Mrs. M. R. Ward and her son, Master Mrs. M. R. Ward and her son, Master Marshall Ward, of Louella avenue, Wayne, are spending a short time at the Dennis, know when spring arrives and the summer is nigh? I wonder.

Draw a lesson from all these dear kind people of the woodland, the air and water. They do not worry. They seem to get food without cash or credit.

Then, why is it we, who are much better than the animals, are always fussing, stew-ing and worrying about—NOTHING?

wonder. Lovingly, FARMER SMITH, Children's Editor.

THE HAPPY TADPOLE

By Farmer Smith

Hippety hop.
Three men on a top.
One was red and one was blue.
And one didn't know just what to do.
Little, Timmy Tadpole was singing to himself when along came Mister Trout and

are receiving congratulations on the birth of a daughter on January 27, to be named wanted to know what all the happine Mr. and Mrs. Joseph W. Thomas, of Wayne, left on Monday for a fortnight's visit to Richmond, Va., and Washington. "I don't see why I have to stop my sons and tell you why I am happy. What's the idea?" asked Timmy.

"I don't see why you are happy-

"I don't see why you are happy—in a little while your tail will be gone and you will be an ugly Frog," said the Trout.
'Tut, tut!" began Timmy Tadpole. "That is the very thing which makes me so happy. Think of it! I have something to look forward to, while YOU will always be a Trout—nothing but a beautiful Trout."

"Of course, I am beautiful, while you are

ugly enough now, but goodness knows a Frog is the ugliest thing in all the world, answered Mister Trout. Mr. Charles Harding and his daughter, Miss Sara L. Harding, of Overbrook, are spending several weeks at Belleair, Fla. "Oh, but you forget! You are so beautiall the time, while a Frog, well, they are only hunted for their hind legs. It must be terrible to have to live in fear ALL the time. You have to look closely at craining before you eat it, while I gobble them up with a snap! and so does a Frog. Swim up stream and let me sing my song. Good-

Mister Brook Trout did not wait for Mister Brook Trout did not wait for any more talk from Timmy Tadpole, for he knew that the little fellow had the best of him, so he went away up stream where there was a deep pool and sat there thinking over what had been said to him.

By and by a fly came floating along on the top of the water.

"There, I don't dare eat that fly after."

what has been said to me." thought Mister Brook Trout. He waited a little longer and the fly floated over toward the bank and before the Trout knew what had happened a huge Frog had gobbied up the tiny fly and Mister Brook Trout was sorry, very

After a long time, the Trout swam over After a long time, the Frost swam over to where the big Frog was sitting and asked. "Was that fly good?"

"Why do you ask, YOU don't have to digest it?" said the Frog.

"Curiosity," ventured the Trout,

"Well, if you spent more time catching flies and less time being curious and ask-

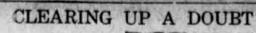
Mr. George W. Elkins, of Chelten House, Ashbourne road, Elkins Park, has left for Florida, where he is spending some time at the Beliview Hotel, Belleair Heights. ing foolish questions, the world would be better and you would be fatter."

The Trout sighted and said, "Well, if I were fatter, more fishermen might want me."

were fatter, more assermen might want me."

"There you are! Trout who are afraid what to eat and when to eat either starve to death or are caught," said the Frog. "By the time you get through listening to advice, you will be deaf and dumb, and then you will get caught for sure. Look! There's another fly,"

They both made a grab for it, but the Trout was too quick for the Frog. "Thank you," he said, as he swam away, while the Frog's mouth closed with a pop! on nothing at all.





the result that many of them were speared, or overthrown and trampled.

I have said we, but that is not quite orrect, at any rate so far as Marut, Hans,

some strange chance was never touched. The rest of us were thrown or tumbled

off the camels and continued the fight from behind their struggling bodies.

camel, and still more for the reason that

had not the slightest desire to kill any of these savage men unless I were obliged to do so in self-defense. Now, however, the thing was different, as I was fighting for

For a second time they retreated and after a consultation which lasted for a minute

miss because they came on in such a scat-

tered formation that I had to turn from side

may be asked why. The answer is want of

foresight. Too many cartridges in one's pocket are apt to chafe on camel-back and so is a belt full of them. In those days

also the engagements were few in which a man fired over fifteen. I had forty or fifty more in a bag, which bag Savage with his usual politeness had taken and hung upon his saddle without saying a word to me. At

the beginning of the action I found this out, but could not then get them from him as he was separated from me. Hans, always careless in small matters, was really to

blame, as he ought to have seen that I had

the cartridges, or at any rate to have car ried them himself. In short, it was one o those accidents that will happen. There is

say, it had cut its way through the Black north, more or less victorious. That is to

Kendah and was escaping unpursued, hud-dled up in a mob with the baggage animals safe in its center.

The Black Kendah themselves were en-

"I have nothing to shoot with any more,"
I answered. "But if we su render what will happen to us?"

there sacrificed to the devil Jana-I have not time to tell you how. Therefore, i pro-

"Then I think you are foolish. Marut. since once we are dead, we are dead; but while we are alive it is atways possible

that we may escape from Jana. If the worst comes to the worst I have a pistol with two bullets in it, one for you and one

for me."
"The wisdom of the Child is in you," he

replied. "I shall surrender w'h you Macu-mazana, and take my'chance." Then he turned and explained things to

"We shall be taken to Simba's town and

nothing more to be said.

vere among the slain.

pose to kill myself."

Bank Clerk—You wish to open a joint account for yourself and wife?
Mrs. Whittler—What does he mean by a joint account?
Whittler—Well, I keep putting the money in and you keep drawing it out.

THE IVORY CHILD

By H. RIDER HAGGARD

Aubtor of "Marie," "King Solomon's Mines," "She," ric.

THE STORY THUS FAR

LENA HOLMES RAGNALL, the young and besultful wife of Lord Ragnall, disappears wite. She has been instance since but child was been instance since but child was based to death at her feet. Since that time is has asked increasantly to go to Africa.

LORD RAGNALL finally consents, and it is thild they are on the true that his wife disappears. There is absolutely no trace of her bereatonity, but he request to believe that he was drowned in the river.

After several days' marching through the desert the party finally reaches the border of the Black Kendah's country.

CHAPTER X Allan is Captured

THE ride that followed was really quite Lexhilarating. The camels, notwithstanding their long journey, seemed to have caught some of the enthusiasm of the war-When the flaky "mackerel" sky adorns the autumn day the birds go South. I wonder why?

The wind comes out of the north and Mister Bear shivers. Does he put on heavier underwear? Not at all. He curis up and goes to sleep. Why?

Walk along the shore of a pond or river when the ice is thick. Do you hear the merry croaking of the frogs Why not?

When there are icicles on the window, where are the flies? How do they know that winter is coming, and how do they know when spring arrives and the gladsome horse as described in the Book of Job; in-"The Child! Death to Jana! The Child!

But this happened a few minutes later. As we drew near the enemy I saw that they had massed their footmen in a dense they had massed their footmen in a dense body, six or eight lines thick. There they stood to receive the impact of our charge, or rather they did not all stand, for the first two ranks were kneeling with long spears stretched out in front of them. I imagine that their appearance must have greatly resembled that of the Greek phalanx, or that of the Swiss prepared to receive cavairy in the Middle Ages. On either side of this formidable body, which by now must have numbered four or five hundred men, and at a distance perhaps of hundred men, and at a distance perhaps of a quarter of a mile from them, were gathered the horsemen of the Black Ken-dah, divided into two bodies of nearly equal strength, say about a hundred horse in

As we approached, our triangle curved a little, no doubt under the direction of Harut. A minute or so later I saw the rea-son. It was that we might strike the foot soldiers not full in front but at an angle." was an admirable maneuver, for when It was an admirable maneuver, for when presently we did strike, we caught them stightly on the flank and crumpled them up. My word! we went through those fellows like a knife through butter; they had as much chance against the rush of our camels as a brown paper screen has against a typhoon. Over they rolled in heaps while White Kendah spitted them with their

ances. "The Child is top dog! My money on the Child," reflected I in irreverent costasy. But that exultation was premature, for those Black Kendah were by no means all dead. Presently I saw that scores of them had appeared among the camels, which they were engaged in stabbing, or trying to stab, in the stomach with their spears. Also I had forgotten the horsemen. As our charge slackened owing to the complication in front, these arrived on our flanks like two thunderboits. We faced about and did our best to meet the onelaught, of which the best to meet the onslaught, of which the net result was that both our left and right lines were pierced through about fifty yards behind the baggage camels. Luckly



Copyright Life Publishing C A FAIR EXCHANGE "I'll sell ye that knife for a nickel."

"Aw! It ain't got no blades." "Ye don't expect a perfectly good knife fer a nickel, do ye?" like demons, inflicted great loss upon them before they fell themselves covered with "Brave men, indeed!" said Maiut ap-provingly. "Well, now they are all at peace with the Child, where doubtless we shall

find them ere long." I nodded but answered nothing. To tell the truth, I was too much engaged in nursing the remains of my own cornage to enter into conversation about that of other

people.

This fierce and cunning stratagem of desperate men, which had cost their enemies so dear, seemed to infuriate the Black Kendah.

At us came the whole mob of them—we

At us came the whole mob of them—we were but six now—roaring "Iana! Jana!" and led by a graybeard who to judge from the number of silver chains upon his breast and his other trappings, seemed to be a great man among them. When they were about fifty yards away and I was preparing for the worst, a shot rang out from above and behind me. At the same Instant Graybeard threw his arms wide and letting fall the spear he held, pitched from his horse, evidentily stone dead. I glanced back and saw Hans, the corneob pipe still in his mouth and the little rifle, "Intomhi," still at his shoulder. He had fired from the back of the camel, I think for 'he first time that day, and whether by chaire or through good marksmanship, I do not know had killed this man.

His sudden and treavented. correct, at any rate so far as Marut, Hans, I and about fifteen camelmen were concerned. How it happened I could not tell in that dust and confusion, but we were cut off from the main body and presently found ourselves fighting desperately in a group at which Black Kendah horsemen were charging again and again. We made the best stand we could. By degrees the bewildered camels sank boder the repeated spear thrusis of the enemy, all except one, oddly enough that ridden by Hans, which by some strange chance was never touched.

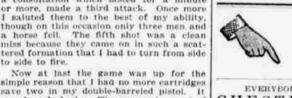
His sudden and unexpected end seemed to fill the Black Kendah with grief and dis-That is where I came in. Up to this time I had not fired a single shot, partly be-cause I do not like missing, which it is so easy to do from the back of a swaying

lighting in their charge they gathered Halting in their charge they gathered round him, while a fierce-looking middle-aged man, also adorned with much barbaric finery, dismounted to examine him. "That is Simba the King," said Marut, "and the slain one is his uncle. Goru, the great general who brought him up from

"Then I wish I had another cartridge

"Then I wish I had another cartridge left for the nephew," I began, and stopped, for Hans was speaking to me.
"Good-by, Baas," he said, "I must go, for I cannot load 'Intombi' on the back of this beast. If you meet your reverend father the Predikant before I do, tell him to make a nice place ready for me among the fires."

Then, before I could get out an answer, dragged his camel around, have said it was quite uninjured. Urging



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"INTOLERANCE" LOVE'S STRUGGLE
THROUGHOUT THE AGES
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nothing more to be said.

After a still longer consultation our enemies advanced on us for the fourth time, but very slowly. Meanwhile I had been taking stock of the position. The came corps, or what was left of it, oblivious of our plight which the dust of conflict had hidden from them, was traveling on to the north, more or less victorious. The LYRIC LAST 6 TIMES HERE THE BLUE PARADISE with CECIL LEAN

ANNA HELD "FOLLOW ME" Co. of 50, including HENRY LEWIS

gaged in killing our wounded and succoring their own; also in collecting the bodies of the dead. In short, quite unintentionally, we were deserted. Probably, if anybody ADELPHI Tonight at 8:10 VERY GOOD EDDIE thought about us at all in the turmell of desperate battle, they concluded that we FRIEDA HEMPEL, Soprano

ERNEST SCHELLING, Pianist PABLO CASALS, 'Cellist Marut come up to me, unhurt, still smil-ing, and waving a bloody spear. "Lord Macumazana," he said, "the end is at hand. The Child has saved the thers, 6th Monday Morning Musicale
BALLECOM BELLEVUE-STRATFORD
PERRUARY 5, 11:00 A. M. PROMPTLY
Tickets, \$3 at Heppe's, Rvan's and at doors, or most of them, but us it has abandoned. Now what will you do? Kid yoursef, or if that does not please you suffer me to kill you? Or shoot on until you must sur-

ACADEMY OF MUSIC-Monday Evg., Feb. 2 NEW YORK | DAMROSCH SYMPHONY HOFMANN ORCHESTRA Ren Sents. 75c to \$2.00. now at Hoppe's.

ACADEMY AT TONIGHT LOUISE HOMER Song Recita Seats LOc to \$2 on Sale at Heppe's, II the Chestnut St., and Academy Box Office.

Witherspoon Hall, Thurs. Evg., Feb. 1, at 8, KNEISEL CHAMBER MUSIC CONCERT MRS. H. HEACH, MRS. H. HEACH, Plantet, Scioist, Reserved Seats, 50c to \$1.50. University Extension Box Office, Witherspoon Bigs.

Walnut Matinee Tomor., 25c, 50c "A Little Girl in a Big City"

Knickerbocker foth and Market Sts. Stock "The Shepherd of the Hills"

Then he turned and explained things to bis followers, who spoke together for a shoment. In the end these took a strange and to my mind a very heroic decision. Waiting till the attacking Kendah were quite close to us, with the exception of three men, who either because they lacked courage or some other reason, stayed with us, they advanced humbly as though to make submission. A number of the Black Kendah dismounted and ran up, I suppose to take them prisoners. The men waited till these were all around them. They with a yell of "The Child!" they strang to ward, taking the enemy unawares and fighting

TROCADERO THE AUTO OR

rife stock, he departed at a great at not toward the home of the Child. But we the hill into a brake of giant grace minging with thorn trees that grew quite close as hand. Here with startling suddenness both he and the camel vanished away.

If the Black Kendah saw him go, of which I am doubtful, for they all accmed to be lost in consultation round their king and the dead general, Goru, they made no attempt to follow him. Another possibility is that they thought he was trying to lead them into some snare or ambush. I do not know what they thought, because I never heard them mention Hans or the matter of his disappearance, if indeed they ever realized that there was such a person. Curiously enough in the case of menwho had just shown themselves so brave, this last accident of the decease of Goru, coming on the top of all their other casualties, seemed to take the courage out of them. It was as though they had come to the conclusion that we with our guns were something more than mortal.

For several minutes they debated in evident hesitation. At last from out of their array rode a single man, in whom I recognized one of the envoys who had met us in the morning, carrying in his hand a white flag as he had done before. Thereon I laid down my rifle in token that I would not fire at him, which, indeed, I could not do, having nothing to fire. Seeing this he came to within a few yards and, halting, addressed Marut.

"O second Prophet of the Child," he said, "these are the words of Simba the

addressed Marut.

"O second Prophet of the Child," he said. "these are the words of Simba the King: Your god has been too strong for us today, though in a day to come it may be otherwise. I thought I had you in a pit: that you were the bucks and I the hunter. But, though with loss, you have escaped out of the pit," and the speaker gianced toward our retreating force, which was now but a cloud of dust in the far distance, "while I, the hunter, have been gored by your horns," and again he glanced at the dead that were scattered about the plain. "The noblest of the buck, the white bull of the herd" and he looked at me, who in any other circumstances would have felt complimented, "and you. O Prophet Marut, and one or two others, besides those that I have slain, are, however, still in that I have slain, are, however, still in the pit, and your horn is a magic horn," here he pointed to my rille, "which pierces from afar and kills dead all by whom it

"So I caught those gentry well in the middle," thought I to myself, "and with soft-nosed bullets!"

(CONTINUED TOMORROW)

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