NANCY WYNNE TALKS OF SEVERAL RECENT ENGAGEMENTS IN SOCIETY

Betrothals of Miss Wright and Mr. Hoffman and Miss Page and Doctor Laird Prove Topics of Social Interest to Many Fashionables

SO Fenno Hoffman and Marie Wright are engaged, and I can't say I'm surprised, for it was really a case of love at first sight—on Mr. Hoffman's part at any rate—and now you will wonder, my dear, how I know that; but wasn't I at the Assembly last year, and didn't I hear Fenno say to another girl who had made her debut very near the time Marie did: "Oh, I've been introduced to Marie Wright! My, but she is an attractive girl!" And immediately did I think unto myself, "Now, could any two persons be better matched?" Marie is the daughter of the Rev. Mr. Harrison Wright, and is, I understand, very much interested in the things in which he is engaged, while Fenno, who is the son of Mrs. J. Ogden Hoffman, is of a spiritual turn of mind also. And there you are! Now comes the news of their engagement. That was at the first Assembly, so you see they have known each other for nearly eight months. Marie's sister Sibyl married Oxey Coates in Easter week of this year, on that famous Saturday when so many of our social lights took unto themselves wives. Among others was the wedding of Henrietta Large and May Easby, who were married in St. James's Church, at Twenty-second and Walnut streets.

Another engagement of interest to society is that of Matilda Coleman Page, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Page, of Fairfax, Va., and niece of the author and Ambassador to Italy, Thomas Nelson Page, to Dr. J. Packard Laird, of Devon. Packard Laird, who is a grandson of the late Rev. Dr. Joseph Packard, who was dean of the Theological Seminary of Virginia for a number of years, is also a nephew of Philip Laird, of Maryland. His parents lived in Virginia and Packard came up to Philadelphia to study medicine. He was stationed at the Polyclinic Hospital as an interne at the same time that a number of southern doctors were there, among them Dr. Edward Lengle, of Jacksonville, Fla., and Dr. Joseph Price, of Virginia, who is now practicing in the Adirondacks. Doctor Laird settled out in Devon as an assistant to one of the best-known practitioners there, and at his death succeeded to the greater part of his work. He has won many friends during his years in and about Philadelphia, and expressions of pleasure and hopes for his future happiness are expressed on every side.

How comforting our children can prove themselves at times. An attractive young mother, who is a widow with three small children, told me not long ago of the consolation her small son had meted out to her one morning when talking with her in the wee sma' hours when most of us sleep. "Mother," said he, "when you are old and die I shall put flowers on your grave, and when they wither I'll bring fresh ones." She thanked him kindly, but did not seem overwhelmed with the attention. It all came from seeing a movie where a boy had to accept a stepmother, and a picture of him was shown carrying daisies to his mother's grave. Is there anything sweeter in this world than the heart of a little child?

NANCY WYNNE.

Personals

Mr. and Mrs. George H. Earle, Jr., Miss Edith Earle, Miss Gladys H. Earle and Mr. Ralph Earle, who have been spending some time at their camp in the Aridondacks, returned on Saturday to Broad Acres, their home near Bryn Mawr.

Mr. and Mrs. P. Frederick Rothermel, 3d, who have been occupying their cottage in Ventnor for the summer, will return to their home, 2209 Pine street, late next month.

Mr. and Mrs. Kane S. Green have returned to their home in Bryn Mawr, after spending the summer at Bay Head.

Mrs. Robert Hobart Smith has returned from Hot Springs, Va., and is spending a short time in her apartments at the Rittenhouse, preparatory to a month's stay at the Dennis, Atlantic City.

Mr. and Mrs. L. A. Clinton have returned from their summer home at Eastern Point, Conn., and are at the Rittenhouse.

Mr. and Mrs. Earl B. Putnam, Jr., and their infant daughter, Shirley Grace, who have been at their cottage in the Pocono Mountains since early in June, will prolong their stay this year well into the autumn before returning to their new home at Radnor.

Along the Main Line

ARDMORE—Mr. Horace Shelmire, of Thompson avenue, who has been spending a month at the Plattsburg Military Training Camp, has returned to his home.

BRYN MAWR—Mrs. O. Marvin Harcum will leave shortly to spend a week at her old home, Careby Hall, Va.

Along the Reading

Mrs. William Hellyar, of Wyncote road, Jenkintown, has Mrs. Foley, of New York, as her guest for several days.

Mrs. George A. Elsasser, of Meeting House road, Meadowbrook, has been entertaining Mrs. Emilie Redding, of Wildwood, N. J., as her guest for several days.

Miss Marion Sharpless, of Hatherton, Chelten Hills, has returned home from Jobstown, N. J., where she was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Harrison Hutchinson for several days.

Miss Ethlyn Seiner, of Greenwood avenue, Wyncote, will have Miss Josephine Griffiths, of Norristown, as her guest this week.

A wedding of interest which will take place in November will be that of Miss Kathleen Carlin, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Carlin, of Mather avenue, Jenkintown, and Mr. James Heger, of Noble. Miss Carlin recently returned from Atlantic City.

Germantown

Among the Germantown women who went to Atlantic City to attend the suffrage convention were Mrs. Richard Day, Mrs. Isaac Sauderdine, Miss Frances Smiley and Miss Margaret Roberts.

The Germantown Cricket Club held its final swimming meet of the season on Saturday afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. Eugene H. Costella, of Church lane, are spending the month in Chelsea.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Gray, of 4637 Greene street, motored to Cresco, Pa., with several friends and visited Mrs. A. S. Tachudy, of 1931 North Thirty-second street, at her bungalow, the White Owl.

Mrs. John Dunn, Jr., has returned from Chelsea and is at Pelham Court, where she will spend the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. Ralph E. Mercur and their son have returned to their home, 348 Church lane, from Stone Harbor, where they spent the summer.

Miss Margaret Deirick and Miss Rose Deirick have returned to their home, 1350 Haines street, after a ten-day trip to Boston, Mass.

Miss Helen Homiller and Miss Marion Homiller spent the last two weeks at Town Point.

West Philadelphia

Mr. and Mrs. Richard H. Wallace and their family, who have been spending the summer at Bryn Mawr, have returned to their town house, 4244 Chestnut street.

Mr. and Mrs. Lewis L. Foster, of Mantua, N. J., have returned from a three weeks' stay in Charlotte, N. C., and Louisville, Ky. Mrs. Foster, before her marriage in November, was Miss Elizabeth Buckman.

Mr. and Mrs. George M. Bennett and their family have returned to their home, 5309 Catharine street, having spent the summer in Chelsea. Miss Louise Moore, of 5232 Catharine street, who was the guest of Miss Margaret Bennett, returned home last week.

Mrs. C. B. Ayers, of 31 North Sixty-third street, who is at Bantam Lake, Conn., will return to her home in October.

BIRTHDAY PARTY FOR MISS THOMPSON

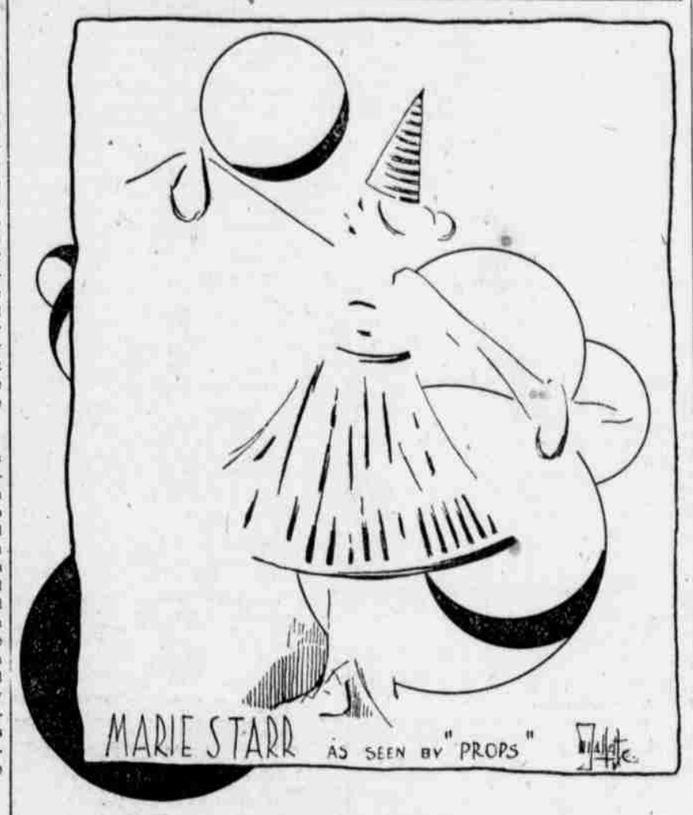
Sixteen Club Entertains in Her Honor—Other Celebrations of the Last Week

A birthday party was given last week to Miss Margaret Thompson, at her home, 106 South Fifty-first street. Miss Thompson is secretary of the Sixteen Club. Among those present were Miss Ruth Haight, Mr. Edward Willer, Miss Mabel Peterson, Mr. Edward Hoover, Miss Madeline Town, Mr. John Stockley, Mr. and Mrs. Calvin Irwin, Miss Marjorie Wilner, Mr. Richard Scholes, Mr. Jose Limquico, Mr. Harold S. Robinson, Mrs. E. O. Kolb, Mr and Mrs. William Whaley, Mrs. C. Snyder, Mr. C. Groves, Mrs. J. Weihrbein, Mr. F. Galloway, Mr. Harry Needing and Mr. and Mrs. S. H. Thompson.

Miss Town and Mr. Stockley won the prize for the elimination dance. The other prize winners were Miss Peterson, Miss Haight, Mr. Irwin, Mr. Scholes and Mr. Robinson.

A party was given at the Spokane Clubhouse by the club on Sunday evening, September 3, on the occasion of the reopening of the clubhouse to visitors for the fall. Among those present were Miss Rose Nadler, Miss Henrietta Burton, Miss J. Jaffe, Miss Harriet Schwartz, Miss Kathryn Gould, Miss Leona Buell, Miss D. Winokur, Miss Ray Diamond, Miss Ray Gumberg, Miss Diana Humphries, Mr. Leo Leonard, Mr. John Friedman, Mr. M. Neff, Mr. W. Friedman, Mr. M. Goldstein, Mr. Albert Lunker, Mr. John James, Mr. J. Segal, Mr. J. Elgart, Mr. Mack Berg, Mr. B. Hurwitz, Mr. L. Gold, Mr. Theodore Weinstein and Mr. J. West.

The Alumni Association of the Hebrew Education Society held a meeting on Wednesday evening in the school auditorium, corner Tenth and Carpenter streets. An interesting program followed the business meeting. Final plans were made for the fifth anniversary, to be celebrated in October.



MISS MARIE STARR

Miss Starr "starred" in a society vaudeville given in Cape May September 5 and 6. She appeared in a dance specialty

Weddings

OLSHO—DANNENBERG

The marriage of Miss Katinka M. Dannenberg, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Gerson Dannenberg, of 1747 North Thirty-third street, and Dr. Sidney Olsho, of 2010 Diamond street, was solemnized at noon today at the Rittenhouse. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. Dr. Joseph Krauskopf, of the Keneseth Israel Temple, and was followed by a breakfast. The bride, who was given in marriage by her father, was attended by Mrs. Elmor Alkus, as matron of honor, and Miss Rhea Olsho as maid of honor.

Mr. Joseph Sondheim acted as best man. Doctor Olsho and his bride left on an extended trip and upon their return will live at Fifteenth and Locust streets.

WIENER—KLINGHOFFER.

A pretty wedding took place last evening at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Simon Goldman, 1753 North Thirty-third street, when their daughter, Miss Frances Klinghoffer, became the bride of Mr. Edward G. Wiener, of 726 Rising Sun lane. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. Dr. Marvin Nathan, of Beth Israel Temple, and was followed by a large reception. Mr. and Mrs. Wiener left for the Delaware Water Gap, and upon their return will live on North Thirty-third street.

WHITEHEAD—WASSER.

Announcement is made of the marriage of Miss Martha Wasser, of 3429 Crawford street, Falls of Schuylkill, to Mr. Harry Whitehead, of Queen Lane, on Tuesday afternoon, September 5, in the Protestant Episcopal Church of St. James the Less, the rector, the Rev. Edward Ritchie, officiating. Miss Florence Wasser, the bride's sister, was maid of honor and Mr. Walter Riddiough was best man. Mr. and Mrs. Whitehead left for Niagara Falls and Canada, and upon their return will live at 3527 Queen lane.

North Philadelphia

Miss M. Elizabeth Hill, who has been the guest of Mrs. F. F. Durang at her cottage in Ocean City, N. J., has returned to her home, 1819 Oxford street.

The fall meeting of the North Philadelphia Business Men's Association, which was postponed on account of Labor Day, will be held this evening in the Robinson Building, Germantown avenue and Juniata street.

Miss Eva Jacobs, who spent the summer at Lake Hopatcong, has returned to her home, 2026 North Broad street.

The wedding of Miss Rose O'Neill, of 2524 North Ninth street, and Mr. Leo McGinley, of 2614 North Eighteenth street, will take place early in November.

Miss Edna Weber, of 1917 Glenwood avenue, has returned from a visit to Island Heights, N. J.

South Philadelphia

Members of the K. K. Club, who spent the week-end at Wildwood, N. J., were entertained at dinner at the home of Mr. George D. Craig, 3038 Wharton street, on their return.

The Whileaway Pleasure Club, of South Philadelphia, held its third picnic of the season yesterday, when the thirty-five members motored to Valley Forge.

Bala-Cynwyd

Miss Grace Vandiver, who spent the summer in Ocean City, N. J., has returned to her home in Bala.

Mr. and Mrs. Bernard B. Wolff and their family, accompanied by Mr. Wolff's mother, Mrs. William H. Wolff, of Highland avenue, have returned from a week's stay at Ocean Grove.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Sheridan and their family, of 203 Highland avenue, have returned from Longport, where they spent three weeks.

Mrs. Burnett Landreth, Jr., of 305 Highland avenue, will spend this week at Galen Hall, Wernersville, Pa.

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 Teazer, friends of the Deanes. During a conversation in the salon before the storm Lady Teazer asks Iris when she is to marry Lord Vesuvius. 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 Vesuvius'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 subsistence 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. He picks up the top of a tin can with a diagram of the island and some curious markings.

By this time the two have established themselves in the cave, in which Jenks finds a vein of antimony. Knowing that the island lies in the path of the Dyaks, a tribe of pirates which infests this region, Jenks rescues several boxes of firearms and ammunition, which have been cast upon a reef off the shore. While at work he is attacked by a devilfish, from whose clutches he is rescued by Iris.

CHAPTER VI

SOME EXPLANATIONS

FIERCE emotions are necessarily transient, but for the hour they exhaust the psychic capacity. The sailor had gone through such mental stress before it was yet noon that he was benumbed, wholly incapable of further sensation. Seneca tells how the island of Theresaea arose in a moment from the sea, thereby astounding ancient mariners, as well it might. Had this manifestation been repeated within a cable's length from the reef, Jenks was in mood to accept it as befitting the new order of things.

Being in good condition, he soon recovered, his physical powers. He was outwardly little the worse for the encounter with the devilfish. The skin around his mouth was sore. His waist and legs were bruised. One sweep of the ax had cut clean through the bulging leather of his boot without touching the flesh. In a word, he was virtually uninjured.

He had the dogl ke habit of shaking himself at the close of a fray. He did so now when he stood up. Iris showed clearer signs of the ordeal. Her face was drawn and haggard, the pupils of her eyes dilated. She was gazing into depths, illimitable, unexplored. Compassion awoke at sight of her.

"Come," said Jenks, gently. "Let us get back to the island."

He quietly resumed predominance, helping her over the rough pathway of the reef, almost lifting her when the difficulties were great.

He did not ask her how it happened that she came so speedily to his assistance. Enough that she had done it, daring all for his sake. She was weak and trembling. With the acute vision of the soul she saw again, and yet again, the deadly malice of the octopus, the divine despair of the man.

Reaching the firm sand, she could walk alone. She limped. Instantly her companion's blunted emotions quickened into life. He caught her arm and said hoarsely:

"Are you hurt in any way?"

The question brought her back from dreamland. A waking nightmare was happily shattered into dim fragments. She even strove to smile unconcernedly.

"It is nothing," she murmured. "I stumbled on the rocks. There is no sprain. Merely a blow, a bit of skin rubbed off, above my ankle."

"Let me carry you."

"The idea! Carry me! I will race you to the cave."

It was no idle jest. She wanted to run—to get away from that inky blotch in the green water.

"You are sure it is a trifle?"

"Quite sure. My stocking chafes a little; that is all. See, I will show you."

She stopped, and with the quick skill of woman, rolled down the stocking on her right leg. Modestly daring, she stretched out her foot and slightly lifted her dress. On the outer side of the tapering limb was an ugly bruise, scratched deeply by the coral.

He exhibited due surgical interest. His manner, his words, became professional.

"We will soon put that right," he said. "A strip off your muslin dress, soaked in brandy, will—"

"Brandy!" she exclaimed.

"Yes; we have some, you know. Brandy is a great tip for bruised wounds. It can be applied both ways, inside and out."

This was better. They were steadily drifting back to the commonplace. While she stitched together some muslin strips, he knocked the head off a bottle of brandy. They each drank a small quantity, and the generous spirit brought color to their wan cheeks. The sailor showed Iris how to fasten a bandage by twisting the muslin round the upper part of his boot. For the first time she saw the cut made by the ax.

"Did—the thing—grip you there?" she nervously inquired.

"There, and elsewhere. All over at once, it felt like. The beast attacked me with five arms."

She shuddered. "I don't know how you could fight it," she said. "How strong, how brave you must be."

This amused him. "The veriest coward will try to save his own life," he answered. "If you use such adjectives to me, what words can I find to do justice to you, who dared to come close to such a vile-looking creature and kill it. I must thank my stars that you carried the revolver."

"Ah!" she said, "that reminds me. You do not practice what you preach. I found your pistol lying on the stone in the cave. That is one reason why I followed you."

It was quite true. He laid the weapon aside when delving at the rock and forgot to replace it in his belt.

"It was stupid of me," he admitted; "but I am not sorry."

"Why?"

"Because, as it is, I owe you my life."

"You owe me nothing," she snapped. "It is very thoughtless of you to run such risks. What will become of me if anything happens to you? My point of view is purely selfish, you see."

"Quite so. Purely selfish." He smiled sadly. "Selfish people of your type are somewhat rare, Miss Deane."

Not a conversation worth noting, perhaps, save in so far as it is typical of the tr to utterances of people striving to recover from some tremendous ordeal. Epigrams delivered at the foot of the scaffold have always been carefully prepared beforehand.

The bandage was ready; one end was well soaked in brandy. She moved toward the cave, but he cried—

"Wait one minute. I want to get a couple of crowbars."

"What for?"

"I must go back there." He jerked his head in the direction of the reef. She uttered a little sob of dismay.

"I will incur no danger th s time," he explained. "I found rifles there. We must have them; they may mean salvation."

When Iris was determined about anything, her chin dimpled. It puckered delightfully now.

"I will come with you," she announced.

"Very well. I will wait for you. The tide will serve for another hour."

He knew he had decided rightly. She could not bear to be alone—yet. Soon the bandage was adjusted and they returned to the reef. Scrambling now with difficulty over the rough and dangerous track, Iris was secretly amazed by the remembrance of the daring activity she displayed during her earlier passage along the same precarious roadway.

Then she darted from rock to rock with the fearless certainty of a chamois. Her only stumble was caused, she recollected, by an absurd effort to avoid wetting her dress. She laughed nervously when they reached the place. This time Jenks lifted her across the intervening channel.

"Is that the spot where you fell?" he asked, tenderly.

"Yes; how did you guess it?"

"I read it in your eyes."

"Then please do not read my eyes, but look where you are going."

"Perhaps I was doing that too," he said.

They were standing on the landward side of the shallow water in which he fought the octopus.

Already the dark fluid emitted by his assailant in its final discomfiture was passing away, owing to the slight movement of the tide.

Iris was vaguely conscious of a double meaning in his words. She did not trouble to analyze them. All she knew was that the man's voice conveyed a subtle acknowledgment of her feminine divinity. The resultant thrill of happiness startled, even dismayed her. This incipient flirtation must be put a stop to instantly.

"Now that you have brought me here with so much difficulty, what are you going to do?" she said. "It will be madness for you to attempt to ford that passage again. Where there is one of those horrible things there are others, I suppose."

Jenks smiled. Somehow he knew that this strict adherence to business was a cloak for her real thoughts. Already these two were able to dispense with spoken word.

But he seduloisly adopted her pretext.

"That is one reason why I brought the crowbars," he explained. "If you will sit down for a little while I will have everything properly fixed."

He delved with one of the bars until it lodged in a crevice of the coral. Then a few powerful blows with the back of the ax wedged it firmly enough to bear any ordinary strain. The rope ends reeved through the pulley on the tree were lying where they fell from the girl's hand at the close of the struggle. He deftly knotted them to the rigid bar, and a few rapid turns of a piece of wreckage passed between the two lines strung them into a tautness that could not be attained by any amount of pulling.

Ir s watched the operation in silence. The sailor always looked at his best when hard at work.

The half-sullen, self-contained expression left his face, which lit up with enthusiasm and concentrated intelligence. That wh ch he essayed he did with all his might. Will power and physical force worked harmoniously. She had never before seen such a man.

He, toiling w th steady persistence, felt not the inward spur which sought relief in speech, but Iris was compelled to say something.

"I suppose," she commented w th an air of much wisdom, "you are contriving an overhead railway for the safe trans t of yourself and the goods?"

"Y—Yes."

"Why are you so doubtful about it?"

"Because I personally intended to walk across. The ropes will serve to convey the packages."

She rose imperiously. "I absolutely forbid you to enter the water again. Such a suggestion on your part is qu te shameful. You are taking a grave risk for no very great gain that I can see, and if anything happens to you I shall be left all alone in this awful place."

She could think of no better argument. Her only resource was a woman's expedient—a plea for protection against threatening ills.

The sailor seemed to be puzzled how best to act.

"Miss Deane," he said, "there is no such serious danger as you imagine. Last time the cuttle caught me napping. He will not do so again. Those rifles I must have. If it w ll serve to reassure you, I will go along the line myself."

He made this confession grudgingly. In very truth, if danger still lurked in the neighboring sea, he would be far less able to avoid it while clinging to a rope that sagged across the channel than if he were on his feet and prepared to make a rush backward and forward.

Not until Iris watched him swinging along with vigorous overhead clutches did this phase of the undertak ng occur to her.

"Stop!" she screamed.

He let go and dropped into the water, turning toward her.

"What is the matter now?" he said.

"Go on; do!"

He stood meekly on the farther side to listen to her rating.

"You knew all the time that it would be better to walk, yet to please me you adopted an absurdly difficult method. Why did you do it?"

"You have answered your own quest on."

"Well, I am very, very angry with you."

"I'll tell you what," he said, "if you will forgive me I will try to jump back. I once did 19 feet 3 inches in—er—in a meadow, but it makes such a difference when you look at a stretch of water the same width."

"I w sh you would not stand there talking nonsense. The tide will be over the reef in half an hour," she cried.

Without another word he commenced operations. There was plenty of rope, and the plan he adopted was simplicity itself. When each package was securely fastened he attached it to a loop that passed over the line stretched from the tree to the crowbar.

Th this loop he tied the lightest rope he could find and threw the other end to Iris. By sliding lightly she was able to land at her feet even the cumbrous rifle chest, for the traveling angle was so acute that the heavier the article the more readily it sought the lower level.

They toiled in silence until Jenks could lay hands on nothing more of value. Then, observing due care, he quickly passed the channel. For an instant the girl gazed affrightedly at the sea until the sailor stood at her side again.

"You see," he said, "you have scared every cuttle within miles." And he thought that he would give many years of his life to take her in his arms and kiss away her anxiety.

But the tide had turned; in a few minutes the reef would be partly submerged. To carry the case of rifles to the mainland was a manifestly impossible feat, so Jenks, now did that which, done earlier, would have saved him some labor—he broke open the chest, and found that the weapons were apparently in excellent order.

He snapped the locks and squinted down the barrels of half a dozen to test them. These he laid to one side. Then he rapidly constructed a small raft from loose timbers, binding them roughly with rope, and to this argosy he fastened the box of tea, the barrels of flour, the broken saloon chair, and other small articles which might be of use. He avoided any difficulty in launching the raft by building it close to the water's edge. When all was ready the rising tide floated it for him; he secured it to his longest rope, and gave it a vigorous push off into the lagoon. Then he slung four rifles across his shoulders, asked Iris to carry the remaining two in like manner, and began to maneuver the raft landward.

"While you land the goods I will prepare dinner," announced the girl.

"Please be careful not to slip again on the rocks," he said.

"Indeed I will. My ankle gives me a reminder at each step."

"I was more concerned about the rifles. If you fell you might damage them, and the incoming tide will so hopelessly rust those I leave behind that they will be useless."

She laughed. This assumption at brutality no longer deceived her.

"I will preserve them at any cost; though with six in our possession there is a margin for accidents. However, to reassure you, I will go back quickly. If I fall a second time you will still be able to replace any deficiencies in our armament."

Before he could protest she started off at a run, jumping lightly from rock to rock, though the effort cost her a good deal of pain. Disregarding his shouts, she persevered until she stood safely on the sands. Then, saucily waving a farewell, she set off toward the cave.

Had she seen the look of fierce despair that settled down upon Jenks's face as he turned to his task of guiding the raft ashore she might have wondered what it meant. In any case she would certainly have behaved differently.

By the time the sailor had safely landed his cargo Iris had cooked their midday meal. She achieved a fresh culinary triumph. The eggs were fried!

"I am seriously thinking of trying to boil a ham," she stated gravely. "Have you any idea how long it takes to cook one properly?"

"A quarter of an hour for each pound."

"Admirable! But we can measure neither hours nor pounds."

"I think we can do both. I will construct a balance of some kind. Then, with a ham slung to one end and a rifle and some cartridges to the other, I will tell you the weight of the ham to an ounce. To ascertain the time, I have already determined to fashion a sun dial. I remember the requisite divisions with reasonable accuracy, and a little observation will enable us to correct any mistakes."

"You are really very clever, Mr. Jenks," said Iris, with childlike candor. "Have you spent several years of your life in preparing for residence on a desert island"

"Something of the sort. I have led a queer kind of existence, full of useless purposes. Fate has driven me into a corner where my odds and ends of knowledge are actually valuable. Such accidents make men millionaires."

"Useless purposes!" she repeated. "I can hardly credit that. One uses such a phrase to describe fussy people, alive with foolish activity. Your worst enemy would not place you in such a category."

"My worst enemy made the phrase effective at any rate, Miss Deane."

"You mean that he ruined your career?"

"Well—er—yes. I suppose that describes the position with fair accuracy."

"Was he a very great scoundrel?"

"He was, and is."

Jenks spoke with quiet bitterness. The girl's words had evoked a sudden flood of recollection. For the moment he did not notice how he had been trapped into speaking of himself, nor did he see the quiet content on Iris's face when she elicited the information that his chief foe was a man. A certain tremulous hesitancy in her manner when she spoke might have warned him, but his hungry soul caught only the warm sympathy of her words, which fell like rain on parched soil.

"You are tired," she said. "Won't you smoke for a little while, and talk to me?"

CONTINUED TOMORROW

FARMER SMITH'S RAINBOW CLUB

WHAT DOES DADDY DO?

Dear Children—I was talking the other day to a very good friend of mine and I told her I wanted to see if I couldn't get parents more interested in their children, and she suggested that I get the CHILDREN INTERESTED IN THEIR PARENTS.

So, my dear children, I want to ask you a few things about your daddy. Of course, you need not tell me, but you can tell the looking-glass the answers.

YOU have the most interesting daddy in the world. He has the most interesting (to you) business in the world.

Do you know what that business is?

I wish you knew how happy it would make daddy if you took a newspaper to him and said, "Here is something which I think will help you in your business."

Then you should kiss daddy.

I don't want you to tell me any secrets. BUT couldn't you write and tell me one thing YOU did to help your daddy?

FARMER SMITH, *Children's Editor.*

FLORENCE MOORE, Maple Shade, N. J.

DOINGS IN PIGVILLE

Mister Jay Bird Turns Musical

By Farmer Smith

Spat, spat, spat.

Mrs. Pig looked up from her comfortable place in the mud.

Every few minutes a drop of water came down beside her and it disturbed her for she wanted to go to sleep that very hot afternoon. She had eaten so much she could hardly walk.

Spat, spat, spat.

Mrs. Pig looked up again. There on the top of the fence she discovered Mister Jay Bird.

"What are you dropping water on me for?" asked Mrs. Pig of the bird.

"I wanted to ask you a question. You see, I am not very good at singing and when I went to the WISE OLD OWL what do you think he told me?"

"Give it up," answered Mrs. Pig, with a grunt. She was so interested she arose on her front legs so she could look all the better at Mister Jay Bird.

"Yes, indeed! I went to the Wise Old Owl and he told me that all music came from a big squeal. He said the very first animal in the world was a pig and that all music came from noises made by pigs."

"Would you mind coming back after my nap?" asked Mrs. Pig. "I can't squeal for you on a full stomach."

"Certainly," answered Mister Jay Bird, as he dropped an acorn on Mrs. Pig's ear.

Mister Jay Bird did not come back until the next day, but when he did come he tried to bring Miss Fish Hawk, Mrs. Chickadee and the catbird. You just wait and see!

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.

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 .....

The Last Flight of Lincoln Beachey

By MARY AMORY GRIGSBY, W. 116th st., New York city.

(Little Miss Grigsby lived in San Francisco at the time of the Exposition.)

It was one of the most beautiful days the San Francisco Exposition had ever seen, and people flocked there by thousands to see the exposition and to see Beachey fly in his new monoplane at 3 o'clock in the North Gardens. Many crowded there long before time, while I, myself, waited in the Palace of Mines.

While I was walking around, enjoying the exhibits, I heard the report of a gun, which was used by the exposition for signaling special events. Realizing that Beachey was about to make his flight, I hurried out and took my place in the gathering crowd, which was waiting for Beachey to start his motor. Presently he rose up into the clouds like a graceful bird. When he was about 3000 feet high he began to make loops and circles, while the crowd below shouted and wondered. His motor stopped and he glided gracefully to earth and lightly bounded along the grassy field. I was about to move off when I heard a man shouting through a megaphone that Beachey would take his second flight, so I waited about ten minutes, and once more saw him gracefully move upward.

(To Be Continued)

Things to Know and Do

Conundrum—How can you make a slow horse fast?