NANCY WYNNE IS INTERESTED IN GOLF TOURNAMENTS AT CAPE MAY

Nearly All the Visitors to This Resort Are Deeply Imbued With Desire to Reduce or Put On Weight, and Golf Is the Answer to Both

GoLF is terrifically, decidedly and en- his country last year to fight for the cause of France.

summer.

eraze at old Cape May this year, though s few of the residents resort now and again to the ocean and bridge and knitung. But I guess about the gayest littie place outside of Arnold's, Zillinger's and the various hotel cafes is that same fittle Golf Club, where tournaments are sotten up every once and so often by etther men or women members,

on Wednesday a mixed foursome was played which gave great pleasure to players and spectators allke. (It was certainly cooler to be in the latter class.) The players included Marie Starr, Rena pimond, Mrs. W. H. Heulings, Jr., Mrs. Russell Weger, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Page, Mrs. Fred Harding, Miss Mabel Reed, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Stephenson, Charlie Harding, Mr. Riley and Bob

Stevenson. Mrs. Arthur Colahan, who is spending the summer down there, wears a stunning pongee coat when playing golf. It is made with a belted waistline and plaited peptum and is an extremely new model in that it is sleeveless. It looks stunning worn over a white skirt and with a navy blue and white straw hat. Sailing parties are very much in vogue at Cape May also; one given on Thursday for members of the younger set included Sue Doughten, Mary Newbold, Nancy Jefferys, Pansy Scott and Eleanor Robb.

In spite of a cold rainstorm which mept Narragansett and Newport on Thursday, brave and dauntless polo men played their favorite game in the rain. Mrs. Plunkett Stewart, who has been cruising with the Maurice Heckschers, of New York, and Eleanora Sears, of Boston, up by Cape Cod way, has returned to the Pier. They had a terribly exciting experience in a storm just off Marblebead on Monday night, when they were guite badly wrecked and were rescued by a nearby fisherman. They went from there to Beverly Country Club and then returned to Newport on Thursday. I do not imagine Mrs. Stewart was very happy in the wreck, for she is a devoted wife and mother, and I guess she wished the was safe at home. On the other hand, they had a wonderful experience, and I suppose, if we all stopped before possible dangers, we would never get anywhere.

Molla Bjurstedt made up for losing the tennis match with Craig Biddle over in Narragansett last week by beating him on Thursday at Narragansett, together with Oliver Perrin, who was her partner in this fray. I suppose that name goes very well over in Norway or Sweden, or wherever it is she comes from, but somehow it doesn't sound just exactly neat over here. However, that is something she could not help, and she can change It some day if it gets on her nerves too much. There was a wonderful crowd at the Casino to watch the tennis, and quite a few were Philadelphians; Mrs. Craig Biddle and Mrs. Tom Ridgway were there together; both husbands were playing, you know. The Tom Ridgways are dividing their time between the Biddles and Brookes. Little Olivia Gazzam was in among those present, as were Lois Cusatt, Lucile Carter, Gordon Douglas

NANCY WYNNE.

DEVON-Miss Esther Lloyd, of Llanyan, is visiting her sister and her family, Mrs. Nathan Hayward, in the Adirondacks. Mrs. Campar Whitby, who spent the early sum mer with Miss Lloyd, has gone to New England.

Chestnut Hill

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Keller Kurtz, of Benezet street, have gone to Cape May for a short stay, Mrs. Kurtz was Miss Mildred Longstreet before her marriage. Mr. and Mrs. Robert T. Bicknell, Miss Frances W. Bicknell and Master Robert T. Bicknell, Jr., are spending a fortnight at Larkspur Cottage, Bear and Fox Inn, On-teora Club, in the Catskill Mountains.

Germantown Mr. Walter M. Gorham, of Wissahlckon avenue, has gone to Bar Harbor, Me., where his wife and daughter are spending the

Tioga Miss Beatrice Richter, Miss Olive Richter and Miss Gladys D. Richter, of 3306 North Brond street, have returned from Echo Lake. Pa., where they spent the last six weeks. Miss Gladys Richter will leave shortly for Hartford, Conn., to spend the remainder of this month.

SEVERAL WEDDINGS TAKE PLACE TONIGHT

Miss Fay Burger to Marry Mr. Abrahamson-Wagner-Einselen Nuptials

An interesting wedding will take place

this evening in the Adath Jeshurun Temple, Broad street above Diamond street, when Miss Fay Burger, daughter of Mr when Miss Fay Burger, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Seligman Burger, of 1215 West Tioga street, will become the bride of Mr. Leo M. Abrahamson. The ceremony will be performed at \$:30 o'clock by Rabbi Max D Klein, and will be followed by a dinner at the home of the bride's parents. A gown of bridal satin and princess ince will b worn by the bride, with a vell of duchess and rose point lace which was worn by her mother. Bride roses and lilles of the valley will be carried. Mr. Burger will give his daughter in marriage and her sister, Miss Juliet Burger, will be maid of honor. Her frock of orchid color is of soft satin, trimmed with radium lace and her bouquet

will combine orchids and aweet peas. The bridesmalds, Miss Rosella Abrahamson, the cousin of the bride; Miss Della J. Triffeld and Miss Mary H. Simson, will be attired in frocks of chiffon, trimmed with messaline and flowers, two being in pink and two in pale blue. Each will carry pink roses and pink sweet peas. Mr. Irvin Abrahamson will be best man,

and the ushers will include Mr. Julius Abrahamson, Mr. Jerome Back, Mr. Gale Nathanson and Mr. Gustave Klein. The bridegroom and bride will leave on an extended trip, and will be at home after Oc-tober 1 at 208 North 5th street, Newark, N. J. Tonight's wedding marks the occasion of the anniversary of the marriage of the bride's grandparents and parents.

Along the Reading SHORE-YANKELOF. Mr. and Mrs. S. K. Reeves, of Bethayres, have left for Saratoga Springs, N. Y., where The marriage of Miss Sara Yankelof daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Harris Yankelof, of 5147 Columbia avenue, and Mr. Maurice Shore, of 618 South Eleventh street, will they will spend several weeks. Mr. and Mrs. Roy S. Wallace and their take place tomorrow evening at the Con-gregation B'nai Abraham Synagogue, Fifth and Lombard streets. The ceremony family, of Bethayres, left this week for Manomet Bluffs, Mass., where they will rewill be performed by Rabbi Abraham Sol-otist, of Boston, but formerly of this city. main until September 1. and Mrs. Samuel D. Lit. Miss Yankelof will be attended by Bethavres, have left on a motor trip through sister, Miss Elizabeth Yankelof, as maid of New York State and Canada. On their return they will spend some time at their honor, and her bridesmalds will include Miss Rose Shore, a sister of the bride amp at Parker, Me. groom, Miss Eva Lipman, Miss Reba Lich tenfeld and Mrs. William Shore, a sister-in-law of the bridegroom. Mr. Rudolph Mr. George Cole, of 6716 North Eighth street, Oak Lane, is spending a few weeks Sternberg will act as best man. at Alexandria Bay, N. Y. Miss Yankelof will wear a handsom sins langed will wear a nanosome gewn of white satin, trimmed with pearls, and will carry a bouquet of white roses and lilies of the valley. Her veil will be arranged with orange blossoms. The cere-mony will be followed by a reception at South Philadelphia Mr. Benjamin Dudowsky will give a party n honor of his return from California tonorrow evening at his home, 705 South Carrick Hall, after which the bride and Among the guests will be Mr. Sam-Carrick Hall, after which the bridegroom will leave for Atlantic City. They will later go to Boston, where they will visit Rabbi Solotist, and will return to this city by September 3, when they will be at home at 618 South Eleventh street. street. uel Jacobs. Mr. Charles Gaudio, of 1421 South Twelfth street, is spending a few weeks in Atlantic City. Miss Anna McMenamen, of 228 South EVERS-DALLER. Camac street, and Miss Ella Campbell have Miss Helen G. Daller, of Chester, was returned home after a trip to Boston and married quietly on August 9 to Mr. H. A. Evers. After a honeymoon at the seashore Manchester-by-the-Sea. and country they will reside in this city in the early fall. Several members of the Dux Club are spending the summer at Atlantic City. Among them are Mr. Meurice M. Cohen, president ; Mr. Harry Lavner, secretary ; Mr. Harry Jaspar, treasurer ; Mr. Samuel Rich man, Mr. Al Richman, Mr. Julius Katz, Mr. William Samuels and Mr. Samuel Samuels.

MISS HELENE GIRVIN Miss Girvin and her sister, of 2120 Walnut street, are motoring through New England with their brother sister-in-law, Mr. and Mrs.

Gordon Trall worfte, has ar mental na

The own home. It is the first meeting of the rivals. That evening, at the opera, Von Holsbern prevents Trail from meeting his "Heart's Desire." But the following afternoon, after Lady Herbert mysteriously fails to receive Trail and Sevrance by appointment. Gore on receives a noise torn into minute pleces warning him that his sweethenri is in for-rible danger. A felephone is out Your the convinces Trail that Lady Hener-ther convinces Trail that Lady Hener-beeds him. While Sevrance is out Your Hele-horther of their bitter hatred. When Sevrance returns, after the German's unpleasant de-parture, he tells Gordon of Von Holsborn's character.

memory of the fellow's insolence fresh in my mind, I lost some of my self-possession.

of my remarks, and even deprecated. "Oh, I say, old chap, it's all very well to be angry with yon Holzborn and to work

To make him comprehend, I had to retail what had just passed between the man and myself. Sevrance listened in silence, tracing a little pattern on the carpet with the errule of his stick; when he looked up it was with a set and angry expression.

"That makes it clear enough," he comnented thoughtfully. "The man shows himself in his true colors, as an adventurer, a chevaller d'industrie, pure and simple-or not so pure and simple. This Netze business, now, I take it, is nothing more that a subterfuge to get Julia into his powermore than ompromised ! The devil !"

"That is right, as far as it goes," said L son, Master Clarence McGarry, Jr., of 5628 Carlton street, are on a motor trip through "But there's more to it. In the first place he lies about Portsmouth, the yacht, and all New Jersey. They will spend a couple of that !'

"Do you think so?" Sevrance looked inredulous.

"Oh, obviously. He did not believe that Julia had managed to communicate with us, and he thought to put us off the track. Their destination is Saltacres. I have no doubt that De Netze is with them, and that It is true enough that he is being stalked by Nihilists. If it is so, Saltacres, from all accounts, is the very place for him to lie in safe hiding."

Mr. Lester Yohey, of 58 North Felton street, is visiting friends at Lake Neuan-"Wild and desolate erough-true," said Sevrance.

"Then it's there we'll find them. Plainly, her ladyship suspects something, otherwise she would not have phoned. She desires at least our édvice. And she would not have misled us. Sevrance.'

"True," he agreed again. "They will be at Saltacres.

"And so will we," I informed him, adding the time of the up-train the next morning. "You've acted wisely," he told me. "Now I'm for hed. We'll leave details to Gradyhe's thoroughly reliable. Shall we take him with us?" he odded, after a moment's think-

ing. "If you wish." "He's a good man-brave, loyal, quick-

witted.

Robert M. Girvin, Jr., of Rosemont.

West Philadelphia

Mr. and Mrs. G. Theodore Ketterer and their son, Theodore Ketterer, Jr., of North Sixty-third street, have gone to Ventnor, where they will remain until October.

Miss Bertha Nowatny and Miss Tillle

Nowatny, of 112 North Fifty-fourth street.

are spending several weeks at the Dayton

Miss Helen McDevitt, of 2620 Filbert

street, is spending this month at National

Miss Mary Wilkinson, of 4029 Walnut

street, who spent the early summer at At-lantic City, is now in Norfolk, Conn.

Mrs. Clara Thatcher, of 16 Burd avenue

Milibourne, has returned to her home after having spent several weeks in Lancaster,

Mrs. Laura Hastings and her son, Master

Charles Hastings, of 319 North Sixty-second street, are visiting relatives in West Cape

Mrs. R. J. Hunter, of 342 North Sixty-

third street, and her two daughters are in Wildwood.

Mr. and Mrs. Clarence McGarry and their

Mrs. J. Boyd, of 286 South Felton street.

has returned to her home after having spent

Mr. and Mrs. George Heiser, of 23 North

Sixty-third street, have returned from Buf-falo, N. Y., where they were visiting Mrs.

Mr. Ernest P. Miller, Jr., of 4432 Chest-

nut street, has gone to Fitchburg, Mass., where he will visit his parents, Prof. and Mrs. E. P. Miller.

Mrs. R. B. Yohey, of 58 North Felton

street, and her two sons. Master Clayton Yohey and Master Walter Yohey, have gone

to Atlantic City. They will return in Sep-

Mrs. J. A. Van Austen, of 43 North Felton street, is visiting relatives in Pennsgrove.

weeks visiting relatives in West Creek.

the month of July at Wildwood.

Heiser's parents.

gola, Pa.

tember.

Hotel, Wildwood,

May.

the proceedings

BY LOUIS JOSEPH VANCE "THE Author of BRASS STNOPSIS brown sarth-much like any one of the il- | and weatherworn types of fisher folk, awkward upon their land legs, jealous of their

aroused from his two-from his friend mins him that beautiful alies in, is betrothed pro, attached to conden Gordon Sear mental map by a letter from his friend Sevrance, in London, informing him that Lady Herbert, who was the beautiful alies Julia Leigh, of Richmond, Va., is betrothed to Capitain Rurd von Holzborn, attached to the German Embasay in London. Hordgu and "Heart's Desire," as he called Lady Herbert, wers sworthagtin y rars gone by, but she had married Lord Herbert. When the peer died his whow was eagetly sought after by fortune hunters, but she realisted attack until Yon Hotaborn wood her. In the meantime Traill remained pas-sively in Naw York. But Bevrance's letter sought and the nobly sacrifices himself for his fulle but he nobly sacrifices himself for his filled but he nobly sacrifices himself for his

Juna, but he nobly sacrifices himself for his Immediately upon his arrival in London Trail meets meledrama. For has shut down upon the city, and Trail, unable to see more than a few frei abased, trusts him-self to the tender mercles of a sleepy, in-oxidated cably, with orders to proceed to the Carlton Hotel. But within the cab he inds the body of a man apparently dead. The drugged and stabued man process to se M, de Netze, a scoret agent of the usedant Government, who has been sta-acked by revolutionists. Trail takes him 9 Nevrances apartment, and the next day of Heidshern calls to remove De Netze to is own home. It is the first meeting of a rivale. That evening, at the opera. Von Holsborn rivens Trail fue

luminated pictures you may see in the chil-dren's picture books—the prospect rarely diversified by a patch of woodland or a blaze of white against the neutral tints where the flank of a chalk hill lay naked. speech. That outlook was, for a time, like oil upon the troubled waters of our spirits;

it soothed, calmed and guleted our unrest, even provided us with a tentative sense of incredulty, so impossible did it seem that sught out of the common could happen in a land so stald and respectable.

Through its infinite sobriety cur train norted and smoked and clattered, with a vast, vain air of importance and an assump tion of speed entirely illusionary. In fact it poked; and it was the middle of the aft ernoon ere it came to a stop in Saltsea Regis-presumably for the simple reason that it could go no farther.

We stepped out into a tepid bath of watery sunshine beneath a high-arching sky. The tang of salt water was in our nostrils and a long roll of surf sounded in our ears. while a chilly little breeze made overcoats grateful

Grady bustled about getting our luggage together and making inquiries about lodgings for the night, and finally marched us off down the village's single street.

It wound in an aimless sort of a fashion along the top of a low chalk cliff. Some distance ahead I caught sight of our old gentleman of the worn spats and the bril-liant neckerchief padding purposefully along in the wake of one of the village men who was shouldering his Gladstone Two rows of bright and cheerful little

"I'm heartily sorry that we haven't it now. It reminds me of reaching Saltacres. How fishermen's cottages bordered the cobbled are we to go about it?" spoke to the landlord about a fly,' Sevrance, "He'll have one around be thoroughfare. Now and again we passed said Sevrance. Children a neat, inconspicuous little shop. fore long, 1 imagine. Or-it's only ten



them. Now they can't escape us."

heerfulness

outhed, staring with bright, wide eyes at 1 miles-we could walk it," he added, bright with a stoical calm. We discovered them Sevr. Sevrance was looking at me with characteristic eagerness; I presume he expected me to snap him up on the instant. But I said "No. I thank you" so decidedly that a peaceful folk, given to minding their own business by preference.

A walk of some ten minutes brought us he understood I was fixed in my preference to the only inn. "The Rainbow"-appropri-ate name -happily situated on the very lip of the cliff, overlooking the broad and trou-"Suit yourself," he grow bled expanse of the tempestous North Sea. The landlord, a taciturn individual, welcomed us without enthusiasm and provided pair of misunderstood and abused shoulders, and obstinately refused to respond to my us with adjoining chambers containing two ample and went promptly to bed, considering small grates about the size and with the a good night's rest of more value to us than anything else just at that stage of heating capacity of milk bottles, and incon-tinently left us to our own devices until advances until Grady answered a rap at the door and announced the waiting

supper time.

at the Rainbow. He stood on the free-stop, sniffing the evening ale with a rad nose and pricking up his ears with curt-osity during Sevrance's little talk with mine host. BOWL

Something in that outlook-rather bleak

"What do you suppose induced any one

deceased Sir Henry Herbert, "Family estate," he explained tersely, "I suppose the old duffer was born and

"I suppose the oil uniter was born and brought up in this atmosphere, and came to call it 'home." Of one thing I'm certain: our Julia never could endure it. As a matter of fact, I don't believe they spent more than a month or two out of the year

"I have visited there for the shooting

and dreary as it was-affected both Sev-rance and myself with a similar sense of

depression.

shell

ing his eye.

at Saltacres.

but it's your fault.'

"What is?"

"You know the place?"

mine host. Particularly I noticed that he darted a quick, queer glance at us when automobiles were mentioned; one would have familed him struck with a new idea. He cought my eye upon him, howed politely and, turn-ing, re-entered the hostelry. Sevrance gali-ered up the roins, clucked to the animal in the shafts and we moved off.

After a few hundred yards I turned in my seat and looked back. Saitsea Regis had vanished—infolded by the hills wherein it drowsed out its placid existence.

We had rounded a shoulder of the downs and were descending a gentle slope. Before us lay a vast and desolate expanse of 'Nice place," I commented sourly, catch-"I don't agree with you," he snappeddowns, bathed in the ruddy light of the setting sun, sinister to view, oppressing the imagination strangely with its effect of finfinite, grim distances; a savage and im-placable wilderness. to come down here to live, ever?" I desired He understood that I was aiming at the

I settled back in my seat, snuggling be neath the lap robes with a little shiver. Presently we had reached the lowel leve, and could see no more than a hundred yards or so of the winding road before us. Even the sea, its nearness made manifest by the sullen growling that filled the air, lay invisible for the greater part of the

why. Only once or twice we came out upon a hilltop or drove near the edge of a low chnik cliff overlooking the waters; and once, if I remember distinctly, the road debouched upon the verge of a long, low and sandy once or twice, and passed it frequently on motor runs. The roads hereabout are really not so bad, you know; Sir Henry always used a motorcar to travel in, back and forth. * * I wish 1'd thought of It each, where our wheels sank deep in the yielding sands, following an ill-defined way between wide reaches of shuddering coarse grasses.

For a couple of hours we traveled on outing and a couple of nours we traveled on, meeting no one. Night succeeded a linger-ing twilight, adding to the desolation that surrounded us. Sevrance stopped our beast, got down and lift the lamps, remarking that "You had to send Grady to buy tickets per rall and made me forget my motor. We might as well have traveled up here seemed more cheerful

that way as not-much better, in fact-more quickly and comfortably." He may have so regarded it; for my part but accentuated my sensation of ione-"It would be an advantage," I agreed; inces.

I conceived a hatred, then and there, for English downs; a hatred which will stay with me to my dying day, I fancy.

After a while, however, it seemed that we were driving somewhat inland, into a nore friendly region. We passed infrequent farmhouses, their position evidenced by glowing windows. Above us the winter stars seemed to increase their cold brilliancy; so that the general configuration of the coun-tryside became more easily discernible.

Sevrance finally broke a wearlsome silence

'We should be near Saltacres," he said. "If I remember the lay of the land, we will "The park!" I ejaculated. "A park in this godforsaken locality!"

"It's not so beastly over there," he ex-plained; "it's higher, better ground. Saltacres itself is a vast game preserve more than anything else—a protected park, lying between the road and the sea, with the house in the very middle of it. Sir Henry has his private yacht landing on the sea edge of the grounds." "But how will you know it?"

"Oh," he returned confidently, "the house stands near enough the road for the lightr

to be visible through the trees-especially at this season of the year, when there is ttle or no foliage." "But supposing there are no lights-suplittle

"They're there," he was sure. "But if they haven't arrived..." "Now, be sensible. Gordon!" His tone was impatient. "Where else would they be? What would they be doing all this time? We are virtually positive they left Lon-don yesterday, and they cannot but have arrived before us."

"But if they didn't come-" "They did. Her ladyship said they

would. That was unanswerable. I could only

justify myself feebly by reference to the statement of the landlord of the Rainbow. "He said that no automobile had been seen for weeks-

"Naturally they would come by a rounabout way, to escape observation. There's a road across the downs from somewhere near Lincoln, for one; or they might have driven up to Grimsby-All-Sainta, in the north, and doubled back here." It seemed more hopeful, in the light of

that explanation. I began to feel more as-sured of finding Heart's Desire at this jour-ney's end. Indeed, I was afire with eagerness and impatience when Sevrance finally drew rein.

"The gates are closed." he announced "but here's the lodge at any rate. Jump out -there's a light in the window on the other side."

I leaned forward, peering into the dense nothing at all, but gradually, straining my eyes, I made out the high arch of an old iron gateway, and, blacker against the general darkness, a blurred smudge that might stand for a small lodge building. Therefore I obeyed Sevrance and jumped out. He followed me, leading the fly and the thing that had drawn it to a hitching post, which, I concluded, he found by in-



Personals

Mr. and Mrs. Oswald Chew, who have ben staying at Vanor, Mrs. Samuel Chew's place in Radnor, since their return from Begium, have gone to Marion, Mass., for the remainder of the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Victor Mather and their tren, of Avonwood Cottage, Haverford, left Thursday morning to spend some time at Mr. Mather's father's camp, on Upper Baranac Lake, in the Adirondacks, later visiting Mrs. Mather's parents, Mr. and Mrs. George Earle, Jr., at their camp near Paul amith's.

Mr. and Mrs. William Wilson Curtin, of Brantwood, Rosemont, who are yachting naar Jamestown, R. I., are expected home next week.

Miss Elizabeth Boyd, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George Boyd, has returned to her Parents' cottage in Cape May from Bay Haad, where she was the guest of Miss Jane Moore for a fortnight.

Mrs. Craige Lippincott, accompanied by or alece, Miss Prize Ila Lippincott, of Bethayres, and her son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. D. W. Franchot, of Tuisa, Okla. left this week for a motor trip to the Adirontack Mountains, where they will spend some time at Paul Smith's camp. Mr. and ars, Jay B. Lippincott have joined Mrs. Lip-

Mrs. Robert W. Lesley, of Lesleyan Court, Haverford, is spending some time in At-lantic City at the St, Charles Hotel.

Mrn. Horace Eugene Smith, of Beach avenue, Cape May, entertained at bridge resterday afternoon.

Mrs. Robert Perry Cummins will enter-tain this evening at dinner at Manheim in benor of Mr. and Mrs. Albert Edward Maw, whose marriage took place last week. Mrs. Shaw was Miss Hilds Mar-theret Bened garet Boyd.

and Mrs. Howard Kennedy Hill and family, of Appleford, Villanova, will leave stat Wednesday to spend the remainder of ummer at their Engles Mere cottage.

Mr. and Mrs. H. Radelyffe Roberts, of Bank Farm, Villanova, are spending atar H. Radelyffe Roberts, Jr., and Maator H. faster Paul Roberts are at a boys' camp tear Portland, Mo.

Mr. and Mrs. N. Scammon Jones, of Ard-mars, have gone to Senbright for the week-ted, to be the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Ira sarrows at their summer home.

Mr. and Mrs. North Emory Bartlett and mily, of 241 South Twenty-third street. occupying their country seat at Fort

Mr. and Mrs. Howell Parr, of Wilmington, save gone to of the season gone to Cape May for the remainder

Dr. and Mrs. Simmons are the guests of in and Mrs. Eliwood Ivins, at the Seaside se, in Ventnor

Mrs. D. M. Yerkes, 05-6413 West Chester sus, and her daughter, Miss Rosalis Yerkes, as touring in South Carolina.

Along the Main Line

WAYNE-Mins Marie Atlee and her

North Philadelphia Miss Katharine Rosenkranz is spending this month in the Maine woods at Camp Maine woods at Camp Moosehorns. She is accompanied by her sister, Miss Josenhine Resentrant, Miss Miss Ella Feeny and Miss Martha Feeny.

Mr. and Mrs. John F. Sweeney are receiving congratulations on the birth of a on. John F. Sweeney, Jr., on August 4. frs. Sweeney before her marriage was Mrs. Sweency before Miss Mabel Chariton.

Miss Anna Mooney, Miss Rita Mooney and Miss Rose Mooney, of 1513 North Marvine street, are spending several weeks at Billingsport, N. J.

Miss Helen Nusbaum, of Park avenue and Norris street, is spending a few weeks at Asbury Park.

Mrs. Max Fisher, of 301 Green street, has gone to Atlantic City, where she will spend a fortnight.

MISS ROSALIE EINSELEN

WAGNER-EINSELEN.

The marriage of Miss Rosalie Einselen daughter of Mrs. Marguerite Einselen, of 2326 Firth street, to Mr. Walter W. Wag-ner, of 1435 Rockland street, will be sol-emnized this evening at the home of the

emnimed this evening at the home of the bride's brother and sister-indaw. Mr. and Mrs. Albert Einselen, 1517 Vine street. The Rev. Jerome M. Guss. of Muhlenberg Memorial Evengelical Lutheran Church, will officiate at the ceremony, which will be followed by a reception for 125 guests. The bride will be given in marriage by her brother, and will wear a beautiful gown. combining while georgette crape with

brother, and will wear a beautiful gown, combining white georgette creps with duchess satin. Her vell of tuils will be caught with aprays of orange bloasons. Lilles of the valley and sweet peas ar-ranged in a shower will be carried. Mins Bertha Frank, the bridesmald, will wear a pale blue georgette creps frock, trimmed with soft blue satin and pink roses. Miss Giadys Einselen, niece of the bride, who will be flower girl, will wear a frock of blue net over an undereilp of blue taffsta. Her flower basket will hold illies of the valley and pink sweet peas.

while a start of the sensor. The Lake later in the sensor. The this work for Cape May. Mr. de this work for Cape May. Mr. de the sensor of the

Kaltsen Regis. Kensington Miss Adelaide Simon, of Frankford and Allegheny avenues. is spending this month at Brighton Beach, N. Y.

Mr. and Mrs. Jacob Rosenau, of 2223 North Front street, announce the betrothal of their daughter, Miss Dora Rosenau, to Mr. Samuel Jacob.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Naylor and their fam-ily are spending the month of August at Ocean City, N. J.

Mr. and Mrs. Bailott, of 2576 East Men phis street, are spending three weeks at Atlantic City.

Frankford

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Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Coblaugh. Mr. Joseph Dennison and My. William Denni-son are spending this month at Wild-wood.

Mrs. H. Rief, of 4342 Thompson street Bridesburg, is spending this month at Folts, Franklin County, visiting her parents.

Mrs. Julia Stearn has returned from an extanded visit to her brother, Mr. Fred-erick Evana, of Norwood, R. I. During har stay Mrs. Stearn visited Providence. Newport, Rocky Polut, Marrageneett Pier, Hattleberg and Bostan.

At least it furnished me a clear head and a certain clarity of judgment during the next day; 1 found time and thought it advisable to review the whole affair from start to that moment, during the railway ourney, and, although I came upon nothing new, I began to understand the case much nore comprehensively than I had there-

I had no objection to offer, and thinking

Sevrance's way wisest, I followed his ex-

tofore

I had time, I say, for the reason that conversation between Sevrance and myself was prevented throughout the greater part of the journey by the presence of another passenger in our compartment.

Grady had taken a seat in a second or third class carriage-I never could quite fix in my mind the proper degrees of desir-ability as to the carriages of the English railway systems; I only know that the nly comfortable way is to travel first class and even that is by no means as luxurious as it is at home.

This person, who made a crowd of what Sevrance and I had fondly hoped would be "just company," was a little, shriveled man apparently of an age verging upon the sixties. He kept well muffled and

grumbled to himself throughout the entire journey. Inasmuch as we had virtually nothing else to look at, and could hit upon nothing at all to talk about that we dared mentio in the presence of outsiders. I retained very vivid impression of his odd appear-

ance—of his shaggy, iron-gray brows above a thin, hooked nose; of his sunken mouth with thin lips that were never still; of the gaudy, cheerful comforter which he per-sisted in wearing tight-knotted about his neck, with the ends hanging down, shawilike, upon his shoulders; of his bedraggled, black spats; and, particularly, of his hands, which were the hands of the very old-thin duty? Look at the twinkling stars dotting the sky at night and the silvery and delicately pink, and with a certain glossiness of the skin, as if it were devoid of natural molature, stretched tight as any moon sailing along through the clouds-it never, never stops.

drumhead over the bony knuckles. He had small, vivacious, preternaturally bright eyes. I remember, with which he chose to stare at us by the ten-minute stretch, quite unconscious or else careless of his rudeness. And whenever we spoke to-gether. I remarked that his tremulous old lips would cease moving, that he would un-consciously bend forward a bit.

Naturally, such conduct did not pre-possess me in his favor. I catalogued him as an inquisitive and boorish old man, and prepared to dismiss him from my mind when we changed cars at Lincoln, taking a branch-line train which should convey us to

Sevrance, however, was disposed to be as considerate and courteous as most young Britishers are to the aged. I recall that with his own hands he helped the old gen-tieman out of the carriage, and that he

Jimmy Monkey had taken a nap and a little fly had waked him up. It later appeared that the ancient was "Dear little Fly," said Jimmy, "why are out so crush to wake me up? I will blow you so cruel to wake me up? I will blow you off the earth, little Fly," and with that Jimmy got up and stood in front of the nd in the same direction as ourselves for when our train had drawn in, and we were climbing into an empty compartment, I caught a glimpse of our former fellowlooking-glass.

He disappeared from view, and that was the last that I saw of him for some time. Our train bore us, in a felsurely fashion.

through a rolling and sunny countryside, still and wrapt in the immense peacefulneau that seems an integral component of an English Sunday afternoon ; for it was a Sun-

information without any astonishment; it was all just precisely as I had been given to understand English downs would look.

facily patterned to my mental image. They stretched away deliberately, offering nothing startling to the eye; merely a pleasant and homely sort of country, nearly partitioned off into nice little squares of yellow stubble and grean grass and bare.

Grady disposed of our belongings with a rather chastened, I-told-you-so manner. I gathered that he had disapproved of the expedition from the start-off. Sevrance and I stuck our hands in our pockets and somewhat moodily inspected the sea.

Day was just faltering into twilight, the troubled line of the eastern horizon darkening slowly. Far out, now and again, a single whitecap leaped out of the tossing, colored expanse of waters and nodded to the declining sun. Against the paling sky, guils wheeled alertly.

Nearer at hand, in a sort of cove inclosed by the low white chalk scarps, perhaps two-score or half a hundred little fishing vensels tossed sedately, like a flock of mil shapen and dingy swans, their bare poles describing odd arcs against a lowering background. On the few piers dorles rested bottom up, with a curious air of helpless-ness, like live things deprived of the power of locomotion; and among them men moved

as it was definitely settled that was no uncalled-for walking in propect, my spirits began to rise, and I juite contented as we two ran downstairs impatiently enough and piled into an ageald and ramshackle contraption termed by courtesy a fly - presumably because it

"Suit yourself," he growled sulkily.

"I'm going to," I responded with prompt

He turned to the windows, exhibiting a

didn't, by any stretch of the imagination. Sevrance took the reins, but did not start until he had questioned the landlord as to ur destination. The directions we got were explicit enough; it seemed that we had nothing to do but give the horse (another ourtesy title; he was really a snall) his

courtesy title; he was really a shall) his head and let him follow the northerly road. My friend had another question or two: Had our host heard anything of Lady Her-bert's return to Saltacres? Had he noticed any automobiles within the preceding 24 hours? To both of which the landlord reany autom turned negative replies, couched in a broad Lincolnshire patols, which I can't and merci-fully shan't attempt to reproduce. Meanwhile I remarked that our ancient

slowly, smoking enormous pipes-gnaried fellow-traveler had cast his lot with ours

stinct. But possibly his eyesight was more keen than mine, for when I protested that I saw nothing in any way resembling a light, asserting that there was no such thing

assorting that there was no such thing there, he contradicted me flatly. "On the farther side of the lodge," he indicated. I stepped to one side, and was forced to admit that he was right, A faint, yellow radiance did percolate through one window, falling athwart a stretch of dead grass, and, finally, upon a low shrub that grew nearby.

CONTINUED MONDAY.

RAINBOW CLUB FARMER SMITH'S Tanting La

"AND IT NEVER, NEVER STOPS"

Look at the sun. It shines and keeps on shining and it never, never stops.

Do you ever wonder if you may be allowed to rest? Rest from doing your

Dearest Children-Do you ever get tired? Tired of keeping up?

The JOY OF WORK is the JOY OF SERVICE.

Last of all, think of the grand old ocean; it never, never stops.



THE Philadelphia Rapid Transit L Company's SAFETY FIRST CONTEST CLOSES TODAY. Announcement of the PRIZE WIN-NERS will be made in the RAIN-BOW CLUB NEWS, SATURDAY, AUGUST 26.

Contest Closes Today

FARMER SMITH.

Children's Editor.

A Rainbow Poem By PAULINE DEIBERT, Gilbert, Pa. We do a little kindness each and every day, We spread a little sunshine all along the

Then he blew softly on the mirror and way. By brightening all and people

And making them wear a smile. We prove our lives worth living

And our "Rainbow" worth the while,

Things to Know and Do HIDDEN WORD. The wiscard is back and says:

"I wish you would see how many bright boys and girls can tell me this: What kind of STRP do people like in the house?"

MISS HELEN ANDERSON. a Popular Ocean City Rainbow

Hunor Roll Contest

The prizes for the work ending August 5 were wan by the following children: Catherine Murray, Daaville, Po. 51, Mary Johan, Hitner stress, 66 cents, Bester Kosnig, Pacific syenus, Atlastic

ty, N. J., 16 cents. Loreita Holk, Wardstock streat, 16 cent Liftian Scheelder, Riaing Sun avenue,

Inadors Segul, Alleghour Evenue, 38 Cond



"The sooner you get at it the sooner it will be finished," we often hear. The hardest part of most tasks is GETTING STARTED-getting at them. Suppose that tree over yonder should get tired of growing; suppose the grass should say to the sidewalk: "I'm tired. I'm going to quit. What's the use, anyway?" Mother Nature's bables never grow tired. They go on and on, each day doing their part.

KEEP GOING!

It always KEEPS GOING.

JIMMY MONKEY AND THE FLY

By Farmer Smith

instructed Grady to convey his luggage according to his wishes.

traveler negotiating an entrance to another car further down the train. The little Fly came and stood on the end of Jimmy's nose. Jimmy leaned over and blew in the mirror. "Pray, little Fly, why do you not get off the earth?"

day, by the way. Sevrance said something presumably in-structive about downs, and I received the

Then he blew softly on the mirror and still the little Fly sat on his nose. Then Jimmy leaned over and hit the looking slass where he saw the fly and still the little thing sat on his nose. "I hate to threaten any one—I hate to threaten you, but if you do not get off my nose I am going to hit you with a pillow. "It would griste me very much to have to do that, but you know I want my nose without you on it." Immy walked slowly toward the sea and got a pillow, which he rained as is to strike the little Fly. He returned to the mirror and— The little Fly was gone! ad I was contented to find them so per