JUST GOSSIP ABOUT PEOPLE

The World and His Wife Attend the Bal Masque in Horticultural Hall—Smaller Affairs Given at Mask and Wig and Ritz-Carlton

DID any one say Bal Masque? Was I just dreaming it, or rather did any one say anything in the world but Bal Masque today? If not, there must be something strange the matter, for no one in the swim stays home from this marvelous ball, for which hundreds of people from New York, Baltimore, Washington, Boston, Cincinnati and goodness knows where else come and fill the hotels to overflowing that they may dance and gambol to their heart's content in the midst of the tinkling bells and flowered decorations which transpose Horticultural Hall into a perfect bower of loveliness. And to think this Mardi Gras party started in the Roosevelt on Chestnut street above Twentieth not so very many years ago, and the perpetrators thereof being original young men let loose some white mice at the same time they threw confetti all over the place, and straightway their methods became famous and the ball grew and grew until now Joe Norris, who was the prime originator, is obliged to refuse invitations to petitioners right and left, for the ballroom can hold no more, and it is the largest in the city. The men on the committee this year are Walter Douglas, Joe Norris, May Easby, Quincy Gillmore, Edward Grant, Henry Hatfield, Ledyard Heckscher, Edward Hopkinson, Jr., Saunders Meade and Howard Rhoads.

Photo by the Photo Craftsers.

MRS. WALTER J. CONAHAN

Mrs. Conahan, who was married on February 1, will be remembered as Miss Gertrude Mary Gill, of 1426 Girard avenue.

AT THE Ritz-Carlton the Joe Wideners, whose costume dinners were famous before their period of mourning, will give a large affair, some of the guests, who will be the smartest of the smart, going afterward to the ball, but many remaining to dance at the Ritz.

THERE are many mothers of debutantes and fathers too, for that matter, who greatly object to having their daughters attend the bal masque, for it is generally acknowledged it is not quite the place for a timid deb. "There do be happenings there," you know. Remember the lady who confided to one of her friends that she had no idea who she sat out a dance with in the balcony, but he certainly was "some lover." And, strange though it may seem, the mere whisper of naughtiness makes the debbies wild to go and see all there is to be seen, but the Adolph Rosengartens have stepped into the breach this year and will give a perfectly delightful costume party in the Mask and Wig clubhouse for Elisabeth McMichael, the memory of whose father, the late Clayton McMichael, is held in such affection by the members of the club. The Rosengartens did the same thing last year, in that they gave a party for their niece, Sarah Neilson, on Shrove Tuesday, and the debbies were satisfied as well as those of this year, for they had their costume party and a delightful time as well and were not crowded and crushed off the floor in a great, huge crowd of dancers.

The Edwin Eldon Grahams will entertain at dinner before the Rosengarten dance for their daughter Lorraine, and Marion Wurts will be given a dinner by her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Kennedy Wurts.

YOU will not believe me, of course, but what I have to say is perfectly true. I actually heard a young man boasting the other day that he did not have to entertain a girl or ask her if he might take her to walk or any of the usual polite things men are supposed to do, for, said he: "They call me up all the time, you see, and if I don't feel like walking over to see them they send the car. This is the life!" Now is it not a strange state of affairs that mothers do not seem to know that their daughters spend a great part of their time calling up boys and asking them to go skating with them or walking or riding and all the other sorts of pastimes which "since time immemorial" have been man's privilege to offer. And then one hears of the awful rudeness of the young man of the present day! Isn't it, after all, sometimes a good deal the fault of the girl, who so far forgets her dignity and gives a man a chance to speak of her and her doings in the tone in which the young man I cite did. To be sure, there is no excuse for the men being made rude, but somehow this kind of thing takes a bit from the heinousness of their behavior.

NANCY WYNNE.

Personals

Mr. and Mrs. William J. Baird will entertain this evening in honor of their niece, Miss Gainor Owen Baird. The guests will be Miss Elizabeth Stanley Trotter, Miss Emily Price Welsh, Miss E. Pauline Dencka, Miss Mary Hutchinson Loering, Miss Katherine Putnam, Miss Elizabeth Chatham Adams, Mr. James Newman Carter, Jr., Mr. Thomas Hart, Mr. Edgar Wright Baird, Jr., Mr. Charles H. Baird, Mr. Owen J. Toland, Mr. William A. Clark, Jr., Mr. Morris Merritt, Mr. Holstein De Haven Fox, Mr. Devereux Josephs and Mr. and Mrs. Harrison K. Caner, Jr.

Mr. and Mrs. Franklin Langstaff, of Bradford Mills, who are spending the winter at their town house, 2217 Locust street, will entertain at dinner this evening before the bal masque in honor of their daughter, Miss Christine Rowley Baker. Among the guests will be Miss Edith Pleasanton, Miss Cecile Fitler Howell, Miss Mary D. Sharpless, Mr. and Mrs. Howard Forde Hansell, Jr., Lieutenant Edmund S. McCawley, U. S. N., and Mrs. McCawley, Mr. William S. Baker and Dr. Alexander O'Neil.

There will be a large number of other dinners before the ball which will be given in Horticultural Hall, and among those who will entertain are Mr. and Mrs. George J. Harding, Mr. and Mrs. Walter S. Thomson, Mrs. Washington Gilpin, Mr. and Mrs. Roland Foulke, in honor of Miss Margaret Stoddard, of Boston; Mr. and Mrs. Frank Sinclair Evans, Mr. and Mrs. T. Wistar Brown, Mr. and Mrs. E. B. Baltzar De Mare, Mr. and Mrs. Walter L. Foulke, Dr. and Mrs. Edwin Baldwin Gleason, Mr. and Mrs. Daniel H. Farr, Mr. and Mrs. Alexander H. Carver, Miss Brice, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Blabon, Miss Estelle Sanders and Miss Anita Sanders. There will be also several subscription dinners before the dance.

Mr. and Mrs. Dayton Larzelere have returned from their wedding trip and are spending several days with Mr. Larzelere's mother, Mrs. H. Larzelere, at her home on Washington lane, Chelten Hills, before occupying their new home on Webster avenue. Mrs. Larzelere will be remembered as Miss Mary Rose, of Germantown, before her marriage a few weeks ago.

At the dinner which Mr. and Mrs. H. S. [illegible]-Smith, of Pulaski avenue, Germantown, will give on Thursday evening at the Germantown Cricket Club the guests of honor will be Miss Amelia Sparks Douglas and Mr. Logan Howard Smith, whose engagement was recently announced. The other guests will be Miss Elise Howard-Smith, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Conahan, Mr. and Mrs. Caleb Sims, 2d, and Mr. and Mrs. Mark Stambach.

Mrs. Thomas Brown, of Wyncote, entertained at luncheon, followed by bridge, yesterday at 1 o'clock.

Mr. and Mrs. E. Bois Carver, of Indian Queen lane, Germantown, left yesterday for Wilmington, where they were the guests of Mr. J. B. Niles at dinner before the Assembly last night.

The Woman's Club of Wyncote will hold its first meeting this month on the afternoon of February 21, at 2:30 o'clock, in the clubrooms, on Greenwood avenue, Wyncote. The hostesses for this month are Mrs. Maurice Hoover and Mrs. Allan Reid. A lecture, entitled "Economics Up to Date," will be given by Miss Helen Louise Johnson.

On Wednesday afternoon, February 28, at 2:30 o'clock, a lecture will be given by Mrs. Jane Kane Foulke.

Miss Sarah Erdman, of 5922 Greene street, Germantown, entertained at cards yesterday at her home.

Miss Alice Dillenbeck, of West Upsal street, Germantown, gave an informal musicale at her home last night.

At the luncheon which Miss Eleanor Wunder and Miss Marguerite Burton, of West Coulter street, Germantown, will give today at Manheim in honor of Miss Katherine C. Gilbert and Miss Alice Dillenbeck the guests will be Miss Sydney Belville, Miss Genevieve Dillenbeck, Miss Dorothy Marshall, Miss Ruth Marshall, Miss Marie Starr, Miss Grace Myers, Miss Frances Beatty, Miss Henrietta Diamond, Miss Eleanor Grey, Miss Dorothy Morley, Miss Natalie Davis, Miss Doris Dexter, Miss Anna Law and Miss Margaret Law.

Mrs. Joseph E. Widener, of Elkins Park, spent yesterday in New York.

Weddings

YARNALL—HOPKINS

A wedding of interest to Philadelphia society was that of Miss Elise Latrobe Hopkins, of 1908 Rittenhouse square, and Mr. Alexander Coxe Yarnall. The ceremony took place at 12:30 o'clock in St. James's Protestant Episcopal Church and was performed by the Rev. John Meekridge, rector of the church. Miss Hopkins, who was given in marriage by her uncle, Mr. Gamble Latrobe, of Baltimore, wore a gown of tulle. Her veil of tulle was artistically arranged with orange blossoms and she carried a shower bouquet of orchids. Mrs. George Milton Jones, of West Virginia, who attended her sister as matron of honor, wore a superb frock of pink tulle and a pink hat. She carried an arm bouquet of daffodils. The bridesmaids included Miss Letitia McKim, Miss Anne Coleman, Miss Agnes Yarnall and Miss Anne Sophia Yarnall, and the little flower girl was Miss Anita Porter Clothier, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William J. Clothier.

The best man was Mr. Chase H. Davis, of Cincinnati, and the ushers were Mr. Arthur E. Newbold, Jr., Mr. Sidney F. T. Brock, Mr. Thomas F. Bloomer, of Boston; Mr. Charles Wolcott Henry, Mr. G. Dawson Coleman, Mr. William J. Clothier, Mr. Rowland Evans, Jr., Mr. Phinehas P. Chrystie, Mr. R. Gilpin Ervin, Mr. Clarence H. Clark, 3d, Mr. Robert Toland, Jr., Mr. George M. Jones, of West Virginia; Mr. Robert S. Potter, Mr. Gordon H. Balch, Mr. Francis C. Gray and Mr. John Simpkins, of Boston; Mr. James W. Scully, Jr., of Pittsburgh, and Mr. Edward Sampson.

A small reception followed the ceremony at the home of Miss Hopkins, on Rittenhouse square, after which Mr. and Mrs. Yarnall left on a wedding trip.

WIGTON—SMUCKER

A very attractive wedding took place this afternoon when Miss Elizabeth Willet Smucker, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Melick Smucker, of 1823 Spruce street, become the bride of Mr. Robert Wilson Wigton, son of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Wigton, of School House lane, Germantown. The ceremony took place at 3:30 o'clock, in Christ Church Chapel, Nineteenth and Pine streets, and was performed by the Rev. Louis C. Washburn, rector of Christ Church, Second and Market streets.

A reception followed immediately after the ceremony at the home of the bride's parents, 1823 Spruce street.

The church was decorated with palms, ferns and smilax, interwoven with large bunches of roses and orchids. The house was also decorated, the color scheme being carried out.

The bride was given in marriage by her father and had as her only attendant Miss Margaret Crittenden Overton, of New York.

Mr. Wigton was attended by Mr. William L. Nicholl, of New York, as best man, and the ushers were Mr. E. Newton Wigton, brother of the bridegroom; Mr. Hobort Porter, Mr. William Olmstead, Mr. Donald Sinclair, Mr. Richard P. Brown and Dr. De Forrest Willard.

The bride wore an exquisite gown of white satin, made on very plain lines. The bodice was of satin and had long angel sleeves of the white tulle. Tulle was also arranged around the neck. A shower bouquet of lilies of the valley, orchids and white lilacs was carried.

The maid of honor was gowned in orchid-colored taffeta, trimmed with a great deal of silvercloth. A large picture hat of brown tulle was worn.

After an extended wedding trip Mr. and Mrs. Wigton will live at Haverford.

SUBSIDY TO CHARITIES TOPIC OF CONFERENCE

Public Charities Association to Be Addressed by State Treasurer at Annual Meeting

State Treasurer Robert K. Young will arrive here today to attend the annual meeting of the Public Charities Association, which will take place at 4 o'clock this afternoon at the Bellevue-Stratford, after which an open discussion will follow relating to the care of the insane and the feeble-minded.

Mr. Young will discuss the subsidy situation in Pennsylvania, both from the standpoint of one acquainted with the financial problems of the State and of a citizen interested in the welfare of private charities. At the meeting of the Public Charities Association, the legislative program of that organization will be announced, and the program of activities for the next year will be determined.

Addresses will also be delivered by Clifford W. Beers, of New York, secretary of the National Committee for Mental Hygiene and the author of "The Mind That Found Itself," and Homer Folks, of New York. Mr. Folks is secretary of the State Charities Aid Association of New York, and author of several books upon the care of dependent children and cognate topics.

For twenty years Mr. Folks has been in the thick of the fight for the abandonment of State aid to private charities, and is expected to deal vigorously with the subsidy system as exemplified in Pennsylvania.

The open discussion, it is expected, will be attended by many women and men who are prominent in settlement work and who are visitors at Blockley and other public institutions. These visitors call on inmates who are friendless and have no relatives.

Farmer Smith's Column

BILLY BUMPUS LEARNS SOMETHING

By Farmer Smith

"My! My!" exclaimed Billy Bumpus to himself as he trotted off briskly in the direction of the brick pile beside the Goatville Skating Rink which was being built. "It takes a good, big appetite to make a fellow hustle along. Nothing makes me think better than being hungry."

"Is that so?"

Billy did not think there was any one near him when he spoke, but as he turned around he said:

"Hello, Mrs. Hoptoad. I did not know you were here."

"It's always a good plan to look around when you are talking, so that you can see who is listening to you," said Mrs. Hoptoad, smiling so her mouth opened as wide as she would have opened it to catch a dainty fly. Then she added, "Where are you going?"

"Since you ask me, I'll tell you that I am going to have a dinner of soft bricks. I love bricks."

"Where did you go to school?" asked Mrs. Hoptoad.

"What's that got to do with bricks?" asked Billy, squinting one eye at his friend.

"I was taught in the Frogville High School that it is impossible for any one to LOVE a thing. One may love a person, but never a THING."

"Oh, is that so? Well, you see, you were a girl when you learned that, and they don't teach boys such silly nonsense. I love bricks when they are soft. I love tin cans when they are made into soup and I dearly love boiled shingle nails and——"

"And you forget all about your dear wife who cooks for you and who LOVES you and not what SHE cooks," interrupted Mrs. Hoptoad.

"Listen, my friend, you are talking so much you make me forget all about my appetite. If you talk much more I will not be hungry," said Billy.

"Oh, dear, when will you ever learn that your stomach is not everything?"

"I guess I will learn it when I get something to eat," replied Billy, looking very solemn.

"Go, then. Don't let me stop you. You—you may starve to death while you are talking. Your voice sounds very hollow," said Mrs. Hoptoad.

At the word STARVE Billy almost fainted. He had never heard that word but once before, and he hoped he would never hear it again. As it was, he felt himself growing pale, but he managed to say:

"Who ever heard of a goat starving to death?"

"I did," answered Mrs. Hoptoad. "It was a long time ago, and they put him in the heavens, the people did, and they call him Capricorn, and every night you can see him in the stars."

"I wish I had gone to the Frogville school," said Billy. "How do you know so much?"

"I hold my tongue with one hand and hold my eyes open with the other," said Mrs. Hoptoad. Then she added hastily: "Look! There goes a wagonload of bricks."

"Thanks," replied Billy, as he started off, little knowing the surprise he was to encounter.

QUICK THINKING

Dear Children—I want you to be interested in the things about you. I want you to observe as you walk along. Notice the trees, the scenery and, above all, the people you meet.

People are interesting and they are always a sign board of their own thoughts. There is the doctor—you can always tell him by his manner. There is the minister—you can always tell him. Do you know how to tell a shoedealer or a bootblack? They always look at your SHOES.

I am pointing out these things to you so that your walks and rides may be more interesting. The other day I was on a street car and the box beside the motorman took fire. I think this box is called the controller box, but I am not sure.

The conductor ran around trying to keep the dear people from being panic stricken. The motorman did not know what to do, strange to say. A man on the back platform THOUGHT QUICKLY and pulled the trolley off the overhead wire.

THINK OF THAT!

A boy might have done it and yet those two men did not think as quickly as they should. Of course, when the current was cut off, the fire went out. A very simple thing, and yet if the man on the back platform had not thought quickly, there might have been a panic.

How wonderful it is to be able to do the right thing at the right time!

How still more wonderful it is to know what to do in an emergency.

The school catches fire—baby falls downstairs—an automobile runs over some one—do you know what to do?

I suppose you will answer KEEP COOL! That is correct in so far as it goes, but keeping cool may or may not get you and the others safely out of a burning school—it may help you pick the baby up and it probably will aid you in helping the injured one, BUT we must not only think quickly, but act rightly.

It will help you to sit down and tell me in a letter what YOU would do under the circumstances mentioned above — what would you do in the three emergencies?

Your loving editor,

FARMER SMITH.

Prize Offered

Farmer Smith, of the EVENING LEDGER, will speak at the Levering Public School Wednesday morning at 9 o'clock. A prize of $1 will be given to the pupil of this school who writes the best essay on Farmer Smith's Talk. Further announcement at the school Wednesday.

THE ALLEY "CHAMPEEN"

Copyright, Life Publishing Company. Reprinted by special arrangement.

"Wot's yer name?"
"James Lowell Tennyson Browning Smythe."
"Well, I kin lick th' whole of ye."

THE IVORY CHILD

By H. RIDER HAGGARD

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

CHAPTER XVIII—(Continued)

MORE I would tell never but fearing lest in excitement or in game they might fire away to the last cartridge uselessly, as before now even disciplined white troops have been known to do. Therefore I had arranged that certain old men of standing who could be trusted should wait in a place of comparative safety behind the line, carrying all our reserve ammunition, which amounted, allowing for what had been expended in practice, to nearly sixty rounds per rifle. This they were instructed to deliver from their wallets to the being line in small lots when they saw it was necessary and not before.

After a few words of exportation and caution to the natives who acted as sergeants to the corps, I returned to a hollow shelter that had been built for us behind a rock to get a few hours' sleep, if that were possible before the fight began.

Here I found Ragnall, who had just come in from his inspection. This was of a much more extensive nature than my own, since it involved going round some forlongs of the rough walls and trenches that he had prepared with so much thought and care and seeing that the various companies of the White Kendah were ready to play their part in the defence of them.

He was tired and rather excited, too much so to sleep at once. So we talked a little while, first about the prospects of the morrow's battle, as to which we were, to say the least of it, dubious and afterward of other things. I asked him if during his stay in this place, while I was below at the town or later, he had heard or seen anything of his wife.

"Nothing," he answered. "These priests never speak of her, and if they did Harut is the only one of them that I can really understand. Moreover, I have kept my word strictly, and even when I had occasion to see to the blocking of the western road, made a circuit on the mountain top in order to avoid the neighborhood of that house where I suppose she lives. Oh! Quatermain, my friend, my case is a hard one, as you would think if the woman you loved with your whole heart were shut up within a few hundred yards of you and no communication with her possible after all this time of separation and agony. What makes it worse is, as I gathered from what Harut said the other day, that she is still out of her mind."

"That has some consolations," I replied, "since the mindless do not suffer. But if such is the case, how do you account for what you and poor Savage saw that night in the Town of the Child? It was not altogether a fantasy, for the dress you described was the same we saw her wearing at the Feast of the Firstfruits."

"I don't know what to make of it, Quatermain, except that many strange things happen in the world which we mock at as insults to our limited intelligence because we cannot understand them." (Very soon I was to have another proof of this remark.) "But what are you driving at? You are keeping something back."

"Only this, Ragnall. If your wife were utterly mad I cannot conceive how it came about that she searched you out and spoke to you even in a vision—for the thing was not an individual dream, since both you and Savage saw her. Nor did she actually visit you in the flesh, as the door never opened and the spider's web across it was not broken. So it comes to this: either some part of her is not mad but can still exercise sufficient will to project itself upon your senses, or she is dead and her disembodied spirit did this thing. Now we know that she is not dead, for we have seen her and Harut has confessed as much. Therefore I maintain that, whatever may be her temporary state, she must still be fundamentally of a reasonable mind, as she is of a natural body. For instance, she may only be hypnotized, in which case the spell will break one day."

"Thank you for that thought, old fellow. It never occurred to me and it gives me new hope. Now listen! If I should come to grief in this business, which is very likely, and you should survive, you will do your best to get her home; will you not? Here is a codicil to my will which I drew up after that night of the dream, duly witnessed by Savage and Hans. It leaves to you whatever sums may be necessary in this connection and something over for yourself.

"Take it, it is best in your keeping, especially as if you should be killed it has no value."

"Of course, I will do my best," I answered as I put away the paper in my pocket. "And now don't let us take any more thought of being killed, which may prevent us from getting the sleep we want. I don't mean to be killed if I can help it. I mean to save those poor beggars, the Black Kendah, such a doing as they never had before, and then start for the coast with you and Lady Ragnall, as God willing we shall do. Good night."

After this I slept like a top for some hours, as I believe Ragnall did also. When I awoke, which happened suddenly and completely, the first thing that I saw was Hans seated at the entrance to my little shelter smoking his corncob pipe and nursing the single-barrelled rifle, Intombi, on his knee. I asked him what the time was, to which he replied that it lacked two hours to dawn. Then I asked him why he had not been sleeping. He replied that he had been asleep and dreamed a dream, idly enough, I inquired what dream, to which he replied:

"Father, a strange one, Baas, for a man who is about to go into battle. I dreamed that I was in a large place that was full of quiet. It was light there, but I could not see any sun or moon, and the air was very soft and tasted like food and drink, so much so, Baas, that if any one had offered me a cup of it full of the best 'ape smoke' I should have told him to take it away. Then, Baas, suddenly I saw your reverend father, the Predikant, standing beside me and looking just as he used to look, only younger and stronger and very happy, and so, of course, knew at once that I was dead and in hell. Only I wondered where the fire that does not go out might be, for I could not see it. Presently your reverend father said to me: 'Good day, Hans. So you have come here at last. Now tell me, how has it gone with my son, the Baas Allan? Have you looked after him as I told you to do?'

"I answered: 'I have looked after him as well as I could, O reverend sir. Little enough have I done; still, not once or twice or three time only have I offered up my life for him as was my duty, and yet we both have lived.' And that I might be sure he heard the best of me, as was but natural, I told him the times, Baas, making a big story out of small things, although all the while I could see that he knew exactly just where I began to lie and just where I stopped from lying. Still, he did not scold me, Baas; indeed, when I half finished, he said:

"'Well done, O good and faithful servant' words that I think I have heard him use before when he was alive, Baas, and used to preach to us for such a long time on Sunday afternoons. Then he asked: 'And how goes it with Baas Allan, my son, Hans?' to which I replied:

"'The Baas Allan is going to fight a very great battle, in which he may well fall, and if I could feel sorry here, which I can't, I should weep, O reverend sir, because I have died before that battle began and, therefore, cannot stand at his side in the battle and be killed for him as a servant should for his master!'

"'You will stand at his side in the battle,' said your reverend father, 'and those things which you desire you will do, as it is fitting that you should. And afterward, Hans, you will report to me of how the battle went and of what honor my son has won therein.

"'Moreover, know this, Hans, that though while you live in the world you seem to see many other things, they are but dreams, since in all the world there is but one real thing, and its name is Love, which, if it be but strong enough, the stars themselves must obey, for it is the king of every one of them, and all who dwell in them worship it day and night under many names for ever and ever. Amen.'

"What he meant by that I am sure I don't know, Baas, seeing that I have never thought much of women, at least not for many years since my last old vrouw went and drank herself to death after lying in her sleep on the baby which I loved much better than I did her, Baas.

"Well, before I could ask him, or about hell either, he was gone like a whiff of smoke from a rifle mouth in a strong wind."

Hans paused, puffed at his pipe, spat upon the ground in his usual reflective way and asked:

"Is the Baas tired of the dream or would he like to hear the rest?"

"I should like to hear the rest," I said in a low voice, for I was strangely moved.

"Well, Baas, while I was standing in that place, which was so full of quiet, turning my hat in my hands and wondering what work they would set me to there among the devils, I looked up. There I saw coming toward me two very beautiful women, Baas, who had their arms around each other's necks. They were dressed in white, with the little hard things that are found in shells hanging about them, and bright stones in their hair. And as they came, Baas, wherever they set a foot flowers sprang up, very pretty flowers, so that all their path across the quiet place was marked with flowers. Birds, too, sang as they passed, at least I think they were birds, though I could not see them."

"One of them, Baas, the taller, I did not know. But the other I know well enough; it was she whose name is holy, not to be mentioned. Yet I must mention that name! it was the Missie Marie herself as last we saw her alive many, many years ago, only grown a hundred times more beautiful."

Now I groaned, and Hans went on:

"The two White Ones came up to me and stood looking at me with eyes that were more soft than those of bucks. Then the Missie Marie said to the other, 'This is Hans, of whom I have so often told you, O Star.'

Here I groaned again, for how did this Hottentot know that name, or rather its sweet rendering?

"Then she who was called Star asked: 'How goes it with one who is the heart of all three of us, O Hans?' Yes, Baas, those Shining Ones joined me, the dirty little Hottentot in my old clothes and smelling of tobacco, with themselves when they spoke of you, for I know they were speaking of you, Baas, which made me think I must be drunk, even there in the quiet place. So I told them all that I had told your reverend father, and a very great deal more, for they seemed never to be tired of listening. And once, when I mentioned that sometimes, while pretending to be asleep, I had heard you praying aloud at night for the Miss Marie who died for you, and for another who had been your wife whose name I did not remember but who had also died, they both cried a little, Baas.

"Their tears shone like crystals and smelt like that stuff in a little glass tube which Harut said that he brought from some far land when he put a drop or two on your handkerchief, after you were faint from the pain in your leg at the house yonder. Or perhaps it was the flowers that smelt, for where the tears fell there sprang up white lilies shaped like two babe's hands held together in prayer.

"Baas, the White One who was called Star, asked me of your son, the young Baas Harry, and I told her that when last I had seen him he was strong and well and would make a bigger man than you were, whereat she sighed and shook her head. Then the Missie Marie said, 'Tell the Baas, Hans, that I also have a child which he will see one day, but it is not a son.'

"After this they, too, said something about Love, but what it was I cannot remember, since even as I repeat this dream to you it is beginning to slip away from me fast as a swallow skimming the water. Their last words, however, I do remember. They were: 'Say to the Baas that we who never met in life, but who here are as twin sisters, wait and count the years and count the months and count the days and count the hours and count the minutes and count the seconds until once more he shall hear our voices calling to him across the night.' That's what they said, Baas. Then they were gone and only the flowers remained to show that they had been standing there.

"Now I set off to bring you the message and traveled a very long way at a great rate; if Jana himself had been after me I could not have gone more fast. At last I got out of that quiet place and among mountains where were dark kloofs, and there in the kloofs I heard Zulu impis singing their war-song; yes, they sang the ingoma or something very like it. Now suddenly in a pass of the mountains along which I sped, there appeared before me a very beautiful woman whose skin shone like the best copper coffee kettle after I have polished it, Baas. She was pressed in a leopard-hide mocha and wore on her shoulders a fur kaross, and about her neck a circlet of blue beads, and from her hair there rose one crane's feather tall as a walking-stick, and in her hand she held a little spear. No flowers sprang beneath her feet when she walked toward me and no birds sang, only the air was filled with the sound of a royal salute which rolled among the mountains like the roar of thunder, and her eyes flashed like summer lightning."

Now I let my hands fall and stared at him, for well I knew what was coming.

"'Stand, yellow man!' she said, 'and give me the royal salute.'

"So I gave her the Bayete, though who she might be I did not know, since I did not think it wise to stay to ask her if it were hers of right, although I should have liked to do so. Then she said: 'The Old Man on the plain yonder and those two pale White ones have talked to you of their love for your master, the Lord Macumazana. I tell you, little Yellow Dog, that they do not know what love can be. There is more love for him in my eyes alone than they have in all that makes them fair. Say to the Lord Macumazana that, as I know well, he goes down to battle and that the Lady Mameena will be with him in the battle as, though he saw her not, she has been with him in other battles and will be with him till the River of Time has run over the edge of the world and is lost beyond the sun.

"'Let him remember this when Jana rushes on and death is very near to him today, and let him look—for then perchance he shall see me. Begone now, Yellow Dog, to the heels of your master, and play your part well in the battle, for of what you do or leave undone you shall give account to me. Say that Mameena sends her greetings to the Lord Macumazana and that she adds this, that when the Old Man and the White Ones told you that Love is the secret blood of the worlds which makes them to be they did not lie. Love reigns and I, Mameena, am its priestess and the heart of Macumazana is my holy house.'

"Then, Baas, I tumbled off a precipice and woke up here; and, Baas, as we may not light a fire I have kept some coffee hot for you buried in warm ashes," and without another word he went to fetch that coffee, leaving me shaken and amazed.

For what kind of a dream was it which revealed to an old Hottentot all these mysteries and hidden things about persons whom he had never seen and of whom I had never spoken to him? My father and my wife Marie might be explained, for with these he had been mixed up, but how about Stella and above all Mameena, although, of course, it was possible that he had heard of the latter, who made some stir in her time? But to hit her off as he had done in all her pride, splendor and dominion of desire!

Well, that was his story which, perhaps fortunately, I lacked time to analyze or brood upon, since there was much in it calculated to unnerve a man just entering the crisis of a desperate fray. Indeed a minute or so later, as I was swallowing the last of the coffee, messengers arrived about some business, I forget what, sent by Ragnall I think, who had risen before I woke. I turned to give the pannikin to Hans, but he had vanished in his snake-like fashion, so I threw it down upon the ground and devoted my mind to the question raised in Ragnall's message.

(CONTINUED TOMORROW)

"ADS" WE HAVE NEVER SEEN

Scald Yourself By Using

Copyright Life Publishing Company.

"FASTNACHT DAY" HERE TO HERALD LENT

Forerunner of Penitential Season Brings Pancake and the Doughnut With Hole in It

Pancakes and doughnuts apart frequently are forerunners of indigestion, but when they come together, as they did this morning, they are symbolic of the arrival of Shrove Tuesday.

English customs and traditions of the Pennsylvania Dutch both are used in this culinary combination. In old England, before the days of the Protestant Reformation, strict adherence to the doctrine of abstinence from meat during Lent was the rule. As Shrove Tuesday precedes the forty-day fast, in fact, gains its name from the fact that persons are shriven for their sins before the start of Lent, it was customary to use up all the lard and such in English households to make pancakes.

The doughnut was added later. But, as a matter of fact, the correct term by which the edible with a hole in it is known among the up-State folks is "Fastnacht." Whence the title "Fastnacht Day," instead of Shrove Tuesday. In the Scottish and English dialect the word is "Fasten-e'en," indicating the eve of Lent.

What's Doing Tonight

Bal Masque, Horticultural Hall. Admission charge.

Opera "Francesca da Rimini," Metropolitan Opera House. Admission charge.

Forty-seventh annual masked ball, Italian Beneficial Society, Musical Fund Hall, 8 o'clock. Admission charge.

Public Charities Meeting, Bellevue-Stratford, 8 o'clock. Free.

Massmeeting, Property Owners, Cambria Theatre, Twentieth and Cambria streets, 8 o'clock. Free.

Annual play and dance, Cercle Francaise, Temple University; Bellevue-Stratford, 8 o'clock. Admission charge.

Carnival of Dancing Classes, Academy of Music, 8 o'clock. Admission charge.

Midvale Athletic Association dinner, Kugler's, 7:30 o'clock. Members.

James Wilson Law Club dinner, Kugler's, 7:30 o'clock. Members.

Ladies of American Gas Company dinner, Kugler's, 7 o'clock. Members.

Pennsylvania Society of the Archeological Institute of America, Houston Hall, Thirty-fourth and Spruce streets, 8 o'clock. Free.

Fifty-seventh Street Improvement Association, Stinson's Hall, Sixtieth street and Girard avenue, 8 o'clock. Free.

Lancaster Avenue Business Men, 3930 Lancaster avenue, 8 o'clock. Free.

North Branch, Y. M. C. A., gymnastic exhibition, Second street and Allegheny avenue. Admission charge.

Lecture, "Heldrich Zwingli," by Dr. T. F. Herman, 1421 Arch street.

Lecture, "Indians of New Mexico," by Mrs. Arthur R. Iliff, Academy of Natural Sciences. Free.

B. F. KEITH'S Theatre
HERE IT IS!
Vaudeville's Greatest Girl Act
With MARGARET IVING, FELIX ADLER and Co. of 20
A Continuous Whirl of Mirth and Melody
Staged in a Garden of Beauty.
TREMENDOUS SURROUNDING SHOW!
HAROLD DUKANE & CO.; EVA TAYLOR & CO.; GEORGE M. ROSENER; GEORGE AUSTIN MOORE & CORDELIA HAAGER & Others.
MRS. VERNON CASTLE in "PATRIA"

The Stanley — Continuous 11:15 A. M. to 11:15 P. M.
MARKET Above 16TH
FANNIE WARD
IN FIRST PRESENTATION OF
The Winning of Sally Temple
Added Attraction—Second Installment
Official British War Pictures
Guaranteed Real, Actual and Authentic
Thurs., Fri., Sat.—Mae Murray, "On Record"

Palace — 1214 MARKET, 10c, 20c. 10 A. M. to 11:15 P. M. WM. FOX Presents THEDA BARA IN TIGER WOMAN EXCLUSIVE FIRST SHOWING
Thurs., Fri., Sat.—GEORGE BEBAN in "HIS SWEETHEART"

Arcadia — CHESTNUT Below 16TH 10 A. M. to 11:15 P. M. LENORE ULRICH "HER OWN PEOPLE"
In First Presentation
Added—Mrs. Vernon Castle, "PATRIA," No. 4.
Thurs., Fri., Sat., THEDA BARA in "THE TIGER WOMAN"

Regent — MARKET ST. Below 17TH Douglas Fairbanks in "THE AMERICANO"

Victoria — MARKET STREET Above NINTH ALL THIS WEEK
JOSEPH SCHENCK Presents
NORMA TALMADGE
in Exclusive First Presentation OF A FILM VERSION OF "PANTHEA"
A Play That Created a Furore in All Europe and America.

GLOBE Theatre — MARKET & JUNIPER STS.
VAUDEVILLE—Continuous 10c, 15c, 25c, 35c 11 A. M. to 11 P. M.
R. A. ROLFE Presents Musical Spectacle "YE OLDEN DAYS"
KID FROLICS, MADAME ?; OTHERS.

CROSS KEYS — MARKET Below 60TH Daily, 2:30; Evgs., 7 & 9 COLLEGE GIRLS' FROLICS

BROADWAY — BROAD and SNYDER Daily, 2, 6:30, 9:15 SINGER'S MIDGETS AND OTHERS
VALESKA SURATT in "New York Peacock"

ACADEMY OF MUSIC
NEWMAN Traveltalks COLOR VIEWS MOTION PICTURES
Thurs. Evg. at 8:15—HAWAII
MANILA — Impressions of 1916
Tickets 50c, 75c, $1 at Heppe's. Amp., 25c.

METROPOLITAN OPERA HOUSE
METROPOLITAN OPERA COMPANY, N. Y.
TONIGHT AT 8 (FIRST TIME HERE)
FRANCESCA DA RIMINI
Mmes. Alda, Mason, Garrison, Perini, Braslau, Sparkes, Delaunois; MM. Martinelli, Amato, Hadley, Tegani, Cond., Mr. Polacco.
Seats 1108 Chestnut St. Walnut 4424. Race 97.

STRAND — VENANGO E. of BROAD Lillian Walker "KITTY MACKAY"
18 Musicians. W. F. Brafhares, Tenor Soloist.

Knickerbocker — 40TH & MARKET STS. Mats. Tues., Thurs., Sat. Stock "45 Minutes From Broadway" Co. in Next Week—"WITHIN THE LAW"

ORPHEUM — Germant'n & Chelten Ave. MATINEE TODAY "HANS UND FRITZ"
Next Week—Rose Melville in "Sis Hopkins"

CASINO — MATINEE TODAY ROSE SYDELL & Her London Belles
WALNUT Above 8th

Walnut — MATINEE TODAY, 25c, 50c. Thurs. & Sat. Mats., 25c, 50c, 75c. Evenings, 25c, 50c, 75c, $1. "LITTLE WOMEN"

Little THEATRE — SEE IT TONIGHT "What the Doctor Ordered"

SEE IT BEFORE TOO LATE ! !
CHESTNUT STREET OPERA HOUSE
LAST 2 WEEKS
TWICE DAILY—2:05 AND 8:05
D. W. GRIFFITH'S
COLOSSAL $2,000,000 SPECTACLE
"INTOLERANCE"
Most Wonderful Show Ever Presented
BIG ORCHESTRA AND CHORUS

BROAD — LAST 5 EVGS. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 50c to $1.50 at Pop. Mat. Tomor. EXTRA MAT. WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY JOHN DREW in "MAJOR PENDENNIS" Next Week—"Treasure Island." Seats Thurs.

GARRICK — Nights, 8:15. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 50c to $1.50 at Pop. Mat. Tomor. EXTRA MAT. WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY FAIR AND WARMER

FORREST — LAST 5 EVGS. AT 8 SHARP MATINEE TOMORROW at 2 EXTRA MAT. WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY KLAW & ERLANGER'S GORGEOUS NEW PRODUCTION BEN HUR
Next Week—MITZI in POM-POM. Seats Thurs.

LYRIC — LAST 8 TIMES Last Pop. $1.50 Mat. Wednesday. Special Mat. Thursday, Washington's Birthday. ANNA HELD in "FOLLOW ME" with HENRY LEWIS

SOLD INTO A