NANCY WYNNE TALKS OF THE DANCING CRAZE IN NEWPORT

At Least One Formal Affair Scheduled for Each Night At Fashionable Resort—Queer Method of Locomotion Chosen by Atlantic City Matron

SAT what one will about the dying out of the dancing craze, it certainly, this Anna Homiller. season, shows no signs of diminutionthis is evidenced by the present week at Newport, which in addition to being ten his week could well be dubbed dancing wek Beginning with Monday there was a dance at the home of the Oliver Gould Jennings; Tuesday the Perry Belmonts were hosts at Belcourt, where so much entertaining takes place during the season; on Wednesday night Sherwood, the home of the Pembroke Jones, was the scene of a brilliant affair, while last night Mr. and Mrs. Stuart Duncan gave one at Bennie Crest, which, I am told, was very spiffy, indeed, for it isn't at every gathering that there are two real, live Governors. Governor R. Livingston Beeckman, of Rhode Island, and Mrs. Beeckman and Governor Charles S. Whitman of New York, and Mrs. Whitman were "among those present." Rosalie Dolan. Pauline Disston, Lucile Carter, Lois Cassatt and Margaret Dunlap were the Philadelphia girls invited. There was much consternation. I understand, when an accident at the electric power plant in Newport caused every light in the city to go out. However, the situation was paved for the Duncans, as they possess their own plant.

Tonight the scene of action will be shifted to "the Pier," as those "in the know" call it, and many of the Newporters will go over, while tomorrow night a dance, given by the Harry Payne Whitneys for their suddenly grown-up daughter Flora, will round out the week's festivities.

The girls at Newport are more for tunate in securing dancing partners than those at many of the other resorts, as there are always the young ensigns to be had, and they are usually splendid dancers. Speaking of the navy reminds me that Admiral Mayo, in command of the Atlantic fleet, and his staff and the officers of the flagship Wyoming, stationed at Newport, gave a reception on board ship Tuesday evening. There were more than a thousand invitations sent out, and the scene on the battleship was picturesque in the extreme, with its gayly colored electric lights, which showed to advantage the glistening gold braid of the officers' uniforms and the sheer flufflness of the women's dancing frocks.

What was my surprise the other evening, while idling on the Boardwalk in Atlantic City, to see a most attractive young matron wearing one of the best looking blue sweaters I have seen this season sitting in her child's express wagon being pulled along by her hus band. I was attracted first by the light the cutest little oil lamp, and then by the chair, which turned out to be a wagon. One sees all manner of things at the shore, but for an easy and simple way of getting around Mrs. --- had the right idea; no huge sums of money spent on tires or "gas" for her. She had her own motor and her chauffeur evidently right where she wanted him.

NANCY WYNNE.

Personals

Mr. and Mrs. Craig Biddle gave a dinner hast evening at their vaint in Adaptor of bonor of the visiting tennis players.

Dr. and Mrs. Richard C. Norris will give Angora terrace, are visiting relatives in an informal supper at their cottage in Cape May on Sunday evening.

Miss Nathalie Walton, of Torresdale, will give a tennis party, followed by tea, to morrow afternoon at the Torresdale Golf Club in honor of Miss Adele Hammond and Miss Alma Hammond, of New Orleans, who are visiting Mrs. Charles Biddle for several

A subscription dance will be given this ing at the Corinthian Yacht Club in Cape May, the proceeds to be used for the upkeep of the golf club. The committee in charge includes Mrs. H. M. Justi, Mrs. Herbert Fox, Mrs. R. Walter Starr, Mrs. Joshua Ash Pearson, Mrs. George Boyd, Mrs. Fredcrick Harding and Mrs. A. Harding.

Mr. and Mrs. Horace Eugene Smith, ac companied by their daughters, Miss Edith I Smith and Miss Mary C. Smith, will leave in a few days for Lake George. They will make the trip by motor. Mrs. Smith is recovering from a slight illness.

Along the Main Line MERION-Mrs. Edward B. Wilford, who

is convalescing from an operation for ap will occupy her cottage at Ventnor for the remainder of the sun

ARDMORE-Mr. and Mrs. Arnold Gerstell, of 22 Church road, have returned to their home from a six weeks' visit in Cape May.

Chestnut Hill

Mr. and Mrs. Le Roy Richards, of St. Martin's lane, who have been spending some time in Cape May, will leave today for Eagles Mere, where they will visit friends for several weeks.

Along the Reading
Mr. and Mrs. Henry McAdoo and their
family, of Whitemarsh, are spending the nonmer in Atlantaken a cottage. ier in Atlantic City, where they have

Dr. and Mrs. J. Frederick Herbert, Jr. and their two small children are spending some time at the home of Doctor Herbert's Parents, Dr. and Mrs. J. Frederick Herbert, at York and Ashbourne roads, Elkins Park. Mrs. Herbert will be remembered as Miss Haien Spangler.

North Philadelphia

Miss Kathlyn Maloney, of 2002 West Susquehanna avenue, has returned home from Atlantic City, and is entertaining Miss Anna Murray, of Moorestown, for several seeks.

Germantown

Mrs. C. B. Grace, of 313 Manhelm street, as gone to Denmark Inn, Denmark, Me. en Camp Susquehannock, near Montrose, Pa. where his son, Master Brewster Grace.

Mrs. Hamill Denny, Miss Marie Denny and Miss Helen Denny, of Germantown, have returned from an extensive tour of the West.

Mrs. John Dunn, Jr., has returned, to Palham Court after spending several days in Wildwood.

Miss Helen E. Gormley, of 727 Lincoln drive, is spending August with Miss Jone-paths Stevens Alcorn at Engles Mere.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward P. Homiller, of-balasming have returned from a trip best to Bangor, Me, previous to which are pent a week at Town Point, Md.,



MISS ELIZABETH C. ADAMS Photo by A. Frederick Bradley. Miss Adams, who was one of last season's debutantes, has gone to her father's cottage in Cape May for August.

Weddings

BRABENDER-STINE

The marriage of Miss Lillian M. Stine, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Stine, of 2132 North Twenty-eighth street, to Rene Brabender, son of Mrs. Louisa Brabender, was solemnized this morning in St. Paul's Lutheran Church, Twenty-second street and Columbia avenue. The cere-mony was performed at 11 o'clock by the Rev. Paul Yount. The bride, who was unattended, was given in marriage by her father. Mr. and Mrs. Brabender left on their wedding journey immediately after the ceremony, and upon their return will live at 1821 North Croskey street.

West Philadelphia

Mr. and Mrs. Robert J. Hoben, of 5133 pruce street, are spending a few weeks in

Miss Mary Cannon, of 5034 Walnut street. spending a few weeks in Cape May as the guest of her cousin. M ss Elsle Campbell Miss Cannon will also spend some time be New York before returning home.

Mrs. Harry J. Nealls, of 4418 Walnut street; her daughters, Miss Marie Nealls, Miss Frances Nealls and Miss Elizabeth Nealis, and son, Mr. Harry J. Nealis, Jr. are in Chelsea. They will return home in

Miss Alice Gaunt, of 15 North Felton street, who is in Atlantic City, will return the latter part of this month

Miss Irene Law, of 123 North Sixtythird street, has returned to her home after naving spent a few weeks in New York.

Mr. and Mrs. Patrick McDermott, of 6257 Arch street, nave gone to Atlantic City for

two weeks. Mr. and Mrs. Harry Fahnestock and their

Chambersburg, Pa. Mr. Edward Quinn, of 3946 Market street. has gone to Boston, Mass., where he will

visit relatives for 10 days. Mrs. Walter Borton, of 736 North Sixtythird street, will return home from Atlantic

Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Solomon, Miss Adele Solomon and Miss Anita Solomon, of 5141 Irving street, are at the Strand, Atlantic

City, for the remainder of the season Miss Ida Hoten and Miss Marie Hoten

of 400 North Sixty-third street, and Miss Marie McLaughlin, of 148 North Edgewood street, will spend the week-end in Atlantic

Millbourne

Mr. and Mrs. John D ck. of Burd avenue. Millbourne, have returned to their home from Ocean C.ty, N. J., where they spent

Mr. and Mrs. Wesley P. Dunnington, of 6415 West Chester pike, are taking a month's trip through New York State.

South Philadelphia

Mr. Albert Herman will give a birthday party at his home, 1611 South street, on Sunday. The gueats will include Mr. Samuel Jacobs, Mr. Sydney Jacobs, Mr. Benjamin Dudowsky, Mr. Max Slome and Mr. Abraham Weinstein.

A birthday party was given by Mrs. Theresa Cappelli, of 1233 Fitzgerald street, last Sunday, in honor of the eighteenth birthday of her daughter, Miss Rose Cappelli. Among those present were Miss Catharine McDevitt. Miss Mildred Lom-bardo, Miss Bertha Russell, Miss Margaret bardo, Miss Margaret Isolo, Mrs. Lombardo, Miss Margaret Isolo, Mrs. Richard Lloyd, Mrs. Joseph Ciccola, Mrs. Haley, Mr. Anthony Isolo, Miss Elizabeth Cappelli, Mr. Michael Volpe, Mr. Joseph Ciccola, Jr., Mr. Leo Ainis, Mr. George Mc-Devitt and Mr. Bernard Buongiorno.

Kensington

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Hyman and their son, Master Everett Hyman, of 2260 East Clearfield street, are at the Rodman Hotel, Atlantic City, for the summer.

Rabbi and Mrs. Oscar Levin, of 3614 Prankford avenue, are spending this month at Mays Landing, N. J.

Roxborough

Miss Lucy Fox entertained at bridge yes-terday afternoon at her home, 233 Rochelle avenue, Wissahickon, in honor of Miss Pauline Waite, of Milton, Pa., and Miss Eisle Beck, of Wilmington, Del, who are spending a week as her guests. Among those present were Miss Dorothy Allen, of Birmingham, Ala.; Miss Myra Warthman, Dr. Alma May Hinman, Miss Fleenor Mon Dr. Alma May Hinman, Miss Eleanor Mor-ris, Miss Pauny Brice, Miss Morgaret War-rington, Mrs. John Brooke Paiste, Mrs. Estner Culley and Mrs. Francis Henderson

A house party being entertained by Mr. and Mrs. D. Siter Cornog. of Ridge avenue, at their cottage at Cape May Point includes Mr. and Mrs. Wayne Moyer, of Lyceum avenue; Mr. and Mrs. T. Swager Potts. Miss Jean Potta, of Ridge avenue, and Mr. Charles L. Hardick.

Camden and Vicinity

Mrs. Andrew Smith, of Sixth and Penn atrocts, is at Wernersylle this week. On August 18 Mr. and Mrs. Smith will motor to Huckwood inn. at Shawuse-on-Delaware, to remain until after Labor Day.

BRASS BOWL

BY LOUIS JOSEPH VANCE "THE

NETZE stood nearest me, as I have indicated. He, too, seemed suddenly oused from a trancelike state. His words, I think, were Russian; they had the Intonation of an oath. He stood erect enough, clutching his left shoulder with his right hand. Our eyes met, and he nodded blankly, evidencing uncomprehending surprise at

the appropriateness of our meeting. From his my eyes traveled on to the others; to Julia, who remained as if transfixed upon the spot where she had stood when first De Netge had raised the alarm o Mrs. Morchester, apparently similarly hunderstruck; to Sevrance, who seemed to have slipped and now was rising from a kneeling posture; to Grady, halted in the edge of the shadow, his revolver still poised for use; and, finally, to my dearest enemy, Von Holzborn, who had failen back against the railing of the landing, and, I thought, had all but fainted with the path of his

As I looked, however, he straightened himself up with an effort and attempted to walk toward Julia. He seemed to have overestimated his strength, for, after a step or two, he tottered and would have fallen but for Sevrance, who sprang forward and

eaught him gently.

Von Holzborn's head dropped back upor my friend's breast; his eyes rested upon Sevrance's face. I heard him say, however, "Ab. Mr. Seyrance! We are well met.

hein! And your friend, Mr. Traill?"
"Is here." Sevrance informed him. "Mr. Traill," he said caimly, "this is ankind of you, sir. I had fancied that you would warn us, give us some chance

or our lives. A dastardly attack, sir, upon It was the one false move that I ever knew the man to make. If he thought, as it was apparent he thought, to shift against us suspicion as the authors of the assault,

he failed signally. Julia, for one, could never have been turned against me by such insinuations; and his own associate. De Netze, spoke up in my defense.
"You are mistaken, my friend," he said quietly. "We owe to Messieurs Traill and Sevrance our lives. They saved us. It was

the Secret Chapter that struck through Von Holzborn glanced swiftly toward Julia, reading her eyes. She was looking toward me with such an expression of hope and relief and pride that he could not mis-

"I beg your pardon, gentlemen," he usped. "I dare say I am a trifle light of gasped. the head. This cursed wound!" And he groaned again convincingly. "Let me down, I beg of you, Mr. Sevrance," he went on. "I cannot stand. I fear they've went on. "I cannot done for me at last."

"You can do nothing," he insisted. "It is not a case for-what you call it?—'first aid to the injured.' I am mortally hurt-Netze, non ami?"

"Hail the Myosotts. Tell them to send Doctor Chine. I looked toward Heart's Desire and found er attention still fixed upon me. And now felt myself amply recompensed for the

anger we had braved for her sake. Her lips moved, as did she, falteringly. caught the bare whisper of my name, breathed rather than uttered, "Gordon!" And in that instant I was by her side, my arms a ready haven for her dear and wears

I believe that no other word was spoken at that time I, at least, heard no more than my name. But Julia's eyes were elo-quent enough. Lifted out of herself by the strain and terror induced by the fearful experience just past, she forgot self for the moment; and, if not in words, surely by her looks and in her attitude, as she seemed to droop, like a tired child, toward me, she gave herself completely into my keeping, into my protection. In another breath, I verily believe, she would have been in my arms, regardless of convention

regardless of Von Holzborn—reckless of all.

But the German intervened. Wounded and spent though he was, he had lost not a jot of his clear sentience, not an atom of his calculating composure. Nor, I believe, had he lost a look or a gesture that had passed between Heart's Desire and my-self; and when the time was ripe for interference, he spoke, with an affecting

I fancied that Julia quivered under the reproach of his tone. Her eyes fell before mine, and she turned away with a little

The man stared up at her through nar

nowed eyelids.
"Julia," he said again faintly. She knelt by his side.
"What can I do?" she asked unsteadily.

You are are badly hurt?" I could see that she infused feeling into her words with an effort.

ilmost inaudibly In an instant she had gathered his head in her arms, her face a mirror of her compansion for his suffering. I caught a gleam of those cloudy, maley

eyes of his, dulled by the lowered lashes, and turned away. De Netze, Sevrance and Mrs. Morchester had drawn to one side, where they stood whispering, with heads together, awed by the rustling of the wings that seemed to be hovering over the Prussian's head—the wings of death.

Grady was leaning with his back to the railing of the landing, a revolver dangling in one hand, keen eyes intent on the wooded park that stretched inland. Recognizing in him a sufficient sentinel against another

attack, I joined the group. They received me with subdued greetings. Sevrance, in an undertone, introduced me to Mrs. Morchester. We nodded, and I touched the tip of a gloved finger which she extended. She impressed me as a neutral identity, pale and colorless, of in different importance; and I paid her little different importance; and I paid for inthe heed—though there was slight need to do so, for she spoke but infrequently.

De Netze, with the glasses, occasionally turned and stared at the yacht. As I ap-

ached, he announced: The boat's returning."

'You are wounded, sir?" I asked him. He smiled faintly. "A mere scratch again," he disclaimed. "They are unfortunate—those enemies of mine. It was a close call, but he bowed ceremoniously— I had your assistance, as usual. Another he pursued speculatively, "they may have better luck."

"Have you identified them?" I inquired.
"There's hardly need," he laughed nerv-isly. "Still—I was about to do so." He moved off, with a gesture inviting ac to join him. Sevrance took the glasses and focused them upon the Myosotta tating for an instant, I concluded to go with the Russian. If there was anything to be gotten out of Mrs. Morchester, I could trust Sevrance to do his part. In the meantime, the Russian might let some-

thing slip in an incautious moment. He proved, on the contrary, extremely one-mouthed. We visited, in turn, each f the five bodies which lay about in the little clearing, witnesses to our prowess; and each he examined closely, first for signs of vitality, afterwards for papers-I pre sumed.

Neither was found. The men lay stark one and all cold. At this De Netze nodded his satisfaction. "If there were no more about," he said thoughtfully, "we might consider ourselves fortunate. I am astonshed," he continued, "that they should have followed us so cunningly; I had thought them outwitted."

Who are they? Do you know?" De Netze pursed his lips, favoring me with a keen, sidelong glance, not, however,

devoid of respect and liking. "Two of them," he said slowly, "you should remember: Sept and Baron von Beller. They afforded you some entertainment upon a night not long ago. As for the others, all that I can say is that they are members of the notorious Secret Chapter. Ah! what is it, now?" For I, bending over the body of the man whom Sevrance had shot, had cried out in one thing, for the present."

The fellow was our aged and inquisitive friend of the Rainbow!

I explained the circumstances briefly, De Netze nodding his comprehension.
"So they tracked us through you." he deliberated. liberated. "That is the way of it. Cer-tainly we can speak this good of the dead. they were acute, mon ami. And this old gentleman-

He laughed unpleasantly, and, with a single movement, and abruptly, scalped the patriarch of his silvery white wig, expos-ing a head of black hair, close-cropped. A tug at each of the heavy and overhanging eyebrows removed them also. The face that, sightless and lifeless, stared up to the stars, then seemed to have lost 20 years; it proved that of a young man, not above 30, "Very careful and cautious!" De Netzo mmented.

His searching of their pockets and pat-ting of their clothes brought to light nothing but a pocketbook filled with Bank of England notes and a couple of handfuls of silver and gold, with as much more miscellaneous trash of no importance, such as men are accustomed to cart around in their

"Now as to that automobile," De Netze pondered aloud, "where would it be?"
"Impossible to say," I responded. "Very likely it is at a stop in the roadway some where near Saltacres. That should be

"I will see to it," the Russian replied. "If it is gone we may take it as conclusive that our friends are not all dead. We may yet have trouble with them."

"Beggin' your honors' pardons," Grady put it, "but 'twas myself that heard at laste wan ay thim scuttlin' away through th' bushes, jist afther th' shindy "Ah!" De Netze nodded. "I fancied as

Presently we were interrupted by the "I am dying," sa'd the man clearly. "I am-done—" His lids drooped over his eyes again. "I—am very cold," he added ment later six or eight dark forms made their way up the stairs. Among them I was surprised to notice the flutter of a

oman's skirts; but it turned out that they were the property of Julia's maid. Eunice by name, whose coming in the second boat-load, together with Von Helzborn's man, Fritz, and the baggage of the party, had been planned beforehand.

Of the second party was the ship's sur for the second party was the snips sur-geon, one Desctor Chine, a close-lipped, self-possessed, darkly sallow little man, and a man whom I heard addressed as Captain Keen-from which I correctly pre-sumed him the captain of the Myosofis. At the time we were not brought together short, stout and unwieldy figure, clothed in a dark uniform and an air of authority, and of a voice of great calibre which was modulated to a husky, throaty roar,

De Netze hurried forward and got th aptain's ear, drawing him to one side and dubly narrating his version of the at-

called by Julia directly to Von Holzborn's side. He had not more than fallen upon his knees, however, when I heard the Ger-man speak, and knew that he was concious. An instant later Julia gently dis-ngaged herself and returned to our group. Fritz taking her place. She said nothing aking a silent stand by Mrs. Morchester's All, including myself, fell into an apprehensive silence, watching the surgeon work over his patient. Von Holzborn lay at a distance too great for their words to be

approached with an offer of assistance. Chine waved him back. A little later Captain Keen was beckened to join them; he stepped forward quickly, iropping on his knees with a deferential manner, and listening attentively to something which Von Heizborn had to say. Now and again he nodded his head and said, "Very well, sir," with an air of

audible to us; and once, when Sevenner

marked respect-not to say of subservi I deduced that Von Holzborn was giving orders and I was somewhat surprised by the fact. Nominally, at least, Lady Her-bert was the employer of Captain Keen; but when I glanced toward her, looking. I've no doubt, my question, she avoided my eye, and presently turned away, leaning upon the rail and staring soberly out to ea, her chin cradled in the hollow of her

Unable longer to control my impatience

I stepped to her side.

"Julia," I began brokenly.

She made me pause with an appealing gesture. For a moment her eyes were upon mine, and I fancied that she was at badly frightened, though I know not at

"Have you nothing at all to say to me?" I pleaded Only this, Gordon," she breathed hurriedly, her glance unconsciously straying to Von Holzborn's recumbent form, as though she feared that, even from the distance, he might overhear her—"only this, that it was good—ah, so good of you!—to come to me. I need you, Gordon, need you!" Her voice broke; she seemed to you." Her voice broke; she seemed to struggle and went on. "But I can't talk now—I dare not. I would ask of you just

"And that is-"Don't leave me, Gordon; don't let anything induce you to leave me!"

"Nothing could make me," I asserted quietly, "not while—" "Hush!" She seemed to shudder with "Hush!" She seemed to shudder with slarm at her audacity. "And one thing more, under no circumstances, Gordon, must you admit that I-I ever wrote you or sent ou word. Your presence here is entirely coldental—do you understand?" 'Clearly," I affirmed.

"And, oh! Gordon, have a care—have a care how you deal with that man! He is

"Lady Herbert, you are wanted, I beeve," I heard Sevrance say quickly. Turning, I saw that his words had been in the nature of a warning. Von Holz-born's man Fritz was approaching us on tiptoe, almost, with a bearing that made me believe he had been commissioned to envesdrop upon our conversation.

His stolid German countenance, however

had borrowed something of his master's impassiveness. He showed no resentment, nor glanced toward Sevrance, but stopped at a little distance, saluted respectfully, and delivered his message. The Herr Cap-tain desired to speak with her ladyship. She turned away without a word and joined the group about the German's re cumbent form—a group which, I now saw, had been reinforced by De Netze.

At the same time Doctor Chine rose, dusted the mold from his knees very pre-cisely and approached us, addressing himself to Mrs. Morchester, as the one member of the party with whom he was acquainted.
She made us known to the man, and he acknowledged the introduction with a brief and business-like nod and a fleeting.

"Captain von Holzborn," he appounced "is very seriously wounded—I will not say mortally, as yet. There is a fighting chance mortally, as yet. There is a fighting that for him; we may be able to pull him through. But," he amended with caution, "it is not certain."

(CONTINUED TOMORROW.)

WILLIE AND THE BEAR GO HOME

By Farmer Smith

bear, how are you going to get him home?"

asked Willie Hunter's father, after they

had walked a little ways from where they

"I am going to carry him," said Willie,

On and on the little fellow trudged, hold-

ing on tighter and tighter to the shaggy

bundle in his arms, which by this time

"What if mother will not let you keep he Little Brown Bear, as you call him?"

suggested Wille's father.
"Oh, father, she could not be so cruel.

Think of the poor little lonesome fellow; surely mother cannot say 'no' to my having a pet. Why, father, dear, do you think of

such a thing?"

Willie's face was wreathed in sorrow.

He stopped and put down the precious bun-

the Little Brown Bear walked along behind

mind realize what was to happen to him!

Branch Club News Thelma Kounts and Theima Chandler, of

Poor fellow! Little did his tiny bear

When they started on their way again

had found the Little Brown Bear,

eemed to weigh a ton.

proudly.

"Now that you have found your little

FARMER SMITH'S



RAINBOW CLUB

WHAT IS A SISSY?

Dear Children-I want your help! I want it right away. I MUST know as soon as possible what a SISSY is. Can YOU tell me? I think it is some kind of an animal. I looked in a dictionary and it wasn't

there. I asked our sccretary and she laughed. "The very idea!" she exclaimed. "You a children's editor and don't know what a sissy is!

"Shame on you!" I don't dare let her see what I am writing.

Oh, yes! I asked a policeman what a sissy is or was and he said, "Quit your kidding!" I know him well, too.

I'll tell you what I will do if you will write and tell me what a "sissy" is I'll put your name in the paper or do anything HONORABLE you may suggest. Have you ever seen a "sissy"? What does IT look like? Please write as soon as you can because our secretary will be laughing at

me again. WHAT IS a "sissy"?

FARMER SMITH, Children's Editor.

Our Postoffice Box Two little Rainbows joined on the same

are Mary Caburet, of Thompson street, and Mary Flynn, of Carlisle street. The and Mary is eight years old, the second nine. We guess they are very bright little persons, for they are both faithful readers of the Club News. And what do you think? Very, very soon they are going to become writers of the Club News!

Three Lansdowne Rainbows arrived in the same envelope. They are Emlen, Eleathe same envelope. They are Emica, Elea-nor and Linda Paimer, aged 7, 12 and 15 years, respectively. We have visions of a Paimer Rainbow branch, with none having to stir an inch for outside membership. Russell Gudknecht has not forgotten to increase our list of members this summer. He forwards the earnest desires of Helen Cressman and Herbert (Tudknecht to join

our cheer circle. Russeil asks for applica-tion blanks in order that he may enroll additional members. Please, Russell, do with these friends just as you did with Helen and Herbert, or, better still, tell them to write for their own buttons. them to write for their own buttons.

Ida Kelley, of Norristown, Pa., and Esther Boan, of Norwood, are quite anxious to serve us. At present let them live the very spirit of their Rainbow piedge and they will serve us. In that they will be spreading the rays of the "Rainbow."

Stella and Dorothy Allen live in Willow. Things to Know and Do CURTAILMENT. I am a word of six letters. I mean "A crayon." Chop off my last letter and you have a kind of mucilage. Then chop off my last letter and I am "gone." Who am IT What am I

Grove all year round and can tell us many wonderful things about the country. They love the green trees and the flowers and delove the green trees and the flowers and do not get tired of them, even if they do see them week in and week out. These little girls have a pet chicken and his name is—RAINBOW!!! "Maybe he isn't proud of his name, too," writes Stella. Well: why shouldn't he be? John Byrne is very fond of the life he is living near Paoli. Particularly does he care for the little birds who have learned to come to him for bread-crumbs! How many other young Rainbows have bothered to make friends of the little citizens of the air? Theima Kounts and Theima Chandler, of Trinity place, have organized the "Glad Rainbowa." These little girls have lost no time in proceeding to live up to their name. They are trying to make the poor soldiers "glad." To date this new Rainbow branch has given two entertainments for the Red Cross Society. We would appreciate very much a detailed program of these entertainments. Possibly they may furnish suggestions to other Rainbows who wish to branch out in this sort of work. little c tizens of the air?

Rainbow By MARGARET JEFFORDS BOYLE, Bydal, Pa. Rainbow across the sky After sunshine rain;

Rainbow up in heaven so high.
Let it not be in vain
That we try to be true,
Full of faith And hope like you!

I wish to become a member of your Rainbow Club. Please send me a beautiful Rainbow Button free. I agree to DO A LITTLE KINDNESS EACH AND EVERY DAY, SPREAD A LITTLE, SUNSHINE ALL ALONG THE WAY. Name

Address

branch out in this sort of work.

FARMER SMITH.

HAMMOCK READING

FOR MID-AUGUST

BOOK NEWS AND REVIEW

Sprightly Novels, Books About the War and Other Things Between Covers

The Russian advance is not altogether offensive, to drop into military terms. After the excesses of Artschibascheff it is somehing of a relief to turn to Goncharov's Oblomov," which is quite as penetrating an analysis of Russian character, with much more humor and cleanliness. "Oblomov" was so popular, and the Russian is so apt o see himself in extravagant characteriza-ions, that the name passed into common language and a dilatory, lazy waster of fine opportunities was said to be attacked by oblomovism. At page 93, if we remember, the protagonist has not yet risen from his He has received five visitors, but has y slipped his feet into the soft slippers that stand just where he can get into them with the least effort. To be sure, nothing but humor could carry such a book It is not full of punch or action along. and the author must have had some deep purpose in mind, because the introduction of types is a bit stilted and infelicitious. Goncharov stems from the older tradition of Russian writers, but is secondary. That s why his book, destined never to be a orch, shines with a pleasant and enjoyable

The translation is easier than most

from the Russian, and goes to the credit of C. J. Hogarth. The imprint is that of

Macmillan

War books, presumably, are to continue. Mr. Frederic Coleman, an American mo-tor enthusiast, took a car into France. and in "From Mons to Ypres with General French" he tells what happened to him, but so quietly and with such a riot of incl dent that the story is really of what hap-pened on the famous retreat to the armles of England. It is very seldom that the reactions of an ordinary man are told in an ordinary manner. War stories are all too special. This one is regular. Mr. Cole-man has normal fears, hopes and, if anything is abnormal about him, it is his ca-pacity for taking things in. The book is sadly written, but to make literature of it would be to take away part of its atmosphere of reality. The author served as chauffeur and later in other departments. He writes with detachment as far as feelings for the enemy go, but his admira-tion for those who took part in the retreat is justifiably unbounded. The little stories recall Ian Hay. The whole is vivid and interesting if one is up on the war. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)

More than one excellent book have been published recently about Rudyard Kipling. The best is by John Palmer, a little, incisive study packed with meaning. The other extreme is reached by Mr. R. Thurston Hopkins, whose long, discursive and somewhat pointless literary appreciation is published by Stokes. It can be said for Mr. Hopkins that he started to form a "com-monplace book" and inadvertently fancied nimself doing criticism. Of the latter the book contains much—in quotations. The anecdotes are interesting. But the book bears an air of intellectual snobbery. We expect our attention to be called to the We sun and the stars, which, as is commonly known, seldom appear at the same time. No one will find in the book any glimmering of an idea concerning Kipling as a phenomenon in England and in English literature. The semi-scandalous successes are entloned, but the meaning is left out. Mr. Hopkins might make a good realistic novelist of the present school. For pointless massing of detail his work is a master piece. In fairness it might be said that the work is interesting. Ninety per cent of that goes to R. K.

A war book about which there seems to be no end of controversy is "Passed by the Censor," by Wythe Williams, of the New York Times. It is not a story of fighting, but a story of how a good corre-spondent stayed in Paris and covered the "atory," the biggest story in the history of journalism. Naturally it lacks much. But it has a great many stories of extraordinary merit and some very moving descriptions. Many of the pages are re-printed from the paper in which the stories first appeared. They are often sloppily written, but more often the writing is sim-ple as the story. The author does not protrude himself. France and its spirit are the effective agents throughout.

Mrs. Oliver Onions (Berta Ruck) has a ormula, clever, adaptable and amusing. 'In Another Girl's Shoes" is built on that formula and so is the story of an official flancee. Whether the other works of this



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author are so constructed we do not know. The two mentioned are clever enough 13 Justify repetition. 'In Another Girl's libror' (Dodd, Mead & Co.) is the story of a charming young woman who is forced by circumstances to impersonate a war widow. The young man who bified off and got married and biffed off a moment later to the tranches and was biffed off into eternity after several months left his moving-picture wife to his parents, who weren't her sort. So she shoved another girl into her place, and the young man wasn't killed after all, and the complications are such that you don't know how it is going to turn out, especially as there are two others, a man and a girl, mixed up in it. But it does turn out. So the book will do for the hammock. It is faultily printed and badly proofread. faultily printed and badly proofread, The discerning thousands who depend on

The discerning thousands who depend on the New York Evening Post and the Nation for substantial and honest editorial criticism of the world will need to be told little of "Fifty Years of American Idealism" (Houghton Mifflin Company). Because that book, with its admirably expressive title, is made up of editorial articles and special articles from the National Company. articles from the Nation of the past 50 years. The weekly comments are a history of the country in that period, the essays are examples of the finer side of American life What is so extraordinary is that the editor, Mr. Gustav Pollak, should have been able to collect hundreds of pages written in the midst of controversy, without any need of adjusting to the testing of time. The sentiments are so just, the expression so supple, that only in the fewest cases have time and listance made correction necessary. Those who know how enhanceral fournalism these days will appreciate the marvel of this

NOTES ON BOOKS AND THEIR AUTHORS

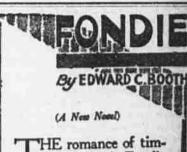
Publishers' Announcements for the Coming Season's Books, With Some News of Their Authors

The Century Company announces the following novels for publication in September:
"The Keys of the City," a story of New
York and of a boyhood's ambition fulfilled there, by Oscar Graeve; "Olga Bardel," by Stacy Aumonier, the life and development of a strange and fascinating musical genius, and "The Dark Tower," by Phyllis Bottome, the story of a wild-tempered English family in England and Switzerland, and of certain other people important through their rela-

Little, Brown & Co.'s autumn fiction list osmo Hamilton, author of the "Blindness of Virtue"; "The Woman Gives," by Owen Johnson; "Big Timber," by Bertrand W. Sinclair, who wrote "North of Fifty-three"; "Miss Theodosia's Heartstrings," by Annie Hamilton Donnell, author of "Rebecca Mary"; "The Kingdom of the Blind," by E. Phillips Oppenheim; "The Little Beloved," by W. L. George; "The Worn Doorstep," a war-inspired story, by Margaret Sherwood; "Patey Simmons at Sizysh," the first book; "Petey Simmons at Siwash," the final book of Siwash College stories, by the late George Fitch; "The Heritage of the Sioux," by B. M. Bower; "Clover and Blue Grass," by Eliza Calvert Hall, author of "Aunt Jane of Kentucky"; "Chloe Malone," by Fannie Heaslip Lea, and "The Whale and the Grasshopper and Other Fables," by Seumas O'Brien

Recently published novels which have already reached their second printing are Mary Roberts Rinehart's "Tish," and Samuel Hopkins Adams's "The Unspeakable Perk." Another story which promises to be among the best sellers is Frederick Orin Bartlett's "The Wall Street Girl," which will be published early next month by Houghton Mifflin Company, and which has already so large an advance demand that it has been necessary to increase the quan-tity of the first printing.

Thomas Hardy is busily engaged this summer in Red Cross work. He has pre-pared a simple play which has been given for war benefits, notably at Dorche which is the famous Casterbridge of Mayor of Casterbridge," and other Hardy



id, bashful Fondie Bassiemoor. His affection for Blanche, the hoydenish, indiscreet daughter of the village vicar, and his splendid attempts at self-sacrifice to save her when tragedy overtakes her, make a big novel in every respect one which English critics have proclaimed a literary triumph.

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