NANCY WYNNE GOSSIPS GAYLY ON ALL SORTS OF SOCIAL DOINGS

Military Camp for Girls Opens at Narragansett Pier Under Auspices of Women's Section of Navy League, Movies Cause Excitement in Newport

THE Military Camp known as No. 4, National Service School, opened on Wednesday at Sunset Farm, Narragansett Pier, under the auspices of the Women's Section of the Navy League.

Mrs. George Barnett, wife of General George Barnett, U. S. M. C., represented the national committee at the flag raising, which was accompanied with much ceremony. Mrs. Irving H. Chase, with whom Mrs. Barnett has been staying for several days, has been named commissary general of the camp and represented the local committee. The equipment of the camp was sent to the Pier by the United States Marine Corps of Washington, D. C. Both General Barnett and his wife have been enthusiastic promoters of the preparedness campaign, which has also had the backing of many prominent persons throughout the Union.

A number of Philadelphia girls have joined the "rookies" ranks, so that I doubt not there will be much soldierly deportment in society this season, and that the debutante slouch will have seen its finish, for which let us be truly thankful, for surely there has never been such an ungainly and ungraceful fad as the loose and floppy carriage of the past years.

Speaking of the slouch, which has been principally noticeable in the dances of the last four years, I see that the professors of the terpsichorean art are holding their annual convention in New York and that the Jitney Special and Corkscrew Glide will share equal honors during the coming year as new feature dances. Where in the world do you suppose they get the awful names they give these dances; which, after all, one sees only on the stage, for society goes dancing on in one-step, fox trot and waltz, with an occasional tango, and is highly satisfied with itself in the matter, caring not to dig deeper into the labyrinth of rhythm.

The first of a series of meetings in preparation for the annual market day and country fair for St. Francis's Country House for Convalescents was held this week at Darby. Despite the fact that many of the Woman's Auxiliary, under whose auspices the affair is to be given, were still out of town, the meeting was a most enthusiastic one. The fair will be held at Darby on Friday and Saturday, October 6 and 7.

Among those actively interested in the market day are Miss Julia V. Laguerenne, president of the Woman's Auxiliary; Mrs. J. M. Quennell, Mrs. John J. Coyle, Mrs. Israel, Mrs. M. P. Quinn, the Misses Trasel, Miss Margaret Coyle, Mrs. James C. Bonner, Mrs. H. C. Esling, Miss Florence Sibley, Mrs. A. N. Burke and Mrs. James Mundy

The movie which Bob Goelet is concocting at Newport is causing much joy and pleasurable anticipation, in so far as the plot of the play has not been made public at all and it is not even known who is the heroine or who the villain. One scene was taken on Wednesday on the Vincent Astor place, and 'tis rumored that Mrs. Astor is the heroine. I hear whispers, however, that Ethel Harriman is a maid in the performance, and our own Rose Dolan has a prominent part. There was great excitement on Bailey's Beach on Monday, when George Warren had to rescue a drowning couple in street garments, who had been thrown into the water from a canoe. Much to the amusement of the onlookers, the canoe was tipped over in such shallow water that the players had to duck to maintain the proper effect.

NANCY WYNNE.

Photo by Marceau

MRS. GEORGE UPTON FAVORITE

Mrs. Favorite, who was Miss Harriet Leaf, is entertaining her mother and sister, Mrs. Edward Bowman Leaf and Miss Frances Leaf, at Devon

Personals

An interesting autumn wedding will be that of Miss Alberta Caven Hensel, daughter of Mrs. E. Caven Hensel, to Mr. Joseph N. Pew, Jr., on the afternoon of Saturday, September 23, at the home of the bride's mother in Haverford. Miss Hensel will be attended by her twin sister, Miss Edwina Hensel, and by Mr. Pew's sister, Miss Mabel Anderson Pew, as bridesmaids.

The Art Association of Newport will hold a reception tomorrow evening for its new president, Mr. Harrison S. Morris.

Miss Caroline Rulon-Miller, Miss Bertha Clark and Miss Frances Clark were guests of Mrs. William Wheatley, of Washington, at an informal bridge given yesterday morning at White Sulphur Springs, W. Va.

Mrs. Joseph B. McCall and her daughter, Miss Lenore Adah McCall, who have returned from Beaver Camp, East Union, Me., are spending a few days at the Philadelphia Country Club, pending the completion of alterations at their home, 4201 Walnut street.

Mrs. Park Painter, of Haverford Court, who is occupying her house at Watch Hill, R. I., for the summer, gave a luncheon of 12 covers recently.

Mrs. Edward Ilsley is spending several weeks at Ridgeville, Conn., while Mr. Ilsley is in Maine.

Miss Lorraine Graham, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Edwin Eldon Graham, has returned from a trip to Milwaukee.

Miss Catherine Cooper Cassard spent several days this week in Cape May, as the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Henry B. Patton.

Bala—Cynwyd

Miss Grace Vandiver and Miss Ethelwyn Vandiver have returned to Bala after spending the summer in Ocean City, N. J.

Miss Katherine Thompson, of Cynwyd, has been visiting Mr. and Mrs. John K. Haynes at Brant Beach, N. J.

Mrs. William H. Gillis, of Bala, is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. William Barth, of Cynwyd, at their cottage in Ocean City, N. J.

Girard Farms

Mr. and Mrs. William H. Montgomery, of 2525 South Eighteenth street, has returned from a trip to Montreal and Quebec, coming by way of Lake George and Lake Champlain.

Mrs. Joseph Bentz, who will be remembered as Miss Ethel M. Collins, of 2517 South Nineteenth street, has returned from an extended stay in Atlantic City.

Delaware County

Mr. and Mrs. M. J. Comerford, Miss Mary Josephine Comerford and Mr. Roy Comerford motored to Atlantic City last week and are spending some time at the Chalfonte.

Frankford

Mr. and Mrs. George Corcoran, Jr., of 4330 Josephine street, have Mrs. R. C. Atkinson and Miss Aline Church, of Columbia, Tenn., as their guests.

Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Farr, of 1326 Sellers street, are receiving congratulations upon the birth of a son.

Weddings

TUEHILL—BOTTOMS

The marriage of Miss Mary Estelle Bottoms, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Abel Bottoms, of 3611 Walnut street, to Mr. Roland Tuehill, of Pittston, Pa., took place last night at 7 o'clock in All Saints' Protestant Episcopal Church, Wynnewood Manor. The Rev. Mr. Burk performed the ceremony, which was followed by a reception at the summer home of the bride's parents, 320 Merion avenue. Mr. and Mrs. Tuehill left on a bridal tour of several weeks' duration.

MacCOUL—RUSSELL

The marriage of Miss Margaret H. Russell, daughter of Mrs. Thomas Russell, of 1826 Mount Vernon street, to Mr. Edward H. MacCoul, of New York, was solemnized on Wednesday evening at the home of the bride's mother. The ceremony was performed at 8 o'clock by the Rev. Dr. Philip Steinmetz, headmaster of the De Lancey School. The bride was attended by Mrs. Stanley Le Mar Witmer as matron of honor. Mr. William Wilcox, of New York, was best man. The service was followed by a reception. Mr. and Mrs. MacCoul, after a trip through the South, will be at home after October 1 at 267 Clifton place, Brooklyn.

WENRICK—STYER

NORRISTOWN, Pa., Sept. 8.—The marriage of Miss Caroleen Styer, daughter of Mr. Horace E. Styer, of 1019 De Kalb street, and Mr. Walter B. Wenrick, of Oak Lane, took place Wednesday evening at the home of the bride. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. Thomas R. Beeber, D.D., pastor of the First Presbyterian Church. A large reception followed the ceremony. The bride, who was given in marriage by her father, was attended by Miss Margaret Tolhemus, of Somerville, N. J., as maid of honor, and the bridesmaids were Miss Linda Styer, Miss Marie Styer, sisters of the bride; Miss Margaret Walton, of Willow Grove, and Miss Ruth Wenrick, of Oak Lane, a sister of the bridegroom. Miss Frances Styer, the bride's cousin, was flower girl.

Mr. Charles Wenrick, of Oak Lane, acted as best man. The ushers were Mr. Ronald Styer, the bride's brother, of Norristown; Mr. George McConnell, Mr. Claude Zimmerman and Mr. Horace Wolstenholme. After a wedding trip Mr. and Mrs. Wenrick will live at Chestnut and Central avenues, Oak Lane, where they will be at home after October 1.

SCHAEFER—ANSTETT

Miss Flora C. Anstett, of 2224 Frankford avenue, and Mr. Alfred G. Schaefer, of 2312 East Norris street, were married on Wednesday at St. Bonifacius's Roman Catholic Church, Hancock and Diamond streets, by the Rev. C. Olert, C.SS.R. They will be at home at 2338 East Norris street after September 16.

TAYLOR—FARLEY

Miss Florence Farley, of 2412 Howard street, and Mr. Roy T. Taylor, of 2456 Amber street, were married on Saturday at the home of the Rev. Mr. Hawthorne, pastor of the Union Tabernacle Church.

CRANDALL—HERNANDEZ
CLOSE—CRANDALL

An interesting double wedding took place in the Congregational Church at Berlin Corner at noon on August 30, when Miss Violet Hernandez, daughter of Mr. Melquiades Hernandez, of Waltham, Mass., was married to Mr. Robert G. Crandall, son of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Crandall, of 19 Millbourne avenue, West Philadelphia, and Miss Marian L. Crandall was married to Dr. Hugh William Close, son of Mr. R. G. Close, of Philadelphia. The Rev. Frank Bloomfield, pastor of the church, performed the ceremonies. The double-ring service was used in each ceremony. The maids of honor were Miss Alliene A. Madden, of Ridgewood, N. J., and Miss Dorothy Jackson, of Waltham, Mass., while little Miss Mae Andrew, of Ridgewood, N. J., was flower girl. The ushers were Mr. Edward B. Crandall, Mr. Herbert Winslow, of Berlin, and Mr. George C. Currier, of Arlington Heights, Mass.

Roxborough

Mr. and Mrs. Frank A. Wilkinson, of 432 Lyceum avenue, announce the engagement of their daughter, Miss Naomi Alice Wilkinson, to Mr. Charles Alvin Cox.

North Philadelphia

Mrs. Laura Angus, of 1830 North Marvine street, announces the engagement of her daughter, Miss Marion Angus, to Mr. Clarence Hunt, of Beverly, N. J. The wedding will take place this fall.

Miss Ruth Johnson, of Fifteenth and Summer streets, has returned from a two-weeks' stay in Atlantic City.

Northeast Philadelphia

Miss Anna Smith and Miss Marie Kennedy have returned from a two weeks' stay at Clementon, N. J.

Friends of the Lebanon Hospital have scheduled September 29 as the opening of its season.

The WINGS of the MORNING

By Louis Tracy

SYNOPSIS

The S. S. Sirdar, one of the largest vessels of the London and Hongkong Company, is wrecked in a typhoon in the China Sea. Among those on board are Iris Deane, the only daughter of Sir Arthur Deane, owner of the company, and Sir John and Lady Tozer, friends of the Deanes. During a conversation in the salon before the storm Lady Tozer asks Iris when she is to marry Lord Ventnor. At this question an assistant steward passing by becomes so nervous that he pours some ice on Sir John's head.

The Sirdar has skillfully ridden through the worst of the typhoon and is proceeding with comparative safety, when it strikes a disabled Chinese junk. As the small vessel whirls about in the sea, it crashes into the Sirdar's rudder, and the liner drifts helplessly upon some rocks, where it is torn asunder. Iris and Robert Jenks, the steward who was so deeply affected by the mention of Lord Ventnor's name, are the only survivors. They find themselves upon a desert island.

Jenks in exploring the island finds a quarry with a number of skeletons. He then starts to salvage as much of the wreckage as possible. When he secured sufficient to assure sustenance for the time being he continues his exploration of the island and finds a well with crystal clear water near a cave. Between the two is the headless skeleton of a man. Jenks investigates the cave and finds that it was once used as a habitation.

While Iris is preparing a meal, Jenks, totally exhausted, faints. Iris leaves the cooking to revive him.

CHAPTER IV—(Continued)

IRIS was watchful. She had never in her life cooked even a potato or boiled an egg. The ham was her first attempt.

"My cooking amuses you?" she demanded suspiciously.

"It gratifies every sense," he murmured. "There is but one thing needful to complete my happiness."

"And that is?"

"Permission to smoke."

"Smoke what?"

He produced a steel box, tightly closed, and a pipe.

"'Sublime tobacco! which from east to west
Cheers the tar's labour or the Turkman's rest.'"

"Your pockets are absolute shops," said the girl, delighted that his temper had improved. "What other stores do you carry about with you?"

He lit his pipe and solemnly gave an inventory of his worldly goods. Beyond the items she had previously seen he could only enumerate a silver dollar, a very soiled and crumpled handkerchief and a bit of tin. A box of Norwegian matches he threw away as useless, but Iris recovered them.

"You never know what purpose they may serve," she said. In after days a weird significance was attached to this simple phrase.

"Why do you carry about a bit of tin?" she went on.

How the atmosphere of deception clung to him! Here was a man compelled to lie outrageously who, in happier years, had prided himself on scrupulous accuracy even in small things.

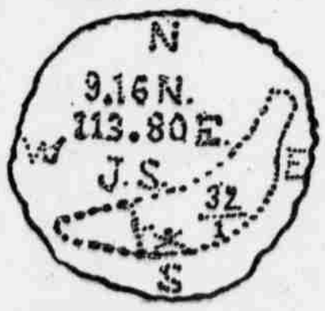
"Plague upon it!" he silently protested. "Subterfuge and deceit are as much at home in this deserted island as in Mayfair."

"I found it here, Miss Deane," he answered.

Luckily she interpreted "here" as applying to the cave.

"Let me see it. May I?"

He handed it to her. She could make nothing of it, so together they puzzled over it. The sailor rubbed it with a mixture of kerosene and sand. Then figures and letters and a sort of diagram were revealed. At last they became decipherable. By exercising patient ingenuity some one had indented the metal with a sharp punch until the marks assumed this aspect:



Iris was quick-witted. "It is a plan of the island," she cried.

"Also the latitude and the longitude."

"What does the 'J. S.' mean?"

"Probably the initials of a man's name; let us say John Smith, for instance."

"And the figures on the island, with the 'X' and the dot?"

"I cannot tell you at present," he said. "I take it that the line across the island signifies this gap or canyon, and the small intersecting line the cave. But 32 divided by 1, and an 'X' surmounted by a dot are cabalistic. They would cause even Sherlock Holmes to smoke at least two pipes. I have barely started one."

She ran to fetch a glowing stick to enable him to relight his pipe.

"Why do you give me such nasty little digs?" she asked. "You need not have stopped smoking just because I stood close to you."

"Really, Miss Deane——"

"There, don't protest. I like the smell of tobacco. I thought sailors invariably smoked rank, black stuff which they call thick twist."

"I am a beginner, as a sailor. After a few more years before the mast I may hope to reach perfection."

Their eyes exchanged a quaintly pleasant challenge. Thus the man—"She is determined to learn something of my past, but she will not succeed."

And the woman—"The wretch! He is as close as an oyster. But I will make him open his mouth, see if I don't."

She reverted to the piece of tin. "It looks quite mysterious, like the things you read of in stories of pirates and buried treasure."

"Yes," he admitted. "It is unquestionably a plan, a guidance, given to a person not previously acquainted with the island but cognizant of some fact connected with it. Unfortunately none of the buccaneers I can bring to mind frequented these seas. The poor beggar who left it here must have had some other motive than searching for a cache."

"Did he dig the cave and the well, I wonder?"

"Probably the former, but not the well. No man could do it unaided."

"Why do you assume he was alone?"

He strolled toward the fire to kick a stray log. "It is only idle speculation at the best, Miss Deane," he replied. "Would you like to help me drag some timber up from the beach? If we get a few big planks we can build a fire that will last for hours. We want some extra clothes, too, and it will soon be dark."

The request for co-operation gratified her. She complied eagerly, and without much exertion they hauled a respectable load of firewood to their new camping ground. They also brought a number of coats to serve as coverings. Then Jenks tackled the lamp. Between the rust and the soreness of his index finger it was a most difficult operation to open it.

Before the sun went down he succeeded and made a wick by unraveling a few strands of wool from his jersey. When night fell, with the suddenness of the tropics, Iris was able to illuminate her small domain.

They were both utterly tired and ready to drop with fatigue. The girl said "Good night," but instantly reappeared from behind the tarpaulin.

"Am I to keep the lamp alight?" she inquired.

"Please yourself, Miss Deane. Better not, perhaps. It will burn only four or five hours, any way."

Soon the light vanished, and he lay down, his pipe between his teeth, close to the cave's entrance. Weary though he was, he could not sleep forthwith. His mind was occupied with the signs on the canister head.

"32 divided by 1; an 'X' and a dot," he repeated several times. "What do they signify?"

Suddenly he sat up, with every sense alert, and grabbed his revolver. Something impelled him to look toward the spot, a few feet away, where the skeleton was hidden. It was the rustling of a bird among the trees that had caught his ear.

He thought of the white framework of a once-powerful man, lying there among the bushes, abandoned, forgotten, horrific. Then he smothered a cry of surprise.

"By Jove!" he muttered. "There is no 'X' and dot. That sign is meant for a skull and crossbones. It lies exactly on the part of the island where we saw that queer-looking bald patch today. First thing tomorrow, before the girl awakes, I must examine that place."

Suddenly he sat up with every sense alert and grabbed his revolver.

CHAPTER V

IRIS TO THE RESCUE

"Before mine eyes in opposition sits
Grim death." Milton.

HE AWOKE to find the sun high in the heavens. Iris was preparing breakfast; a fine fire was crackling cheerfully, and the presiding goddess had so altered her appearance that the sailor surveyed her with astonishment.

So soundly had he slept that his senses returned but slowly. At last he guessed what had happened. She had risen with the dawn, and, conquering her natural feeling of repulsion, selected from the store he accumulated yesterday some more-suitable garments than those in which she escaped from the wreck.

He quietly took stock of his own tattered condition, and passed a reflective hand over the stubble on his chin. In a few days his face would resemble a scrubbing brush. In that mournful moment he would have exchanged even his pipe and tobacco box—worth untold gold—for shaving tackle. Who can say why his thoughts took such trend? Twenty-four hours can effect great changes in the human mind if controlling influences are active.

Then came a sharp revulsion of feeling. His name was Robert—a menial. He reached for his boots, and Iris heard him.

"Good morning," she cried, smiling sweetly. "I thought you would never wake. I suppose you were very, very tired. You were lying so still that I ventured to peep at you a long time ago."

"Thus might Titania peep at an ogre," he said.

"You don't look a bit like an ogre. You never do. You only try to talk like one—sometimes."

"I claim a truce until after breakfast. If my rough compliment offends you, let me depend upon a more gentle tongue than my own—

'Her angel's face
As in the great eye of heaven, shyned bright,
And made a sunshine in the shady place.'

Those lines are surely appropriate. They come from the 'Faerie Queene.'"

"They are very nice; but please wash quickly. The eggs will be hard."

"Eggs!"

"Yes; I made a collection among the trees. I tasted one of a lot that looked good. It was first rate."

He had not the moral courage to begin the day with a rebuke. She was irrepressible, but she really must not do these things. He smothered a sigh in the improvised basin which was placed ready for him.

Miss Deane had prepared a capital meal. Of course the ham and biscuits still bulked large in the bill of fare, but there were boiled eggs, fried bananas and an elderly cocoanut. These things, supplemented by clear cold water, were not so bad for a couple of castaways hundreds of miles from everywhere.

For the life of him the man could not refrain from displaying the conversational art in which he excelled. Their talk dealt with Italy, Egypt, India. He spoke with the ease of culture and enthusiasm. Once he slipped into anecdote apropos of the helplessness of British soldiers in any matter outside the scope of the King's Regulations.

"I remember," he said, "seeing a cavalry subaltern and the members of an escort sitting, half starved, on a number of bags piled up in the Sunkin desert. And what do you think were in the bags?"

"I don't know," said Iris, keenly alert for deductions

"Biscuits! They thought the bags contained patent fodder until I enlightened them."

It was on the tip of her tongue to pounce on him with the comment: "Then you have been an officer in the army." But she forbore. She had guessed this earlier. Yet the mischievous light in her eyes defied control. He was warned in time and pulled himself up short.

"You read my face like a book," she cried, with a delightful little moue.

"No printed page was ever so—legible."

He was going to say "fascinating," but checked the impulse. He went on with brisk affectation:

"Now, Miss Deane, we have gossiped too long. I am a laggard this morning; but before starting work, I have a few serious remarks to make."

"More digs?" she inquired saucily.

"I repudiate 'digs.' In the first place, you must not make any more experiments in the matter of food. The eggs were a wonderful effort, but, flattered by success, you may poison yourself."

"Secondly?"

"You must never pass out of my sight without carrying a revolver, not so much for defense, but as a signal. Did you take one when you went bird's nesting?"

"No. Why?"

There was a troubled look in his eyes when he answered:

"It is best to tell you at once that before help reaches us we may be visited by cruel and blood-thirsty savages. I would not even mention this if it were a remote contingency. As matters stand, you ought to know that such a thing may happen. Let us trust in God's goodness that assistance may come soon. The island has seemingly been deserted for many months, and therein lies our best chance of escape. But I am obliged to warn you lest you should be taken unawares."

Iris was serious enough now.

"How do you know that such danger threatens us?" she demanded.

He countered readily. "Because I happen to have read a good deal about the China Sea and its frequenters," he said. "I am the last man in the world to alarm you needlessly. All I mean to convey is that certain precautions should be taken against a risk that is possible, not probable. No more."

The sailor wanted to tell her that he would defend her against a host of savages if he were endowed with many lives, but he was perforce tongue-tied. He even revited himself for having spoken, but she saw the anguish in his face, and her woman's heart acknowledged him as her protector, her shield.

"Mr. Jenks," she said simply, "we are in God's hands. I put my trust in Him, and in you. I am hopeful, nay more, confident. I thank you for what you have done, for all that you will do. If you cannot preserve me from threatening perils no man could, for you are as brave and gallant a gentleman as lives on the earth today."

Now, the strange feature of this extraordinary and unexpected outburst of pent-up emotion was that the girl pronounced his name with the slightly emphasized accentuation of one who knew it to be a mere disguise. The man was so taken aback by her declaration of faith that the minor incident, though it did not escape him, was smothered in a tumult of feeling.

Iris was the first to recover a degree of self-possession. For a moment she had bared her soul. With reaction came a sensitive shrinking. Her British temperament, no less than her delicate nature, disapproved these sentimental displays. She wanted to box her own ears.

With innate tact she took a keen interest in the felling of the tree.

"What do you want it for?" she inquired, when the sturdy trunk creaked and fell.

Jenks felt better now.

"This is a change of diet," he explained. "No; we don't boil the leaves or nibble the bark. When I split this palm open you will find that the interior is full of pith. I will cut it out for you, and then it will be your task to knead it with water after well washing it, pick out all the fiber, and finally permit the water to evaporate. In a couple of days the residuum will become a white powder, which, when boiled, is sago."

"Good gracious!" said Iris.

CONTINUED TOMORROW

FARMER SMITH'S RAINBOW CLUB

SPELLING

Dear Children—When I was a boy I was a very bad speller. Then I went to school where we studied the dictionary and my mother offered me $5 if I would get 100 (perfect) in spelling in one month.

I get a great many letters during a year and I am sorry to see so many words misspelled. No, I do not blame the schools or the teachers.

BUT——

It seems to me the way to teach spelling should be changed.

Let us see.

Johnnie Jones has a spelling lesson today of ten words. He learns to spell them like a parrot would. One of the words Johnnie has to spell is STATIONERY. Now the dear boy spells it with an A, which is, in that particular case, wrong. Johnnie is corrected. The next day he writes a letter to Farmer Smith and says: "I have some beautiful stationary and am going to write to you. I spelled stationary wrong in school yesterday."

Do you think the misspelt word made an impression on Johnnie's mind?

Of course it is quite a long time since I went to school and I may be all wrong—if so, write and tell me.

FARMER SMITH,
Children's Editor.

P. S.—Yes, I got the $5.

WHERE A GIRAFFE THINKS

By Farmer Smith

Jimmy Monkey sat in the bamboo tree looking for trouble. He was never happy unless he was teasing somebody. He was up so high that when Mister Giraffe came along he was a few inches above his head.

He began to sing:

"The Giraffe has a big long neck,
It reaches to the sky,
On top he wears a tiny head,
On either side an eye."

"Bad, very bad!" said Mister Giraffe. "Your head is so small you can't understand good poetry when you hear it. Oh, yes! I forgot. Giraffes think in their throats."

"They what?" Mister Giraffe was interested.

"I said giraffes think in their throats. We learned that in our geography class—Fourth Grade B."

"What has geography to do with giraffes?" asked the fellow with the long neck.

"Everything, everything! All other animals are—are just animals, but giraffes are so long necked they come under the head of geography. If you thought in your head you would understand, but you think in your neck and don't understand."

Mister Giraffe was too surprised to speak. Jimmy climbed down the tree and when Mister Giraffe was not looking Jimmy stuck a pin in his neck and when the big fellow jumped he shouted:

"There, Mister Giraffe! I told you you thought in your throat."

About Losing Buttons

ANY member who has lost his or her Rainbow button may obtain another button by forwarding a two-cent stamp. Unless a two-cent stamp accompanies a request for another button, the button CANNOT be sent.

Things to Know and Do

The poetry editor thinks he can make three words from the letters in PEROZ. How many can you make?

Our Postoffice Box

Here is little Kathryn Countryman, North Thirteenth street, dressed up like a fairy in a lovely dancing costume! This small Rainbow girl goes to dancing school and is so fond of it she never misses a day. Of course, Kathryn doesn't spend all her time tripping about on her dainty toes. No indeed! Just listen to the rest of the fun her letter says she has, "and we all dress up like ladies and we play house every day. We are all making cushions now." A picture of "mother's skirt" and "done up hair" comes before our eyes and somehow we can't help thinking of the mornings in our youth when we, in "playing house," were merely allowed to be "the iceman!"

KATHRYN COUNTRYMAN

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 .....