

NANCY WYNNE PREDICTS RUSH HOMEWARD BY SOCIETY FOLK

Threatened Strike Will Shorten Season in Many Watering Places—Golf Is Principal Diversion at the Pier These Days—Movies at Bar Harbor Success

WITH the threatened strike on railroads, believe me, the return to this city of brotherly and sisterly love will be mighty quick, don't you think?

However, most of the smart set have autos and can motor back whenever they please, so we may have to wait some little time to see Bar Harborites, Newporters, Narragansetters and others down here and among those present, The Alfred Norris, for instance, have their car, for didn't Dorothy come near having a nasty accident on Wednesday afternoon on Frank's wheels, her car came off as she was going pretty fast. By clinging to the steering wheel she escaped unhurt, and I am certainly glad to know she did, for Dorothy is a decided favorite and a mighty nice girl.

Golf is all the rage at the Pier, and many Philadelphians spend the greater part of these beautiful days on the course, among them Mr. and Mrs. Plunkett Stewart, Mrs. Charles Handolph Snowden, Mrs. Frazier Harrison, Kitty Smith, Elizabeth Stinson, The John Knapp Dixons and the John Kent Kanes are spending the summer at Saunterdown, motor over to the Point Judith course very often. Mabel Dixon is a niece of Mr. and Mrs. Kane, you know, her mother, Mrs. Rhein, was Besie Kane. Mrs. Wain and Fannie have arrived at the Pier for a short time and will probably be entertained by their friends there, and they have many, let me tell you.

From Bar Harbor comes the news that the original scenario written by Mrs. Gouverneur Morris and acted by "society," which came off on Wednesday night, was a howling success. The scene was laid on Mount Desert Island and was most amusing. I hear the chief of police had a prominent part, there having been quite some "rough stuff" in it. Those in the movies were Mrs. Edgar Scott, Mr. and Mrs. Leonard Thomas, Teresa Watson, Walter Phelps, Paul Draper, Father Emmet, Whitney Wright, Henry Taylor and several other members of the summer colony. NANCY WYNNE.

**Personals**  
The marriage of Miss Virginia Rodman, daughter of Mrs. William L. Rodman, and Mr. Spencer Ervin, son of Mrs. Harold Ellis Yarnall, will take place very quietly on the afternoon of Saturday, September 9, at the home of the bride's mother in Merion. Only the immediate families will be present at the ceremony, as the family of Miss Rodman is in deep mourning.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles H. Bean, who are spending some time at Birchwood Inn, Swanee-on-Delaware, will remain until the middle of the month.

**Along the Main Line**  
NARBERTH—Mr. and Mrs. Albert B. Eyre and their children, who have been spending the summer at their cottage in Ocean City, N. J., will not return to their Northampton home until October 1, owing to the prevalence of infantile paralysis.

**Chestnut Hill**  
Mr. and Mrs. Samuel H. Kurts and their children, of 113 West Graver's lane, have returned from Atlantic City, where they spent the last month.

**Bala—Cynwyd**  
Mrs. Robert T. O'Reilly and her daughter, Miss Frances O'Reilly, and Miss Martha T. O'Reilly, of Cynwyd, are spending some time at Ocean City, N. J.

**Along the Reading**  
Mrs. Newton Walker, of Wynonah, with a party of friends, has left on an extended trip through the West. They will stop at the Grand Canyon, Yellowstone Park, San

Francisco, Pasadena, Los Angeles and many other places of interest.

**West Philadelphia**  
The engagement of Miss Frances Levan to Mr. Lewis J. Cooper has been announced by the parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. Levan, of 4221 Girard avenue.

Mr. and Mrs. John Bulmer, of 2347 South Felton street, are in Schwenkville, Pa., visiting relatives.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Davis, of 5981 Elmwood avenue, are on a motor tour through the South, accompanied by two of their sons, Mr. Eldridge Davis and Mr. Lee Davis. They will return about the middle of this month.

**Germantown**  
Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Van Dusen, of 5181 Morris street, and their daughter, Miss Helen Van Dusen, who have been spending some time at the Lake Placid Club in the Adirondack Mountains, N. Y., have left for Detroit, Mich., where they will spend several days, returning to Germantown the middle of next week. The wedding of Miss Van Dusen and Mr. Arthur Goodfellow will take place in October.

Mr. John Richardson, formerly of Germantown, who has been the guest of Mr. Gordon Smyth at his parents' home, 6123 Greene street, has gone to Knoxville, Pa., before returning to the Naval Academy at Annapolis.

**North Philadelphia**  
The Rev. H. H. Hartman, of Bethany Church, Twelfth and Dauphin streets, is in Atlantic City for the remainder of the summer.

**Tioga**  
Miss Isabel Bradley, of 3346 North Fifteenth street, has returned to Ocean City, N. J., where she has been spending the summer, and will leave this week for Allentown to visit Miss Madeline Keiter.

**Northeast Philadelphia**  
Mr. and Mrs. John McCarty, of 387 North Eighth street, have gone to Atlantic City for a visit of two weeks.

**Frankford**  
Mr. and Mrs. William Kummer, of Germantown, and Miss Edna Hatton, of Fox Chase, are motoring through New England.

**Lansdowne**  
Mrs. F. A. Evans, of Baltimore, is visiting Mr. and Mrs. H. Harrison Ruck at their home on Madison avenue.



MISS FRANCES LEVAN

'BILLY' CARRIES COALS TO NEWCASTLE AS HE SERMONIZES AT SHORE

Correspondent Finds Sunday's Audience at Ocean Grove 'Curiously Mild-Looking'; Not Sinners, Don't Need Saving

NO DEVILS THERE

OCEAN GROVE, Sept. 1.—Daily the gale of "Billy's" fervid eloquence sweeps over the vast audience in the tabernacle, creating scarce a ripple in that placid sea. A curiously mild-looking set are these Ocean Grove sinners, when the intrepid William has pledged himself to save! Seeking devils here is like looking for wolves among a flock of sheep. A few toiling veils and bright sweaters mark the crowd, marking the frivolous summer girl, but for the most part it is made up of bent, bright-eyed, little old ladies; of old men, the kind seldom seen except outside of a rural comedy, whose greatest disposition is the weekly stocking bag; of patient, stout, middle age—a gathering frosted with snow.

Denied by the strictness of their beliefs the thrills of vaudeville, they are frankly delighted with "Rody's" attempts to amuse them. Indeed, the first part of the evening is all comedy. The exhortative and apologetic, the personal and the impromptu "Billy" Sunday hymnbooks—all lend a holiday air to the proceedings. They chuckle over "The Brewer's Big Horses" and sing with whole-hearted abandon till all the corners are brightened, nay, burnished.

Even the caustic admonitions regarding the collection plate put no damper upon their spirits. Beaming, radiating good humor, they turn expectant faces toward the pulpit. Into this radiant atmosphere of good humor catapults "Billy," all the sinister figures of tragedy behind him. Now the air is scented with scorched and hissing, relieved by an occasional ripple of laughter, but soon returns to its sulphurous density. Tense, thrilled, spellbound, that unworshipful flock drinks in, takes it as was Hamlet.

"Sit there, you servants of the devil!" cries Billy threateningly. Abashed, shaken by delicious discomfort, they sit. A bent old man in the front row leans forward, his ear cupped in his hand, his eyes snapping to hear "that the vermin creep forth at night and all the demons of the pit hold high carnival." For the good are ever curious and the bad ever interesting, and the bad as depicted by Mr. Sunday would make the devil himself tremble.

The granite-faced elders, the keen-eyed, bearded and beardless, and the "Billy's" goat. His Adam's apple rises and falls conclusively behind the four sizes too stiff collar as "Billy" relentlessly bears down upon him. He winces, but he had not accepted that platform seat, and casts apprehensive glances behind him as the boards shake under "Billy's" fervor, as he hammers out the remainder of the sermon.

"You can't put it over on God!" And yet, on the whole, Ocean Grove is not displeased with "Billy" Sunday. Warned by the comedy, thrilled by the tragedy, bewildered by their newly acquired wickedness, these good people go solemnly home to talk it over in a pleasant state of mental excitement. It is the nearest thing to a worldly experience that many of them will ever get.

But, nevertheless, Ocean Grove is aroused, and will be saved. R. P. T.

THE WINGS OF THE MORNING

BY LOUIS JOSEPH VANCE "THE AUTHOR OF BRASS BOWL"

CHAPTER XXII—(Continued). THEY produced an effect whose counterpart I had never before imagined—something almost theatrical, as I set scene on a stage, including that little space of water, perhaps two square miles in extent, wherein this deadly combat was being waged.

The Myosotis was not in sight; only the Asp, the Vistula and the Clymene occupied the stage.

The two destroyers rode somewhat astern, approximately half a mile to port, with possibly a like distance between them. Both were wrapped with smoke as with shrouds, through which their spindling towers of flame spat with terrific force. The thunder of their quick and rapid firing 12-pounders was like the long roll beaten upon some monster drumhead, while the racket of the one-pounders, stilled, chattering undertone, like a regiment of snare drums in full blare. A horrid tumult of warlike sound, and one to stir the blood, it was that of the one-pounders, stilled, chattering undertone, like a regiment of snare drums in full blare.

Of neither could we see overmuch; although the more distant, the Asp, was the more distinctly visible; and from a leaping curve and out of a rural comedy, whose greatest disposition is the weekly stocking bag; of patient, stout, middle age—a gathering frosted with snow.

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CHAPTER XXIII. An Unravelling. I CHOKED and struggled, sputtering. Liquid fire seemed to be cauldroning my mouth and throat, and I gagged convulsively, endeavoring to emit it; but powerfully held me down as with a great weight, and I felt the intolerable heat burning my throat, with some ease to and quite indefinite sensation of giddy light-headedness. I was more than half inclined to believe myself the victim of some monstrous hallucination, born of febrile wanderings of a delirious mind. I half-believed that I had lain ill for many days—out of my head and straying afar.

Yet, if that were so, how came I aboard the Myosotis? How was it possible for me to be bound with bandages that were stiff and caked with blood? I retained no recollection of the event, but it appeared that I had been wounded—how severely I could not tell.

After some time I lifted up my voice and called—and the strength of my accents contrasted with my physical sensations, which I may only describe as making me feel as though my mind were wholly and mentally, was a surprise to me.

But I received no answer. I could hear the chug-chug-chug of the engines in the yacht's hold, and the smack and hiss of the waters outside the portholes, overhead, from time to time would come the clatter of hurrying feet; and once I heard a long-drawn howl of command, hoarse and deep-throated, as one of the ship's officers, from the stern, would come stirring the seamen to activity.

In time there came from the apartment without the steamer the clanging of a chime—either six or eight in the evening. I estimated, from time to time, was my dying and my room almost in total darkness.

I had noticed above my head an electric-light bulb. With some considerable effort I reached up and turned the key. Radiance flooded the room, and I smiled, as I discovered, presently, a push button in the wall at the head of the berth.

This I pressed, becoming aware that I was both hungry and thirsty. Far away from the chime, from the light, from the clatter of the berth, I stirred and died, responsive to the pressure of my fingers on the button, but without result.

(CONTINUED TOMORROW.)

"The Wings of the Morning" By LOUIS TRACY

the greatest aerial story to appear in the Evening Ledger BEGINS TOMORROW

In order not to miss any installment of this masterpiece of fiction, do not fail to place your order with our newsdealer now. Because of the no-return rule that goes into effect tomorrow, it is necessary to order any copies that have actually been spoken for by his customers.

of a porthole—but whether the sound of running or evening I could not say.

Alone and unattended, I lay in the slumber of a small steamer; there was nothing within my memory to give me a clue to the identity of the ship, yet I had slight difficulty in maintaining the truth—that I was aboard the Myosotis, having been picked up by one of the yacht's boats, half-drowned and clinging to a bit of the Clymene's wreckage.

For a long while I lay there without moving, striving to piece together the incoherent fragments of my memory of the last day's events, which rose to the surface of my consciousness as a driftwood rises to the surface of a river.

Bit by bit it came back to me. The confused story of that incredible day played itself over again before my mental vision. In retrospect it seemed outrageous and improbable; and from the languor that possessed me, and the feeling of weakness, together with some to and quite indefinite sensation of giddy light-headedness, I was more than half inclined to believe myself the victim of some monstrous hallucination, born of febrile wanderings of a delirious mind. I half-believed that I had lain ill for many days—out of my head and straying afar.

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(CONTINUED TOMORROW.)

BROTHER AND SISTER MARRIED AT SAME WEDDING CEREMONY

Miss Mariona Crandall, 18, is Bride; Robert C. Crandall, 21, is Bridegroom.

News of a double marriage, in which a brother and a sister were married by the same clergyman, has reached Philadelphia. Friends of the two brides and their husbands.

Robert C. Crandall, of 15 Millbourne avenue, Millbourne, and Miss Mariona Crandall, of 400 North Broad street, were married in the Berlin Corner Congregational Church, Berlin, Pa., in the same ceremony that united Dr. Hugh W. Close, of 653 Brooks avenue, and Miss Mariona Crandall, of Crandall's sister. The marriage was performed Wednesday.

Mr. Crandall, who is 21 years old, is in the real estate business. He and his brother, who is 18 years old, are the children of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Crandall, who have a summer home at Berlin.

They motored to Berlin ten days ago for the wedding. Doctor Close, who has an office at 224 and Walnut streets, will bring his bride to their new home, 61 North Sixth-third street, November 1. Mr. and Mrs. Crandall will return to Philadelphia the middle of next month.

STEAMSHIPS VACATION TRIPS BY SEA PHILADELPHIA TO BOSTON SAVANNAH-JACKSONVILLE DELIGHTFUL SAIL Fine Steamers, Low Fares, Best Service

FARMER SMITH'S RAINBOW CLUB

Dear Children—Dr. J. J. Savitz, who has the great honor of being a school teacher, tells a story about a boy.

GRANGERS, FEARING RAIL STRIKE, END PICNIC

Hurry Marks Close of Williams Grove Exhibition—No Recruits for National Guard

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Dr. D. J. McCarthy Inspected Condition of Prisoners as President Wilson's Representative

MRS. ELEPHANT'S SURPRISE

By Farmer Smith

STORY OF THE RAINBOWS

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