

NANCY WYNNE CHATS GAYLY ON VARIOUS SOCIAL DOINGS

White Sulphur Springs Has Many Philadelphians Among Its Guests—Number of Persons Spent Summer Out on Ranch in Wyoming

FROM White Sulphur comes the news of a delightful afternoon tea given there on Wednesday afternoon by Judge Charles B. McMichael and his attractive wife, and many a good old Philadelphia name is to be seen among the guests. Mr. and Mrs. John Moss, Jr., for instance, which reminds me of the great devotion of that same Mr. Moss for his sister, Miss Julia, who died several years back. It was said that this brother and sister never allowed a day to pass without writing each other a letter. His other sister, long since dead, was Miss Josephine Moss, and she had a singularly beautiful voice, which many of her old friends will remember. Mrs. William Newbold, mother of Mrs. Ethel Newbold McCullough and Mrs. Bob Wurts, were also guests of the McMichaels, as were Mr. and Mrs. Charles Davis Clark and Josephine McCullough. Eugene and Ellen Mary Cassatt and one of the Ellis girls are down at White Sulphur and they and Ned Buckley, 3d, rode recently to Young's Trail, which is considered some feat in those parts.

Edith Bally, Eleanor Arnett, Alva Sergeant and Frances La Lanne are some of the girls who have been spending the summer out at the Struthers Burt's Ranch, Bar B. C., Jackson's Hole, Wyo. Miss Mary Lewis is there also as chaperon or companion to Frances La Lanne, so she is having a good time riding and climbing with the others. Alva Sergeant has already returned and I suppose the others will be traipsing homeward soon again.

Speaking of traipsing homeward, when on earth do you suppose our soldier boys will be home again? It's getting serious, you know, because pretty soon there will be the new debbies on the tapis, and just think what innings the stay-at-home men can get in. First thing the troopers know they'll find the new crop of debbs all otherwise engaged before they have a chance to make an impression. Here's hoping for their sakes that the President and Congress and all the rest of the Red Tape brigade send them home before it is too late.

One wonders what in the world people do next. Have you heard the latest in New York? These women who go around with poodle dogs all the days of their lives cannot be separated from them long enough to see a play, for instance; so the managers of the Hippodrome have actually opened a kernel next to the cloak room where Miss Pup and Mr. Dog will be entertained during the afternoon while their respective mistresses see the show. I'm not surprised, so foolish do some women become over these small canines. Only recently when at a resort where the bathing is acknowledgedly of the best, I witnessed a woman who carried her dog under her arm everywhere on earth that she could. He could not go to church, so she couldn't, and indeed the only place she would go without him was the ocean, for Doggie did not like water (as it was more than possible to judge when near him), so the lady would have her maid accompany her to the edge of the ocean; then Puppy would be delivered to her and she had to stand on the edge, "no mother may see him's ownern downstems from the sea," until the lady had finished her bath, when he was restored to her arms.

Good night! NANCY WYNNE.

Mr. and Mrs. Craig Biddle entertained at dinner last evening at their villa in Newport. Mr. Gustave A. Heckscher, of Islesbrook, Bradford, has sent out invitations for a large luncheon on Sunday, September 24, in honor of Miss Susan Lynch Bruce and Mr. Samuel H. Chase, whose engagement has just been announced.

Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Lloyd, of Bod-Lynd, Bryn Mawr, are spending the remainder of September in the White Mountains. Mr. and Mrs. Alba B. Johnson, who have been spending several weeks at Bear Harbor, are expected to return to Clatsana, their home in Rosemont, the end of this week.

Mr. Thomas McKean has returned from Narragansett Pier. Mrs. McKean will return the end of this week.

Mrs. Gilbert A. Harvey, of Chestnut Hill, has had Mrs. William H. Jefferys as her guest for several days. Mrs. Jefferys has returned to Cape May for the remainder of the month.

Miss Catherine Cooper Cassard, of 335 Pelham road, has left for Cape Wenonah, Saranac Lake, N. Y., to be the guest of Miss Kathryn K. Bache, of New York.

Miss Elsie Morris Brinton, of Hampton Court, has had her sister, Mrs. Charles McVey Buckner, of Huntington, W. Va., as her guest for several weeks. Mrs. Buckner returned to Huntington yesterday.

Mr. and Mrs. John W. Sutphin, of Yardley, Pa., announce the engagement of their daughter, Miss Helen Fenimore Sutphin, to Mr. P. Earl Moore, son of Mrs. Christian Moore, of Bryn Mawr.

Chestnut Hill A tennis tournament for the Philadelphia championship in women's singles, doubles and mixed doubles will be played on the courts of the Philadelphia Cricket Club next week.

Mr. Robert Bright, of 7033 Germantown avenue, has returned from a short stay in Cape May.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick L. Simons, of West Willow Grove avenue, have returned from a two weeks' motor trip through the White Mountains.

Mr. Walter Zebley, of Springfield avenue, has returned home after a short visit to Cape May.

Along the Main Line ARDMORE—Several members of the Ovens Phi attended a dinner on Tuesday evening at Miss Josephine Smith's home at Ardmore. Among those present were Miss Edith B. Boat, Miss Emma Schneider, Miss Anna Van Zand, Miss Gertrude Hays, Miss Margaret Warrington, Miss Edith Youngstrom, Miss Helen Kincaid and Miss Mildred Watson.

HAVERFORD—Mrs. Harris F. Reed will return to her Haverford apartment today after spending the summer at the New Sweden Villa, Cape May.

Mr. and Mrs. E. Van Marsh, who have been spending the summer in Atlantic City, return to their home on Berkeley road today.

BRYN MAWR—The first of a series of plays by Mrs. Maudie is to be given by the



MISS ROSE PADOLSKY Miss Rose Padolsky is the daughter of Mrs. B. Padolsky. Her engagement to Mr. Mitchell Handel will be announced Sunday evening at the home of her mother, 403 South Third street, Mr. Handel lives at 405 South Third street. The wedding will take place this winter.

North Philadelphia A surprise reception was given to Dr. and Mrs. Leon A. Halpern, of 2438 North Thirty-third street, on their return from their honeymoon. It was held in the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. Adelson, 2635 West Lehigh avenue. Among the guests were Miss Rose Mayer, Miss Sarah Myerson, Miss Helen Wise, Miss Mary Lott, Miss Harriet Jaffe, Miss Viola Mayer, Miss Rose Halpern, Miss Henrietta Adelson, Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin Richmond, Mr. Alexander Marr, Mr. Morris Mayer, Dr. S. Gilbert, Dr. J. Himelman, Dr. S. Greenbaum, Mr. J. Silbermann, Mr. Robert Jaffe and Mr. Albert Wedow.

Mr. and Mrs. Silk, of 2315 North Thirtieth street, have announced the engagement of their daughter, Miss Katherine Silk, to Mr. Harvey A. Kimmelman.

Tioga Miss Florence Young, of North Seventeenth street, is spending September in Atlantic City.

Dr. Charles Edward Hallowell and Dr. Malcolm Douglas have returned from an automobile trip along the New England coast, following a fortnight's camp on the Maine coast.

Mrs. George N. Wobensmith, of 1813 West Ontario street, closed her cottage in Peermont and is spending several weeks in Atlantic City, where she represented the Twenty-third Legislative District at the Woman's Suffrage Convention.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Heist and their family have returned to their home, 1826 West Tioga street, after spending the season at the Egypt Inn Country Club.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry B. Sommer, of 1602 North Eighth street, have returned from Atlantic City. Miss Helen Sommer has returned from Lake Sebago, Me.

Mrs. L. Hess and her daughter, Miss Ruth Hess, of 1442 North Franklin street, are spending a few weeks in Atlantic City.

Mr. and Mrs. Morris Stern, of 907 North Eighth street, returned this week from Atlantic City.

WEDDINGS HENDEL-HECHT The marriage of Miss Anna M. Hecht, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frederick L. Hecht, of 2725 West Montgomery avenue, and Mr. Frank C. Hecht, of Germantown, was solemnized last evening at the home of the bride's parents. The Rev. E. W. Hart, of the Columbia Avenue Methodist Episcopal Church, officiated. The bride was given in marriage by her father and was attended by her cousin, Miss Edna Hecht, as maid of honor. Mr. Edward Hendel was his brother's best man. Mr. and Mrs. Handel, after a trip to the Pocono Mountains, will be at home after October 15 at 6222 Ogontz avenue, Oak Lane.

FLEMING-O'HARA The marriage of Miss Kathryn O'Hara, of 7246 Schurz street, Mount Airy, and Mr. Fleming took place on Tuesday afternoon at 4 o'clock in the Church of the Holy Cross. The ceremony was performed by Father Devers and a small reception followed at the home of the bride. Miss O'Hara was attended by Miss Helen O'Hara as maid of honor and the best man was Mr. James Fleming. After an extended wedding journey Mr. and Mrs. Fleming will make their home at 5235 Crown street, Germantown.

Mr. and Mrs. Roy H. Lovejoy are spending the winter in Detroit, Mich., where they are guests of Mrs. Lovejoy's sister, Mrs. Elizabeth Roland.

Mrs. Henry Siegel and her daughter, Miss Anna Siegel, of East Hermitage street, are spending some time in Cooperburg, Pa.

Miss Margaret Severn, of Pechin street, has returned from Wildwood.



The WINGS of the MORNING By Louis Tracy

THE STORY THIS FAR IRIS DEANE, daughter of Sir Arthur Deane, was on her way to the States by the steamship "Diana" going down the coast. She was accompanied by her cousin, ROBERT JENKS, an assistant steward on the ship. The vessel before the wreck he was on the night when the overboard scuttles the rumor that Iris and Lord Ventnor are betrothed. An attraction for the young man is that he is Robert Anstruther, formerly a British cavalry officer in the Indian army. In the past he has been a great deal of a playboy, and the woman named the dishonorable Jenks. In exploring the island, he discovers a well, near which lies the headless skeleton of a man. He is attracted to the skeleton by the skeletons of "Chinese" and "European" and the top of a tin can with a cryptic diagram. Realizing that Rainbow Island is a case of rifles and ammunition, Jenks saves a case of rifles and a box of cartridges from the wreck on a nearby reef. One day, while on an errand a short distance from the cave, Iris is attacked by several Dyaks, from whom Jenks saves her.

CHAPTER VIII—(Continued) HE CATCHED the guns, swords and knives of the slain, with all their uncut belts and ornaments. In pursuance of a vaguely defined plan of future action he also divested some of the men of their coats and collected six queer-looking hats, shaped like inverted basins. These things he placed in a heap near the pitcher plants. Thereafter, for half an hour, the placid surface of the lagoon was disturbed by the black dorsal fins of many sharks. To one of the sailor's temperaments there was nothing revolting in the concluding portion of his task. He had a God-given right to do it. It was his paramount duty, remitted only by death itself, to endeavor to save Iris from the indescribable fate from which no power could rescue her if ever she fell into the hands of these vindictive savages. Between him and them, war to the bitter end, with no humane mitigation of its horrors and penalties, the last dread arbitration of man forced to adopt the methods of the tiger.

His guess at the weather conditions heralded by the change of wind was right. As the two partook of their evening meal he complained of the heat of the roof and the tremulous branches of the taller trees voiced the approach of a gale. A tropical storm, not a typhoon, but a belated burst of the periodic rains, deluged the island before midnight. The water earlier Iris rained, utterly won by the events of the day. Needless to say, there was no singing that evening. The gale chanted a wild melody in mourning for the lost of the project, the watery downpour on the tarpaulin roof of Belle Vue Castle was such as to render conversation impossible, save in wearying shouts.

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It was, he said, absolutely impossible to wait until the morning. He must at once satisfy himself whether the project was impracticable or worthy of future investigation. So the girl only enjoined him to be careful and he vigorously renewed the climb. At last, some twenty-five feet from the ground, an accidental parting in the branches enabled him to get a good look at the ledge. One glance set his heart beating joyously. It was at least fifteen feet in length; it shewed back until its depth was lost in the blackness of the shadows, and the floor must be either nearly level or sloping slightly inward to the line of the fault.

The place was a perfect eagle's nest. A chamois could not reach it from any direction; it became accessible to man only by means of a ladder or a balloon. More excited by this discovery than he cared for Iris to know, he endeavored to appear unconcerned when he regained the ground. "Well," she said, "tell me all about it." He described the nature of the cavity as well as he understood it at the moment, and

emphasized his previous explanation of its virtues. Here they might reasonably hope to make a successful stand against the Dyaks. "Then you feel sure that those awful creatures will come back?" she said slowly. "Only too sure, unfortunately." "How remorseless post-humans it is when the vaneer is stripped off! Why cannot they leave us in peace? I suppose they now cherish a blood feud against us. Perhaps, if I had not been here, they would not have injured you. Somehow I seem to be bound up with your misfortune." "I would not have it otherwise were it in my power," he answered. For an instant he left unchallenged the girl's assumption that she was in any way responsible for the disaster which had broken up his career. He looked into her eyes and almost forgot himself. Then the sense of fair dealing that dominates every true gentleman rose within him and gripped his wavering emotions with ruthless force. "Was this a time to play upon the high-strung sensibilities of this youthful daughter of the gods, to seek to win from her a confession of love that a few brief days or weeks might prove to be only a spasmodic, but momentarily all-powerful, gratitude for the protection he had given her?"

And he spoke about, striving to laugh, lest his words should fall flat. "You can console yourself with the thought, Miss Deane, that your presence on the island will in no way affect my fate at the hand of the Dyaks. Had they caught me unprepared today my head would now be covered with a solution of the special varnish they carry on every foreign expedition. "Varnish!" she exclaimed. "Yes, as a preservative, you understand." "And yet those men are human beings!" "For purposes of classification, yes. Keeping to strict fact, it was lucky for me that you raised the alarm and gave me a chance to discount the odds of mere numbers. So, you see, you really did me a good turn."

"What can be done now to save our lives? Anything will be better than to await another attack." "The first thing to do is to try to get some sleep before daylight. How did you know I was not in the Castle?" "I cannot tell you. I awoke and knew you were not near me. If I wake in the night I can always tell whether or not you are in the next room. So I dressed and came out."

"Ah!" he said, quietly. "Evidently I am wrong." This explanation killed romance. Iris retreated and the sailor, tired out at last, managed to close his weary eyes. Next morning he hastily constructed a pole of sufficient length and strong enough to bear his weight by tying two sturdy young trees together with ropes. Iris helped him to raise it against the face of the precipice, and he at once climbed to the ledge.

Here he found his observations of the previous night abundantly verified. The ledge was even wider than he dared to hope, nearly ten feet deep in one part, and it sloped sharply downwards from the outer lip of the rock. By lying flat and carefully testing all points day view, he ascertained that the only possible positions from which even a glimpse of the interior floor could be obtained were the branches of a few tall trees and the extreme right of the opposing precipice, nearly ninety yards distant. There was ample room to store water and provisions, and he quickly saw that even some sort of shelter from the fierce rays of the sun and the often piercing cold of the night might be achieved by judiciously rigging up a tarpaulin.

"This is a genuine bit of good luck," he mused. "Here, provided neither of us is hit, we can hold out for a week or longer, at a pinch. How can it be possible that I should have lived on this island so many days and yet hit upon this nook of safety by mere chance, as it were?" "You will not be able to reach the level again until he solves the puzzle. Then he perceived that the way in which the cliff bulged out on both sides prevented the ledge from becoming evident in profile,

white, seen in plain view in the glare of the sunlight. It suggested nothing more than a slight indentation. He rapidly sketched to Iris the defensive plan which the Eagle's Nest suggested. Access must be provided by means of a rope ladder, securely fastened inside the ledge, and capable of being pulled up or let down at the will of the occupants. Then the ladders must be kept constantly stocked with a judicious supply of provisions, water and ammunition. They could be covered with a tarpaulin, and thus kept in fairly good condition.

"We ought to sleep there every night," he went on, and his mind was so engrossed with the tactical side of the preparations that he did not notice how Iris blanched at the suggestion. "Surely not until danger actually threatens!" she cried. "Danger threatens us each hour, after sunset. It may come any night, though I expect at least a fortnight's reprieve. Nevertheless, I intend to act as if tonight may witness the first shot of the siege."

"Do you mean that?" she sighed. "And my little room is becoming so very cozy!" "Be lieve me, my dear, my room was already a home to them. Jenks always accepted her words literally. "Well," he announced, after a pause, "it may not be necessary to take up our quarters there until the eleventh hour. After I have hoisted up our stores and made the ladder, I will endeavor to devise an efficient cordon of sentries around our position. We will see."

Another word could Iris get out of him on the topic. Indeed, he provided her with plenty of work. By this time she could splice a rope more neatly than her tutor, and her particular business was to prepare no less than sixty runs for the ropeladder. This was an impossible task for one day, but after dinner the sailor helped her. They talked late, until their fingers were sore and their backs ached as they sat upright. Meanwhile, Jenks swarmed up the pole again and drew up after him a crowbar, the sledgehammer and the pickaxe. With these implements he was to work to improve the accommodation. Of course, he did not attempt seriously to remove any large quantity of rock, but there were projecting lumps and inequalities of floor there which could be dumped or pounded out of existence. It was surprising to see what a clearance he made in an hour. The existence of the fault helped him a good deal, as the percolation of water at this point had oxidized the stone to rottenness. To his great joy he discovered that a few protruding rocks had formed a small cavity which could be easily enlarged. Here he contrived a niche where Iris could remain in absolute safety when barricaded by stores, while, with a sledge, she was to work to improve the accommodation. Of course, he did not attempt seriously to remove any large quantity of rock, but there were projecting lumps and inequalities of floor there which could be dumped or pounded out of existence.

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C. J. HEPPE & SON 1117-1119 CHESTNUT STREET 6TH AND THOMPSON STREETS

FARMER SMITH'S RAINBOW CLUB THE CRIME OF BEING A CHILD I am a child. No one pays any attention to me until I am sick. This year I am very important because some of my playmates are sick—very sick—many of them have died. I am a child. People have adulterated my milk. For a mere matter of dollars they did it. People have ruined the food I eat—yet no one raised a row. Yet—There is a great row about me when I am sick. Mother is afraid. Father is scared. They pay a lot of attention to me—when I am sick. I am a child. Oh, when will they stop poisoning my milk, ruining my food, mixing my candy with the filth of the streets? Oh, God! Who will take my side? I am a child! FARMER SMITH, Children's Editor.

Our Postoffice Box Marcia Perry is a little Swarthmore Rain-bow who has taught herself to have a very jolly time in life. She writes plays, mind you, and her sisters and herself act them out. She is eleven years old and in the sixth grade. Being only eleven years old she can stop Marcia from being a poet. She is going to show us before the end of the year how a young girl can do it. She has spent her vacation in Eagles Mere, and is now ready for a hard, earnest year at school. We are very happy to hear of all the health that is being "gathered up" on the vacation trips. Violet Grazer, who has been spending the summer at Pitman, N. J., is distinguishing herself as a swimmer. She uses the diving board. Here is a bit of her letter that tells more of how she spends her time: "Today, my cousin, my sister and another little friend went to the lake. We hired a boat and went up one of the creeks that feed the lake. We ate our lunch there. Afterward we went in wading. The water comes right up to the springs and is very cold, as it runs through woods all the way."

Things to Know and Do 1. Conundrum—What is the next thing to a man? 2. Adage—The wizard was in today and he asked several persons what word the letters in "Am care" spelled. None of them could guess it. Can you? FARMER SMITH. I wish to become a member of your Rainbow Club. Please send me a beautiful Rainbow Kitten free. I agree to DO A LITTLE KINDNESS EACH DAY AND EVERY DAY FORWARD LITTLE SUNSHINE ALL ALONG THE WAY. Name Address Age

DOINGS IN PIGVILLE By Farmer Smith Mrs. Pig awoke one morning with a start and heard her head she heard a snoring. "It seems to me I hear nothing but snoring these days. I do wish that Catbird would come down here." By and by some corn was thrown into the pig sty and this attracted Catbird. "Wasn't you snoring?" asked Mrs. Pig, looking up at the Catbird. "I was snoring my little part in the great symphony of life," answered the Catbird.