

NANCY WYNNE CHATS ABOUT SOCIETY'S DOINGS AT RESORTS

Mrs. Joseph M. Gazzam Entertained at Luncheon on Monday at Newport After the Opening Games of the Tennis Tournament

LITTLE OLIVIA GAZZAM is prolonging her season of gaiety, and the Newport part of it is by no means second to the good time she had in her own home town here last year, when she was acknowledged a success. She is a brown-haired little girl with dancing eyes and the jolliest smile, and best of all, she's pleasant to every one, and that is her reputation to have acquired in her first year.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Haag, of Sixty-seventh avenue, Oak Lane, have Miss Josephine F. Martin, of Yonkers, N. Y., as their guest for a fortnight. Miss Martin will spend two weeks in Atlantic City before returning to her home.

West Philadelphia

Miss Marie Driscoll, of 611 Westminister avenue, left on Monday for Atlantic City, to remain until September.

Mr. James Wall, of 416 North Sixty-first street, is spending two weeks in Albany, N. Y.

Girard Estate

Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Stout, of Denver, Colo., and their two sons are the guests of Mr. Stout's father, Mr. and Mrs. F. G. Keegan, of 2422 South Larch street, who are at the estate on Esplanade Park in the Rockies, a distance of nearly 2200 miles. After an extended visit here at the home of Mr. Stout's parents in Glenside, they will return to Colorado by motor.

South Philadelphia

Mr. and Mrs. Jacob Gomborow, of 623 South Eighth street, entertained Mr. and Mrs. Raphael Gold at their Atlantic City cottage over the week-end.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Hamovitz and their family, of 812 Lombard street, have left for Atlantic City to stay one week.

Mr. and Mrs. John Hampson, of 3801 South Chadwick street, have returned after a two weeks' stay in Atlantic City.

Miss Helen E. Bentz, of 1833 Wolf street, and Miss Virginia Read, of Thirtieth and Porter streets, have left for Atlantic City to remain for a fortnight.

Mr. and Mrs. John O'Laughlin, of Second and Morris streets, are spending this month at Chelsea.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Bastian, of South Philadelphia, are guests of Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Wensling, of Wildwood.

Norristown

NORRISTOWN, Pa., Aug. 16.—Invitations have been issued by Mr. Horace E. Styer, of Norristown, for the marriage of his daughter, Miss Caroleen Styer, and Mr. Wednesday, September 6, at 6:30 o'clock. A reception at the home of the bride's father, 1919 De Kalb street, will follow the ceremony.

Mr. Wenrick and his bride will be at home after October 1, at Chestnut and Central avenues, Oak Lane, Philadelphia.

Frankford

Mr. Leonard H. Wells, of 248 West Olney avenue, is entertaining a party of friends, including his sister, Miss Mildred V. Wells, Miss Albertine Lacher, Miss Louise Lacher, Miss Clara Mann and Mr. Craigmear, on a voyage in his motor yacht, the Phyllis, from Philadelphia to Lake Hopatcong. The cruise is expected to extend about fourteen days.

Mr. William B. Lacey and her daughter, Miss Myrtle Lacey, of 4765 Worth street, are spending this week at Conshohocken visiting Mrs. Cora Clayton.

Delaware County

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Martin, of Chadd's Ford, Pa., are entertaining Miss Ruth Armstrong, of Rye Beach, N. Y.

Miss Marion Mitchell, of Glenside, is entertaining friends from New England. Miss Mitchell is a student at Wellesley College.

Mr. Stanley Kilb of Glenside, has returned from a trip to Richmond, Va.

Mr. Robert McKee has returned to his home in Glenside after a trip to Niagara Falls and Detroit, Mich.

Mr. and Mrs. Raymond Stuart, of Glenside are receiving congratulations on the birth of a son.

Mr. Hiram Loney, of Norwood, has returned from the military training camp at Plattsburg.

Along the Main Line

ARDMORE.—Mr. and Mrs. Daniel P. Lees, of Spring avenue, Ardmore, announce the engagement of their daughter, Miss Mabel Emma Lees, to Mr. Rolan J. Wightman, of Nyack-on-Hudson, N. Y., formerly of Ardmore.

Mr. and Mrs. R. Harold McQuale, of Walnut, who have been visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Rollin H. Wilbur, at Old Stone House, has gone to Alexandria Bay to spend a few weeks.

Mrs. George W. Wintrop Combs and her family have left for Indianapolis, where they will be spending August with relatives in New England.

Germantown

Mr. William E. Buehler and Mr. Martin E. Buehler, of 214 Highbury street, have returned from a trip to Canada and Niagara Falls, previous to which they attended the military training camp at Plattsburg.

Mrs. Wilmet Grant Pierce will return to her home, 239 West Tulpehocken street, today from Atlantic City.

Mr. Malvin B. Goodwin, who has been spending at Livingston, Manor, N. Y., will visit in Ithaca and Truenaansburg, N. Y., before returning home.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Blizard and their daughter, Mrs. Katharine Blizard, of 1201 Morris street, have returned from Spofford, N. H., where they have been since the beginning of July.

Along the Reading

Mr. and Mrs. Willis Adams and their family, formerly of Wynote, who have been spending the last two years in Chicago, have left for Indianapolis, where they will make their home in the future.

Mr. and Mrs. Allan Wallis and their family, of Woodland avenue, Wynote, are spending this month in Ocean City, N. J.

Mrs. Samuel Korn, of 237 North Eighth street, Logan, is spending the summer at Towan, Point, Md.

Miss Beatrice Stratton, of Oak Lane, will entertain the members of her own club at a week-end gathering in Ocean City, N. J. There will be 11 in

THE PLAY "WAR" BY LOUIS JOSEPH VANCE "THE BRASS BOWL" Author of "The Brass Bowl"

SYNOPSIS. Immediately upon Traill's arrival in London he is attracted to the young woman who has sought refuge from the fog in a cab, lying on the floor. He finds the woman, a beautiful young girl, who he later learns is the daughter of the late American Consul, Traill. Traill, who was killed in a motor accident, left a small fortune to his daughter, who he later learned was the daughter of the late American Consul, Traill.

CHAPTER XIII. IT WAS considerably later that we were compelled to scale the face of a ragged chalk bluff, whence onward we progressed more gingerly at the very verge of one of the characteristic low, abrupt cliffs of the region. Below us the sea growled menacingly as it gnawed at the rocks.

What is that? I demanded. "Fog horn," Sevrance told me. "There's a light somewhere north of Saltcracks, and we are just getting near enough to hear the signals of a steamer." "Whereabouts do you place us, then?" I asked. "Halfway," he estimated; "we should be near the beach, where a few steps more, if I'm not mistaken."

CHAPTER XII.—(Continued). FOR which reason I regarded these with distrust, which I took pains to conceal from Sevrance. I told him that I was afraid I might hurt somebody besides myself and I was not disposed for badinage and allience with the dry observation that that was the purpose for which revolvers were manufactured.

It was here that we were favored with our first gleam of promise, to lighten us with the knowledge that this long and blindfold tramp was not without an end. We had traversed, I figure, some hundred yards of the damp and dragging sand of the beach, when a sudden exclamation from Grady induced me involuntarily to glance toward him.

CHAPTER XIII. (Continued). Grady joining us at that moment, I put the question: "Would we ever arrive at the landing? To which Sevrance replied by a doubtful shake of the head." "This cursed fog," he said, "is an undertone which has never before been so thick enough. And night coming on, too!" "It's discouraging," I sympathized. "Where do you fancy we are?"

The howling of the gale kept me awake and listening for some hours of the night, but toward midnight it seemed to moderate, and I dropped off to sleep, waking to find that the wind had gone down to a mere whiff and breeze, and that the temperature had risen perceptibly.

She was heading inshore, at quarter speed, perhaps, a gliding, snow-white slip with a considerable burden, modelled upon the lines of a motor launch, and with a tapering stern, two funnels amidships vomiting lank smoke.

"I don't know," to my way of thinking she should have passed some time ago; there was and should be now a beaten path running down to the cliff's edge, a railing and a flight of stairs to the beach below, and that is what I've been looking for. By mischance I have missed it, but—" "What's that?" Grady demanded sharply. "Listen, then," he said. "Faith, I thought I heard a whistle, your honors. I thought it was my interruption, there sounds like the engine, the engine, and shrill whistle, apparently from some point out over the water."

To seaward, however, there was a fog, and before breakfast had been served in our rooms, this thickened and spread inland—a dense white and dripping blanket which advanced as if by an irresistible force, this dirtier London brother, which I had reason to remember.

"I can stand this no longer," Sevrance announced late in the afternoon; "I'm going out." "Where?" I asked, sitting up. "You can guess," he said curtly. "I'll go mad if I have to endure this uncertainty a moment longer."

While the judges are wrestling with the scenarios and having trouble with expressing from New York back to Philadelphia—the contest is wide open for any man who can get out of the city to get a chance to act before some of the best judges in the motion-picture industry.

"The surf is going down; they may send a boat ashore at any time, and if they can make their bearings. The Myosotis may be somewhere in the offing and it's certain that they will land as soon as the fog lifts. So I'm off. Are you coming?" "To two ahikes," he said.

When I turned he was adjusting them with feverish haste, his face pale with excitement; he had nearly lost his breath for already, as we looked, the yacht had poled her nose into the fog bank and was gradually disappearing from our view.

The standing Monday night: Votes. Mart Eleman, Frankford Avenue Building and Loan Association... \$1100. H. B. Roodick, Central Y. M. C. A. ... 1820. Margaret O'Neill, Cor. Immaculatum ... 2000.

"I was glad enough for the excuse, willing even to contemplate a fruitless drive through those infernal downs for the sake of being master of the situation. I was doing something, going somewhere.

"Well?" I asked impatiently, trying to read his face. "The Myosotis," he said, his voice steady, "or I'm a slinger!"

They're standing close in," he exclaimed to us, "but there's little danger, and deep water almost to the edge of the beach. They'll discover their mistake before long and leave us alone."

"I demurred, but gave in when he quashed my objection that we would lose ourselves on the downs without the carriage. "It's no danger," he said, "if we are careful to stick to the road. The way is plain, and you can't stray off without knowing it at once."

A little later Sevrance caught me by the arm as he sat, stretched forth a hand to detain Grady.

I raised my hand, gesturing for silence, just as the tinkle of a bell floated in thereafter, for a time, we heard quite distinctly the tinkle of a bell, the tinkle of a bell, and the voice of a man—practically a sailor in the bows—calling out a series of nautical phrases which I have forgotten.

Once there, indeed, a prey to misgivings that I was, I had no choice but to go ahead and trust to Sevrance's judgment locally. We might have been going "most anywhere, so far as I could determine; the road of which he had been so confident was doubtless under our feet the whole of the way, but I would not have cared to risk a bet on that probability; I am free to admit my inability to judge of the lay of the land by the feel of it beneath my boot heels.

"I've a suggestion," said Sevrance. "We should keep to the shore. By following that we cannot go astray; we have only to keep our eyes out for the Saltcracks. If the boat landing is only a bit beyond. What do you say? It will save us a mile or so of walking," he urged.

With the final stage of darkness, however, when there remained to us no more than mere glimmer of light, there came a most welcome change in the weather, inaugurated by the touch of a breath of air upon our cheeks.

That matter I had enough to occupy me with the task of keeping in touch with my companions; I walked in the middle of the trio, Sevrance and Grady looming on either hand like gigantic ghosts. Every now and then, his words sounded as though muffled, pressed back into his throat by the weight of the fog; it clammy hand seemed to have smoothed and soothed the troubled sea, whose noise came to us now and again in prolonged and sonorous phrases, at times almost murmurous.

"I'm a suggestion," said Sevrance. "We should keep to the shore. By following that we cannot go astray; we have only to keep our eyes out for the Saltcracks. If the boat landing is only a bit beyond. What do you say? It will save us a mile or so of walking," he urged.

He broke off with a cry of delight; for already the breeze was waxing, the fog of mist about us trembling and wavering under its assault.

The vibrating drone of powerful engines filled the air, punctuated by short and hoarse whistles, and the sound of a car indicating plainly that the car was running at a very low rate of speed; cautiously, no doubt, because of the fog, it seemed rank folly to me, in the absence of taking a car for such weather; and I could account for its presence only on one occasion.

"Do you suppose they know, too?" I whispered to Sevrance. "I doubt not," he replied, "they will keep them pretty accurately advised," he returned in the same manner. "Fortunately we have the advantage of having seen the yacht so

"Ten minutes of this," he prophesied, "even then the fog lifted, rolling back from the face of the earth like a wall of snow, slowly but restlessly blown out to sea by that thrice-blessed wind. "Prizes, ha!" Grady gave thanks fervently. Sevrance silenced him with a word, however, and we stood quietly watching the panorama of land and sea that unfolded to our eyes.

(CONTINUED TOMORROW.)

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CONTESTANTS CLOSER IN PHOTOPLAY CAST But Many Votes Come in Without Names—The Field Is Still Open for All

Photoplay Cast Contest HOW TO VOTE Put out the heading "Evening Ledger" and send it to the Editor, 1000 Market Street, Philadelphia, Pa., with your name and address, and the name of the contest. Write your candidate's name in the box provided for this purpose.

The leaders are beginning to bunch up in the Evening Ledger Photoplay Cast Contest. Ten contestants have passed the 10,000 mark, ten more have gone beyond 5000 votes. The list shifts regularly and a few hours' work, a few hundred Evening Ledger heads, may bring any one from the center of the list swooping up to the top.

One thing that is not going to help any one is sending in votes without any name written on them. The name of the contestant must be on every vote. You are taking a chance if you only put it around the package of votes. The accountant in charge of the ballots, in an expert, but you cannot expect him to guess for whom you intend your votes. If you think that the number credited to you on the following list is insufficient, try to think whether or not you sent in some votes with no name attached.

While the judges are wrestling with the scenarios and having trouble with expressing from New York back to Philadelphia—the contest is wide open for any man who can get out of the city to get a chance to act before some of the best judges in the motion-picture industry.

THE STANDING MONDAY NIGHT: Votes. Mart Eleman, Frankford Avenue Building and Loan Association... \$1100. H. B. Roodick, Central Y. M. C. A. ... 1820. Margaret O'Neill, Cor. Immaculatum ... 2000.

ALICE ANDRAN, Philadelphia School of Expression... 2170. THE PORTER, International Photo Engravers' Union No. 1... 1660. WILLIAM A. BROWN, Philadelphia School of Expression... 1250.

JOSEPH E. MCGILLIEM, St. Patrick's Catholic Club... 790. ALICE ANDRAN, Philadelphia School of Expression... 2170. THE PORTER, International Photo Engravers' Union No. 1... 1660.

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FARMER SMITH'S RAINBOW CLUB

KEEP OUT OF DOORS What is the sunshine, the glorious rain, the thunder and lightning and all outdoors made for if not for us to enjoy? Why be "stingy" when you do have a GOOD TIME out of doors? Send your baseball scores, send us your tennis scores and all information about outdoor sports.

WILLIE AND THE BEAR REACH HOME By Farmer Smith As Willie Hunter and his father neared their home the boy began to run. Behind him came the Little Brown Bear as fast as his four legs would carry him.

Prominent Photoplay Presentations Advertisements accepted only from clean, well-ventilated theaters

Send us something about your picnics and your vacations. You will enjoy your fun just DOUBLE if you will sit down and WRITE about it and know others may read your good times and enjoy them.

Willie burst through the door and greeted his mother with "Oh mother, I have him, I have him. Father found a bear for me." At that moment an almost round ball of fur pushed itself through the door and walked over to where Willie's mother was holding her son in a fond embrace.

56TH ST. Theater MATINEE BELOW SPRUCE. Eves. 7 to 11. Dorothy Gish, "Little School Ma'am," Condon, "His First Pains," "Gloria's Romance," "The Silly Fool."

Send us something about your picnics and your vacations. You will enjoy your fun just DOUBLE if you will sit down and WRITE about it and know others may read your good times and enjoy them.

As soon as Mrs. Hunter had finished kissing Willie, she took a look over his shoulder and there her feet stood the Little Brown Bear, looking up at her.

JEFFERSON 29TH AND DAUPHIN STREETS METRO PICTURE CORP. Presents LIONEL BARRYMORE in "THE QUITTER" METRO TRAVELOGUE

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IRIS THEATER 3146 KENSINGTON AVENUE WILLIAM S. HART in "BETWEEN MEN"

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GIRARD AVENUE THEATER De Wolf Hopper in "SECRET OF THE SUBMARINE"

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FAIRMOUNT 29TH AND GIRARD AVENUE V. L. S. E. Robert Edeson in "FATHERS BEGET THEIR SONS"

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FRANKFORD 4711 FRANKFORD AVENUE HOLBROOK BLINN in "THE WEAKNESS OF MEN"

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LAFAYETTE 29TH AND DAUPHIN STREETS LIONEL BARRYMORE in "THE QUITTER" METRO TRAVELOGUE

THEATICAL BAEDERER FEATURE FILMS

STANLEY—First half of the week: "The Woman in the Case," with Pauline Frederick. Second half: "The Man in the Case," with Pauline Frederick.

ARCADE—First half of the week: "The Man in the Case," with Pauline Frederick. Second half: "The Woman in the Case," with Pauline Frederick.

APOLLO—First half of the week: "The Man in the Case," with Pauline Frederick. Second half: "The Woman in the Case," with Pauline Frederick.

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