CHAPTER II-(Continued).

way onward like a maniac.

Often he fell; three times did the backwash try to drag him to the swirling death behind, but he staggered blindly on, on, until even the tearing gale ceased to be laden with the suffocating foam, and his faitering feet sank in deep, soft, white

Then he fell not to rise again. With a last weak flicker of exhausted strength he drew the girl closely to him and the two lay clasped tightly together heedless now of all things.

How long the man remained prostrate he could only guess subsequently. The Sirdar struck soon after daybreak and the

ailor awoke to a hazy consciousness of his

urroundings to find a shaft of sunshine lickering through the clouds banked up in

away. Although the wind still whistled with shrill violence it was more blustering than threatening. The sea, too, though run-

than threatening. The sea, the had retreated many yards from the spot where he had finally dropped, and its surface was no longer scourged with

venomous spray.
Slowly and painfully he raised himself to a sitting posture, for he was bruised and stiff. With his first movement he be-

came violently III. He had swallowed much salt water, and it was not until the spasm

sickness had passed that he thought of

She had slipped from his breast as h

rose, and was lying, face downward, in the sand. The memory of much that had hap-pened surged into his brain with horrifying

"She cannot be dead," he hoarsely murmured, feebly trying to lift her. "Surely Providence would not desert her after such

an escape. What a weak beggar I must be to give in at the last moment. I am sure she was living when we got ashore. What on earth can I do to revive her?" Forgetful of his own aching limbs in this newborn anxiety, he sank on one knee

and gently pillowed Iris's head and shoulders on the other. Her eyes were closed, her lips and teeth firmly set—a fact to which she undoubtedly owed her life, else

she would have been suffocated—and the pallor of her skin seemed to be that terrible

bloodless hue which ind cates death. The stern lines in the man's face relaxed, and something blurred his vision. He was weak from exhaustion and want of food. For the

oment his emotions were easily aroused. "Oh, it is pitiful," he almost whimpered

With a gesture of despair he drew the sleeve of his thick jersey across his eyes to clear them from the gathering mist

Then he tremblingly endeavored to open the neck of her dress and unclasp her cor-

sets. He had a vague notion that ladies

in a fainting condition required such treatment, and he was desperately resolved to bring Irls Deane back to conscious exist-

nce if it were possible. His task was ren-lered difficult by the waistband of her iress. He slipped out a claspknife and

ingle groove,
"Why did you do that?" she whispered.
"Do what?"

"Bite your nail off !"

It cannot be !"

he enst.

The gale was already passing

NANCY WYNNE ANTICIPATES UNUSUAL TIME AT HORSE SHOW

Early Morning Exhibit of Hounds Causes Excitement Among Dog Lovers-Various Other Matters of Interest

WITH the beginning of September our thoughts run a bit ahead, and already we are anticipating the Bryn Mawr Horse Show, which is to be held on a larger scale than ever before, and which will start this season in the last days of September, skip Sunday, and continue into October 1 and 2. A truly novel part of the show will be the hound exhibition, which, my dear, is to start in the wee sma' hours of the morning, I finderstand. Can't you picture our beauteous matrons, who usually arise about 11 a. m., don dressing gowns and boudoir caps and lounge around till lunch time hieing themselves over to the Polo Club by 5 g. m., decked out in sports clothes? There won't be much evening entertainment during those days, I'm thinking, and, indeed, greatly fear the late afternoon will be given over to secret snores on the part of many of our prominent matrons.

Newport turned out in full force on Friday night to hear Paul Rainey lecture and to see the pictures of his latest East African hunt. Mr. and Mrs. Pembroke Jones gave their house for the occasion, and Mrs. Jones actually sold 300 tickets at \$5 each herself, and received a number of additional checks for the charity, so it was successful beyond words. All the moneys are to be given toward supplying braces to poor children of New York city and in the State of Rhode Island who have been crippled by infantile

Narragansett Pier is still lively, and the season will probably continue a little longer. Mrs. George Barnett is up there now visiting Mrs. Irving Chase, and Ethel Huhn is the guest of Lisa Norris. Ethel is coming out next year in this city. She is extremely pretty, very tall and fair, with blue eyes and dresses in exquisite taste. She is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George A. Huhn, and had lived sbroad quite a good deal before the war. Her first cousin is Mrs. Morgan Belmont, Margaret Andrews that was and whose marriage to young Belmont took place last fall. Mr. Juhn will introduce Ethel

Smith, and was followed by a reception at
the future home of the bridegroom and
bride, 1143 South Fifty-eighth street. The Carlton, which hote: will be their home for the season. Pauline Denckla, another abeth Anne Albus. Mr. Theodore Munns debutante, who is a great friend of was best man. Mr. and Mrs. Munns left debutante, who is a great friend of Ethel's, was an honor guest with her at a beautiful dance which Mr. Huhn gave in June at the Country Club. NANCY WYNNE.

Personals

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Kelso Cassatt will entertain at dinner this even ng at their

Mrs. John King Van Rensselaer will give a tea in November at her town house, 134 East Ninety-fifth street, New York, to introduce her granddaughter, Miss Sylvia G. Van Rensselaer.

Mr. and Mrs. Beauveau Borle, Jr., of Jenkintown, will shortly issue invitations for a tea on the afternoon of Tuesday, Oc-tober 10, at which they will formally pre-sent their daughter, Miss Patty Borle, Mr. and Mrs. Borle and Miss Borle will return Saunderstown the end of this month

Mrs. Richard D. Wood and her children who have been spending several weeks at York Harbor, are motoring through the Adirondacks and will shortly return to their home at Wawa to spend the autumn.

Mrs. Joseph B. McCall, who, with friends. has been on a three months' trip to Hono-lulu, the Ph lippines, China and Japan, will sail from Hongkong on September 15 on the Empress of Russia, reaching Philadel-

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Oscar Wilbur have returned from the Greenbriar White Sui-phur Springs, W. Va., where they spent two months, and are leaving today for a fort-night's fishing trip at Rangeley Lakes, Me., after which they will return to the r apartments in the Bellevue-Stratford.

Mr. Frank Clark, of Cedron, Indian Queen lane, Germantown, is spending the week-end at Manchester-in-the-Mountains as the guest of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Clarence M. Clark. He will leave tomor-row for Platisburg, N. Y.

Mrs. Charles Knittel, who spent the sum mer at the Mariborough-Blenheim, Atlantic City, and in Spring Lake, is spending this month as the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas D. Bowes, of Trevor lane, Cynwyd.

Along the Main Line

ARDMORE—Mr. and Mrs. E. Lawrence Miller, Jr., and their family, of Simpson road, are spending some time at Cape May.

WAYNE-Announcement is made of the marriage of Miss Anna Katharine Blanchard, of New York, and Mr. Warren Reed Jaquett, of Wayne, on Monday, Au-gust 28, at Reading, Pa. Mr. and Mrs. Jaquett, who are now on their wedding trip, will live on Gulph road, where they will be at home after November 1.

Chestnut Hill

Mrs. Henry R. Wright and her children of Allen's lane, will return from Scal Harbor, Me., in October.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert T. Bicknell, of Highland avenue, will return this week from a stay in the Catakilla and at Nantucket.

Germantown

Mr. Clarence W. Thomas has returned to his home, 508 West Manheim street, from Mount Pocono, where he spent the last 10 days with his mother, Mrs. Francis Thomas.

Miss Marion Harkinson and Miss Edith Campion, of Germantown, have gone to Beach Haven for an indefinite stay.

Miss Lillian Smalley, of 3025 Queen Lane Manor, motored to Deer Park and through the mountains of West Virginia with a party of friends. She will return to her home this week from Chester Heghts, where she has been attending a house

Mrs. William Lenahan and her family, of West Haines street, have returned in Atlantic City, where they occupied its cottage for the summer.

West Philadelphia

Mrs. William B. Sherrard and her son, Master Oram Sherrard, have returned to their home on Belmont avenue, from West Chester, where they visited friends.

North Philadelphia Mr. James Adams, of 2430 Brown street,

Mrs. H. Igrael, of Twenty-second and Dauphin streets, is spending a week with friends in New York.

Mr. and Mrs. John H. Hock, of Ptill North



MISS FANNIE W. D. BECK

Bancroft street, announce the engagement of their daughter, Miss Fannie W. D. Beck, o Mr. William Kocher. No date has been set for the wedding.

Weddings

WALLACE-JACKSON

The marriage of Miss Elizabeth J. Jackson, daughter of Mrs. Anna W. Jackson, of 1910 Rockland street, to Mr. Edward S. Wallace, of 412 Green lane, Rozborough, was solemnized on Saturday afternoon at 2:30 o'clock at the home of the bride's mother. The Rev. W. H. Behney of the Bishop Nicholson Memorial Reformed Epis-copal Church, 10th and Rockland streets, parformed the ceremony. Mr. Wallace and his bride left on an extended journey and will be at home after November 1 at 6613 Limekill, wike Cornections. Limekiln pike, Germantown.

MUNNS-ALBUS . A very pretty September wedding took on Saturday evening in St. George's Method at Episcopal Church, 61st street and Cedar avenue, when Miss Margaret E. Albus, daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. Charles Albus, became the bride of Mr. Meredith Munns. The ceremony was performed at 5 o'clock by the pastor, the Rev. G. La Pla br de was attended by her sister, Miss Eliza tour through New York and Canada

Tioga

and will be at home after October 1

Miss Rae Fox, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Tucker Fox, of West Tioga street, is spending 10 days as the guest of Madame Josef Kasper, of Washington, D. C., at her summer home in Bluemount, Va. A number of entertainments have been arranged in her honor. Miss Fox will go with her parents to Hot Springs, Va., and later to Pine Grove Inn, N. C.

Professor and Mrs. Oliver Ely, of North Twenty-first street, who have been spending the summer on the Maine coast, will return home during the week.

Kensington

Miss Marguerite Kennedy, Miss Catharine Kennedy, Miss Margaret Foley, Miss Mary Foley, Miss Mary Gorman, Miss Faustiana McGulgan, Miss Mary Sweeney, Miss Mar-garet Murphy, Miss Marguerite Weeney, Miss Catharine McCue, Miss Anna Mc-Spanon, Miss Margaret Mullen, Miss Mar-garet Kelly and Miss Anna Lavan, of Ken-sington, are spending three days in Atlantasington, are spending three days in Atlanti

Miss Helen Meany returned to her home in Plainfield, N. J., after a week's visit at the home of Miss Regina Ahern, 2353 East Allegheny avenue.

Miss Mary Crouse, of 2146 East Cumber-and street, spent the week-end in Atlantic

Frankford

Miss Katheryne Mann, of Allentown, for-merly of Frankford, is visiting Mrs. S. Sterns Orth, of 4322 Paul street.

are alive."
Her mind as yet could only work in a Mr. Harry Gardner, of 3717 Princess aveiue, Tacony, is spending a week in Read-

South Philadelphia Miss Reba Pastcan and Miss Leah Past-

can, of 940 Gray's Ferry avenue, left Fri-day for Washington, where they remained until yesterday. They will be in Baltimore for several days before returning.

Miss Nella McLean, of 2004 South Seventeenth street, has returned from Ocean City, N. J., where she spent several weeks.

Miss Viola Cardell, of 2438 South Rosewood street, spent the week-end in Atlantic

Mr. Michael Devereux and his daughter, Miss Margaret Devereux, are spending the end of the season at Sea Isle City, N. J.

Mr. Charles Gaudio, of 1421 South Twelfth street, celebrated his twenty-first birthday by a trip to Atlantic City, Mr. Gaudio's engagement to Miss Kathryn Keating, of 876 North Twenty-third street, was recently announced.

Conshohocken

Miss Kathryn Lacey, of Elm and Forest streets, Conshohocken, and Miss Lillian Nugent, of Payette street, Conshohocken, are spending a week in Atlantic City.

Miss Mary Parker, of Eighth avenue, Conshohocken, is spending the week in Atlantic City.

Music at Hunting Park Tonight The Energetic Band, Arthur Rosander onductor, will give its last concert of the eason at Hunting Park this afternoon and

The programs follow PART I-AFTERNOON, 4 TO 6 O'CLOCK

America,"
darch— "Pederation"
horture "Morning Noon and Night"
La Palome"
Valse Danssuse
"SFERMISSION INTERMISSION

Genns from "Princess Pat".
Paraphrase—"Dis Loreiey".
Internesso—"Sparkista"
Vocal solo—By Francia Smith.
"Fulat Bright Lights." PART H-EVENING, & TO 10 O'CLOCK March "The Southerner" Alexander Overture "Operatio Masterpheces" Safranck fayle "Pure as Snow" Lange Clarinet acto "Second Air Varie" Thornton Soloist, Wilson Shaley Valse di Concert "Southern Roses" Strauss

INTERMISSION



Her color came back with remarkable rapidity. From all the rich variety of the English tongue few words could have been selected of such restorative effect. Strike him skilling troops with of the typhoon, and is proceeding with rative safety, when it strikes a disabled link, As the small vessel while shout sea it crashes into the strike a rudder, a line strike he increase upon some rocks it is form saunder. A satior is struggling water attempting to save Irls. She tried to assume a sitting posture, and instinctively her hands traveled to her disarranged costume.

"How ridleulous!" she said, with a little note of annoyance in her voice, which sounded curiously hollow. But her brave spirit could not yet command her enfeebled frame. She was perforce compelled to sink back to the support of his knee THIS time his feet plunged against something gracefully solid. He was dashed and arm. forward, still battling with the raging tur-moil of water, and a second time he felt the same firm yet smooth surface. His dormant faculties awoke, It was sand. With frenzied desperation, buoyed now by the inspiring hope of safety, he fought his way covered like a maniate.

"Do you think you could lie quiet until I try to find some water?" he gasped

anxiously.

She nodded a childlike acquiescence, and er eyelids fell. It was only that her eyes marted dreadfully from the sait water, out the sailor was sure that this was a port the sailor was sure that this was a premonition of a lapse to unconsciousness.

"Please try not to faint again," he said.
Don't you think I had better losen these things? You can breathe more easily."

A ghost of a smile flickered on her lips.
"No—no," she murmured. "My eyes hurt ne—that is all. Is there—any—water?"

He laid her trade

This discovery stirred him to action. He turned to survey the land on which he was stranded with his helpicas companion. To his great relief he discovered that it was lofty and tree clad.

He knew that the ship could not have

drifted to Borneo, which still lay far to the south. This must be one of the hundreds of islands which stud the China Sea and provide resorts for Hainan fishermen. Probably it was inhabited, though he thought it strange that none of the islanders had put in an appearance. In any event water and food, of some sort, were assured

But before setting out upon his quest two things demanded attention. The girl must be removed from her present position. It would be too horrible to permit her first conscious gaze to rest upon those crumpled objects on the beach. Common humanity demanded, too, that he should hastily examine each of the bodies in case life was not wholly extines.

So he bent over the girl, noting with sudden wonder that, weak as she was, she had managed to refasten part of her bodice. "No—no," she murmured. "My eyes hurt me—that is all. Is there—any—water?"
He laid her tenderly on the sand and rose to his feet. His first glance was toward his arms, marveling somewhat at the the sea. He saw something which made him blink with astonishment. A heavy sea her some little distance, until a sturdy

while he conducted he said scrutiny. When he was assured that this silent company was beyond mortal help he at once strode away toward the nearest belt of trees. He could not tell how long the search for water might be protracted, and there was pressing need for it.

When he reached the first clump of brushwood he uttered a delighted exciamation. There, growing in prodigal inxuriance, was the beneficent pitcher plant, whose large curied-up leaf, shaped like a feacup, not only holds a lasting quantity of rain water, but mixes therewith its own palatable and natural juices.

With his knife he severed two of the leaves, swearing emphatically the while on account of his damaged finger, and hastened to Iris with the precious beverage. She heard him and managed to raise herself on an elbow.

The really true that all the ship's company except ourselves are loost? she

coned to Iris with the precious beverage. She heard hem and managed to raise herself on an elbow.

The poor girls eyes glistened at the prospect of relief. Without a word of question or surprise she swallowed the contents of both leaves.

Then she found utterance. "How odd it tastes! What is it?" she inquired.

The sallor's gravely earnest glanes fall before hers. "Unhapplity there is no room for doubt," he said.

"Are you quite, quite sure?"

"I am sure—of some." Involuntarily he tuned seaward.

But the eagerness with which she turned seaward, uenched her thirst renewed his own mo-

duenched her thirst renewed his own momentarily forgotten torture. His tongue seemed to swell. He was absolutely unable to reply.

The water revived Irls like a magic draught. Her quick intuition told her what had happened.

"You have had none yourself," she cried.
"Go at once and get some. And please bring me some more."

He required no second bidding. After

"Go at once and get some. And please bring me some more."
He required no second bidding. After hastily guiping down the contents of several leaves he returned with a further supply. Iris was now sitting up. The sun had burst royally through the clouds and her chilled limbs were gaining some degree of warmth and elasticity.

"What is it?" she repeated after another What is it?" she repeated after another

delicious draught.
The leaf of the pitcher plant. Nature is not always cruel. In an unusually generous mood she devised this method of stor-

claimed, and his expression lost its tenderness.

"Come, come, my dear lady," he exclaimed, and there was a tinge of studied roughness in his voice, "you must caim yourself. It is the fortune of shipwreck as well as of war, you know. We are alive and must look after ourselves. Those who have gone are beyond our sempathy," wailed Iris, uncovering her swimming eyes for a fleeting look at him. Even in the utter desolation of the moment she could not help marveling that this queer-mannered sallor, who spoke like a gentleman and tried to pose as her inferior, who had rescued her with the utmost gallantry, who carried his Quixotic seal to the point of first supplying her needs when he was in far worse case himself, should be so utterly indifferent to the fate of others.

He waited aliently until her sobs ceased. Miss Deane reached out her hand for Miss Deane reached out her hand for more. Her troubled brain refused to wonder at such a reply from an ordinary seaman. The sailor deliberately spilled the contents of a remaining leaf on the sand. "No. madam." he said, with an odd mixture of deference and firmness. "No more at present. I must first product the

at present. I must first procure you some She looked up at him in momentary

"The ship is lost?" she said after a pause. "Yes, madam."
"Are we the only people saved?"

"I fear so.

"Is this a desert island?"
"It think not, madam. It may, by chance, be temporarily uninhabited, but fishermen from China come to all these places to collect tortoise shell and beche-de-mer. I have seen no other living beings except ourselves; nevertheless, the islanders may live on the south side."

Another pause. Amidst the thrilling sensations of the moment Iris found herself idly speculating as to the meaning of beche-de-mer, and why this common satior pronounced French so well. Her thoughts

pronounced French so well. Her thoughts reverted to the steamer.

"It surely cannot be possible that the Sirdar has gone to pieces—a magnificent vessel of her size and strength?"

He answered quietly—"It is too true, madam. I suppose you hardly knew she struck, it happened so suddenly. Afterward, fortunately for you you was to the struck of the struck of the struck of the struck. ward, fortunately for you, you were

"How do you know?" she inquired quick-A flood of vivid recollection was pouring in upon her.

"I—er—well, I happened to be near you, madam, when the ship broke up and we madam, when the ship broke up and we er—drifted ashore together."

She rose and faced him. "I remember now," she cried hysterically, "You caught me as I was thrown into the corridor. We fell into the sea when the vessel turned over. You have saved my life. Were it over. You have saved my life. Were it not for you I could not possibly have es-

She gazed at him more earnestly, seeing that he blushed beneath the crust of salt and sand that covered his face. "Why," she went on with growing excitement, "you are the steward I noticed in the saloon yesterday. How is it that you are now dressed as a sallor?"

He answered readily enough. "There was an accident on board during the gale, madam. I am a fair sailor but a poor steward, so I applied for a transfer. As the crew were short-handed my offer was accepted." Iris was now looking at him intently.

He waited silently until her sobs ceased.

"Now, madam," he said, "it is essential that we should obtain some food. I don't wish to leave you alone until we are better acquainted with our whereabouts. Can you walk a little way toward the trees, or shall assist you?" I assist you?"
Iris immediately stood up. She pressed her hair back defiantly.
"Certainly I can walk," she answered, "What do you propose to do?"
"Well, madam—"
"What is your name?" she interrupted assist you?"

nperlously.

What is your name?" she interrupted imperiously.

"Jenks, madam. Robert Jenks."

"Thank you. Now, listen, Mr. Robert Jenks, My name is Mies Iris Deane. On board ship I was a passenger and you were a steward—that is, until you became a seaman. Here we are equals in misfortune, but in all else you are the leader—I am quite useless. I can only help in matters by your direction, so I do not wish to be addressed as 'madam' in every breath. Do you understand me?"

Conscious that her large blue eyes were fixed indignantly upon him, Mr. Robert Jenks repressed a smile. She was still hysterical and must be shumored in her vagaries. What an odd moment for a discussion on etiquette!

ission on etiquette!
"As you wish, Miss Deane," he said. "The fact remains that I have many things

to attend to, and we really must eat so What can we eat?"

(CONTINUED TOMORROW.)



SCHOOLS

CENTRAL Y. M. C. A. SCHOOLS BANKS

suffer. I will return immediately,"

Itis own throat and nalate were on fire owing to the brine, but he first hurried back to the edge of the lagoon. There were 14 bodies in all, 3 women and 11 men, four of the latter being lascars. The women were saloon passengers whom he did not know. One of the men was the surgeon, another the first officer, a third Sir John Tozer. The rest were passengers and members of the crew. They were all dead; some had been peacefully drowned, others were fearfully mangled by the rocks. Two of the lascars, bearing signs of dreadful injuries, were lying on a cluster of low rocks overhanging the water. The remainder rested on the sand.

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211 W. Chelton Alunca Corms oth year abelia Supp. By the Brant Olings Brod Curversational Country, Camper Manual Law Miss Age No. SOUTH DESTREEMEN, PA. Bishopthorpe Manor For come Ca

Hyperion School of Music

GERMANTOWN, PA. The Stevens School for Girls

FARMER SMITH'S



dress. He slipped out a claspknife and opened the blade.

Not until then did he discover that the nail of the forefinger on his right hand had been torn out by the quick, probably during his endeavors to grasp the unsteady support which contributed so materially apport which contributed so materially apport which contributed so materially apport which contributed so materially a his escape it still hung by a shred and the comparatively smooth surface of the protected pool was very marked. At low tide the lagoon was almost completely isolated. Indeed, he imagined that only a first property of the protected pool was very marked. At low tide the lagoon was almost completely isolated. Indeed, he imagined that only a first property of protected as the targled hair from the wind and protection from the sea and its revelations. "Is there any water? My throat hurts low tide the lagoon was almost completely isolated. Indeed, he imagined that only a first protection from the wind and protection from the sea and its revelations. "Is there any water? My throat hurts low tide the lagoon was almost completely isolated. Indeed, he imagined that only a first protected as the sea and its revelations. "Is there any water? My throat hurts low tide the lagoon was almost completely isolated. Indeed, he imagined that only a first protected as the sea and its revelations."

The protected shell-which contributed so materially a first protected as the sea and its revelations. "Is there are protected as the sea and its revelations."

The protected shell-which contributed as the sea and its revelations. The sea and its revelations that the sea and its revelations. The sea and its revelations that the sea and its revelations. The sea and its revelations that the sea and its revelations that the sea and its revelations. The sea and its revelations that the sea and its revelations. The sea and its revelations that the sea and its revelations. The sea and its revelations that the sea and its revelations.

pletely hid the coral embankment. This

sentinel of the land had a welrdly im-pressive effect. It was the only fixed object in the waste of foam-capped waves.

Not a vestige of the Sirdar remained sea-ward, but the sand was littered with wreckage, and—mournful spectacle!—a con-

RAINBOW CLUB

Iris would have gone down had not

a sailor, clinging to a companion

her forehead as he might soothe a child.
"Try to lie still for a very few minutes," he said. "You have not long to
suffer. I will return immediately,"

ladder, caught her as she whirled along the steep slope of the deck.

CONFESSION

to his escape. It still hung by a shred and hindered the free use of his hand. Without any hesitation he seized the offending nail save where a strip of broken water, surging

in his teeth and completed the surgical far into the small natural harbor, betrayed

operation by a rapid jerk.

Bending to resume his task, he was startled to find the girl's eyes wide open and surveying him with shadowy alarm. She was quite conscious, absurdly so in a sense, and had noticed his strange action.

The hot the small natural narror, everaged the position of the tiny entrance. Yet at this very point a fine cocoanut palm reared its stately column high in air, and its long tremulous fronds were now swinging wildly before the gale. From where he stood it appeared to be growing the midst of the sea, for huge breakers.

"It was in my way. I wished to cut open your dress at the walst. You were collapsed, almost dead, I thought, and I wanted to unfasten your corsets."

weekage, and—mournful spectacle!—a considerable number of inanimate human forms lay huddled up amidst the relics of the steamer.

arreying him with shadowy alarm. She as quite conscious, absurdly so in a sense, and had noticed his strange action.

"Thank God!" he cried hoarsely. "You

Dearest Children-I know a little girl who has a looking glass and every time she wants to tell something to somebody she tells her looking glass. Did you ever feel as if you MUST tell somebody something or "bust"? That's slang, I know, but some of our best words today started as slang words. It depends a good deal what you tell and to whom you tell it. For instance, if you tell the family doctor about the color of your bank book he is not very

much interested, but if you talk sickness to him, he becomes very much interested. I would suggest you confess how very well you are to your doctor. I would suggest you confess how tough the steak is to your butcher and not to some playmate. The butcher should be interested, the playmate (deep down in his

heart) may think it's a good joke on you. When it comes to confessing about your very own self I think mother is about the most INTERESTED person in the world.

Oh! how it relieves one's mind to "tell mother all about it." See that you do not have to confess and then you will not have to worry about to whom you should tell your thoughts.

FARMER SMITH, Children's Editor.

Our Postoffice Box

The following letter gave us much pleasure. We pass it on hoping that the lovely autdoor spirit of it will speak to you as it did to us. The writer is little Miss Elleen Evans. Whitford, Pa.:

"Early yesterday morning I went to the postoffice to get the mail. There was a letter from you telling me how to become a faithful member of the club. Right then and there I made up my mind to keep the cules of my new club." "I started down the road briskly and of started down the road briskly and after walking about a mile, came to a big white gate. I climbed over it and followed the road that led, with many twists and turns, to a bridge in the waters under which I go swimming. I looked down into the water trying to imagine how far over my head it would be, when suddenly I heard a noise that scanded like all the horage and cows in the country crossing our bridge. But it was only a brown mare, her colt and a black mare. I rubbed the black mare all over. Then I crossed a lot of trees that surround our home and I ran up to mother to let her read my letter."

Lines for Labor Day Be strong! We are not here to play, to dream, to drift; We have hard work to do and loads

to lift; Shun not the struggle—face it! 'tis God's gift. Be strong! It matters not how deep intrenched the wrong-How hard the battle goes, the day Faint not! Fight on! Tomorrow comes the song.

gave her some milk and kept on feeding her after that till she was fat. My brothers have wonderful butterflies."
"The grocery store here has shoes cloth-ing, needies, thread, meat, fish, candy and everything in it, including the postoffice."

-F. H. S.

Things to Know and Do "I have a rabbit named Bunny Cotton-tail and a buildog named Rugby. Not long ago I found a poor cat that was afraid of averybody. She had been chased a lot, so I spelled American:—I saw the winard today and te wanted to know if you could guess what sord the letters in "SA PRONGHEID" THE WASH RAG TALKS

By Farmer Smith "Boo, Hoo, Hoo!"

"Wah, wah!"
The wash rag stopped crying to listen to he towell boo-hooing "What's the matter?" asked the Wash Rag of the Towel.
"What's the matter with you?" was the

reply of the Towel.

"I was crying to think how dirty I am," answered the Wash Rag. "Ilmmy monkey washes his face and hands and leaves the dirt on me instead of washing it off with soap and water."

"That's what you are for Rabbashing washes what you are for Rabbashing washes what you are for Rabbashing washes." "That's what you are for. Bo hoo! wah! wah, wah!" The Towel was beginning to weep once more. "He wipes the dirt on

"What are you for if not to wipe the dirt on—hush, talk softly, Jimmy Monkey is waking up."

The Towel stopped crying and said, "I hope he does! Serves him right. Do you know what he does to mo? He wipes his face on me and then looks at me to see how

"Well, what should he do?"
"He should look in the Mirror," answered he Towel. 'You don't any so!" It was Jimmy Monkey speaking. Kindness to Birds and Animals

By MARY WAGNER.
All girls and boys should be kind
To the little animals they have or find;
And please do not forget the birds.
Let me express it in just these words:
Sometimes the lives you can save
Of the little singers in "the Land of a
Brave." FARMER SMITH.

I wish to become a member of your Rainbow Club. Pisase sand 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.

Address