NANCY WYNNE CHATS OF NIGHT PAGEANT

Misses Frances and Leta Sullivan Take Part in American Ambulance Hospital Benefit

SUMMER residents at Bar Harbor are still talking of the really lovely night pageant held on the lawn of the Swimming Club there Thursday evening. It was an evening of dances, fittingly termed "Terpsichore" by John Murray Anderson, who devised and staged it under the direction of Mrs. William Lawrence Green, and represented the progress of the dance through four ages. The prologue, which was written by John Kendrick Bangs, was read by Enid Howland, and then followed the dances of antiquity, first the Egyptian and then the Grecian. The role of Terpsichore was taken by Constance Binney; she, you will remember, danced in this city at several charitable performances during last season. She is a niece of Mrs. George Dunning, who, in spite of the heat, has been working away for the suffrage cause during the summer.

The first dance of the Renaissance was the gavotte, executed gracefully by Frances and Leta Sullivan, and this was followed by a Minuet de la Coeur, in which Edith Gracie, Charlotte Delafield, Sylvia Van Rensselaer and Helen Smith took part.

Katherine Force, Mrs. Dick's sister, and Georgia Schofield appeared in the nineteenth century group. The latter commanded one of the companies at the National Service School for Women, held at Chevy Chase in May. I use the word commanded advisedly, for one heard many rumors of her Spartan methods while captain of Company C. It was told as a good one on her that when one of the rookies, having sprained her ankle, reported the fact to her youthful captain, the latter, tired of hearing about sprained ankles so close to exhibition day, was heard to murmur "Darn" under her breath. I do not know whether the unfortunate rookie had her town leave taken away or was summarily dismissed.

However, to get back to Thursday night's pageant, I understand there was quite a representative gathering present, including the Charlie Wrights, from this city, also the Bob Le Contes, Mrs. Mason Campbell, Mrs. J. Madison Taylor, "Elsie" Large, the Honorable Mrs. Alfred Anson, the Edgar Scotts and the Megargee Wrights.

A number of prominent Main Line women connected with the Woman's Suffrage party of Montgomery, Delaware and Chester Counties have started preparations for a large tricounty lawn fete, to be held on October 4 on the extensive lawns at Windybrow, Mrs. Ferree Brinton's home at St. David's. Mrs. William Ward, Jr., of the Chester County division, is general chairman of the affair, which promises to have many unique features. Others actively interested are Mrs. E. Mitchell, of Ardmore; Mrs. E. P. Flannery, of Wynnewood; Mrs. A. M. Wilson, of Wayne, and Mrs. Clarence Gardner, of Cynwyd.

NANCY WYNNE.

Personals

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas De Witt Cuyler, who are occupying Stone Cliff, their summer home at Bar Harbor, will give a dinner this evening for their daughter, Miss Eleanor de G. Cuyler, and her fiance, Mr. Joseph Walker, 3d, of New York.

Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence T. Paul will entertain at dinner this evening at their villa in Newport in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Paul Denckla Mills.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Robins are entertaining a house party over the week-end at their cottage at Tuxedo Park, L. I.

Mr. and Mrs. William Lyttleton Savage gave a luncheon today at Dennison Cottage, Bar Harbor.

Miss Sophy Mercer Worth, who has been visiting in Bar Harbor, is now at Cape May. She will leave shortly for Chelsea, where she will visit Mrs. Louis Rodman Page, Jr., who will be remembered as Miss Katherine Herman Kremer.

Mr. Willing Hare, of Radnor, will leave on September 6 for the United States Military Training camp at Plattsburg, where he will spend several weeks. Mr. Truxton Hare has returned from Plattsburg.

Dr. and Mrs. Lewis H. Adler, Jr., of the Belgravia, are spending the summer at the Chalfonte Hotel, Atlantic City. Their son, Mr. Frank H. Adler, who has been spending some time with them, left yesterday for the Canadian Rockies, to camp for several weeks.

Along the Main Line

WYNNEWOOD—Mr. and Mrs. Phineas Prouty, of Hathaway lane, have returned to their home after spending 10 days at the Chateau Frontenac, Quebec.

ARDMORE — Mr. and Mrs. Harvey Boyer, who are spending the season at the Dennis, Atlantic City, accompanied by their family, Mr. and Mrs. Edward Remington Irving and Mr. and Mrs. H. Allan George, have returned from a motor trip to Cape May and along the Jersey coast.

HAVERFORD—Mr. and Mrs. Rowland Comly, of Panmure road, have returned to their home after spending some time at White Sulphur Springs, W. Va.

BRYN MAWR—Mr. and Mrs. George Purvis have moved into their new home on Central avenue.

Miss Lillian Gilliams, of Montgomery avenue, moved this week to 310 Chestnut avenue, Narberth.

WAYNE—Miss Sue Edna Brown, of Bryn Mawr, is spending several weeks as the guest of Mrs. Joseph Pearce.

Germantown

Mr. and Mrs. Ellis M. H. Hanson announce the engagement of their daughter, Miss Anne Hanson, to Mr. Norman Thompson Moore, son of the Rev. George C. Moore and Mrs. Moore, also of Germantown.

The marriage will take place in November.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Fassitt Mitchell, of 143 West School House lane, have issued invitations for the marriage of their daughter, Miss Margaret Smyth Mitchell, to Mr. George W. Carson, on Wednesday, September 6, at 7:30 o'clock in the Church of the Advocate, Wayne avenue and Queen lane.

Mr. and Mrs. William Miller, of 47 East Phil-Ellena street, have issued invitations for the marriage of their daughter, Miss Florence Miller, to Mr. Clarence Gregory on Monday evening, August 28, at the Church of the Brethren, Germantown avenue.

Mr. and Mrs. A. P. Limeburner and their daughter, of 6214 Morton street, are spending several weeks in Ocean City, N. J.

Miss Ann Meyers, of 5244 Wakefield street, and Miss Emily Brown, of 5325 Lena street, are spending two weeks at the Columbia, Cape May.

MR. AND MRS. HAROLD CHARLES BOND
Whose wedding took place on Tuesday at Wyncote. Mrs. Bond was Miss Alice Lorraine Dixon

Bala-Cynwyd

Miss Margaret Fechteler, of New York, will be the guest of Miss Del Rose Macan, of Montgomery avenue, Cynwyd, for the first two weeks in September.

Miss Minnie F. Schroller, of Cynwyd, who has been visiting Miss Cordelia Vaughn, of Devon, has returned to her home. Later Miss Vaughn, accompanied by Miss Schroller and Miss Eleanor Wilson, will motor to Mt. Pocono.

Weddings

BRADFORD—McCORKINDALE.

WILMINGTON, Del., Aug. 19.—The marriage of Miss Pauline Frederick McCorkindale, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William J. McCorkindale, and Mr. William Dyer Bradford will take place this evening at 6 o'clock in St. John's Protestant Episcopal Church, Wilmington. The bride's only attendant will be Miss Ethel Macklem. Mr. Bradford will be attended by his brother, Mr. Sidney G. Bradford, as best man and by two other brothers, Mr. Thomas G. Bradford and Mr. Robert P. Bradford, as ushers, while the other ushers will be the bride's brother, Mr. William McCorkindale, Jr., and Mr. T. Coleman Johnston. The Rev. Alban Richey, D. D., rector of the church, will perform the ceremony. A reception at the home of the bride's parents, 1801 Franklin street, will follow the ceremony. Only the immediate relatives and a few friends will be present. After a wedding trip Mr. and Mrs. Bradford will be at home after November 1 at 2206 Van Buren street.

BOND—DIXON.

An interesting wedding of this week was that of Miss Alice Lorraine Dixon and Mr. Harold Charles Bond, which took place on Tuesday at noon at the home of the bride's father, Dr. Joseph K. Dixon, in Wyncote. The bridal party stood before an immense bank of palms and ferns, interspersed with gladioli and caladium. The bride wore a gown of georgette crepe and taffeta, trimmed with point lace and carried a bouquet of orchids with lilies of the valley. The bridesmaid was Miss Emily Dean, of Germantown, a classmate of the bride at Mount Holyoke College, Mass. The bridegroom is a graduate of Dartmouth, 1911, and is a member of Phi Beta Kappa. Among the guests from out of town were Mr. Harry Nelson, of Boston, the best man; Mr. Leslie Hawkridge, of Boston; Mr. and Mrs. Harold L. Bond, Miss Marjorie Bond, the flower girl. After the reception Mr. and Mrs. Bond left for a wedding trip in Maine. The bride's father is an author, explorer and lecturer.

NEELY—MEREDITH

Mr. and Mrs. William Rhoads Meredith, of 215 Harvey street, announce the marriage of their daughter, Louise Meredith, to Mr. Walter Clarkson Neely, on Friday evening, August 18, at 6 o'clock, in the Westside Presbyterian Church. The Rev. William Porter Lee officiated. After a wedding journey through the West Mr. and Mrs. Neely will be at home after November 1 at 7130 Cresheim road, Chestnut Hill.

GORDON—ROSEN.

An interesting wedding will take place, after a courtship of five years, when Miss Elizabeth Rosen will become the bride of Mr. Herman Gordon tomorrow evening. Only a few friends of the families will be present. The couple will leave for Atlantic City immediately after the ceremony.

WOODWARD—MAHONY

Miss Sarah May Mahony, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William H. Mahony, of 1806 North Taney street, became the bride of Mr. Howard L. Woodward, of 3000 West Cumberland street, on Wednesday evening. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. Dr. E. W. Hart, of the Columbia Avenue Methodist Episcopal Church, at the home of the bride's parents.

Mr. Frank W. Woodward, a brother of the bridegroom, acted as best man, and Miss Edna Marks was maid of honor.

MRS. HOWARD L. WOODWARD
Mrs. Woodward before her marriage on Wednesday was Miss Sarah M. Mahony. She is a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William H. Mahony

West Philadelphia

Miss Rosalie Ward, of 117 South Thirty-eighth street, is spending several weeks in Portland, Me.

Miss Frances Murray, of West Philadelphia, is spending a portion of the summer at her aunt's home in Washington, D. C.

Dr. and Mrs. Gerald Fitzgerald Proctor will occupy their new home, 5613 Cedar avenue, this week. They will be at home to their friends after September 1.

Miss Anna Ivey is spending the summer at Wildwood, accompanied by Miss Florence Sutcliffe and Miss S. Kavash, of Wissahickon.

Mr. and Mrs. William Scull, of 5 South Forty-fourth street; Mr. Alexander Gillespie, of 1423 South Forty-ninth street; Mr. John Campbell, of 5910 Chestnut street, and Mr. Lincoln Drinkwater, of 1326 South Melville street, are on a motorboat cruise in the Delaware Bay.

Mr. Samuel C. Latta, of 4226 Market street, has gone to Atlantic City to spend 10 days.

Miss Blanche Jones, of 5402 Chestnut street, has returned home after having spent a month in Virginia visiting relatives.

South Philadelphia

Miss Beatrice Louise Thomas, of 2835 Ventnor avenue, Chelsea, entertained at bridge on Thursday afternoon in honor of Miss Edna Boothby, of 1427 South Broad street, who is visiting friends in Chelsea.

Mr. Herbert Boland, of 1623 Ritner street, is visiting in Atlantic City.

Mr. Raymond Vincent is spending several weeks in Wildwood with friends.

A party was given in honor of Mr. Benjamin Dudowsky's return from California this week. The guests were entertained by Mr. Samuel Jacobs, who sang a number of popular songs.

North Philadelphia

Miss Lulu Fleming Wright, of 2820 West Susquehanna avenue, left yesterday to pass the week-end in Ocean City, N. J.

Mr. and Mrs. Earl T. Kramer, of 2923 North Twenty-fifth street, are spending a fortnight in Wildwood. Mrs. Kramer, who was Miss Anna May Ogden, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Ogden, of 2523 North Thirty-second street, was a June bride.

"THE PRIVATE WAR"

BY LOUIS JOSEPH VANCE — Author of "THE BRASS BOWL"

SYNOPSIS.

Gordon Traill, a young New York society favorite, and Captain Hans von Holzborn, attached to the German Embassy in London, are rival suitors for the hand of the widowed Lady Herbert, formerly Julia Leigh, of Richmond, Va. The German is engaged to the widow, due to the fact that in the two years following the death of her husband Traill has remained in the United States.

Immediately upon Traill's arrival in London he stumbles upon melodrama. He has sought refuge from the fog in a cab. Lying on the floor he finds the drugged and stabbed body of M. de Netze, a special agent of the Russian Government. Traill takes the body to Sevrance's apartments, and the latter notifies Von Holzborn, who calls for his wounded friend. The rivals hate each other from that first meeting.

Von Holzborn spirits away Lady Herbert, whom Traill calls his "Heart's Desire." Sevrance and Traill set off for Saltacres, Lady Herbert's country estate, in hope of finding her there.

They reach the estate before Lady Herbert and the German, but while talking with the keeper an automobile with two foreigners drives up. They ask for directions, which Sevrance gives them. Back at the inn, Sevrance and Traill discuss their plans.

The next night in a fog almost as thick as that which greeted Traill upon his arrival in London, he, Sevrance and Grady start for the landing place to Saltacres. It is definitely assured that Lady Herbert will arrive on her yacht, the Myosotis. Through a rift in the fog they have been able to see the vessel.

At first they are disappointed, but later the party, including de Netze, arrived in Lady Herbert's yacht Myosotis. As soon as they land several assassins rush upon de Netze and von Holzborn. Traill, Sevrance and Grady, the latter's valet, rush to their assistance and all but one of the attacking party are killed. De Netze and Von Holzborn have been wounded, the latter seriously.

CHAPTER XIV—(Continued).

DE NETZE approaching at that moment, the surgeon reopened his case of instruments with professional alacrity.

"Your own wound, sir?" he suggested.

"Nothing of consequence," asserted the Russian. "The man struck wildly, and the knife penetrated the fleshy part of my shoulder. I will bandage it myself at a more suitable time. Thank you, monsieur."

Chine shut his case with a disappointed snap.

"Mrs. Morchester?" Julia called.

"Yes, Julia?"

"We will go on up to the hall now, if you please. Fritz and Eunice will accompany us. And may I requisition your man, Mr. Sevrance? Grady might help Fritz back with the litter. It has been decided," she explained, "that it would be too dangerous to attempt to remove Captain von Holzborn to the *Myosotis* tonight. We shall carry out our original purpose, therefore, and take refuge in Saltacres Hall. Monsieur de Netze will accompany us, and I venture to ask Mr. Traill and Mr. Sevrance to be our guests for the night. You will come—to help guard us, gentlemen?" she concluded, with a wan, pitiful simulation of her smile.

There was, of course, no question as to that. In the meantime, it was decided she was to go on in company with the servants and Mrs. Morchester, while Sevrance and I, by special request of Von Holzborn, were asked to remain and help guard that gentleman against further attack, should there be any.

If I had had my way about it, I should have announced my intention of letting him go to the devil at his convenience and through whatever agent Providence might designate. Such an announcement being, to say the least, inadvisable, as well as inhuman, I schooled myself to a silent acquiescence.

CHAPTER XV.

Capture and Escape.

THERE was a little bustle and confusion; and then my Heart's Desire, with her party, moved away and was swallowed up in the shadows of the woodland. Chine returned to his patient, whom Captain Keen had never left. The seamen from the *Myosotis* huddled together at a distance, gossiping in undertones.

After a while Keen arose and issued a succession of orders, which they sprang with alacrity to obey, seizing the bodies of the dead men and carrying them quickly down the stairs to the beach below. De Netze explained this matter quite plausibly. It was advisable, he said, that the affair should be kept as quiet as possible. It was for that reason alone, for instance, that her ladyship had given orders that no more than three trusted servants of the family should be employed about Saltacres Hall during this clandestine visit.

"I am desolated," said the Russian, "to think that I should be the cause of such trouble to my most kind friends. It is useless to disguise the fact that all this was arranged on my account alone; we could imagine no more safe hiding place in all England than this same Saltacres Hall. But it seems that they tracked us even here." He sighed wearily. "Now, these *canaille*," he continued, indicating the bodies with a scornful wave of his hand, "are to be carried out to sea and buried—with a weight at the feet of each. Then there will remain no dead men to tell tales upon us." He laughed unpleasantly.

"What is the motive for this persistent desire for your life?" Sevrance asked. "That is, if I am not asking too much——"

"Ah! not in the least, monsieur! To the contrary—what have I to hide? You are aware that my services are held in some slight esteem by his Majesty the Czar. So! My life is, therefore, a thing obnoxious to the Secret Chapter of the revolutionary party."

"Why didn't they shoot you outright, then?"

"They wished to take me alive, and to keep me so, for a time. As to the end—I have no doubts at all! But, while living, they might have persuaded me to talk more than I would out of captivity."

"Persuade?" said Sevrance.

"Even today there are methods of persuasion," said De Netze calmly, "not inferior to those practiced by the Inquisition, *mes amis*."

In due course Grady and Fritz returned with a litter. Von Holzborn was laid upon it, groaning pitifully. Chine administered a stimulant, the party bade farewell to Captain Keen and turned toward Saltacres Hall, accompanied by the surgeon and three sailors from the yacht.

If any member of the mysterious Secret Chapter lurked about, he was at pains not to make his presence known. Before starting Grady found time to inform me that Thompson, the lodge keeper, had seen an automobile pass the lodge, northbound, with a bareheaded man for its sole passenger, some ten minutes or so after the probable time of the encounter on the cliff.

It but confirmed our suspicions that one of the assassins had made good his escape.

The Russian's brow furrowed with anxiety when I informed him of this incident. Nevertheless, he maintained, we were assured of three or four days' respite from further annoyance or assault. It would take some time, he was confident, to assemble in our neighborhood enough members of the revolutionary party then in England—enough for a successful attack upon our party, he amended. There would be plenty of time to devise a way out of the difficulty.

Our arrival at the Hall was devoid of incident. Von Holzborn was at once carried upstairs to a bedchamber assigned to his use, De Netze accompanying him with the surgeon. Sevrance and I were left standing below in the great hallway, warming ourselves in the grateful heat of the fire that blazed in the huge, old-fashioned chimney. I remember feeling awkward and out of place.

After a long time the housekeeper, an aged and withered body, plainly half frightened out of her wits, approached us and made her ladyship's excuses for the seeming inhospitality of our reception. Her ladyship was unnerved and almost in hysterics because of the dreadful strain she had endured, the woman told us, and begged to be excused until the following morning.

In the meantime, we were informed, our rooms were being prepared for our reception; we would be shown to them after supper; we acquiesced apathetically, too weary for words.

Supper was served us alone in the breakfast room. Grady attended; he had no news; he had been given to understand that his room was preferable to his company, it seemed, promptly upon the arrival of the litter in Von Holzborn's apartment. De Netze, however, had told the Irishman off for sentry duty during the night—a task which he was to share with the seamen from the *Myosotis*.

A bucolic lackey lighted Sevrance and myself to our rooms. They proved adjoining ones, in, I gathered, a remote wing of the building. Sevrance did not remember ever having entered either before; and the darkness of the night together with my own total unfamiliarity with the place made it impossible for me to determine precisely where they were situate.

However, they were large, they were heated, and each contained a roomy, old-fashioned bed. Shortly after we began to undress Grady appeared with a lot of toddy, which, he said, Doctor Chine had suggested might be acceptable. We proved the truth of his supposition by downing the draught without much ceremony.

Between its fumes and my overpowering fatigue, I fell into a dreamless slumber in the twinkling of an eye. Sevrance asserts that the case was the same with him. I doubt if a thunderbolt falling squarely in either of the rooms would have roused us ere we had slept the appointed length of time.

I awoke in semidarkness, and for a few minutes lay drowsily speculating on my whereabouts, with an odd feeling that something was amiss. Mentally I was back in our cheerless quarters at the Rainbow.

Then, with a rush, the incidents of the preceding day crowded into my mind, and you may believe that I was out of bed in two shakes, wide awake and anxious enough to be dressed and about, already foreseeing the long and intimate talk with Julia which I purposed should be mine some time during that day.

The shades were drawn at the windows, and the big room was quite gloomy. I could not even see the face of my watch distinctly. After hunting uselessly about for a match for a moment or two, I acted upon a sudden flash of intelligence and, going to the window, drew up the shades.

Broad sunlight streamed in, a golden flood athwart the floor. A day of surpassing beauty had dawned upon the land. The world lay quietly basking in the clear, cold glory of the sun. Above the naked treetops the sky was of a perfect azure, deep and rich; and so pure was the atmosphere after the storms and fog of the last two or three days that the horizon, formed by the unflung contour of the fair inland chalk hills, loomed as precise and definite as though it had been but half a mile away.

From the chimney of the gate keeper's lodge, which I could just get a glimpse of through interstices in the intervening trees, a thin, white curl of smoke was slowly rising; in air so immaculately clear it shone with a frosty glitter and seemed almost substantial. But, so far as I could determine from my window, which—you gather—looked toward the road, there was no one about.

Doubtless, I considered, they would be at breakfast. I tried to remember a call at my door, but without success. It struck me as odd that Grady had not summoned us in time to dress for the morning meal.

Abruptly I noticed that the sun was very high in the heavens. From its position one would have judged the hour as near noon. Somewhat disturbed, I stepped back to the bureau and again took up my watch. To my infinite dismay the hands registered the hour of one in the afternoon.

I stood listening intently; it struck me that the Hall was strangely silent for so late an hour of the day. Surely some one should be about, the footsteps of the housekeeper or of the servants audible in those ancient, sounding corridors.

Alarmed, I rushed into Sevrance's room and pulled aside the curtains of his bed. He was sleeping peacefully, flat on his back, with one hand across his eyes.

A suspicion of the truth entered into my mind and made me cold with fear. I seized the unconscious man by the arm, uncovering his eyes, and shook him rudely, shouting in his ear.

Finally my efforts were rewarded by a muttered curse. The man stirred sleepily beneath the bedclothes and swore mumblingly at me in Grady's name. He did not wish to be disturbed, he announced, and I was discharged—could take my fortnight's notice.

In desperation I seized the bedding and flung it off him. Then, running to the washstand, I found a pitcher half full of icy water, and doused his head with it.

Sevrance sat up with a howl and struck aimlessly at me. I threw him a towel from a safe distance and babbled of my fears.

He sat on the edge of the bed, resentful and sullen, alternately rubbing the sleep out of his eyes and the water out of his hair. In the end he delivered himself of a deliberate opinion.

"Didn't wake us, eh? And you're hopping mad, are you? Well, now, I call it uncommon considerate of 'em. You go on into your own room and dress, and don't be such an everlasting bally ass, Gordon!"

Nevertheless, I noticed he was not a minute behind me in getting into his clothes.

I stepped out of my room, pulling on my coat, to find Sevrance in similar plight. He wore a perturbed frown and met my gaze with a level, questioning glance.

"Devilish odd, you know!" he admitted grudgingly. "Come along, then."

I was first at the door; I grabbed the knob and pulled, but the door stuck fast. "Where's the key?" I demanded frantically.

"The key? I had no key, Gordon!"

"What!"

I rushed into my room, the door of which likewise opened upon the hall. That is to say, under ordinary circumstances it was to be expected to open upon the hall. In this case it imitated the example of Sevrance's, and remained obstinately closed.

I gave up yanking at the knob and turned to Sevrance.

"Now, who's the bally ass?" I demanded angrily, ready to pick a quarrel with my best friend on earth.

"We both are," he considered. "I think we're born foo's. Can't you pull that infernal knob off?"

"No," I said, in black despair. "They've got us fast for the time being. We're tricked—duped!"

"Neatly," he grumbled. "That toddy—you remember—Chine gave it to Grady?"

"What's become of Grady, then?" I asked. "Have they made way with him?"

"Devil a bit do I know, Gordon. I should not be surprised at anything now. But I'll stake everything on Grady's loyalty. It's likely that hot toddy did for him, as for us. Here, now, let's think a minute. There must be a bell. Surely the servants will answer——"

He darted across the room and pulled furiously at a silken bell rope which hung from the ceiling. Listening attentively at the door, I fancied that I heard a faint, far jangling. But otherwise there was no response. Though we waited ever so long, there came no echo of footsteps in the corridor without.

After some time Sevrance succeeded in breaking the bell pull. He was for going into the farther room and practicing upon the one there, but I dissuaded him.

"What's the use of that? No one will answer. You're only wasting energy. They have locked us up for a purpose, and we're not to be let out until they're ready."

"We'll see about that!" cried Sevrance savagely, running to the window and jerking up the sash with a bang.

A flood of brisk air streamed in as he leaned forth. I joined him.

"Well?"

"Thirty-foot clear drop to the ground, and a tangle of cucumber frames to break your fall at that," he snapped. "This settles it. I can't say that I am pleased with the prospect of violating the laws of hospitality, so far as involves the guest, Gordon, you know, but——"

I could see that he had an idea, and I let him alone, merely assuming an expectant expression.

"But you know," he continued, expostulating in an argumentative tone, shaking his finger under my nose, "there are certain responsibilities that devolve upon the host. Now, with all due respect to Lady Herbert——"

CONTINUED MONDAY.

SWIMMING

Y. M. C. A.

CENTRAL NATATORIUM

Swim in water changed daily and purified. Cost in addition to membership fee of $2: Three months' use of pool, $5; six lessons, $5; single swim, 25 cents.
1421 Arch St., Philadelphia.

FARMER SMITH'S RAINBOW CLUB

WHAT ARE YOU DOING?

Dearest Children—We want so much to know how you are spending your vacation.

The most terrible vacation is one where you have nothing to do. That dear brain of yours starts buzzing and pretty soon your body is neglected and then your mind and body get upset.

KEEP BUSY.

Walking is free and you can at least take a walk and the gentle swing of your body will keep step with your thoughts.

Find something to do.

If you really want to find something to keep you busy it will surely come along.

If you cannot go away for your vacation, take a vacation right where you are—in the nearest park or square.

Get acquainted with the library and its wonderful books.

Farmer Smith's Rainbow Club has undertaken the gigantic task of keeping children busy and interested. It is bound to succeed because there is a demand for just such a club and it is growing and growing.

Sit Down NOW and write to me. Tell me what you are doing. You will feel better for having written.

TRY IT.

FARMER SMITH,
Children's Editor, EVENING LEDGER.

Our Postoffice Box

Virginia Snead, Beverly, N. J., thinks that dolls should be spanked when they are bad and do not mind. She adds "my doll is good so she does not get spanked very much. My doll was at dinner with me."

Little Dollie Snead must indeed be good to be allowed to eat at the table with her small mother!

Will the writer of "Vakasion Noats at Atlantic City" please send in his name and address as soon as possible?

Honor Roll Contest

The prizes for the week ending August 12 have been won by the following members:

Isidore Sheves, North Sixth street, $1.
Sadie Salkowitz, Parkside avenue, 50 cents.
Louise Giovinazzi, Vineland, N. J., 25 cents.
Anne Machette, Norwood, Pa., 25 cents.
Madeline Foulk, Danville, Pa., 25 cents.
Leonard Baily, Addison street, 25 cents.

To Mary Owen

"Not a little boy at all,
Just Mary;
And not neither awful small,"
Says Mary.
When she flashes eyes deep blue
There's nary—
King who will not listen to
Just Mary.

Ah, wee tyrant, hold your sway!
If fairy
Said, "Now choose, be whom you may!"
Small Mary—
I'd not care where riches are;
Contrary—
I would seek a court not far
From Mary.

Where rare gems are white-teeth pearls,
And airy
Kisses choicest gifts for earls!
Ah, Mary,
Kingly crown nor gold I'd crave
Of fairy!
I'd but ask to be the slave—
Of Mary.

—MARGARET M. LUKER.

THE LITTLE BROWN BEAR'S NEW HOME

By Farmer Smith

When Mr Hunter entered his home a strange sight greeted his eyes and a strange sound reached his ears.

Willie was on the floor holding the Little Brown Bear tightly in his arms, the tears rolling down his cheeks and onto the fur of the cub.

From behind the kitchen door he heard Mrs. Hunter calling to him, and he knew his wife must be frightened by the sight of the bear—why, he did not know.

"Take the bear in the woodshed," he commanded.

Willie obeyed, silently. Never before had the woodshed seemed so far from Willie's home, nor had it seemed so dark and lonely.

Willie put the bear down on the ground, and the little fellow licked his hand. "There, do not worry, little friend, I will stay with you."

Willie knew he was to have a battle to keep his new pet with him.

In a few moments Willie heard his father calling him. He left the cub and ran toward his home.

In his haste to answer his father's call, Willie had not noticed that the cub was following him. The boy had neglected to close the front door. Right after him came the Little Brown Bear, who not only entered the room, but went sniffing around until he reached the stairs. He climbed them slowly. With more sniffing he entered Willie's room and, climbing into his bed, went fast asleep.

Things to Know and Do

Willie is very 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11 and 10, 8, 5, 7, 4, to be 2, 3, hand. Describe Willie?

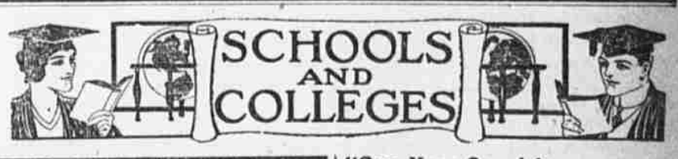
FARMER SMITH,

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 .....

Age .....



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