

NANCY WYNNE TALKS ABOUT THE ANNUAL LONG ISLAND TOURNAMENT

Forest Hills Scene of Tennis Fray—Many Persons Interested in the Sport Attend in Capacity of Players and Spectators

THE annual tennis tournament at Forest Hills continues to attract the attention of tennis fans, and every day sees the lawn and porch of the attractive clubhouse crowded with eager spectators. Among the new arrivals yesterday was Mrs. Craig Biddle. Craig is devoted to the racquet, you know, and Mrs. Biddle seems to love to attend the games. Another charming Philadelphia matron who is in constant attendance at the game is Mrs. Edith Coker. I often wonder if there are many other women in the world of society who are as popular and as unaffected by it as is pretty little Mrs. Coker. She is decidedly one of our most attractive matrons, and is always busily engaged in doing good, being one of the most active charity workers at the various big affairs given by society through the year. Of course, the Pony Show at her country place is an event toward which every one looks during the season. Among others at the tennis in whom persons from this city would be interested were Mrs. Edwin Cramp and Dorothy and Florence Cramp Pell. Florence was one of the greatest little debs of her time, and has been greatly missed in Philadelphia since she married Theodore Roosevelt Pell some years ago and went away to New York to live.

From Newport comes the news that Mrs. Disston gave a most attractive luncheon on Thursday at the Pinard cottage, which she has rented for the season. Mrs. Disston has certainly made a hit in Newport, and she and Pauline are about as well liked as any other of the fashionables of that most fashionable resort. Pauline has been a decided success in New York society also. She had a glorious time here the winter she came out, but the entertaining was stopped by the death of her father, to whom she was greatly attached. After that Mrs. Disston and Pauline moved to New York, and when Pauline was ready to start going out again they decided to remain there, and gave a number of entertainments last winter.

I hear Mr. John King Van Rensselaer, who several years ago left Philadelphia to return to New York, will bring out her attractive granddaughter Sylvia in that city. Many of us remember Sylvia, who often visited her grandmother at her Locust street home, and for whom she entertained on various occasions. She is a most attractive girl, and likely to have what all the debbies call "some time" in the social world. NANCY WYNNE.

Personal Mr. and Mrs. Stevenson Hockley Walsh, Jr., will give a house party over the weekend of September 2-3 at their home in Germantown in honor of Mr. Robert Hilmyer and Mr. Lowell Downs, of Boston. The guests will include Miss Eleanor Noble, Miss Anna Sartori and Mr. Richard Powell.

HAGERTY-PINNEGAN A quiet wedding was solemnized this morning at the Cathedral, when Miss Anna Pinnegan, of 1911 Wood street, became the bride of Mr. Joseph Hagerty, of 2201 North Bella street. The Rev. Father Kelly officiated. Following a wedding trip to Atlantic City, Mr. and Mrs. Hagerty will be at home after September 10, at 2232 North Hancock street.

LEVY-SILVERSTEIN A wedding of interest in this city and in San Francisco, 321 Riverside avenue, tomorrow evening, at the home of Dr. and Mrs. Berthold A. Baer, 1719 North Thirty-third street, when Mrs. Baer's sister, Mrs. Annie Silverstein, daughter of Mr. M. A. Schwartz, of San Francisco, will become the bride of Mr. Alfred Levy, of 1610 Diamond street. The ceremony will be performed by Rabbi Isaac Landman at 7:30 o'clock, and will be followed by a dinner at the St. James. The bride, who will be given in marriage by her brother-in-

Bala—Cynwyd Miss Rhoda Armstrong, of Bryn Mawr avenue, Bala, has returned home after spending four weeks in camp at the Poonook.

Along the Reading Miss Janet Heath, of Mather avenue, Jenkintown, returned this week from Lake Grinnell, Monroe, N. J., where she was one of a large house party given by Miss Sallie Forshaw.

West Philadelphia Mr. Stacy H. White, of 4913 Spring Garden street, announces the engagement of his daughter, Miss Ethel White, to Mr. Raymond B. Datz, of this city.

Mr. and Mrs. Miller and their daughters, Miss Ariel Miller and Miss Lillian Miller, of 5100 Spruce street, will spend the week-end in Atlantic City.

Miss Margaret Lynch, of 545 South Fifty-fifth street, will spend the week-end in Atlantic City as the guest of Miss Anita Solomon.

Miss Helen Smith, of the Powelton Apartments, Thirty-fifth street and Powelton avenue, is spending a few weeks in Ocean City, N. J.

Mr. and Mrs. Wyatt Miller, of 493 North Sixth street, have moved into their new home, 849 North Sixth street, Overbrook.

Miss Mary Phillips, of 5320 Spruce street, will spend the week-end in Atlantic City.

Mrs. H.reiber, of 5222 Spruce street, is spending a week in Atlantic City.



MRS. LEWIS HUGHES KIRK Whose marriage took place this afternoon. Mrs. Kirk was Miss Laura A. Garrett.

WARD—CONNOR Miss Julia V. Connor, daughter of Mrs. Margaret Connor, of 4397 North Sixteenth street, was married on Wednesday to Mr. Walter Ward, 3844 North Fifteenth street, in the parish house of St. Stephen's Church, Broad and Butler streets. The pair, attended by Miss Helen M. Connor, a sister to the bride, as maid of honor, and Mr. William Ward, as best man, returned to the bride's home following the ceremony, which was performed by the Rev. J. Scanlon, whose a reception was given to friends and relatives. The newly wedded pair then departed for several weeks' trip to Woodrow. They will live at 3842 North Fifteenth street, and will be at home after October 1.

KING—WELSH The marriage of Miss Helen Welsh and Mr. George F. King took place on Wednesday afternoon in the Church of the Most Blessed Sacrament, Fifty-sixth street and Chester avenue. The Rev. J. W. Hawkins performed the ceremony. The bride was attended by Miss Beaulé Stearns as maid of honor, and Mr. John A. Harman, 3d, acted as best man. Her beauty struck me anew, with tremendous force; it was unearthly, incomprehensible, marvelous. "Sweetheart, sweetheart," I pleaded. "Don't—my voice broke—"don't you know me—"Gordon?"

South Philadelphia Mr. and Mrs. Robert Callahan, of 2121 South Sixteenth street, have announced the marriage of their daughter, Miss Joan M. Callahan, to Mr. Harry J. Warrington, of 865 North Sixty-sixth street. The ceremony took place at St. Luke's Church, Broad and Jackson streets, on June 24.

Roxborough Dr. and Mrs. Edward A. Eichman, of 44 Lyons avenue, are receiving congratulations on the birth of a daughter, Mrs. Frances Eichman, on August 23. Mrs. Eichman will be remembered as Miss Frances Liebert, daughter of the late Mr. Peter Liebert, of Roxborough.

Northeast Philadelphia Miss Mae Schweitzer, of 2151 North Fourth street, is spending a week in Atlantic City.

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

CHAPTER XXIII—(Continued). MY CLOTHING, dried and pressed, was away from a convenient hook. By degrees I managed to dislodge it without rising to do so, and—I can scarcely imagine how—thrust my legs into my trousers, dragged a shirt over my head and got a coat upon my shoulders. By good chance the door was not secured. I opened it and stepped out into the darkness of the street. A man's face, a number of chairs, lounges and tables obstructed my way, yet I had a fairly good idea of where the electric switch should be, and, finally finding it, I lit the lamp. It was quite deserted and in great disorder—something which, however, did not concern me greatly. What did prove of surprising interest was a buffet against the forward partition, whereon stood a bottle, open.

At length, without warning, he spoke—shortly, sharply, incisively. "See," he said, with a little movement of his head—hardly could it have been termed a bow; a mere acknowledgment of my presence, it was—"sir, you have lost."

They were a rough-looking crew that tumbled down the stairs, with three seamen of the Myosotis and the second mate, all armed, at their heels. Three had their forearms supported by loops—one wore a splint; another limped painfully, and his wolver eyes spoke eloquently of the anguish exertion gave him; still another was one mass of bandages, reeking of iodiform, about his head—quite effectually masked; and the last—how my heart leaped at the recognition of his tall, spare figure!—was Sevrance himself.

"Abruptly I started, possessed by the idea that I must go on deck, search out Von Holborn or De Netze, find for myself the truth concerning the man I loved with a love passing that of women. A lurch of the vessel almost threw me to the floor. I grasped the table to steady myself; and—just as that moment a door opened on the side of the saloon opposite the room wherein I had rested and a woman came out. At the sight of me she stopped with a little cry, holding herself as rigid and still as death. I must go on deck, I told myself in her eyes, then flickered and died; her color faded; she became a deathly pallor, and there was terror, suddenly, in her eyes, then a look of joy. "Gordon!" she breathed. I had started toward her, with arms outstretched; and so, I stopped wordless and speechless. Still she seemed to fear me. She took a faltering step backward, her hands clasped upon her bosom, her lips moving without sound to me. Her beauty struck me anew, with tremendous force; it was unearthly, incomprehensible, marvelous. "Sweetheart, sweetheart," I pleaded. "Don't—my voice broke—"don't you know me—"Gordon?"

CHAPTER XXIV. HER LADYSHIP. THE mellow tones vibrated like distant thunder. As they had sunk into a white-jacketed steward appeared, blowing deferentially. "You will go," the German instructed him, after a moment of deliberation, "and ask Captain Keen to come here; also Doctor Fritze. If Monsieur de Netze is in his state-room, tell him that I would like to see him. Ask the second mate to release from the laundries the men who are on duty here; here, I want also the man Grady."

"I am infinitely obliged," stated Von Holborn; "the warning shall not be unregarded. Under these circumstances no ship is large enough to hold you Sevrance myself. The question presents itself, 'What to do with you?' "If you'll permit me—Sevrance began diffidently; the German nodded—"I make bold to suggest that your course is plain to you—to knife us while we sleep, Captain, would be an easy matter, and one quite to your taste. "It shall be considered," agreed the German with ugly gravity. "And now, Captain, what would you suggest? "Keen smiled evilly. "There are certain islands in our proposed course," he intimated, "where men might be marooned and not sight ship for years—if they lived. "Thank you, you, doctor?" "I bow to your superior genius, Captain Von Holborn. "The Prussian's brows gathered quickly, as quickly smoothed themselves; the grave he turned from China was quite placid. "And you, Netze, mon ami?" "The Hunian coughed behind his delicate fingers, as if he were the necessity," he countered. "Monsieur de Netze will have been of greater service to us, and might have been of greater had it not been for the fact that you are a doctor?" "De Netze," I cried—judging the time ripe—"that boat was no Japanese!" "Von Holborn jumped to his feet. "Be quiet, you!" he snarled. (CONCLUDED MONDAY)

ATLANTIC CITY HAS BIG LABOR DAY CROWD; NO FEAR OF STRIKE TIE-UP

Railroads Promise to Run Trains All Sunday Night if Necessary to Get People Home

LABOR DAY VISITORS

ATLANTIC CITY, Sept. 2.—Philadelphiaans are not going to be cheated out of the pleasures of the customary jollification at the end of the summer season at this resort, even if the railroads should cut the festivities one day short. The week-end, including Labor Day, has always been a rallying time for people who have enjoyed vacations of varying length in this city, and this year will be no exception.

Yesterday all of the Philadelphia trains came down to the city and the arrivals today from nearby points will help to fill the few gaps made by the departing southern and western visitors. Arriving guests from Philadelphia will have ample time to start for their homes on Sunday afternoon or evening. The railroad companies promise, in case of a strike, to run trains at all hours on Sunday night.

It looks as if today, tomorrow and possibly Monday will be nearly as big as last year, despite the black eye the resort got from the publication of the strike orders. With all the wallops handed to this resort this year, starting with a rainy July, followed by the shark scare, the infant paralysis epidemic, and now the threatened railroad strike, Atlantic City has had a banner season in its history and has a right to claim being the people's playground of the world.

Table with 3 columns: REAL ESTATE FOR SALE, SUBURBAN, REAL ESTATE FOR SALE. Contains various property listings.

FARMER SMITH'S RAINBOW CLUB

CON-CEN-TRA-TION My Dear Children—I do not like to use big words except when I have to, but CONCENTRATION is such an important word and you hear so much about it that I must talk to you about it. I will divide it thus: con-CEN-ter-ation. You all know what a center is. Bearing this in mind, we may say, concentrate means to bring together. When you study, you must CENTER all your thoughts, not part of them, on your geography, arithmetic, or whatever you are studying. When you consider that only ONE person out of every 10 has concentration, you will see what an advantage you have over nine out of every ten persons you meet—IF you have concentration.

MISTER GIRAFFE TAKES A LESSON By Farmer Smith Mister Giraffe had a long talk with the WISE OLD OWL, one night about 12 o'clock and the WISE OLD OWL told him he wanted to learn to write poetry he must see the Jay Bird.

Honor Roll Contest The prizes for the best answers to "Things to Know and Do" for the week ending August 26 were won by the following members: Margaret Joyce, Wynntonwood, 11 cents; David Dear, Germantown avenue, 50 cents; Madeline Fouk, Danville, Pa., 25 cents; Andrew Birch, North Forty-fourth street, 25 cents; Catherine Murray, Danville, Pa., 25 cents; Isadora Segal, West Allentown avenue, 25 cents.

Our Postoffice Rose Moscovitz is a very earnest little Rainbow. She likes to sew, cook and WALK. Walk is spelled with capital letters because it deserves to be. WALKING is the way to get into the WALK-STAT. Rose has selected a wise exercise. How many Rainbows do you know? I will tell you. I know one at least; her name is Rose. I know one at least; her name is Rose. I know one at least; her name is Rose. I know one at least; her name is Rose.

Next Saturday the Autumn Selling Season Will Open at SPRINGFIELD THE LEADING SUBURB 12 Minutes, 5c Fare, from 69th Street Terminal On the Media Short Line OVER \$100,000 has been invested in substantial and interesting improvements since last Spring. Many complete artistic new homes among the rolling hills are now ready for sale at prices ranging from \$6975 upward, with generous terms. They are unequalled at the price elsewhere and will sell quickly. Exceptionally fine building sites (with ALL IMPROVEMENTS MADE, NOT PROMISED) may be secured by desirable customers at unusually moderate cost. Gradual payments will be arranged, if desired, to meet the purchaser's convenience. A prompt visit to Springfield will be worth while. THE SPRINGFIELD REAL ESTATE COMPANY A. MERRITT TAYLOR, President 610 Commercial Trust Building, Fifteenth and Market Streets, Philadelphia