JUST GOSSIP ABOUT PEOPLE

Dinner-Dance at Ritz-Carlton Tonight for Two Debutantes—Mr. and Mrs. Newbold Entertain for Mrs. Brooke and Mr. Newbold

THE principal event in the social world today is the dinner-dance which the Fitz-Eugene Dixons will give in honor of Mr. Dixon's stepsister, Emily Welsh, and Betty Trotter, another debutante, whose home is in Chestnut Hill. The affair will be given in the Ritz-Carlton and there will be about 150 guests, mostly of the debutante set. Emily Welsh is the daughter of Mrs. T. Henry Dixon, whose first husband was the late Samuel Welsh, and Betty Trotter is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William Henry Trotter.

YOU know as war seems more and more imminent I am wondering if there will not be some hurrying of nuptial ties in the ranks of our volunteer army, as well as in the naval circles. For if the war does come I do not imagine Dick Elliot, for instance, will be able to wait here until February 17 to be married, and I wonder if the Downs men will go away again without insisting on leaving wives rather than sweethearts at home. Who knows, perhaps the very latest engaged couples may take to the license offices and "declare their intentions before all present." And I would not blame them exactly, would you? However, let us hope it does not mean war.

THE John Newbolds will give a dinner tonight at their home at Twentieth and Walnut streets in honor of Mrs. George Clymer Brooke and Trenchard Newbold, whose engagement was very recently announced and whose marriage will take place on Thursday of next week. Mrs. Brooke, you remember, was Rhoda Morris, the eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Effingham Morris. She married George Brooke about twelve or fourteen years ago, and he died after a long and painful illness some two years since. She is a sister, you know, of Mrs. Stacy Lloyd, who was Eleanor Morris, and her youngest sister, Carol Morris, married a Mr. Byers, of Pittsburgh, about five years ago. Mrs. Brooke's brother, Effingham Morris, Jr., will be married after Easter to Julia Lewis.

ANOTHER affair of interest this afternoon is the tea which Mrs. Arthur Meigs, of 1322 Walnut street, will give for her son and daughter-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. John Forsyth Meigs, 2d. Mr. and Mrs. Meigs were married on November 2. You remember, she was Elizabeth Myers, one of the four pretty Myers girls. She and Jack Meigs are living out at St. Davids. I should think the Myers family would be mighty lonely with only one daughter left at home. Three weddings in almost as many months. Good night! Just think of it!

THERE was quite a stir of excitement last night at the opera when it was discovered that the last and youngest member of the Richard McCall Elliot family had succumbed to the darts of Dan Cupid and that the engagement of Suzanne Elliot to young Robert Donner was announced. Suzanne made her debut in October at a tea given by her grandmother, Mrs. Charles Wheeler. Her sister Natalie, who had taken up nursing and graduated from the Presbyterian Hospital in the fall, became engaged to Lieutenant Fitz-Hugh Green and was married shortly before Christmas, and only a few weeks ago Dick's engagement and the date of his wedding (February 17) to Joan Packard were announced. Suzanne was the center of many congratulatory friends on the grand tier last evening and Mr. Donner was a guest at the supper given after the opera by the De Witt Cuylers for Suzanne and Dorothy Newbold. Her eldest sister, you know, was Marjorie Elliot, who married Sidney Brock several years ago. Mr. and Mrs. John Kearsley Mitchell entertained in the Stotesbury box last night, and Mrs. Gardner Cassatt had Mrs. Boyer and Ellen Mary in her box. Mrs. Aleck Coxe had as her guest Mr. and Mrs. Gerald Holsman, Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Paul, Mrs. Benjamin Chew Tilghman and Mrs. William B. Churchman.

MANY women who are interested in the French war relief committee of the Emergency Aid will meet this afternoon at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Edward Stotesbury, 1925 Walnut street, to hear Miss Winifred Holt speak on the work of the committee for men blinded in battle. The talk is to be illustrated by pictures. The patronesses for the affair include Mrs. J. Gardner Cassatt, Mrs. William Struthers Ellis, Mrs. Henry Middleton Fisher, Mrs. J. Willis Martin, Mrs. Arthur Emlen Newbold, Mrs. Edward W. Bok, Mrs. Barclay H. Warburton, Mrs. Cornelius Stevenson, Mrs. Cyrus H. K. Curtis, Mrs. John Cadwalader, Miss Marianne Biddle and Miss Caroline Sinkler. The conference will be held at 3:30 o'clock, and it is expected there will be a large attendance.

NANCY WYNNE.

Personals

Mr. and Mrs. Louis Rodman Page, Jr., of 2015 Locust street, will entertain at dinner on Friday night before the ball to be given by Mr. and Mrs. Hare Davis at Horticultural Hall. The guests will be Mr. and Mrs. Pierce Archer, Mr. and Mrs. Armitt Brown, Mr. and Mrs. Quincy Adams Gillmore and Mr. and Mrs. Robert Martin Williams.

Mrs. Page will shortly issue cards for two at homes, on March 15 and 22.

Mr. and Mrs. W. Griffin Gribbel, of 319 West Moreland avenue, Chestnut Hill, will give a theatre party tonight, followed by supper at the Bellevue-Stratford, in honor of Miss Elizabeth Gribbel. The other guests will be Miss Isabella Wanamaker, Miss Marie Louise Faries, Miss Natalie Davis, Mr. Weightman Faries, Mr. Graham Dougherty, Mr. George Beckwith and Mr. William J. Latta, Jr.

Mr. and Mrs. William W. Fitler, of 1600 Walnut street, will entertain thirty guests at the theatre, followed by supper at the Bellevue-Stratford, on Saturday in honor of Miss Katharine C. Lea, one of this season's debutantes.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph E. Widener, of Lynnewood Hall, Elkins Park, have Miss Eleanor Sears, of Boston, Mass., as their guest. Mr. and Mrs. Widener entertained at dinner last Sunday evening in her honor.

Miss Virginia Roberts, of 1826 De Lancey place, and Miss Barbara Brown, of Pittsburgh, as her guest for some time, Miss Brown returned to her home last week.

Mrs. William H. Shelmerdine, of Greenwood avenue, Wyncote, has left for Atlantic City, where she will spend several weeks at the Hotel Chelsea.

Mrs. Thomas Wetmore, of Arden, N. C., is spending some time in this city.

Mrs. William E. Goodman and Miss Ernestine Goodman, of Bethlehem pike, Chestnut Hill, have changed their plans and will not go to Jamaica, but will leave in a few days for Florida, and in consequence will discontinue their days at home until the spring. Miss Mary Ernestine Appleton will spend the next few weeks at Springside School.

Mrs. Samuel F. Houston, of Druim Moir, Chestnut Hill, will return today from a trip to New York.

A number of dinners are being planned to be given before the bal masque on February 20. Among those who will entertain are Miss Mabel Brice, of 1320 Locust street.

A subscription dinner is being arranged by Mrs. William Hirst to take place at the Anchorage. Mrs. Walter Blabon, of Bryn Mawr, will give a dinner and Mr. and Mrs. Frank S. Evans, of 2110 Spruce street, are arranging a little dinner party also.

Mrs. Charles O'Donnell Lee, Jr., of Wayne, left on Saturday for a ten days' visit to Washington, D. C.

Friends of Miss Margaret La Rue, of Pelham road, Germantown, will be sorry to hear that she has an attack of grip.

Mrs. Charles Starr, of Haverford, and her small daughter, Miss Mary Law Starr, have left for Atlantic City.

Mrs. Charles Wolcott Henry, of Chestnut Hill, who has been spending some time at the White Sulphur Springs, W. Va., returned home last week.

Miss Anna Barroll, of Allen lane, will leave next week for Atlantic City, where she will spend several days.

Mrs. N. Allen Stockton and her daughter, Miss Christine Stockton, of 2300 Pine street, have returned home from Atlantic City. The engagement of Miss Stockton and Mr. William Hopkins was recently announced.

Mr. George D. Widener, of Lynnewood Hall, Elkins Park, left last week for Palm Beach, Fla., where he will spend several months.

Mrs. Lewis Mann and her sister, Miss Florence Hancock, of 2021 Pine street, will be at home on Friday afternoon from 4 until 6 o'clock.

Mrs. Frederick Jost, of 1904 Pine street, will be at home tomorrow afternoon after 4 o'clock. Mrs. N. Allen Stockton will preside at the tea table. No cards have been sent out.

Arrangements are being made for an unusually attractive dinner-dance which will take place on Thursday, February 22, at the Germantown Cricket Club.

Mr. and Mrs. Howard T. Painter, of Wayne, will entertain at dinner on Friday night in honor of their daughter, Miss Dorothy Painter, and her guest, Miss Cora Wilson, before the midwinter dance at St. Luke's School. The guests will be from the school set.

Mrs. Thomas Newhall and her son, Mr. Charles S. Newhall, of The Old Place, Ithan, will return today from Atlantic City.

Mr. and Mrs. William Henry Hughes, of Coedfryn, Bryn Mawr, will leave on Saturday to spend several weeks at Palm Beach.

Miss Catherine Ann French, of Haverford, has gone to Saranac Lake, N. Y., to attend the winter carnival this week.

Mrs. H. John Patton has returned to her home in Wayne after visiting her father for three weeks in Toledo, O.

Mr. and Mrs. Murdock Kendrick left last Saturday for Hobb Sound, near Palm Beach, Fla., where they will spend three weeks.

Mrs. E. Booth Brown, of Tioga, has as her guest Miss Elizabeth D. Wolfe, of Pittsburgh. Miss Wolfe and Mrs. Brown will leave for Atlantic City some time next week.

The Isador Straus Club will present its annual show and dance at the Columbia Club, Broad and Oxford streets, on Monday evening, February 12. A feature of the show will be a Hawaiian dance. The performance is being coached by Mr. A. Alfred Abrahams.

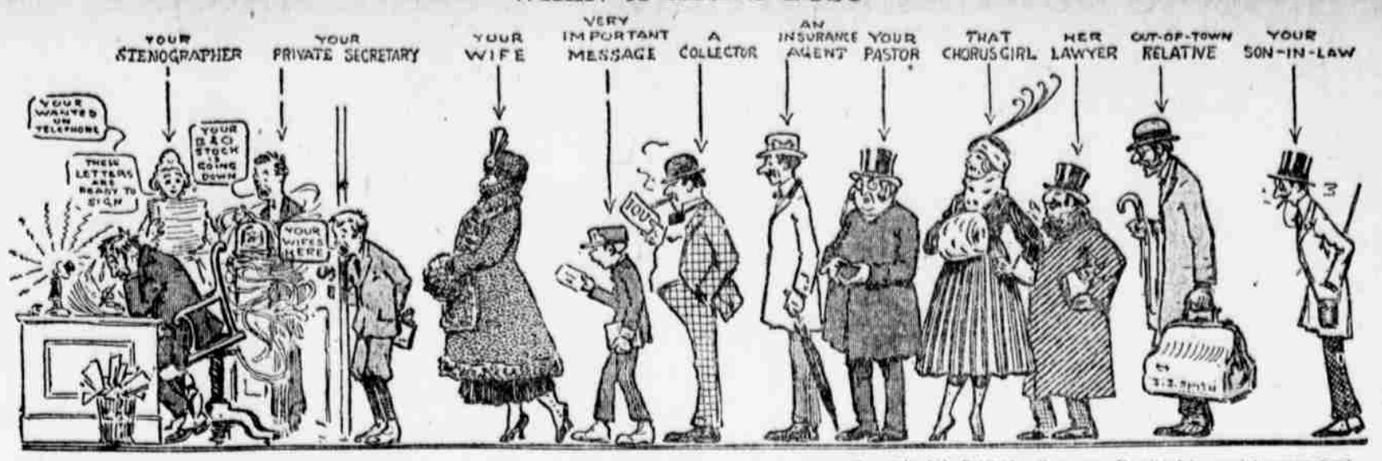
Mr. and Mrs. Edward L. Mack have issued invitations for the wedding of their daughter, Miss Charlotte Louis Mack, to Mr. William Town Sample, of Ardmore, on February 15. A reception will follow at the Rittenhouse Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Greenwood, Miss Charlotte Greenwood, of 7014 Clearview avenue; Mr. and Mrs. R. L. De Moya, of 4 East Mount Pleasant avenue, Mount Airy, and Mrs. Frank S. Rose, of 4629 North Twelfth street, Logan, will leave this week for a month's stay at Palm Beach and Miami, Fla.

MISS DOROTHEA FISCHER

Miss Fischer is a member of the Three Arts Club, which will hold its costume dance this evening at the Rittenhouse Hotel

"WHEN A MAN'S BUSY"



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Weddings

MONTGOMERY—JAYNE

Dr. E. E. Montgomery, of this city, and Miss Alice Jayne were married at the home of Mrs. Charles D. Leffingwell, in Yonkers, N. Y., yesterday. Doctor Montgomery was born in Newark, O., graduated at Denison University, Granville, O., and came to Philadelphia in 1872 to study medicine, graduating two years later. He became an interne in the Philadelphia Hospital, and shortly after the completion of this service was elected obstetrician to the staff, which position he retained for fifteen years. He held the chair of gynecology in the Medico-Chirurgical College for six years, and has been occupant of the same chair in Jefferson College for twenty-five years. He has been a member of the staff of St. Joseph's Hospital since 1890, and is connected with the Jewish Hospital and the Philadelphia Lying-in-Charity. He is an ex-president of the Alumni Association of Jefferson Medical College, Philadelphia Obstetrical Society, County Medical Society, Medical Club, Pennsylvania State Medical Society and the American Association of Obstetricians and Gynecologists. He was fifteen years a trustee of the American Medical Association, and for one year its first vice president.

He married Miss Helen Buckley in 1876, who died in 1913, leaving one daughter, the wife of Dr. P. Brooke Bland, of Philadelphia. Miss Jayne lost her parents in infancy, and was adopted and brought up by her uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. Frank A. Jayne, of Tarrytown, N. Y., and graduated from the training school of the Presbyterian Hospital of New York, but with the exception of her foster father, Mr. Jayne, now dead, and of Mrs. Jayne she has done no nursing. She met Doctor Montgomery professionally five years ago, but they did not meet again until a year ago.

HARRIS—WILL

The marriage of Miss Isabella Virginia Will to Mr. Linden Taylor Harris, of this city, was solemnized at 12:30 p. m. today by the Rev. Dr. Carl E. Grammer, rector of St. Stephen's Episcopal Church. Mr. and Mrs. Harris will be at home after April 1 at the Essex.

The bride is the daughter of Mr. Allen S. Will and was formerly of Baltimore.

Farmer Smith's Column

LET GO!

My Dears—When I was young I had the exquisite pleasure of being one of the drummer boys at a military school. It was there I learned to tighten a drum.

I wish to call your attention to the fact that your own dear body is likely to get all tightened up once in a while and I want you to learn to LET GO.

Have you ever seen a man try to jump onto a moving trolley car and be dragged half a block, all because he would not LET GO?

Sometime when you get angry (I hope you never do) your body gets all tightened up—your face looks like a beet and your fists are clenched and your poor blood rushes this way and that, wondering what it is all about.

Let go!

When your lessons become hard and your tired brain begins to whirl—let go!

When you sneeze and shiver and mother, says (to herself—I hope), "My! Jimmy's getting ANOTHER cold." Then, I say, LET GO!

If you are standing on a street corner shivering and your teeth are chattering—let go! Give your blood a chance to warm you. Jump up and down while you LET GO! Lovingly,

FARMER SMITH, Children's Editor.

BILLY BUMPUS AND ROVER

By Farmer Smith

One afternoon when things were too quiet for Billy Bumpus, the goat, he started out for a walk. He had not gone far when he met Rover, the big dog.

"Morning," said Billy Bumpus, as saucy as could be, for he had never liked Rover, anyway.

"It's afternoon, by the shadows," replied Rover. "Anything, except a goat, would know it is afternoon."

"Excuse me, I forgot to look at my wrist watch," said Billy with a laugh.

"Wrist watch!"

"That's what I said. You have big ears. Why don't you listen when you are spoken to?"

"I do, when somebody worth while is speaking."

This nettled Billy so that he had to stand still for a time until he could think what to say next. Then he said slowly, "Your tongue is always hanging out and I think if you would talk less it might be glad to stay in your mouth."

"Just because my tongue sticks out it is no sign I am always talking," answered Rover. "How do dogs perspire, if not with their tongues?"

"Don't know. Never was a dog. Glad I am not," snapped Billy.

"Do you know—I would like to see you get a good beating, but I haven't time to give it to you myself. If there is one thing the hired man loves to do, it is to BEAT you."

At the word BEAT, Billy jumped, for he was still sore from the last beating the hired man gave him.

Rover looked at him from the corner of his eye, while Billy ventured: "That hired man is the meanest man I ever knew. He is so mean——"

"You judge people by the way they treat YOU. Now, I judge them by the way I want them to treat me, and they are generally very kind to me because I am kind to them."

"Who ever heard of a dog being kind?" asked Billy.

"I would like to be kind to you for once, just to see if you know what I am talking about. I advise you to get out of this barn before you eat something which does not agree with you." Rover looked at Billy warningly.

"Everything agrees with me," answered Billy.

"I don't," said Rover. "You better skeedoodle!"

Just at that moment a stone came whizzing through the air and hit Billy on his side, almost knocking the wind out of him. He scampered away as fast as he could, but not too fast to hear Rover say:

"My tongue is some good, after all—even if you didn't heed my warning." Then he trotted back to the big house, where he sat and watched Billy in the distance rubbing his side.

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 asked incessantly to go to Africa.

LORD RAGNALL, finally consents, and it is while they are on the trip that his wife disappears. There is absolutely no trace of her whereabouts, but he refuses to believe that she was drowned in 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 Hottentot major-domo, Hans, and Ragnall with his valet, Bassano, leave for Kendah Land. There they meet two Arabs.

HABUT AND MARUT, prophets of the White Kendah, arrive to meet Allan, whom they call Macumazana, just as they had predicted when they appeared as conjurers at Ragnall's home. They wish Allan to kill Jana, the elephant-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 held by Harut and Marut and they agree to the Arabs' terms in order to reach the sacred city.

After a fierce fight with the Black Kendah, Allan and Marut are given over to Simba, king of the Black Kendah, so that the others may proceed unmolested. Marut threatens them with the three-fold curse of the Child, and a few days after their imprisonment a fierce hailstorm beats upon the place destroying the crops and flocks and killing thousands. This is the first curse.

Fearful lest the other two curses may come to pass, Simba releases Allan and Marut, without food or arms, at the edge of the forest which is the trampling ground of Jana. Allan hears queer noises and imagines he sees things moving. Marut is panic-stricken.

CHAPTER XII—(Continued)

I SHUT my eyes for a moment. When I opened them again it was to see poor Marut higher in the air than ever he flew before. I thought that he would never come down, but he did at last with an awesome thud. Jana went to him and very gently, now that he was dead, picked him up in his trunk. I prayed that he might carry him away to some hiding place and leave me in peace. But not so. With slow and stately strides, rocking the deceased Marut up and down in his trunk, as a nurse might rock a baby, he marched on to the very stone where I lay, behind, which I suppose he had seen or smelt me all the time.

For quite a long while, it seemed more than a century, he stood over me, studying me as though I interested him very much, the water of the lake trickling in a refreshing stream from his great ears on to my back.

Had it not been for that water I think I should have fainted, but as it was I did the next best thing—pretended to be dead. Perhaps this monster would scorn to touch a dead man. Watching out of the corner of my eye, I saw him lift one vast paw that was of the size of the seat of an arm-chair and hold it over me.

Now good-by to the world, thought I. Then the foot descended as a steam hammer does, but also as a steam hammer sometimes does when used to crack nuts, stopped as it touched my back, and presently came to earth again alongside of me, perhaps because Jana thought the foothold dangerous. At any rate, he took another and a better way. Depositing the remains of Marut with the most tender care beside me, as though the nurse were putting the child to bed, he unwound his yards of trunk, and began to feel me all over with its tip, commencing at the back of my neck. Oh! the sensation of that clammy, wriggling tip upon my spinal column!

Down it went till it reached the seat of my trousers. There it pinched, presumably to ascertain whether or not I were malingering, a most agonizing pinch like to that of a pair of blacksmith's tongs. So sharp was it that, although I did not stir who was aware that the slightest movement meant death, it tore a piece out of the stout cloth of my breeches, to say nothing of a portion of the skin beneath. This seemed to astonish the beast, for it lifted the tip of its trunk and shifted its head, as though to examine the fragment by the light of the moon.

Now indeed all was over, for when it saw blood upon that cloth—! I put up one short, piteous prayer to heaven to save me from this terrible end, and lo, it was answered!

For just as Jana, the results of the inspection being unsatisfactory, was cocking his ears and making ready to slay me, there rang out the short, sharp report of a rifle fired within a few yards. Glancing up at the instant, I saw blood spurt from the monster's left eye, where evidently the bullet had found a home.

He felt at his eye with his trunk; then, uttering a scream of pain, wheeled round and rushed away.

CHAPTER XIII

The Chase

I SUPPOSE that I swooned for a minute or two. At any rate, I remember a long and very curious dream, such a dream as is evolved by a patient under laughing gas, that is very clear and vivid at the time, but immediately afterward slips from the mind's grasp as water does from the clenched hand. It was something to the effect that all those hundreds of skeleton elephants rose and marshaled themselves before me, making obeisance to me by bending their bony knees, because, as I quite understood, I was the only human being that had ever escaped from Jana. Moreover, on the foremost elephant's skull Hans was perched like a mahout, giving words of command to their serried ranks and explaining to them that it would be very convenient if they would carry their tusks, for which they had no further use, and pile them in a certain place—I forget where—that must be near a good road to facilitate their subsequent transport to a land where they would be made into billiard balls and the backs of ladies' hairbrushes. Next, through the figments of that retreating dream I heard the undoubted voice of Hans himself, which of course I knew to be absurd, as Hans was lost and doubtless dead, saying:

"If you are alive, Baas, please wake up soon, as I have finished reloading Intombi, and it is time to be going. I think I hit Jana in the eye, but as big a beast will soon get over so little a thing as that and look for us, and the bullet from Intombi is too small to kill him, Baas, especially as it is not likely that either of us could hit him in the other eye."

Now I sat up and stared. Yes, there was Hans himself, looking just the same as usual, only perhaps rather dirtier, engaged in setting a cap on to the nipple of the little rifle Intombi.

"Hans," I said in a hollow voice, "why the devil are you here?"

"To save you from the devil, of course, Baas," he replied aptly. Then, resting the gun against the stone, the old fellow knelt down by my side and, throwing his arms round me, began to blubber over me, exclaiming:

"Just in time, Baas! Only just in time, for as usual Hans made a mess of things and judged badly—I'll tell you how afterward. Still, just in time, thanks be to your reverend father, the Predikant. Oh! if he had delayed me for one more minute you would have been as flat as my nose, Baas. Now come quickly. I've got the camel tied up there, and he can carry two, being fat and strong after four days' rest with plenty to eat. This place is haunted, Baas, and that king of the devils, Jana, will be back after us presently, as soon as he has wiped the blood out of his eye."

I didn't make any remark, having no taste for conversation just then, but only looked at poor Marut, who lay by me as though he were sleeping.

"O Baas," said Hans, "there is no need to trouble about him, for his neck is broken and he's quite dead. Also, it is as well," he added cheerfully. "For, as your reverend father doubtless remembered, the camel could never carry three. Moreover, if he stops here, perhaps Jana will come back to play with him instead of following us."

Poor Marut! This was his requiem as sung by Hans.

With a last glance at the unhappy man to whom I had grown attached in a way during our time of joint captivity and trial, I took the arm of the old Hottentot, or rather leaned upon his shoulder, for at first I felt too weak to walk by myself, and picked my path with him through the stones and skeletons of elephants across the plateau eastward, that is, away from the lake. About 200 yards from the scene of our tragedy was a mound of rock similar to that on which Jana had appeared, but much smaller, behind which we found the camel, kneeling as a well-trained beast of the sort should do and tethered to a stone.

As we went, in brief but sufficient language Hans told me his story. It seemed that after he had shot the Kendah general it came into his cunning, foreseeing mind that he might be of more use to me free than as a companion in captivity, or that if I were killed he might in that case live to bring vengeance on my slayers. So he broke away, as has been described, and hid till nightfall on the hillside. Then by the light of the moon he tracked us, avoiding the villages, and ultimately found a place of shelter in a kind of cave in the forest near to Simba Town, where no people lived. Here he fed the camel at night,

IN THIS COLD WEATHER

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"Can't you move over and let me warm my feet, too?"

concealing it at dawn in the cave. The days he spent up a tall tree, whence he could watch all that went on in the town beneath, living meanwhile on some food which he carried in a bag tied to the saddle, helped out by green mealies which he stole from a neighboring field.

Thus he saw most of what passed in the town, including the desolation wrought by the fearful tempest of hail, which, being in their cave, both he and the camel escaped without harm. On the next evening from his post of outlook up the tree, where he had now some difficulty in hiding himself because the hail had stripped off all its leaves, he saw Marut and myself brought from the guest house and taken away by the escort. Descending and running to the cave, he saddled the camel and started in pursuit, plunging into the forest and hiding there when he perceived that the escort were leaving us.

Here he waited until they had gone by on their return journey. So close did they pass to him that he could overhear their talk, which told him they expected, or rather were sure, that we should both be destroyed by the elephant Jana, their devil god, to whom the camelmen had been already sacrificed. After they had departed he remounted and followed us. Here I asked him why he had not overtaken us before we came to the cemetery of elephants, as I presumed he might have done, since he stated that he was close in our rear. This indeed was the case, for it was the head of the camel I saw behind the thorn trees when I looked back, and not the trunk of an elephant, as I had supposed.

At the time he would give me no direct answer, except that he grew muddled, as he had already suggested, and thought it best to keep in the background and see what happened. Long afterward, however, he admitted to me that he acted on a presentiment.

"It seemed to me, Baas," he said, "that your reverend father was telling me that I should do best to let you two go on and not show myself, since if I did so we should all three be killed, as one of us must walk whom the other two could not desert.

"Whereas, if I left you as you were, one of you would be killed and the other escape, and that the one to be killed would not be you, Baas. All of which came about as the Spirit spoke in my head, for Marut was killed, who did not matter, and—you know the rest, Baas."

To return to Hans's story. He saw us march down to the borders of the lake, and, keeping to our right, took cover behind the knoll of rock, whence he watched also all that followed. When Jana advanced to attack us Hans crept forward in the hope, a very wild one, of crippling him with the little Purdey rifle. Indeed, he was about to fire at the hind leg when Marut made his run for life and plunged into the lake. Then he crawled on to lead me away to the camel, but when he was within a few yards the chase returned our way and Marut was killed.

From that moment he waited for an opportunity to shoot Jana in the only spot where so soft a bullet would, as he knew, have the slightest chance of injuring him vitally—namely, in the eye—for he was sure that its penetration would not be sufficient to reach the vitals through that thick hide and the mass of flesh behind. With an infinite and wonderful patience he waited, knowing that my life or death hung in the balance. While Jana held his foot over me, while he felt me with his trunk, still Hans waited, balancing the arguments for and against firing upon the scales of experience in his clever old mind, and in the end coming to a right and wise conclusion.

At length His chance came, the brute exposed its eye, and by the light of the clear moon Hans, always a very good shot at a short distance when it was not necessary to allow for trajectory and wind, let drive and hit. The bullet did not get the brain as he had hoped; it had not strength for that, but it destroyed this left eye and gave Jana such pain that for a little while he forgot all about me and everything else except escape.

Such was the Hottentot's tale as I picked it up from his laconic, colorless, Dutch patois sentences, then and afterward—a very wonderful tale I thought. But for him, his fidelity and his bushman's cunning, where should I have found myself before that moon set?

(CONTINUED TOMORROW.)

"TRENCH COAT" THE THING

Military Cut of Garments for Spring Wear Is Forecast

COLUMBUS, O., Feb. 7.—Styles for men's clothing are to be adopted by the International Custom Cutters' Association, which opened its thirty-seventh annual convention here. According to William G. Witlin, of Philadelphia, chairman of the fashions committee, military cuts may be expected on account of the threatened war.

"Some shops are already featuring the trench coat, an exact duplicate of the coat worn by English officers on the western front," Witlin said.

More than 300 tailors are here. Cleveland and Cincinnati are after the next convention. Twenty suits and eight overcoats a year are the requirements of a well-dressed man, tailors attending the convention say.

Farmers Seek Liability Exemption

WILLIAMSTOWN, N. J., Feb. 7.—The local grange has passed resolutions pledging co-operation in the effort to amend the present employers' liability laws exempting farm and domestic labor. Assemblyman Roberts, of Burlington County, introduced such a bill on Monday evening.

What's Doing Tonight

Geographical Society of Philadelphia, Witherspoon Hall, 8 o'clock. Members.

Minstrel and vaudeville entertainment, under auspices of Boys' Catholic High School, Bellevue-Stratford, 8:30 o'clock. Admission charge.

Banquet, Pharmacy Department, Temple University, Adelphia Hotel. Members.

Dickens Fellowship dinner, Adelphia Hotel. Members.

Retail Grocers' annual banquet, Scottish Rite Hall. Members.

Foundrymen's Association meeting, Manufacturers' Club. Members.

Pennsylvania Rural Progress Association meeting, City Club, evening.

Socialist Party war protest meeting; Labor Lyceum Hall. Free.

Shriners; Lu Lu Temple.

"TAR AND FEATHERS"

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BIG "HOUSE" ATTESTS POPULARITY OF "AIDA"

Scenic Pageanty and Orchestral Pomp Matched by Vocal Performance

"Aida," which some of the operatic cognoscenti not only no longer admire but will not even suffer the hearing, was more than tolerated, it was last night enjoyed with enthusiasm, "eaten up," as they (not the cognoscenti!) say, by one of the season's largest "houses" at the Metropolitan. Verdi in his score is grandiose not grand, one cognoscento complains; he is too sonorously celebrant of the muddy Nile, another criticizes, and a third, of the super-cognoscenti, the illuminati as this degree is called, points out that "Aida" is not authentic and fine art because it falls between the two schools of the olden Italianate opera and the modern Wagnerized music-drama.

All possibly true, musical gentles, but it is popular, as the recalls of Gadski, Ober, Martinelli, Tegani, Ruysdael and the other members of the cast indicated. After all, while it is no testimony to the genuineness of art to say that it is favored by the mass, it is no argument that a work is not responsive to the touchstone of art because it wins the applause of listening galleries. All great creators have wrought for popularity; opera composers certainly have had it much in mind if they considered at all the capaciousness of the auditoriums in which their works were to be staged, and impresarios have gnashed their teeth, rent their locks and chewed hard on their cigars because operas were not popular.

Substitutions in the cast which brought Riccardo Tegani instead of Pasquale Amato for the Amonasro, and Basil Ruysdael instead of Giulio Rossi for the King did not mar the performance. Nor did the fact that three of the principals belong to the belligerent Teutons and the others to the belligerent bersegliori, who cheer for the reconquest of "Italia Irredenta" ruffle the artistic harmony.

Johanna Gadski's Ethiopian enslaved princess is a familiar impersonation, and she repeated it with wonted clarity and voluminousness of voice and admirable sense of the theatrical, particularly in the Nile and the entombment scenes. Ober is a comparative newcomer as the jealous Pharaonic daughter, and she proved as stalwart and vindictive as opera-goers have learned to expect from the majority of her predecessors. In the haircombing scene her voice seemed strident and forced, but there was a gain in mellowness as the opera proceeded. Minnie Egener voiced the melodious orisons behind the scenes very beautifully. Giovanni Martinelli was in excellent vocal form as Radames, but though he has the physical presence to denote the romantic figure of the librettist's imaginings he fails in the freedom of pose and largeness of gesture that belong to the part, so that histrionically he did not make the impressive hero that belonged to his lovely singing. Tegani, new here in the role, gave a conventional but theatrically effective Amonasro, and Ruysdael's king and Didur's high priest were duly resonant. Gennaro Papi again sat in the conductor's chair, and if his reading of the sumptuous score lacked impelling velocity it seldom failed in a sort of grave poetry. W. R. M.

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RETURN ENGAGEMENT
CHAPIN AS "LINCOLN"
Auspices University Extension Society, ACADEMY OF MUSIC, THURS. EVG., FEB. 8. Seats 25c to $2. Heppe's, 1119 Chestnut.
NOTE—As Mr. Chapin is devoting himself to his great moving picture enterprise, THE LINCOLN CYCLE OF PHOTOPLAYS—in which he is to appear throughout as Abraham Lincoln—this may be your last opportunity to HEAR him as "The Lincoln Man."
No part of the Lincoln Cycle has yet been shown to the public. A private showing of some section of it will be made after the performance at the Academy next Thursday evening.
Mr. Chapin will invite his audience to remain for this private showing. The Lincoln Cycle Photoplays are heart-gripping, humorous pictures—"Simply Great," like Lincoln himself.

The Stanley
MARKET Above 16TH
CONTINUOUS—11:15 A. M. to 11:15 P. M.
GEORGE BEBAN
IN FIRST PRESENTATION OF
"HIS SWEETHEART"
Added Attraction—First Showing
CHARLIE CHAPLIN in "Easy Street"
Thurs., Fri., Sat.—BESSIE BARRISCALE in "EACH TO HIS KIND"

Palace 1214 MARKET—10c, 20c
IRENE FENWICK & OWEN MOORE
in "A GIRL LIKE THAT"
Added Attraction CHARLIE CHAPLIN All Week
In First Showing of "EASY STREET"
Thurs., Fri., Sat.—HOUSE PETERS in "THE HAPPINESS OF THREE WOMEN"
All Next Week—VALESKA SURATT in "THE NEW YORK PEACOCK"

Arcadia CHESTNUT Below 16TH
Dorothy Dalton in "CHICKEN CASEY"
Added Attraction Mrs. Vernon Castle in "PATRIA"—24 Episode
Thurs., Fri., Sat.—"JIM BLUDSO"
Added—CHARLIE CHAPLIN in "Easy Street"

Regent MARKET Below 17TH
WM. FARNUM in "THE PRICE OF SILENCE"

Victoria MARKET Above 9TH
ALL THIS WEEK
Added Attraction
CHARLIE CHAPLIN
In First Presentation "EASY STREET"
and FRANK KEENAN in "BRIDE OF HATE"
Thurs., Fri., Sat., OLGA PETROVA in "BRIDGES BURNED"
COMING—The Event of the Season
NORMA TALMADGE in "FANTHEA"

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EVERY ACT A HIT!
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ADAMS & MURRAY; WILL MORRISSEY'S FOUR ENTERTAINERS, and OTHERS.
MRS. VERNON CASTLE in "PATRIA."

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BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA
Dr. Karl Muck, Con.
MONDAY EVENING, FEBRUARY 12, at 8:15
Soloist
ANTON WITEK
TICKETS AT HEPPE'S
Amphitheatre, 25c

Ysaye
Mon. Aft., 2 o'Clk., Feb. 26
ACADEMY OF MUSIC
For Benefit of Children's Homeopathic Hospital
Franklin & Thompson Sts.
Seats, $2.50, $2.00, $1.50, $1.00; Amphitheatre, 50c; sale opens tomorrow at Heppe's.

STRAND Venango East of Broad
Edith Storey & ANTONIO MORENO in "MOLLY, DARLING"
Orchestra 15. MARK SCHEU.

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BEAUTY, MIRTH, MELODY
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Fri. Evg. | KOREA & Tsing Tao
Sat. Mat. | Impressions of 1916
Tickets 50c, 75c, $1, at Heppe's. Amp., 25c.

GARRICK—Mat. Today AT 2 SHARP
Last 4 Evgs. at 8 Sharp. Last Mat. Sat.
Sir HERBERT TREE "HENRY VIII"
BEERBOHM
EDITH WYNNE MATTHISON, LYN HARDING
STARTING NEXT MONDAY MATINEE
"FAIR AND WARMER." Seats Tomorrow.

BROAD—Pop. Mat. Today 50c to $1.50
LAST 4 EVGS. LAST MAT. SATURDAY
GEORGE ARLISS in "THE PROFESSOR'S LOVE STORY"
Starting Next Monday Mat.—JOHN DREW in "MAJOR PENDENNIS." Seats Tomorrow.

FORREST—Mat. Today Last 4 Evgs. Mat. Sat.
RAYMOND HITCHCOCK
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Next Week—"BEN HUR." Seats Tomorrow.
Prices, 50c, $1, $1.50, no higher.

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

All Dramatic Critics Tell WHY You Should See
ANNA HELD in "Follow Me"
LYRIC $1.50 MATINEE TODAY TONIGHT AT 8:15

Walnut Mat. Tomor., 25c, 50c
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