JUST GOSSIP ABOUT PEOPLE

A Large Ball Will Be Given Tonight at the Ritz-Carlton by Mr. and Mrs. Fitz-Eugene Dixon and Mr. George D. Widener

THE large affair tonight will be a ball, but it will not be for debutantes, as the other two large parties already given this week have been. Still, debutantes will be by no means barred from the ball tonight, which is to be given by Mr. and Mrs. Fitz-Eugene Dixon and George Widener, a brother of Mrs. Dixon, at the Ritz-Carlton. This will be the first large affair given in the Widener family since the death of old Mr. Peter A. B. Widener some two years ago, or for that matter since the death of Mr. George Widener and his son, Harry, on the Titanic, in that horrible sacrifice of human lives. Mrs. Dixon was Eleanor Widener, you remember, better known among her intimates as "Dimple." She was married to Eugene Dixon shortly after the Titanic disaster, as the date had been already set, but the marriage was a very quiet affair.

Photo by Rembrandt Studio.

MISS DOROTHY L. GOLDSMITH

Miss Goldsmith's engagement to Mr. Morton A. Netter, of this city, was recently announced.

Society is indeed glad to welcome back the members of this popular family to its circle, and the ball tonight will be attended by very many. There will be, of course, a number of dinners and theatre parties before the dance, prominent among them that given by the William Ellis Sculls for Aimee Hutchinson and Joe Thayer, whose engagement was announced about two months ago. Aimee is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Pemberton Hutchinson. Her mother was a Miss Amy Lewis, daughter of the late John T. Lewis, and is a sister of Mrs. Thomas De Witt Cuyler, Mrs. William W. Montgomery, Mrs. J. Ogden Hoffman and Mrs. Edward Beale. So Aimee, of course, is a first cousin of Eleanor Cuyler, who is to be married in the spring to Joe Walker, of New York, and also a first cousin of Hope Beale Cromwell.

Joe Thayer, of course, you know is one of The Five Thayer Men, almost as famous under that title as The Wheeler Men, though the Thayers are not as huge for even if they do excel in point of number I doubt if they would in weight, yet the Five are some huskies, too, believe me. Well all this is aside from the main issue, but you see every one seems to be so well pleased over it I thought I might pass the general joy along. The Standley Stokes will give a dinner tonight before the dance, and so will the Charles Custis Harrison, Jrs., and the George Brookes, while Mr. and Mrs. Patrick Grant, 2d, will give a small theatre party before going to the ball.

THE second ice-skating carnival on the golf course rink of the Merion Cricket Club was held last evening and was as great a success as the first. The Bryn Mawr Band furnished the music, and to say the affair was gay would be going very mildly. Every one you know was there. Indeed, I doubt not that the Lea's ball was almost affected by it, because there is a novelty about skating which certainly attracts more than dancing in flower-laden, heated atmospheres and eating heavy, rich food night after night. I was interested in hearing two young men talking in the train last week. They had been to a ball the night before and there was another one for that night and still a third for the night following. "NO, SIR," said one. "Never again! They don't get me to another party like that. Kept up till 4 o'clock. Then I had to take Mary home in the car and finally got out to the house at 5. Didn't hit the hay till nearly 5:30, and here I am with a day's work ahead of me. Not me! They'll either have their dances earlier or they'll do without your uncle. And what's more I heard five other fellows say the same thing. I tell you it can't be did! Of course, the girls stand it all right. They go to bed and have breakfast in bed at 12 the next day and a maid to massage them and everything on earth done for them!"

"Well, it's just come to this: After this week I strike, too," said his neighbor. "I'm so tired I feel like a rag, and if I hadn't been fool enough to ask a girl for supper tonight and made a date with another for tomorrow I'd stay home, too. It's the limit!" And so young America, having expressed himself, settled back to the discussion of the latest move of the President, the situation in Europe and the general outlook of the business world. I felt sympathy for them, for had I not been up late the night before, too?

NANCY WYNNE.

Personals

Mr. and Mrs. George W. Elkins, Jr., entertained at dinner last evening at 7 o'clock at Chelten House, Ashbourne road, in honor of their tenth wedding anniversary.

At the luncheon which Mrs. Ralph Earle, of Haverford, gave yesterday in honor of her sister-in-law, Miss Edith Earle, the guests included Miss Emilie Posey Kendall, Miss Barbara Claymont, Mrs. Joseph M. Patterson, 2d, and Miss Theodora K. Lillis.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Maybin Hart, of Villanova, will give a dinner-dance tomorrow night.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Stewart Wurts entertained informally at the performance of "The Great Lover" last night.

The Plays and Players will hold its thirtieth club night tomorrow and Saturday at the Playroom, 43 South Eighteenth street. Two plays will be given: "Lithania," by Rupert Brooke, and "Suppressed Desires," a Freudian comedy, by George Cram Cook and Susan Glaspell.

Mrs. John Borden, of 618 South Washington square, announces the engagement of her daughter, Miss Lavinia Borden, and Mr. Herbert S. Welsh, of Germantown.

Mr. and Mrs. Randal Morgan will entertain at dinner on Friday, February 2, in honor of Miss Violet P. Welsh, debutante daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William W. Welsh before the midwinter ball.

Mr. Frederic Cauldwell, of Washington, spent the week-end as the guest of Mr. Lindley Johnson at Rosemont. Mr. Cauldwell's marriage to Miss Eleanor S. Thackara, of Paris, will take place at Mr. Johnson's home on January 31.

Mr. and Mrs. P. Williamson Roberts, of Bella Vista, Villanova, are spending a few days in New York.

Mr. and Mrs. William R. Verner and Miss Eleanor Verner, of Wayne, are spending a week at the Marlborough-Blenheim, Atlantic City.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward C. Dale have taken a house near Fryn Mawr and will move out in the early spring.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Francis Bochman, of 2048 Locust street, will entertain at dinner this evening before the Fortnightly Dancing Class in honor of their guest, Miss Edith Temple Gracie. The guests will include Miss Josephine Shippen Foster, Miss Elizabeth Gribbell, Mr. Townsend Whelen Lycett, Mr. Charles Langhorn Taylor, Mr. Richard P. Brown and Mr. Theodore M. Freed.

Mrs. Francis Howard Williams, president of the Army and Navy Relief Association, has called a meeting of the members for Friday morning in the Site and Relic Society Rooms to hear Mrs. Nute, who has just returned from Armenia and who has an interesting and thrilling story to tell.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Chase, whose wedding was one of the most important events of the midwinter season, are occupying their new home, Radnor road, Radnor. Mrs. Chase was Miss Susan Lynah Bruce before her marriage.

Colonel John S. Muckle and Mrs. Muckle, of 2023 Walnut street, left this morning for Washington to attend the Congress of Constructive Patriotism.

Miss Katharine Potter, of St. Martins, will leave on February 1 for Boston, where she will be the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Rowley. Mrs. Rowley was Miss Catherine Davis, of Germantown, before her marriage.

The Thomas F. Leiper Chapter of the Daughters of the Revolution was entertained at bridge yesterday at the home of the regent, Mrs. George Flavell, 5538 Wayne avenue, Germantown.

Mrs. George Franklin Brown, of 411 West Price street, Germantown, has Mrs. Francis Dallam Barksdale, of Richmond, Va., as her guest.

Mrs. Eugene Raymond, of 718 Lincoln drive, Germantown, entertained at bridge last night at her home.

The Sixteen Club will hold its annual subscription dance Friday evening, February 16, at the Twentieth Century Club, Lansdowne.

Mrs. Edward Walt Crittenden, of 1016 Farragut terrace, will be at home Thursdays in February. No cards have been sent out.

Mrs. Justine Parker announces the engagement of her daughter, Miss Frances Catherine Parker, to Mr. Ross M. Lenderman, of Wilmington, Del. They will be married some time in June.

The Alumnae Association of the Girls' High and Normal School of Philadelphia will hold its annual luncheon on Saturday at the Adelphia.

Miss Mary Florence Lathrop, of Denver, a graduate of the school and now a prominent member of the Colorado bar, will be the guest of honor.

Mrs. Charles Simkle, of Bridesburg, announces the engagement of her daughter, Miss Hettie Augusta Simkle, to Mr. William W. Smith, of 3900 Richmond street.

Miss Elizabeth Schmidt, of 5329 Wayne avenue, Germantown, gave a luncheon recently. Among the guests were Miss Margaret Bannon, Miss Leora Peabody, Miss Cecilia Kelly, Miss Eleanor Mauser, Miss Edith Graeber, Miss Elizabeth White, Miss Julia Ball, Miss Lora Bennett, Miss Mary Beck, Miss Madeline Beck, Miss Sue Luggerine and Miss Sylvia Brown.

Weddings

BROWN—MEGARGEE

One of the prettiest of the winter weddings will be that of Miss Miriam Megargee and Mr. George Brown, which will take place this evening at 6:30 o'clock in St. Luke's Protestant Episcopal Church, Germantown. The ceremony will be performed by the rector, the Rev. Samuel Upjohn. The bride, who will be given in marriage by Mr. William Harold Sharp, will wear a superb gown of white satin and silver brocade made with a deep flounce of silver lace and silver lace sleeves. Her veil of rose point lace will be arranged in a Russian tiara and trimmed with clusters of orange blossoms. She will carry a shower bouquet of white orchids and gardenias. Mrs. Herbert M. Tilden, the bride's sister, who will be matron of honor, will be gowned in white velvet trimmed with pearl bands. Her hat of white georgette crepe will have sprays of violet bird of paradise and she will carry a white staff topped by a cluster of purple orchids. The bridesmaids, including Miss Mildred Jack, Miss Elise Hepburn, Miss Lucile Pelouze, Mrs. Harold E. Cook, Miss Frances Buck and Miss Josephine Ford, will be gowned two in violet and silver brocade, two in apricot and two in blue, made with flounces of tulle the shade of the frock. They will also wear hats of georgette crepe to match their frocks. Those wearing violet will carry arm bouquets of tea roses and violets, while a shower of double violets will form the bouquets worn by the bridesmaids gowned in apricot and those wearing blue will carry pink rosebuds and blue Vanda Caerula artistically arranged. There will be two cunning little flower girls, Miss Miriam Tilden and Miss Mignon Foerderer, whose white organdie frocks will be trimmed with Irish lace and blue satin sashes. They will wear small white straw bonnets and will carry baskets of sweetheart roses and forget-me-nots. Mr. Brown will have his brother, Mr. John A. S. Brown, Jr., as best man, and the ushers will be Mr. Samuel Kendall Bushnell, Mr. Carroll Smith Bayne, Mr. E. Sanderson Cushman, Mr. Francis Buvitt Thorn, Mr. Samuel Adams Hartwell, Jr., and Mr. Percival Edward Foerderer.

A reception will follow at the Germantown Cricket Club, for which invitations were issued by Mr. and Mrs. Harold Tunnell, brother-in-law and sister of Miss Megargee.

After an extended wedding journey Mr. Brown and his bride will live in Pittsburgh.

Farmer Smith's Column

A BROADER FAITH

Dear Children—All great preachers and all great writers are persons of BROAD experience, and they draw from this experience in order to reach and hold their audiences.

In this my talk to you I want to make a plea for a BROADER FAITH in YOUR future undertakings. We started our talks with the three words: FAITH, HOPE, LOVE.

Children are always full of love and hope. It might be well for them to cultivate a broader FAITH.

I had the pleasure one time of helping to distribute a number of things to the needy, and the first day we started most of our things were given away, and we had nothing to give those to whom we had promised clothing, etc., for the following day! When the next day came we received enough things and enough money to purchase what was needed.

One mother waited for over an hour for some warm clothing for her babe, and while she was waiting the postman came in with some warm leggings and a sweater the size she desired.

To broaden your FAITH, see if you cannot be of MORE service to those about you. By being of service you will find what YOUR PART is in the great army of those who are trying to make this world of ours better, and the world will turn around and pay you generously for your services.

Above all, have a BROADER FAITH in *Yourself*.

You can do it if you will but have a broader faith to know that you CAN do it, no matter how impossible it may seem.

Lovingly,

FARMER SMITH.
Children's Editor.

NANNIE GOAT AND THE CAKE

By Farmer Smith

One night, just as Billy Bumpus sat down to tell his daughter, Nannie Goat, a story, he heard a voice calling, "Father! Father!" He went to the head of the stairs and Mrs. Bumpus whispered something in his ear. Then he went back to tell Nannie the following story:

"Once upon a time there were two little goats who had very good smellers——"

"You mean noses," interrupted Nannie Goat.

"Yes," continued her father. "Two little goats with wonderfully good noses, who could smell a piece of cake about two miles off.

"One of the little goats had a mother who used to make cake for her, and she never, never refused to give the little goat some of the cake which she had baked.

"One day, what do you think happened?"

"I cannot imagine," said Nannie Goat, all aglow with curiosity.

"Well," said Billy Bumpus, looking very crafty and stroking his whiskers, "the two little goats smelled the cake which one of the little goat's mother had made and both of them waited until the cake was done and had been set out on the kitchen window shelf to cool, and then——"

"I know the rest of the story," said Nannie Goat, sitting bolt upright in bed.

"So does another little goat friend of yours, Miss Jemina Goat." Then he added, "I think both of you ought to have a spanking."

"I think so, too," said Nannie Goat, "but before you spank me I really would like to tell mother how good that cake was. I think it is wonderful that you selected such a good cook for a wife. The cake was delicious. You know good cooks are scarce nowadays."

"You are a dear, sweet daughter," said Billy Bumpus, as he gave Nannie a great big hug.

"I'm ready for you to spank me," answered Nannie as she turned over.

"I guess not tonight," said her father, the tears coming into his eyes. "But it is always a better plan to ask for things first than to be found out afterward, as you cannot fool anybody but yourself."

"Then, Daddy, will you give me another piece?"

"Of course! Of course, my dear," replied Billy, as he scooted downstairs and into the pantry where he found Mrs. Bumpus.

"I guess our dear daughter has learned a lesson," he said, as he kissed his wife. "May she have another piece of cake?"

"Yes," replied Mrs. Bumpus, with a smile, "and so may her father."

"WHERE THE HITCH COMES IN"

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THE IVORY CHILD

By H. RIDER HAGGARD

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

THE STORY THUS FAR

ALLAN QUATERMAIN, a famous African hunter and fortune seeker, is in England on one of his occasional visits. While there he is invited to attend a dinner at a famous old estate.

LORD RAGNALL, the host, and Quatermain strike up a close friendship during the reception prior to the dinner in honor of Miss Holmes, Lord Ragnall's fiancee.

LUNA HOLMES is a young woman of great beauty, who was named Luna because of a birthmark in the shape of a moon on her breast.

During the course of the dinner Miss Holmes tells Quatermain of an incident in her early life, when two Arabs failed in an attempt to kidnap her. Shortly after dinner these two Arabs arrive, making inquiry about Quatermain.

HABUT and MARUT ask for Quatermain by his Arab name, Macumazana, and further frighten Lord Ragnall's valet, Savage, by producing snakes from their pockets. The Arabs are shown in and closed with Quatermain to return to Africa and kill the giant elephant-god Jana.

Quatermain smells of an incense from the censer which the Arabs hand him and sees as through a mist, the elephant killing a child. Miss Holmes then inhales the incense, and sees a child-god place a string of gems on her neck. The Arabs prophesy that Quatermain will slay the elephant, and that Miss Holmes will come to Africa. They leave and give Quatermain a small packet as a present for Ragnall's fiancee. It is the string of gems which Miss Holmes saw in the vision.

That night Quatermain discovers Miss Holmes walking in her sleep. He follows her into the garden and arrives in time to prevent Harut and Marut from abducting the unconscious woman.

Two years later Lord Ragnall surprises Quatermain by visiting him in Africa. Ragnall is seeking Luna, who, after becoming his wife, disappeared from their boat on the Nile. Luna was driven insane when an elephant tore her child from her arms and crushed it to the earth. Ragnall, to satisfy his wife's vagary, agreed to the African trip.

Ragnall tells Quatermain the details of his wife's disappearance and expresses the belief that she flung herself into the Nile. To his great surprise, Quatermain discredits this theory and gives his reasons for believing that Luna has been kidnapped by the priests, Harut and Marut, who, he thinks, regard her as the oracle of their worship.

New hope fills Ragnall and he finances a rescue expedition which Quatermain proposes. With a small party of natives they set out on their perilous journey to Kendah Land.

CHAPTER IX—(Continued)

WE TOOK with us a small army of Zulu bearers. This, although they were difficult to feed in a country where no corn could be bought, proved fortunate in the end, since so many of our cattle died from tsetse bite that we were obliged to abandon one of the wagons, which meant that the goods it contained must be carried by men. At length we reached the banks of the river, and camped there one night by three tall peaks of rock which the natives called "The Three Doctors," where I had instructed the messengers to tell the Mazitu to send to meet us. For four days we remained here, since rains in the interior had made the river quite impassable. Every morning I climbed the tallest of the "Doctors" and with my glasses looked over its broad yellow flood, searching the wide, bush-clad land beyond in the hope of discovering the Mazitu advancing to meet us. Not a man was to be seen, however, and on the fourth evening, as the river had now become fordable, we determined that we would cross on the morrow, leaving the remaining wagon, which it was impossible to drag over its rocky bottom, to be taken back to Natal by our drivers.

Here a difficulty arose. No promise of reward would induce any of our Zulu bearers even to wet their feet in the waters of this River Luba, which, for some reason that I could not extract from them, they declared to be "tagati," that is, bewitched, to people of their blood. When I pointed out that three Zulus had already undertaken to cross it, they answered that those men were half-breeds, so that for them it was only half-bewitched, but they thought that even so one or more of them would pay the penalty of death for his rash crime.

It chanced that this happened, for, as I have said, two of the poor fellows did die, though not, I think, owing to the magical properties of the waters of the Luba. This is how African superstitions are kept alive. Sooner or later some saying of the sort fulfills itself and then the instance is remembered and handed down for generations, while other instances in which nothing out of the common has occurred are not heeded or are forgotten.

This decision on the part of those stupid Zulus put us in an awkward fix, since it was impossible for us to carry over all our baggage and ammunition without help. Therefore glad was I when before dawn on the fifth morning the nocturnal Hans crept into the wagon, in the after part of which Ragnall and I were sleeping, and informed us that he heard men's voices on the further side of the river, though how he could hear anything above the roar of the water passed my comprehension.

At the first break of dawn again we climbed the tallest of the "Doctors" rocks and stared into the mist. At length it rolled away and there on the farther side of the river I saw quite a hundred men who by their dress and spears I knew to be Mazitu. They saw me also, and raising a cheer, dashed into the water, groups of them holding each other around the middle to prevent their being swept away. Thereupon our wily Zulus seized their spears and formed up upon the bank. I slid down the steep side of the "Great Doctor" and ran forward, calling out that these were friends who came.

"Friends or foes," answered their captain sullenly, "it is a pity that we should walk so far and not have a fight with those Mazitu dogs."

Well, I drove them off to a distance, not knowing what might happen if the two peoples met, and then went down to the bank. By now the Mazitu were near, and to my delight at the head of them I perceived no other than my old friend, their chief general, Habemba, a one-eyed man with whom Hans and I had shared many adventures. Through the water he plunged with great bounds, and reaching the shore, greeted me literally with rapture.

"O Macumazana," he said, "little did I hope that ever again I should look upon your face. Welcome to you, a thousand welcomes, and to you, too, Light-in-Darkness, Lord-of-the-Fire, Cunning-one whose wit saved us in the Battle of the Gate. But where is Dogeetah, where is Wazeeka, and where are the Mother and the Child of the Flower?"

"Far away across the Black Water, Habemba," I answered. "But here are two others in place of them," and I introduced him to Ragnall and Savage by their native names of Ignoza and Bana.

He contemplated them for a moment, then said:

"This," pointing to Ragnall, "is a great lord, but this," pointing to Savage, who was much the better dressed of the two, "is but a cock of the ashpit arrayed in an eagle's feathers," a remark I did not translate, but one which caused Hans to snigger vacuously.

While we breakfasted on food prepared by the "Cock of the Ashpit," who among many other merits had that of being an excellent cook, I heard all the news. Bausi, the king, was dead, but had been succeeded by one of his sons, also named Bausi, whom I remembered. Beza-Town had been rebuilt after the great fire that destroyed the slavers, and much more strongly fortified than before. Of the slavers themselves nothing more had been seen, or of the Pongo either, though the Mazitu declared that their ghosts, or those of their victims, still haunted the island in the lake. That was all, except the ill tidings as to two of our messengers, which the third, who had returned with the Mazitu, reported to us.

After breakfast I addressed and sent away our Zulus, each with a handsome present from the trade goods, giving into their charge the remaining wagon and our servants, none of whom, somewhat to my relief, wished to accompany us further. They sang their song of good-by, saluted and departed over the rise, still looking hungrily behind them at the Mazitu, and we were very pleased to see the last of them without bloodshed or trouble.

When we had watched the white tilt of the wagon vanish, we set to work to get ourselves and our goods across the river. This we accomplished safely, for the Mazitu worked for us like friends and not as do hired men. On the further bank, however, it took us two full days so to divide up the loads that the bearers could carry them without being overladen.

At length all was arranged and we started. Of the month's trek that followed there is nothing to tell, except that we completed it without notable accidents and at last reached the new Beza-Town, which much resembled the old, where we were accorded a great public reception. Bausi II himself headed the procession which met us outside the south gate on that very mound which we had occupied in the great fight, where the bones of the gallant Faveva and my other hunters lay buried. Almost did it seem to me as though I could hear their deep voices joining in the shouts of welcome.

That night, while the Mazitu feasted in our honor, we held an indaba in the big new guest house with Bausi II, a pleasant-faced young man, and old Habemba. The king asked us how long we meant to stay at Beza-Town, intimating his hope that the visit would be prolonged. I replied, but a few days as we were traveling far to the north to find a people called the Kendah whom we wished to see, and hoped that he would give us bearers to carry our goods as far as the confines of their country. At the name of Kendah a look of astonishment appeared upon their faces and Habemba said:

"Has madness seized you, Macumazana, that you would attempt this thing? Oh! surely you must be mad."

"You thought us mad, Habemba, when we crossed the lake to Rica Town, yet we came back safely."

"True, Macumazana, but compared to the Kendah the Pongo were but as the smallest star before the face of the sun."

"What do you know of them then?" I asked. "But stay—before you answer I will speak what I know," and I repeated what I had learned from Hans, who confirmed my words, and from Harut and Marut, leaving out, however, any mention of their dealings with Lady Ragnall.

"It is all true," said Habemba when I had finished, "for that old woman of whom Light-in-Darkness speaks was one of the wives of my uncle and I knew her well. Hearken! The Kendah are a terrible nation and countless in number and of all people the fiercest. Their king is called Simba, which means Lion. He who rules is called Simba and has been so called for hundreds of years. He is of the Black Kendah whose god is the elephant Jana, but as Light-in-Darkness has said, there are also the White Kendah who are Arab men, the priests and traders of the people. The Kendah will allow no stranger within their doors; if one comes they kill him by torment, or blind him and turn him out into the desert which surrounds their country, there to die. These things the old woman who married my uncle told me, as she told them to Light-in-Darkness, also I have heard them from others, and what she did not tell me, that the White Kendah are great breeders of the beasts called ramsis which they sell to the Arabs of the north. Do not near them, for if you pass the desert the Black Kendah will kill you; and if you escape these, then their king, Simba, will kill you; and if you escape him, then their god Jana will kill you; and if you escape him, then their white priests will kill you with their magic. Oh! long before you look upon the faces of those priests you will be dead many times over."

"Then why did they ask me to visit them, Habemba?"

"I know not, Macumazana, but perhaps because they wished to make an offering of you to the god Jana, whom no spear can harm; no, nor even your bullets that pierce a tree."

"I am willing to make a trial of that matter," I answered confidently, "and any way, we must go to see these things for ourselves."

"Yes," echoed Ragnall, "we must certainly go," while even Savage, for I had been translating to them all this while, nodded his head, although he looked as though he would much rather stay behind.

"Ask him if there are any snakes there, sir," he said, and foolishly enough I put the question to give me time to think of other things.

"Yes, O Bena. Yes, O Cock of the Ashpit," replied Habemba. "My uncle's Kendah wife told me that one of the guardians of the shrine of the White Kendah is such a snake as was never seen elsewhere in the world."

"Then say to him, sir," said Savage when I had translated almost automatically, "that shrine ain't a church where I shall go to say my prayers."

Alas! poor Savage little knew the future and its gifts.

Then we came to the question of bearers. The end of it was that after some hesitation Bausi II, because of his great affection for us, promised to provide us with these upon our solemnly undertaking to dismiss them at the borders of the desert, "so that they might escape our doom," as he remarked cheerfully.

Four days later we started, accompanied by about one hundred and twenty picked men under the command of old Habemba himself, who, he explained, wished to be the last to see us alive in the world. This was depressing, but other circumstances connected with our start were calculated to weigh even more upon my spirit. Thus the night before we left Hans arrived and asked me to "write a paper" for him. I inquired what he wanted me to put in the paper. He replied that as he was going to his death and had property, namely the £650 which had been left in a bank to his credit, he desired to make a "white man's will" to be left in the charge of Habemba. The only provision of the sad will was that I was to inherit his property, if I lived. If I died, which, he added, "of course, you must, Bana, like the rest of us," it was to be devoted to furnishing poor black people in hospitals with something comforting to drink instead of "cow's water" that was given to them there. Needless to say I turned him out at once, and that testamentary deposition remained unrecorded. Indeed, it was unnecessary since, as I reminded him, on my advice he had already made a will before we left Durban, a circumstance that he had quite forgotten.

The second event, which occurred about an hour before our departure, was, that hearing a mighty wailing in the market place, where once Hans and I had been tied to stakes to be shot to death with arrows, I went out to see what was the matter. At the gateway I was greeted by the sight of about a hundred old women plastered all over with ashes, engaged in howling their loudest in a melancholy unison. Behind these stood the entire population of Beza-Town, who chanted a kind of chorus.

(CONTINUED TOMORROW)

SAFETY FIRST

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Medium—We are now in communication with the spirit of your departed wife. Is there anything you would like to say to her?

"Yes, but I ain't going to start anything."

MISS BESSIE C. DU PONT WEDS

Wilmington Girl Becomes Bride of Washington Man

WILMINGTON, Del., Jan. 25.—One of the most interesting weddings of the season took place in Christ Episcopal Church, near this city, yesterday when Miss Bessie Cazenove du Pont, the daughter of Mrs. Bessie Gardner du Pont, became the bride of Reginald Shippen Huidekoper, of Washington. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. Robert Coles, the rector, and the ceremony was attended by many persons prominent in Wilmington society.

The bride entered the church accompanied by her brother, Alfred Victor du Pont, and was given in marriage by her mother. Her only attendant was her sister, Miss Victorine E. du Pont. The bridegroom's best man was Frederick L. Huidekoper, his brother, of Washington.

What's Doing Tonight

Visiting Nurse Society meeting, College of Physicians. Free.
Women's Christian Temperance Union meeting, Fifteenth street and Woodland avenue. Free.
Center County Society annual dinner, Adelphia Hotel. Invitation.
Girard College commencement, College Chapel. Invitation.
Drug Exchange annual dinner, Bellevue-Stratford. Invitation.
United Business Men's Association election, Bingham Hotel. Free.
Herman Sandby Freitag, Witherspoon Hall. Admission charge.
Dr. R. N. Hobs lectures on "The Formation of Crystals a Hobby," Franklin Institute; 8 o'clock. Members.
Bourdon Alumni give dinner, Kugler's. Invitation.
Philadelphia Home Teaching Society, New Century Club. Free.
Intermediate Alumni Service Committee smoker, City Club.
Lecture, "The Science of Breeding," by Doctor Sheaffer, under the auspices of University Extension Society, Central Y. M. C. A.; 8 o'clock. Admission charge.
Quaker Players' first annual ball, State Fencibles' Armory, Broad and Race streets. Invitation.

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Louise HOMER Song Recital
(BENEFIT HAHNEMANN HOSPITAL)
TICKETS 50c to $2.
On Sale at Happe's, 1119 Chestnut St.
GARRICK—Last 3 Evgs. Last Mat. Saturday
Mr. Leo Ditrichstein in "THE GREAT LOVER"
NEXT WEEK—SIR HERBERT BEERBOHM TREE in "HENRY VIII." EDITH WYNNE MATTHISON, LYN HARDING. SEATS TODAY.
FORREST LIMITED ENGAGEMENT Evgs. 8:15. Mats. Wed. & Sat.
RAYMOND HITCHCOCK
in a New Musical Play, "HITCH"
BROAD LIMITED ENGAGEMENT Evgs. 8:15. Mats. Wed. & Sat.
GEORGE ARLISS
in "THE PROFESSOR'S LOVE STORY"
Walnut Matinee Today, 25c, 50c Evgs. 25c to $1. Sat. Mat. 25c to 75c.
KATE ELINORE in "MY AUNT FROM UTAH"
Next Week—"A Little Girl in a Big City"
LOCUST 52D & LOCUST STS.
LILLIAN WALKER
"INDISCRETION"

LACK OF FIREMEN AGAIN EMPHASIZED

Civil Service Tests Recently Held Attest Shortage in All Grades

The obtaining of a sufficient number of eligibles to replace the vacancies existing by reason of the unusually high number of recent resignations in the Bureau of Fire is one of the most serious problems confronting Director Wilson and Chief Engineer Murphy at this time.

The lack of available material from which to fill the gaps occasioned by the retirement among the veteran flame fighters has been a source of concern to the official heads of the bureau for some time. Lately this worriment has been increased by the frequent dropping out of men whose appointment as hose or laddermen dates back but a few years, or is only a matter of months.

This disposition to quit the service is prompted in most cases, according to the men themselves, by acceptance of employment in other lines where the inducements, both in salary and hours of duty, are more attractive than those in effect within the Bureau of Fire. The prospect of remaining in the service does not appeal to the younger member when he contemplates the recently adopted "donation" to the pension fund in a desperate effort to stay that institution in its fast-skidding course toward depletion.

During the last few weeks the Civil Service Commission has done its best to provide against the shortage of candidates for the Bureau of Fire.

A list of eligibles for the grade of hose and ladder men was made public shortly before the beginning of the year. Several appointments already have been made out of that batch of candidates to fill long-existing vacancies and to take the places of older men who have left the bureau subsequent to the publication of the list.

Examination for the grades of captain and lieutenant were held last week, and yesterday a test was conducted for the post of battalion chief. There is no present vacancy in this grade of the fire-fighting force, although all but one of the eleven incumbents are eligible to retirement on the pension roll.

In the ordinance now resting in the hands of Councils' Committee on Finance, providing additional money and men for the Bureau of Fire, this contingency is foreseen and overcome. Besides the allotment of hose and laddermen so that every member of an engine or truck company may enjoy one day off in four there is a detail which can be disposed of in the form of a "flying squadron" by the chief engineer wherever temporary shortage exists in the various battalions.

Adoption of this ordinance, the firemen's campaign committee argues, will obviate not only the risk of crippling the bureau through injuries, but will bring into the fire-fighting force a class of men of proper caliber who will remain in the service long enough to master all its intricacies, know how to care for themselves and not compel recourse to the constant renewals in personnel which are now the bane of the bureau heads and a disturbing factor in the morale of the rank and file.

EVERYBODY IS GOING TO THE
CHESTNUT STREET OPERA HOUSE
TWICE DAILY—2:05 and 8:05
D. W. GRIFFITH'S
COLOSSAL $2,000,000 SPECTACLE
"INTOLERANCE"
LOVE'S STRUGGLE THROUGHOUT THE AGES
Mr. GRIFFITH'S First and Only Production Since "THE BIRTH OF A NATION"

The Stanley
MARKET Above 16TH
CONTINUOUS—11:15 A. M. to 11:15 P. M.
MARIE DORO
IN FIRST PRESENTATION OF
"LOST AND WON"
PALACE 1214 MARKET—10c, 20c LAST THREE DAYS
MARY PICKFORD
in "PRIDE OF THE CLAN"
Next Wk, Pauline Frederick in "Slave Market"
ARCADIA CHESTNUT Below 16TH CONTINUOUS 10 A. M. to 11:15 P. M.
Louise Huff & Jack Pickford
in "GREAT EXPECTATIONS"
All Next Week Douglas Fairbanks
in "THE AMERICANO"
ADDED ATTRACTION—First Episode
Mrs. Vernon Castle in "PATRIA"
THE SERIAL SUPREME
REGENT MARKET BELOW 17TH DAILY, 10c; EVGS., 15c.
Vivian Martin
"IN THE RIGHT DIRECTION"
Friday and Saturday, "Wife by Proxy"
VICTORIA MARKET STREET Opposite Postoffice LAST THREE DAYS
CLARA KIMBALL YOUNG
"THE FOOLISH VIRGIN"
GLOBE Theatre MARKET AND JUNIPER STS. VAUDEVILLE—Continuous 10c, 15c, 25c, 35c. 11 A. M. to 11 P. M.
LOTTIE MAYER
AND HER DIVING VENUSES
Cabaret De Luxe, Others
Cross Keys MARKET Below 60TH Daily, 2:30, 10c. Eves. 7 & 9, 15, 20, 25c.
OUR THIRD ANNIVERSARY
Europe's Greatest Sensation—the Marvelous
SINGER'S MIDGETS
20 TINY MEN, 20 PRANCING PONIES, 2 MIDGET ELEPHANTS
Exposition By Small People on Large Scale.
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MELVILLE ELLIS & IRENE BORDONI
JULIUS TANNEN; WATSON SISTERS; WM. GANTON & CO.; OTHER STARS, AND MRS. VERNON CASTLE in "PATRIA." Come Early! Today at 2, Tonight at 8 P. M.
STRAND VENANGO STREET EAST OF BROAD Daily 2:15; Eves. 7 and 9.
CLARA KIMBALL YOUNG
in Picturization of Robert W. Chambers's The Common Law
LYRIC TONIGHT AT 8:15 MATINEE SATURDAY
THE BLUE PARADISE
with CECIL LEAN
ADELPHI POP. $1 MAT. TODAY TONIGHT AT 8:10
"VERY GOOD EDDIE"
KNICKERBOCKER 60TH AND MARKET STS.
STOCK "ROLLING STONES"
Co. in Matinees Tuesday, Thursday, Saturday, 25c.
NEXT WEEK—"SHEPHERD OF THE HILLS"
LITTLE THEATRE First American Production of "MISALLIANCE" By G. Bernard Shaw
Trocadero Burlesque "La Pinka!"