

JUST GOSSIP ABOUT PEOPLE

Nancy Wynne Discusses Society's Attitude in Recent National Events—Various Matters of Social Import Prove Interesting

WAR and the discussion of possible war is the subject on every tongue, so that balls and parties are in the background of society's mind...

AND now I wonder what the Chevy Chase veterans (?) will accomplish next Saturday when arrayed in their uniforms they endeavor to induce the men...

THE board of managers of the Deaconess Home at 1122 Spruce street has arranged a course of lectures...

There are about sixty prominent women on the board of management of the home, and among the officers and chairmen...

The first of the second series of Mrs. J. Hutchinson Scott's Supper Club was held on Saturday night and was in the Rose Gardens...

Miss Eleanor Arnett, of 2115 Pine street, entertained at luncheon on Saturday at 1 o'clock.

Mrs. Charles L. Lanne, of this city, has left for Plainfield, where she will be the guest of her son-in-law and daughter...

Mrs. Elizabeth Hopkins, of Baltimore, will spend several days this week in this city.

Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Stull, of Woodland avenue, Wyncoote, have Mrs. Stull's sister, Mrs. Grace Marter, of Brooklyn, N. Y., as their guest.

Mrs. Clayton McElroy, of 2012 Pine street, has returned from Baltimore, where she has been spending some time as the guest of her mother, Mrs. Nathaniel Crenshaw.

Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Heckscher Wetherill, of 1820 Rittenhouse square, will leave today for St. Augustine, Fla., to be gone several weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. L. Rodman Page, Jr., of 3015 Locust street, will leave on February 18 for Palm Beach for the remainder of the season.

Mrs. E. Spencer Miller, 34, of 2231 Rittenhouse street, will have a luncheon on Friday for Miss Sophia Worth, whose marriage to Mr. Henry McMichael will take place on February 17.

Mrs. John Gribbel and the Misses Gribbel will be at home this afternoon at the Bellevue-Stratford, after 4 o'clock. No cards have been sent out.

Miss Pauline Arney, of 2212 Locust street, is visiting in New Haven and will attend the Yale prom this evening.

Rehearsals for the "Gondoliers," which will be the production given by the Savoy Opera Company...

The Philadelphia Cricket Club took an air of festivity on Saturday night...

Mrs. William Warner Harper, of City Hill, near Wissahickon avenue, Chestnut Hill, has gone to Palm Beach for several weeks.

Mrs. Frank Craig, of 244 South Twenty-first street, will be at home on February 12 and 19 from 4 until 6 o'clock.

Philadelphia horse lovers and those institutions which are to benefit through the Philadelphia Indoor Horse Show...

The organization of the committee has been completed and plans are rapidly going forward to make the sixth Philadelphia Indoor Horse Show even a greater success...

Members of Miss Hill's School will give a dance on February 16 at the Rittenhouse.

Mrs. F. H. McCandless entertained at luncheon last week at her home at Elkins Park.

Mrs. McCandless has Mrs. H. M. Newkerk, of Brooklyn, N. Y., as her guest for several weeks.

The senior play entitled "Sincerity" will be given by the seniors of the Cheltenham school.

High School at Elkins Park on the evenings of Friday, February 16, and Saturday, February 17, at 8:15 o'clock in the auditorium of the school.

Besides this the seniors are already making plans for their annual dance, which will be given on Friday evening, April 13, at 8:30 o'clock at the Roosevelt.

Mr. Carl W. Bishop, one of the members of the University Museum expedition to the Far East, gave an illustrated lecture on Saturday afternoon in the University Museum...

Mr. Bishop left this city in January, 1916, and in the ensuing eighteen months traveled throughout the length of the Japanese Empire...

Invitations have been issued for the marriage of Miss Madeleine H. Worrell, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George R. Worrell, to Mr. William Louis Tzyler, of New York, formerly of this city, on Wednesday, February 21, at 7 o'clock, at Calvary Methodist Episcopal Church, West Philadelphia.

Mr. and Mrs. Silk, of 2318 North Thirtieth street, have sent out invitations for the wedding of their daughter, Miss Katie Silk, to Mr. Harry Kimmelman, of 415 Daly street, on Sunday, February 18.

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There will be three extra dances arranged by the committee in charge of the Cheltenham Dancing Class, which will take place on February 15, April 13 and April 26.

Mr. and Mrs. Howard Wood, of Conohocken, have Mrs. Wood's mother, Mrs. H. W. Wilmer, of Centerville, Md., spending the winter with them.

Miss Marie Starr, of 117 South Seventh street, will be the guest of Mrs. N. E. Williams for a week.

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HIS FIRST CALL



Wouldn't she be surprised if she could look about two weeks and see herself—and him?

Farmer Smith's Column

SILENCE! My Dearest Children—My mind carries me back to a kind school-teacher who used to pound the desk and shout "SILENCE!"

I want YOU, early in life, to get acquainted with silence. If I had my way about it, every school in the world would open daily with five minutes of absolute silence.

Why? During that time the pupils would learn to compose themselves. They would learn the value of peace and, above all, they would learn to keep their mouths shut.

How much time did YOU spend in the silence of your ownself last week? Can you sit quietly for five minutes this day—this hour?

Why have so many of our great men been farmer boys or, why have so many farmer boys become great?

Because they spent their boyhood days alone—in the hayloft—in the meadow watching the cows try the silage and learn to like it. Use its power and do not let it use or destroy you.

THE CUDDELY BEAR By Farmer Smith. "Mother," said Cuddley Bear one morning as he stretched himself and yawned.

"My dear child, why are you always asking questions which your poor mother can't answer? If I knew why I have fur instead of feathers, I would have feathers."

Cuddley Bear was still for a long time and then he said, "Well, I guess I'll have to go out into the woods and find some one who can tell me, even if you can't."

Mrs. Bear was hurt at this, but she merely remembered that her son was only a youngster and she tried not to let the thought hurt her. She was sorry she had not raised him to be more thoughtful.

Cuddley Bear went out into the woods and soon came to the tree where the Wise Old Owl lived. "Hello, Old Owl," said Cuddley Bear. "I have a question for you."

"What is it, my little fellow?" asked the Owl. "I want to know why you have feathers and I have fur."

"Why have I fur instead of feathers, like you have?" asked Cuddley Bear. "How did you know it was Wise Old Owl?"

"How could I be a Wise Old Owl if I did not know my own name? They approach me from all sides, but I never can I fight for my rights as you can, but my ears are very keen—in fact, I can tell who is coming by the sound they make."

"Wonderful!" exclaimed Cuddley Bear. "For a moment the little fellow was undecided whether to ask the Wise Old Owl the question which puzzled him or not."

"May I ask you a question?" asked Cuddley Bear at length. "Indeed you may," replied the Wise Old Owl, politely.

"What is it, my little fellow? I have fur instead of feathers—very, very simple. Go back and ask your mother if what I said is not true, very true. The next time you do not know what to do, ask an old Owl—to-wit! To-wit!"

As Cuddley Bear was on his way homeward, he thought of how he would surprise his mother when he got home. "Ah! That is one time I fooled my mother. Now I know more than she does. I know why I have fur instead of feathers. The Wise Old Owl told me, so it MUST be true. I guess Owls know more than mothers, most mothers, anyway."

Now it happened that when Cuddley got home and told his mother what the Wise Old Owl had said, she gave him a kiss and then she waited—waited very patiently for HER turn and—it came.

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THE IVORY CHILD

By H. RIDER HAGGARD Author of "Maru," "King Solomon's Mines," "She," etc.

THE STORY THEN WAS by the followers of the Child, who have always been our bitter enemies and done us much undesired wrong, although on our part we have faithfully kept the pact concluded in the days of our grandfathers.

"HART and MARIET, prophets of the White Mountains, arrived in the morning at the Maru, where they had intended when they appeared as conquerors at Haru, to make the Black Kenah, as they called the child, the White Kenah, and so to bring the child, who had been killed by Haru and Maru, and so to give the Arak's tribe in order to reach the sacred spot."

"I STARED at him, but as he chose to believe that a very unusual hailstorm was coming from Haru, and that it was worth while arguing the point, only I wondered if he really did believe this. Then I remembered that such an event was said to have afflicted the old Egyptians in the days of their prophets because they would not let the people go."

Not until the following morning did we come to understand the full extent of the calamity which had overtaken the Black Kenah. I think I have said that their crops this year were magnificent and just ripening to harvest. From our roof on previous days we could see a great area of them stretching to the edge of the forest. When the sun rose that morning the area had vanished, and the ground was covered with a carpet of green pulp.

"At any rate they are going to set us free," I said to Maru, not without exultation, when they had all vanished.

"Yes, Lord," he replied, "but where are they going to set us free? The demon Janna lives in the forests and the swamps by the banks of the Tava River, and it is said that he ravages at night."

"I did not pursue the subject, but reflected to myself cheerfully that this mystic roguish-legend was a long way off and might be circumvented, whereas that altar of sacrifice was extremely near and very difficult to avoid."

"Never did a thief with a rich booty in view, or a woodman having an assignment with a heavy fine for sins more eagerly than did that day. Hour after hour I sat upon the housetop, watching the Black Kenah carrying off the dead killed by the hailstones and generally trying to repair the damage done by the terrific tempest."

"At length the great orb began to sink in majesty behind the latticed western forest, and, punctual to the minute, Simba, and a mounted escort of some twenty men and two led horses, appeared at our gate. As our preparations, which consisted only of slight stuffing such food as was available into the breast of his robe, were already made, we walked out of that accursed great house and, at a sign from the king, empty market, and past the spot where the rough stone altar still stood, we entered the house and I followed him down to the town."

"Where are our servants, my murderer?" I asked, shaking my fist at them. "Have you sacrificed them to your deity?" "No, Lord," he replied, "we would not and I swept my arm toward the country beyond. "Where are your crops?" I went on. "Tell me on what will you live this winter?" (At these words they quailed.)

"I am not sure, but I am sure that you have killed your own people. Our harvest is ruined, and there is but little corn left in the storehouses now when we looked to gather the new grain. Men and women come in from the outlying land telling very many of the cattle are slain. Soon we shall starve."

"As you desire to starve," I answered. "Now will you let us go?" Simba stared at me doubtfully, then began to whisper into the ear of the lamed diviner. I could not catch what they said, so I watched their faces. That of the diviner whose head I was glad to see had been cut by a hailstone so that the ends of his hair were now injured, told me a good deal. His mark had been ugly, but now that it was of the countenance beneath was far uglier. Of a negro type, pendulous lipped, sensuous and loose eyed, he was indeed a hideous fellow, yet very cunning and cruel looking, as men of his class are apt to be. Humbled as he was for a moment, I felt sure that he was still plotting evil against us, somewhat against the will of his master. The issue showed that I was right. At length Simba spoke, saying: "We had intended, Lord, to keep you and the priest of the Child here as hostages against mischief that might be worked on us by the followers of the Child, who have always been our bitter enemies and done us much undesired wrong, although on our part we have faithfully kept the pact concluded in the days of our grandfathers. It seems however, that fate, or your magic, has rendered our pact null and void. I have determined to let you go. Tonight at sundown we will set you on the road which leads to the ford of the River Tava, which divides our territory from that of the White Kenah, and you may depart where you will, since our wish is that never again may we see your ill-memored faces."

"At this intelligence my heart leaped in joy that was altogether premature. But preserving my indignant air, I exclaimed: "Tonight, why tonight? Why not at once? It is hard for us to cross unknown rivers in the dark."

"The water is low, Lord, and the ford easy. Moreover, if you started now you would reach it in the dark; whereas if you start at sundown, you will reach it in the morning. Lastly, we cannot conduct you here until we have buried our dead."

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had gathered to watch us pass. Never did I see hate more savage than was written on those faces as they shook their fists at us and muttered curses not loud but deep. No wonder! for they were all ruined, poor folk, with nothing to look forward to but starvation until long months hence the harvest came again for those who would live to gather it. Also, they were convinced that we, the white managers and the prophet of their enemy the Child, had brought this disaster on them. Had it not been for the escort I believe they would have fallen on us and torn us to pieces. Considering them I understood for the first time how disagreeable real unpopularity can be. But when I saw the actual condition of the fruitful gardens without in the waning daylight, I understood that I had moved to some sympathy with their owners. It was appalling. Not a handful of grain was there left to gather, for the corn had been not only "laid" but literally cut in ribbons all the hills.

After running for some miles through the cultivated land the road entered the forest. Here it was dark as pitch, so dark that I wondered how our guides found their way. In that blackness dreadful apprehensions assailed me for I had long convinced that we had brought here to be murdered. Every minute I expected to feel a knife thrust in my back. I thought of digging my heels into the horse's sides and trying to gallop off anywhere, but abandoned the idea, first because I could not desert Maru, of whom I had lost touch in the gloom, and secondly because I was bound to Maru, and therefore I was bound to see Maru. I did not try to slip from the horse and glide away into the forest. There was nothing to be done save to go on and await the end.

It came at last some hours later. We were out of the forest and there was the moon rising, past her full but still very bright. Her light showed me that we were on a wild moorland, swampy, with scattered green growing here and there, across which what seemed to be a game trail ran down hill. That was all I could make out. Here the escort halted, and Simba the King said in a sudden voice: "Dismount and go your ways, evil spirits, for we travel by the further side of this plain which is haunted. Follow the track and it will lead you to a lake. Pass the lake and by morning you will come to the river beyond which lies the country of your friends. May its waters swallow you if you reach them. For learn, there is one who watches on this road whom few care to meet."

"As he finished speaking men sprang at us and, pulling us from the horses, thrust us out of the camp, and in another minute were lost in the darkness, leaving us alone."

"What now, friend Maru?" I asked. "Now, Lord, all we can do is to go forward, for if we stay here Simba and his people will return and kill us at the daylight. One of them said so to me."

"Then, come on, Macduff!" I exclaimed, stepping on bravely, and though he had never read Shakespeare, Maru understood and followed.

"What did Simba mean about one on the road whom few care to meet?" I asked over my shoulder when we had done half a mile or so.

"I think he meant the elephant Janna," replied Maru with a groan. "Then I hope Janna isn't at home. Cheer up, Maru! The chances are that we shall never meet a single elephant in this big place."

"Yet many elephants have been here, Lord," and he pointed to the ground. "It is said that they come to drink the waters of the lake and this is one of the roads they follow on their death journey, a road that no other living thing dare travel."

"Oh!" I exclaimed. "Then after all that preserving my indignant air, I exclaimed: "Tonight, why tonight? Why not at once? It is hard for us to cross unknown rivers in the dark."

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was a true dream I had in my England. "Yes, Lord, because my brother Maru once lost his way out hunting when he was young and saw what this child showed me in the dream, and what we shall see presently, if we live to come so far." I made no reply, both because what he said was either true or false, which I should ascertain presently, and because I was annoyed in searching the ground with my eyes. He was right; many elephants had traveled this path—once quite recently, I am sure—and many of them would be killed on this point. Once or twice also I thought that I caught sight of the outline of some tall creature moving silently through the scattered thorns a couple of hundred yards or so to the right. It might have been an elephant of a giraffe, or perhaps nothing but a shadow, so I said nothing. As I heard no noise I was inclined to believe the latter explanation. In any case, what was the good of speaking? Unarmed and solitary amid unknown dangers, our position was desperate, and as Maru's nerve was already giving out, to emphasize the horrors to him would be mere foolishness.

(CONTINUED TOMORROW)

The Stanley MARKET Above 16TH CONTINUOUS 11-11.5 A. M. to 11.15 P. M. GEORGE BEBAN "HIS SWEETHEART" CHARIE CHAPLIN in "EASY STREET" IRENE FENWICK OWEN MOORE

Palace 1214 MARKET—10c, 20c CHARIE CHAPLIN in "EASY STREET" DR. OBERHOLTZER Declares That CHARIE CHAPLIN IS A FOOL!

Arcadia CHESTNUT Below 16TH DOROTHY DUTTON Mrs. Vernon Castle

Regent MARKET Below 17TH EARLY 10c, 15c EDITH STOREY ANTONIO MORENO in "MONEY MAGIC"

Victoria MARKET Above 9TH ALL THE NIGHT EARLY Added Attraction CHARIE CHAPLIN in "EASY STREET"

PHILADELPHIA ORCHESTRA LEOPOLD STOKOWSKI, Conductor Friday Afternoon, Feb. 9, at 3:15 Saturday Evening, Feb. 10, at 8:15

GLOBE Theatre MARKET and JUNIPER STS. VAUDEVILLE—Continuously 10c, 15c, 20c, 25c "THE SOCIAL WHIRL!" BEAUTY, MIRTH, MELODY

CROSS KEYS MARKET Below 60TH 20 PRIZE-WINNING MUSICIANS GARRICK LAST 6 EVGS. at 8 Sharp

BROAD—Last 6 Evgs. Matinee, Sat. GEORGE ARLISS in "LOVE STORY" 5c to \$1.50 at Popular Variety Mat.

FORREST—Last 6 Evgs. Matinee, Sat. RAYMOND HITCHCOCK in a New Musical Play, "SEVITY"

LITTLE "Misalliance" THEATRE | G. BERNARD SHAW

Wal