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 Bryn Mawr Dancing Club will be held this evening in the Bryn Mawr Auditorium. there on Wednesday afternoon by Judge Charles B. McMichael and his attractive wife, and many a good old Philophia name is to be seen among the sts. Mr. and Mrs. John Moss, Jr., for stance, which reminds me of the great sevotion of that same Mr. Moss for his ister, Miss Julia, who died several years back. It was said that this brother and der never allowed a day to pass without writing each other a letter, His ther sister, long since dead, was Miss losephine Moss, and she had a singubriy beautiful voice, which many of her old friends will remember. Mrs. William Henry 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 McCulloh, Eugenia and Ellen Mary Cassatt and one of the Ellis girls are down at White Sulphur and ey and Ned Buckley, 3d, rode recently to Young's Trail, which is considered come feat in those parts.

Edith Baily, 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 chapon or companion to Frances La Lanne 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

Speaking of traipsing homeward, when en earth do you suppose our soldier boys will be home again? It's getting serious, yon 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 debs all otherwise engaged before they have s chance to make an impression. Here's hoping for their sakes that the Presient and Congress and all the rest of the Red Tape brigade send them home before t is too late.

One wonders what in the world people will 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 kennel 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 omen 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 the could. He could not go to church. she couldn't, and indeed the only place she would go without him was the boen, for Doggine 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 ecean; then Puppy would be delivered to her and she had to stand on the edge, "so mother may see him's owntem downtems from the sea," until the lady had finished her bath, when he was restored to her

Good night! NANCY-WYNNE.

Personals

Mr. and Mrs. Craig Biddle entertained at mer last evening at their villa in New-

Strafford, has sent out invitations for a large luncheon on Sunday, September 24, in honor of Miss Susan Lynah Bruce and Mr. Samuel H. Chase, whose engagement Mr. Samuel H. Chase, w. and Mrs. Herbert Lloyd, of Bod-

Llwyd, Bryn Mawr, are spending the re-mainder of September in the White Moun-Mr. and Mrs. Alba B. Johnson, who have

been spending several weeks at Bar Harbor, are expected to return to Castana, their bome in Rosement, the end of this week.

Mr. Thomas McKean has returned from Narraganaset Pier. Mrs. McKean will re-Bra the end of this week.

Mrs. Glibert A. Harvey. of Chestnut Hill, fuent for several days. Mrs. Jefferys has returned to Cape May for the remainder of

Miss Catherine Cooper Cassard. of 336 Pelham road, has left for Camp Wenonah. Saranac Lake, N. Y., to be the guest of Miss Kathryn K. Bache, of New York. Miss Elsie Morris Brinton, of Hampton

ut, has had her sister, Mrs. Charles Mc Ver Buckner, of Huntington, W. Va., as her mest for several weeks. Mrs. Buckner re-turned to Huntington yesterday.

Mr. and Mrs. John W. Sutphin, of Yard-ey. Pa. announce the engagement of their aughter. Miss Helen Fenimore Sutphin, to r. P. Earl Moore, son of Mrs. Christian loore, of Bryn Mawr.

Chestnut Hill

A tennis tournament for the Philadel-ta championship in women's singles, catter and mixed doubles will be played on the courts of the Philadelphia Cricket Club faxt week.

Mr. Rosert Bright, of 7023 Germantown avenue, has returned from a short stay in Cape May:

Mr. and Mrs. Prederick L. Simonin, if West Willow Grove avenue, have re-targed from a two weeks motor trip Brough the White Kountains.

Mr. Walter Zebley, of Springfield avenue, as inturned home after a short visit to ape May.

Along the Main Line

Along the Main Line
ARDMORE—Several members of the
maga Phl attended a dinner on Tuesday
hen by Mias Josephine Sailer at her
Roose home at Ardmore. Among those
rann were Miss Edith B. Boots, Mias
mans Schneider, Miss Anna Van Zand,
he Gertrude Sayers, Miss Margaret Warmatten, Mas Edith Foungstrom, Miss Belen
disasce and Miss Mitdred Watson.

HAVERPORD—Mrs. Harvie F. Reed will
sturn to her Haverford apartment today
her spending the summer at the New
eston Villa Cape May
Mr. and Mrs. H. Vail Marsh, who have
an apanding the summer in Atlantic City.
Il return to their home on Berkley room

ROSEMONT-Mr. Clarence Sinnett, of Wyoming, is visiting his mother, Mrs. Jo-seph Sinnott. Mr. W. C. Wetherill and his family have returned from a motor trip through Maine.

WAYNE—Mr. and Mrs. George A. Richardson, of Toughkenamon, Pa., announce the marriage of their daughter, M.ss. Rebecca Wilkinson Richardson, to Mr. Charles Harold Wood, of Wayne, on Saturday, September 9, at Wayne, Mr. and Mrs. Wood, who are now on a weedding journey, will be at home after November 1, when the weeding the second s will be at home after Novembe at 1111 Lawrence avenue, Chicago, III.

Along the Reading

Mrs. George William Long and her son, Mr. William Long, of Elk.ns Park, were guests of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Andrew Beach at their Ventnor cottage while Mr. Long attended a conference at the Tray-

more in Atlantic City.
Mr. and Mrs. Beach, Miss Dorothy Beach,
Miss Helen Nason and Mr. Ransford Beach were guests of Mr. and Mrs. Long on Thursday at the Traymore. Mr. Long has joined Mr. Richard Torpin, Jr., and Mr. Richard Torp.h. 3d, on a motor trip to Maryland.

Dr. and Mrs. Edward B. Dewhurst, of Waring road, Elkins Park, have return to their home from Point Pleasant, N. J. Mr. and Mrs. Harlow B. Voorhees, of Mel-

rose avenue. Elkins Park, have returned from Atlantic City, where they have been spending several days.

Miss Elsie Pickwell, of Wyncote, has reurned to her home from Wildwood

training camp at Plattsburg, N. Y. Mr. and Mrs. David J. Armon, of Jenkin-town, have returned to their home on

Greenwood avenue after an extended wed-Mr. and Mrs. Radclyffe Furness, Mr. George Furness, Miss Mary Radclyffe Fur-ness and Miss Annis Lee Furness, of 207

Summit avenue, Jenkintown, have returned from Eagles Mere, where they have been spending several weeks. Mr. and Mrs. Charles Potter, Jr. of Washington lane, Chelten Hills, are spend-ing a fortnight at Magnolia, Mass., as the

guests of Mr. Potter's mother, Mrs. Charles Mr. Samuel Gilbert, of Red Top. Rydal, will leave shortly for St. Paul's School to resume his studies for the winter. Mr. Gilhert has been spending the summer Eagles Mere.

Germantown

Mrs. Oswald Hampton Schell, of 432 West School House lane, has returned from Yama Farms, where she spent a fortnight. Mr. and Mrs. William R. Tucker, of 125

chool House lane, have returned from

Jamestown, R. L. Mr. and Mrs. Glibert Shearer, of West Penn street, are being congratulated upon the birth of a son, Gilbert Shearer, Jr., at Cape May, where Mr. and Mrs. Shearer are spending the summer as the guests of Mrs. Shearer's mother, Mrs. Antonio Pes-

Mrs. Samuel Bispham Bowen, of 6407 Wayne avenue, who is spending the summer at Marblehead, Mass., will return to town on October 1.

West Philadelphia

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur W. Guy, of the Marlyn, and Mrs. Frederic D. Guy have returned to the dity after spending the summer at their Chelsea cottage. Mr. Frederic D. Guy, who has been in Texas all summer with Troop A, Philadelphia Cavalry, will join them later. Cavairy, will join them later.

Wilton street, are receiving congratula-tions upon the birth of a daughter, Mildred Anna Harvey.

Roxborough

Mr. and Mrs. Roy H. Lovejoy are spend-ing the early autumn in Detroit. Mich., where they are guests of Mrs. Lovejoy's sister, Mrs. Elizabeth Roland.

Mrs. Henry Sieg'e and her daughter, Miss Anna Siegie, of East Herm'tage street, are spending some time in Coopersburg, Pa.

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



MISS ROSE PADOLSKY Miss Padolsky is the daughter of Mrs. B. Padolsky. Her engage-ment to Mr. Mitchel 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 heneymoon. 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. Liklor, Wiss. Myerson, Miss Helen Wiese, Miss Mary Lotto, Miss Harriett Jaffe, Miss Viola Mayer, Miss Rose Halpern, Miss Henrietta Adelson, Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin Richmend, Mr. Alexander Marr, Mr. Morris Mayer, Dr. S. Gilbert, Dr. J. Himelman, Dr. S. Green-baum, Mr. J. Silberman, Mr. Robert Jaffe Mr. Clarence Ervien, of Elkins Park, has baum, Mr. J. Silbermo eturned from the United States military and Mr. Albert Wedow.

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

Tioga

Miss Florence Young, of North Seven-teenth street, is spending September in At-

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

Mrs. tleorge 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 Mills Country Club.

Northeast Philadelphia Mr. and Mrs. Harry B. Sommer, of 1502

North Eighth street, have returned from Atlantic City. Miss Helen Sommer has re-turned from Lake Sebago, Me. Mrs. L. Hess and her daughter, Miss Ruth

Hess, of 1642 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 At

WEDDINGS

HENDEL-HECHT

The marriage of Miss Anna M. Hecht, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frederick L. Hecht, of 2726 West Montgomery avenue, and Mr. Frank C. Hendel, of Germantown, was solemnized last evening at the home of the bride's parents. The Rev. E. W. Hart, of the Columbia Avenue Methodist Episco-Mr. and Mrs. Paul J. Kiefer, of 5528

Mr. and Mrs. Paul J. Kiefer, of 5528

Angora terrace, are taking a motor trip through the Pocono Mountains.

Of the Columbia Avenue alcinodist Episcopai 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 Mr. and Mrs. H. Harvey, of 250 North 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 Katheryn O'Hara, of 7345 Schurz street, Mount Airy, and Mr. of 7345 Schurz street, Mount Airy, and Mr. Dominick U. 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 smail reception followed at the home of the bride. Miss O'Hara was attended by Miss Heien O'Hara as maid of honor and the best man was Mr. James Fleming. After an extended wedding journey Mr. and Mra Fleming will make their home at 5528 Crowson street, Germantown.

THE STORY THUS PAR

of the MORNING

THE STORY THUS PAR

IRIS DEANE, daughter of Sir Arthur Deane, owner of the Landson and Hongkong Company, is cast upon Rathbow Island when the steamship Sirdar goes down during a turboon in the China Sea.

ROBERT JENNE, an assistant steward on the ship, is the only other survivor. On board the vessel before the wreck he was deeply moved when he overheard mention of the future that Irls and Lord Ventuce are suggested. On the island, Jenks confesses that he is Robert Amstruther, formerly a captain of British cavelry in Ventuce's regiment. In defending the name of his Colonel's wife. Anstruther had beaten Ventuce. False testimony on the part of twitten and the woman caused the dishonorable days which he conting the island, discovers a cave which men, and a deserted quarry filled with the skeletons of Chinese and Europeans. In the cave he finds a great vein of antimony and the top of a tin can with a cryptic diagram. Realizing that Rainbow Island is in the path of the fierce Dysk Dirates, Jonks saves a case of rifes and mannicities, which was cast from the work on a nearby reef.

One day, while on an errand a short disenuminities which was east from the wreck on a nearby reef. One day, while on an errand a short dis-tance from the cave, Iris is attacked by several Dyaks, from whom Jenks saves her. A few of the pirates escape.

CHAPTER VIII-(Continued) E GATHERED the guns, swords and

H krisses of the slain, with all their uncouth belts and ornaments. In pursuance of a vaguely defined plan of future action he also divested some of the men of their coarse garments and collected six queer-looking hats, shaped like inverted basins. These things he placed in a heap near the pitcher plants. Thenceforth, for half an hour, the plac d surface of the lagoon was disturbed by the black dorsal fins of many sharks. To one of the sailor's temperament there

was nothing revolting in the concluding portion of his task. He had a God-given right to live. It was his paramount duty, remitted only by death itself, to endeavor o save Iris from the indescribable fate from which no power could rescue her if ever she fell into the hands of these vindictive savages. Therefore, it was war be-tween him and them, war to the bitter end, war with no humane mitigation of its horrors and penalties, the last dread arbitra-ment 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 the complaining surf lashed the reef, 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. Hours earlier Iris retired, utterly worn by the events of the day. Needless to say, there was no singing that evening. The gale chanted a wild melody in mournful chords, and the noise of the watery downpour on the tarpaulin roof of Belle Vue Castle was such as to render conversation impossible, save in wearying

the cave and hut and overpower him by sheer numbers. The fight, if fight there was, would be sharp, but decisive. was, would be sharp, but declave. Ferhaps,
if he received some warning. Iris and he
might retreat in the darkness to the cover
of the trees. A last stand could be made
among the boulders on Summit Rock. But
of what avail to purchase their freedom until daylight? And then—
If ever man wrestled with desperate problem Jerks wrought that night. He smoked

lem, Jenks wrought that night. He smoked and pondered until the storm passed, and, with the changefulness of a poet's muse, a full moon flooded the island in glorious

He rose, opened the door, and stood without, listening for a little while to the roaring of the surf and the crash of the broken coral swept from reef and shore by the backwash.

By Louis Tracy

"They are snarling like whipped dogs." he said aloud. "One might almost fancy her ladyship the Moon appearing on the scene as a Uranian Venus, cowing sea and storm by the majesty of her presence."

Pleased with the concelt, he looked steadily at the brilliant luminary for some time. Then his eyes were attracted by the strong lights thrown upon the rugged face of the precipics into which the cavern burrowed. Unconsciously relieving his tired senses, he was idly wondering what trick of color Furner would have adopted to convey those sharp yet welrdly beautiful contrasts, suddenly he uttered a startled ex-

clamation.

"By Jove!" he murmured. "I never noticed that before."

The feature which so earnestly claimed his attention was a deep ledge, directly over the mouth of the cave, but some forty feet from the ground. Behind it the wall of rock sloped darkly inward, suggesting a recess extending by haphazard computation at least a couple or yards. It occurred to him that perhaps the fault in the interior of the tunnel had its outcrop here. interior of the tunnel had its outcrop here, and the influences of rain and sun had extended the weak point thus exposed in the bold panoply of stone.

He surveyed the ledge from different points of view. It was quite inaccessible, and most difficult to estimate accurately from the ground level. The sailor was a man of action. He chose the nearest tall tree and began to climb. He was not eight feet from the ground before several birds flew out from its leafy recesses, fill-

ing the air with shrill clucking.

"The devil take them!" he growled, for he feared that the commotion would awaken Iris. He was still laboriously worming his way through the inner maze of branches when a well-known voice reached him from

the ground.
"Mr. Jenks, what on earth are you doing "Oh! so those wretched fowls aroused

you?" he replied.
"Yes; but why did you arouse them?"
"I had a fancy to roost by way of a change."

"Please be serious." "I am more than serious. This tree grows a variety of small sharp thorn that induces a maximum of gravity—before one takes the next step."

"But why do you keep on climbing?"

"It is sheer iunacy, I admit. Yet on such a moonlit night there is some reasonable

a moonlit night there is some reasonable ground for even a mad excuse."

"Mr. Jenka, tell me at once what you reading."

Iris strove to be severe, but there was a touch of anxiety in her tone that in-stantly made the sailor apologetic. He told her about the ledge and explained his half-formed notion that here they might

secure a safe retreat in case of further attack—a refuge from which they might defy assault during many days.

days.

days.

absolutely impossible to miniself whether the project we 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. At last, some twenty-five feet from the identification of the ground. At last, some twenty-five feet from the ground. At last, some twenty-five feet from the full last the ledge of one glanded him to get a good look at the ledge of the last of the

The petty strife of the elements was emphasized his previous explanation of its virtuea. Here they might reasonably hope to make a successful stand against the

Then you feel sure that those awful crea

tures will come back?" she said slowly,
"Only too sure, unfortunately."
"How remorseless poor humanity is when
the veneer is stripped off! Why cannot they leave us in peace? I suppose they now cher-ish a blood feud against us. Ferhaps, if I had not been here, they would not have in-jured you. Somehow I seem to be bound up with your misfortunes."

"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 disasters which had broken up his career. He looked into her eyes and almost forgot himself. Then the sense of fair deal-ing 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 sensibil-ities 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 aloud, striving to laugh, lest his words should falter—
"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 variety. varnish they carry on every foreign expe-

"Yarnish?" 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 jucky for me that you raised the alarm and gave me a chance to discount the odds of mere numbers. So, you see you raily did me a good turn." 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

This explanation killed romance 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.

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 of 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 tail 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 flerce 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

"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

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

HEPPE

He rapidly sketched to Iris the defensive plan which the Eagle's Neet suggest-Access must be provided by means or rope ladder, securely fastened inside the ledge, and capable of being pulled up to let down at the will of the occupants. The the place must be kept constantly stocks 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, be went on, and his mind was so engrouse with the tactical side of the preparation that he did not notice how Iris blanches at the suggestion.

"Surely not until danger 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 slege."

"Do you mean that?" she sighed. "And ny little room is heaving a way coar!"

my little room is becoming so very coay!"

Belle Vue Castle, their two-roomed but,
was already a home to them. Jenks always accepted her words liter-

may not be necessary to take up our quar-ters there until the eleventh hour. After I have holsted up our stores and made the ladder, I will endeavor to devise an efficient cordon of sentinels around our position.

will see."

Not another word could Iris get out of him on the topic. Indeed, he provided her with plenty of work. By this time she could spiles a rope more neatly than her tutor, and her particular business was to prepare no less than sixty rungs for the ropeladder. This was an impossible task for one day, but after dinner the sallor fingers were sore and their backbones creaked as they sat upright.

Meanwhile Lenks swarmed up the pole

Meanwhile, Jenks swarmed up the pole again and drew up after him a crowbar, the sledgehammer and the pickax. With these implements he set 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 thumped or pounded out of existence.

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 prods
with the pick laid bare a small cavity which
could be easily enlarged. Here he contrived
a niche where Iris could remain in absolute
suffety when barricaded by stores, while, safety when barricaded by stores, while, with a squeeze, she was entirely sheltered from the one dangerous point on the opposite cliff, nor need she be seen from the

Having hauled into position two boxes of ammunition—for which he had scooped out a special receptacle—the invaluable waterkegs from the stranded boat, several tins of biscuits and all the tinned meats, together with three bottles of wine and two of brandy, he hastily abandoned the ledge and busied himself with fitting a number of gunlocks to heavy faggots.

Irls watched his proceedings in silence for some time. At last the interval for luncheon enabled her to demand an explanation.

planation.
"If you don't tell me at once what you intend to do with those strange implements," she said. "I will form myself into an amalgamated engineer and come out

on strike."

"If you do." he answered, "you will create a precedent. There is no recorded case of a laborer claiming what he calls his rights when his life is at stake. Even an American tramp has been known to work like a fiend under that condition."

ilke a fiend under that condition."
"Simply because an American tramp tries,
ilke every other mere male, to be logical.
A woman is more herole. I once read of a
French lady being killed during an earthquake because she insisted on going into a
falling house to rescue that portion of her
hair which usually rested on the dressing
table while she was asieep."
"I happen to know." he said, "that you
are personally unqualified to emulate her
example."

She laughed merrily, so lightly did yes-She laughed merrily, so lightly did yes-terday's adventure sit upon her. The allu-sion to her disheveled state when they were thrown ashore by the typhoon simply im-pressed her as amusing. Thus quickly had she become inured to the strange circum-stances of a new life.

"I withdraw the threat and substitute a more genuine plea—curlosity," she cried. (CONTINUED TOMORROW)

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.

There is a great row about me when I am sick. Mother is afraid. Father is scared. They pay a

Yet-

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

FARMER SMITH, Children's Editor.

of the streets? Oh, God! Who will take my side? I am a child!

DOINGS IN PIGVILLE

By Farmer Smith

Mrs. Pig aware for head she heard a start. Far above her head she heard a Cathird singing.

"It seems to me I hear nothing but birds these days. Since Mister Jay Bird came to see me. I do wish that Cathird would come down here."

By and by some corn was thrown into the pig sty and this attracted the Cathird. "What were you singing" saked Mrs. Pig. looking up at the Cathird.

"And what is a symphony?" asked Mrs "It is music or a musical composition for a full orchestra. The great world, the universe is like an orchestra and each noise, each sound goes to make up the great grand orchestra, said the Cathird. Mrs. Pig was very thoughtful for a time and then she said: I wish I knew more about music. I fear my grunts and equeals are not music."

"Your squeats and your grunts are the recatest sounds in the world to some one," answered the Cathird.
"I am so giad, but who likes to lear a pig squeats."

Our Postoffice Box Marcia Perry is a little Swarthmore Rainhow who has taught herself to have a very jolly time in life. She writes plays, mind



and herself act them and herself act them
out. She is eleven
years old and in the
sixth grade. Being
only eleven doesn't
stop Marcia from
being a poet. She
lis going to show us
shortly that elevenyear-olds can quite
hold their own when old their own when it comes to literary things. Marcia spent her vacation in Engles Mere, and

you, and her sisters

MARCIA PERRY of all the health that is being or has been "gathered up" on the vacation trips. Violet Graser, who has been spending the summer at Pitman, N. J., is distinguishing herself as a swimmer. She uses the side stroke. Here is a bit of her letter that tells more of how she spends her time: "Today we, my cousin, my sister and another little friend went on a picnic. 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 from one of the springs and is very coid, as it runs through woods all the way."

Things to Know and Do

1. Conundrum—What is the next thing to a man?
2. Anagram—The wisard was in today and he asked neveral persons what word the letters in "Am care" spelled. None of them could guess it. Can you?

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.



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