

NANCY WYNNE PREDICTS GAY WEEK FOR VISITORS TO SHOW Many Out-of-Town Guests Will Be Entertained by Box Holders—Late Arrivals Make Chelsea Lively This Month

AND now we have one of our recent guests entertaining in her own home. Young Mrs. Bud Patterson, who last week entertained for her sister-in-law, Mrs. Patterson, who is to marry Spencer Downing in October, will give a luncheon today for her sister-in-law-to-be, Marie Clayton, whose marriage to Ralph Carey will take place on Saturday of next week. Just imagine! That will leave only two members of the Earle family at home, both, who came out last year and who has many devoted (and one in particular), and Gladys, who is about fifteen or sixteen years of age and bids fair to be even handsomer than her older sisters, and that is saying much, you will agree with me.

A number of very interesting people will come here for the Horse Show next week, among them Sir Adam Beck and Lady Beck, of Canada, who will be the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Lloyd, at Rockwood, Bryn Mawr, and the Skiddy Waddell, of New York, who will visit the Victor Mathers. Mrs. von Stade is also here, who was here this week for the polo game between the Easterners and Westerners. Then Major W. Austin Wadsworth and Mrs. Wadsworth, of Geneva, N. Y., will be the guests of Mr. Charles E. Mather, who will give a large dinner in their honor on the Saturday of the show and will entertain at luncheon on Sunday, October 1.

Another entertainment to be given during the show will be the hunt breakfast, at 8 o'clock, on Saturday morning, September 20, when Mr. and Mrs. William Struthers Ellis will entertain after the fashion of the hunt breakfast, and these will be held, mind you, at 6 a. m. Can't you see every one setting up at 5 o'clock and riding down to the grounds. Some energetic undertaking, that.

With the approach of cool weather, one notices the arrival of many Philadelphia in Atlantic City. They come from mountains and country for a brief rest before the strenuous winter season. While strolling the Boardwalk this week I noticed Mrs. D. Webster Dougherty, accompanied by the fair Marion, the latter looking exceedingly smart in a white cloth suit and white felt sailor hat. Mr. and Mrs. John Mason, of Chestnut Hill, have been recent visitors to the resort, also Mr. and Mrs. Charles R. Wood. As dusk approaches, the Brighton team is crowded with well-dressed men and women. Think you the Brighton is noted for its tea?

Personals

Mrs. Arthur Brock will give a dinner-dance at the Ritz-Carlton on December 5 in honor of her debutante daughter, Miss Elizabeth Norris Brock.

Mr. Edgar T. Scott, Jr., who has been at the front with the ambulance corps in France for three months, will return to this country next week and will join his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Edgar T. Scott, at Bar Harbor.

Mrs. John B. Lennig and her daughter, Mrs. Robert Hawkes, are spending a few weeks at Galen Hall, Wernersville, Vt., prior to occupying their apartments at the Biltmore for the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Rodman Shattuck, of Germantown, have issued cards for the marriage of their daughter, Miss Katharine Montgomery Shattuck, to Mr. Coleman Sellers, 24, on the evening of Tuesday, October 17, at 8 o'clock, in the Second Presbyterian Church, Tulpehocken and Greene streets, Germantown.

Mr. and Mrs. Rodman E. Griscom, of Drexelton, Haverford, who have been spending the summer at their home at Watch Hill, R. I., left this week for an extended motor trip through the Berkshires. The children have returned to their home in Haverford.

Miss Charlotte Parke and her sister, Miss Annette Parke, of 4029 Spruce street, returned this week from Eaton's Ranch, Wyo. They left immediately for Bay Head, N. J., to join their parents, Mr. and Mrs. Louise Parke, at their cottage for the fall season.

Mr. and Mrs. Michael J. O'Mara, of Overbrook, announce the engagement of their daughter, Miss Helen Cecelia O'Mara, to Mr. Frank J. McNichol, son of Mr. James F. McNichol, of 222 West Logan square.

Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Hansford Duncan, of Barwell, S. C., have announced the engagement of their daughter, Miss Mary Ayr Duncan, to Mr. James Clayton Patterson, of Baltimore, Md. The wedding will take place in November. Miss Duncan is a graduate of the College for Women, in Columbia, S. C. Mr. Patterson is a graduate of the engineering school of the University of Pennsylvania, class of 1915, being president of his class in his senior year and a member of the Kappa Sigma fraternity. Mr. Patterson is living in Memphis, Tenn.

ST. DAVID'S—Mrs. John A. Tillotson gave a luncheon and bridge today at the Boulders, her home in St. David's, in honor of Miss Bertha Ball, of Wayne. Among those present were Mrs. Joseph Appleton Ball, Mrs. William H. Stone, Mrs. William H. Roberts, Jr., Mrs. Grayson Lincoln, Mrs. M. F. D. Scanlon, Mrs. W. Allen Barr, Mrs. Charles H. Quinby, Mrs. W. C. Whitlock, Mrs. Alexander C. Ferguson, Jr., Mrs. Robert A. Stewart, Mrs. Herbert Macpherson, Miss Grace Roberts and Mrs. Clayton Ballou, of Providence, R. I. The wedding of Miss Ball and Mr. Joseph Weatherly, of Minneapolis, will take place on Wednesday, October 4.

CHERRY HILL—Mr. and Mrs. Samuel P. Hill and their family, of Drexel road, will close their vacation cottage on October 15. Mr. Samuel P. Hill, Jr., will leave shortly for St. Paul's School, Concord, N. H.

BRYN MAWR—Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Harrison and Maester William H. Harrison, who have been spending some time at Edgewood Inn, will not return to their town house until late in the autumn.

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Along the Reading

Mrs. Charles H. Cullen, of Church road, Elkins Park, has had Mrs. Robert S. Jones, of Alexandria, Va., as her guest for some time. Mrs. Jones returned to her home last week.

Miss Margaret Fitzgerald, of Ashbourne road, Elkins Park, is spending some time at Pocono Summit.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Stevens, of Wynoct road, Jenkintown, have returned from a visit to Chicago.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward J. Callahan have closed their cottage at Surf City and have returned to their Oak Lane home. Miss Agnes O'Toole, of Cambridge, Mass., who was a guest of Mr. Callahan at Surf City for three months, will return to her home early in October.

Lansdowne

Miss Mary Killian, of Abington, Ill., a suburb of Chicago, is visiting Miss Florence M. Clarke, of Rummee Avenue.

North Philadelphia

Mr. and Mrs. M. Mattson and their children, Miss Jeannette Mattson, Miss Ray Mattson, Maester Simon Mattson and Maester Abraham Mattson, of 3010 Berkus street, returned from Atlantic City, where they spent the summer.

Mr. Palmer Hotels has returned home after having spent some time on the New England coast.

Mr. William Gambie, who is spending a few weeks in Baltimore, will go to Baltimore to the Pocono Mountains for a few days.

Northeast Philadelphia

An interesting wedding will take place on Monday, when Miss Antoinette Marietta, of 1917 East Orange street, will be married to Mr. Michael Rota, of 2123 Tilton street. The Rev. Cosmus Brunel will officiate at the Church of the Mater Dolorosa, Frankford, and a reception will follow the ceremony.

A reception was given by Mr. and Mrs. Jacob Rosenau at their home, 2222 North Front street, on Sunday evening, from 6 until 10 o'clock in honor of the engagement of their daughter, Miss Dora Rosenau, to Mr. Samuel Jacob, son of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Jacob, of 135 West Susquehanna avenue.

South Philadelphia

Mrs. G. W. Zeller entertained at her home, 1714 Millin street, on Monday evening, in honor of the Strolling Players' Concert Company, a local aggregation, which will give a complimentary entertainment at the Philadelphia Hospital next Friday evening, September 23, which will consist of a costumed opera, entitled "A Modern Midsummer Night Dream," a travesty on the Shakespearean version. Among those who attended the reception were Miss Edith Gallagher, Miss Mae Towers, Miss Ethel M. Zeller, Miss Mae Crowley, Miss Florence Gallagher, Mrs. Della Roney, Mrs. L. Gray, Mrs. H. Crowley, Miss Bernice Zeller, Mr. R. Roney, Mr. G. A. Zeller, Mr. A. Gray, Mr. J. Larkins and Mr. H. Crowley.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas J. Haines and their family, of 2403 South Broad street, have returned from Pittsburgh, where they were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. James Austin for several months.

Notes for the Society page will be accepted and published in the Evening Ledger, but all such notices must be written on one side of the paper, with full name, address, and when possible telephone number, and when possible telegraph address. Send all such communications to "Society Editor," Evening Ledger, 608 Chestnut street. Unless these requirements are carried out, no notice will be published.

Farmer Smith's

ABOUT PUNISHMENT

I wrote the other day about the father who BEAT his little boy until all the little boy's kisses were gone. They came back, but what bothered the little fellow, who was 4 last March, was this:

"I have committed a wrong. I have done wrong. I KNOW that—I acknowledge it. But WHY should my BODY be punished for what my MIND does?"

I want to dwell on the matter of punishment, for it is going to come up in your life sooner or later.

Either you will be punished or you will have to punish some one else. I would like to have you answer this question, "Why was the little boy's BODY punished for what his MIND did?"

In order to be helpful, let us consider these questions and then remember—"Punishment is the result of wrongdoing."

If we are punished, let us study OURSELVES to see WHY WE GOT PUNISHED and not why some one punished us.

FARMER SMITH, Children's Editor.

WILLIE WIDEAWAKE'S RIDE TO THE MOON

Farmer Smith

"Oh, dear!" exclaimed Willie Wideawake as he lay listening to the gentle pattering of the raindrops on the tin roof of the porch.

"Wonder why it rains. I wonder what I am going to be when I grow up. I wonder when the Good Dream Fairy will come again."

"WONDER why you don't have a wonder party," said a voice right by Willie's ear.

"Oh, Good Dream Fairy, if you'd only welcome me to your castle on the moon, I'd be as happy as a lark. But she reached and the window opened slowly and in came Willie's airship again.

"It's just half a fly by the clock he had put on the seat and was seated beside the Good Dream Fairy.

"We must hurry, for the Man in the Moon is waiting to weigh you," said the Good Dream Fairy.

"So they were on the moon again, and as they went up the grassy mound toward the top of the moon, the jolly fellow came down to meet them. This time he had his good wagon with him and into it jumped Willie and the Good Dream Fairy.

"Over the moon they went, empty-handed!

"Then down hill they went as fast Willie could himself slipping—slipping—slipping.

"New moon it shined! At that very

Chestnut Hill

Mr. and Mrs. James Taylor and their family, of East Mt. Airy avenue, have closed their cottage in Chelsea and returned to town.

Mrs. Francis MacGrath and her daughter, Miss Annetta MacGrath, of Baiter street, have returned from Chelsea, where they spent several weeks.

Mrs. Henry C. Weeks, accompanied by her children, has returned to her home, 7432 Lincoln drive, from Bay Head, where she spent the summer.

Germantown

Mr. and Mrs. Alfred H. Dawson, of Green street, have returned from Chelsea, where they spent several weeks.



MISS SUSAN LYNAH BRUCE

Miss Bruce, with her fiancé, Mr. Samuel H. Chase, will be guest of honor at a large luncheon to be given on Sunday by Mr. Gustave Heicischer

Weddings

CONATY—MOORE

An attractive early autumn wedding took place at 8 o'clock Wednesday afternoon, when Miss Mary E. Moore, daughter of Mrs. Catherine Moore, of 2408 South Nineteenth street, became the bride of Mr. James J. Conaty, of 3335 South Fifteenth street. The Rev. James M. Bourne, of St. Monica's Roman Catholic Church, Seventeenth and Ritter streets, officiated. The bride was attended by her sister, Miss Adeline Moore, as bridesmaid, while Mr. William Keegan, a cousin of the bridegroom, was best man. The ushers were Mr. Joseph Cunningham and Mr. John Christy. Following the ceremony, a reception was held at the home of the bride's mother. There were 200 guests present. After a trip through the New England States, Mr. and Mrs. Conaty will live at 1390 Sheridan street, Camden, where they will be at home after November 1.

CAHILL—HENTSCHEL

The marriage of Miss Helene L. Hentschel and Mr. Joseph S. Cahill, Jr., took place Wednesday afternoon at the home of the bridegroom's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Cahill, 1918 Van Pelt street, and was followed by a reception. Miss Katharine Horan attended the bride, and the best man was Dr. Albert Horan.

SHUMAN—WEINSTEIN

An attractive wedding took place on Sunday when Miss Pauline Weinstein became the bride of Mr. Harry Shuman at Metropolitan Hall, Seventh and Fairmount avenues. Miss Rebecca Brodsky was the maid of honor. The bridesmaids were Miss Ethel Lipshutz, Miss Sara Needleman, Miss Yetta Rubin, Miss Dora Goldstein, Miss Reba Levan, Miss Freda Kaplan and Miss Rose Philip Lipshutz, and the ushers were Mr. David Weinstein, Mr. Lewis Needleman, Mr. John Lipshutz, Mr. H. Needleman, Mr. Samuel Levan, Mr. Samuel Shuman and Mr. Abraham Shuman.

McDEVITT—MCCALL

The marriage of Miss Margaret D. McCall, of 152 North Fifty-fourth street, to Mr. Harry J. McDevitt, Jr., of 322 North Fifty-third street, took place on Saturday, September 2. After an extended trip south Mr. and Mrs. McDevitt will be at home after January 1 at 142 North Fifty-fourth street.

Tioga

Mr. and Mrs. James Lovett Brown, who have been spending the summer in Atlantic City with Mrs. Brown's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Bruce C. McPadden, of 3240 North Broad street, will receive after October 1, at 226 North Broad street. Mr. Brown, who was a bride of the late spring was Miss Alice Louise McPadden.

Kensington

Mr. and Mrs. Abraham Revner, of 1848 East Orlando street, announce the engagement of their daughter, Miss Frances Revner, to Mr. John Aschendorf, of 2569 Frankford avenue.



THE THINGS OF THE MORNING

By Louis Tracy

THE STORY THIS FAR

IRIS DEANE, daughter of Mr. Arthur Deane of the Lowry Rainbow Island Company, is said to have been rescued from the sea and taken down to England. There she has been married to a man named Bobbie Jenks, an assistant steward on the boat which was wrecked on the island. On board the vessel before the wreck he was the lover of a girl named Iris. It is said that he is a British seaman, formerly a sailor on the ship which was wrecked, and that he is now a sailor on the ship which was wrecked. He is said to have been rescued from the sea and taken down to England. There she has been married to a man named Bobbie Jenks, an assistant steward on the boat which was wrecked on the island.

CHAPTER XI—(Continued)

HE HUNG some order, at which they all looked sheepishly. Cursing them in their hearts, the chief seized a thick fagot and strode in the direction of the cave. He called to the other men to follow him, and they, unable to see, but listening anxiously—knew that they were tearing the chival of frise from its supports. Nevertheless, none of the working party entered the excavation. They feared the parched bones that shone by night.

"Poor J. R.," murmured the sailor. "If his spirit is in the air, it is impossible for me to believe that he was dragged into the fray. He fought them living and he can scare them dead."

As he had not been able to complete the communicating shaft it was now of vital importance should the Dyaks penetrate to the interior. Yet he thanked the good luck that had showered such a heap of rubbish over the spot containing his chief stores. He covered the covering with a pile of these fella weeds, they knew the value of the precious metal, and if by chance they were lit upon such a well-defined ledge they might find the entrance to the interior.

At last, on a command from the chief, the Dyaks scattered in various directions. Some turned toward Europa Point, but the majority went to the east along Turtie beach by way of the shore. The island was deserted. They were scouring both sections of the island in full force.

The quiet watcher on the ledge took no notice of the noise, but he was anxious to believe any stratagem had been planned for his special benefit an accident might betray him. With the utmost circumspection he now on all four, and with compressed jaws examining trees, plants, and both strips of beach for signs of a lurking foe. He had no fear. Of all places in the island the Dyaks least imagined that their quarry had lain all night within earshot of their encampment.

At this hour, when the day had finally conquered the night, and the placid sea offered a turquoise blue, the scene of the scene was a most beautiful, bewitching, and knew that, away there to the north, P. and O. steamers, Messageries Maritimes, and North German Lloyd liners were steadily churning the blue depths en route to Japan. Several came into the valley. They carried hundreds of European passengers, men and women, even little children, who were far removed from the danger of the sea. Such as this Dyak horde lay almost in their path. People in London were just going to the theater. He recalled the familiar jingle of the handbells scampering along Piccadilly, the more steady pace of the private carriages crossing the Park. Was it possible that in the world of today—the world of telegraphs and express trains, of the hands of every man and woman, of every human being could be done to death so shamefully and openly as would be the fate of Iris and himself if they fell into the hands of these savages? It was inconceivable! But it was true.

And then, by an odd trick of memory, his mind reverted, not to the Yorkshire man he learned to love as a boy, but to a little French island town where he once

passed a summer holiday intent on improving his knowledge of the language. Interior France is even more remote, more sequestered, more provincial, than agricultural England. There no breath of the outer world intrudes. All is laborious, circumspect, a trifle poverty-stricken, but beautified by an Arcadian simplicity. Yet one memorable day, when walking by the banks of a river, he came upon three men dragging from a pool the water-soaked body of a young girl into whose fair forehead the blunt knob often rested on the back of an old-fashioned ax had been driven with cruel force. So, even in that tiny old-world hamlet, murder and lust could stalk hand in hand in that direction.

He shuddered. Why did such a hateful vision trouble him? Resolutely banishing the ravening specter, he slid back down the ledge and gently awakened Iris. She sat up instantly and gazed at him with wondering eyes.

"Fearful lest she should forget her surroundings, he placed a warning finger on his lips."

"Oh," she said in a whisper, "are they still here?"

He told her what had happened, and suggested that they should do something to eat while the coast was clear beneath. She needed no second bidding, for the long vigil of the previous night had made her very hungry, and she ate heartily, and royally on biscuit, cold fowl, ham and good wine.

In this, the inner section of their refuge, they could be seen only by a bird or by a man standing on the distant rocky shelf that formed the southern extremity of the opposite cliff, and the sailor kept a close lookout in that direction.

Iris was about to throw the remains of the feast into an empty oil tin provided for refuse when Jenks restrained her.

"No," he said smilingly, "suppose should be the first course next time. We must not waste an atom of food."

"How thoughtful of me!" she exclaimed. "Please tell me you think they will go away tonight?"

But the sailor flung himself flat on the ledge and grasped a Lee-Metford.

"Be still, on your life," he said. "Guess now what you are to do. There is a Dyak on the opposite cliff."

"True enough, a man had climbed to that unapparently placed rock table, and was looking down at them. The Dyak had been on the cliff over their heads. As yet he had not seen them, nor even noticed the place where they were concealed. The sailor imagined, from the Dyak's gestures, that he was communicating the uselessness of further search on the western part of the island."

When the conversation ceased he hoped the loud-voiced savage would descend. But no! The scout looked into the valley, at the well, the house, the cave. Still he walked on the edge of the cliff, and he was three birds, driven from the trees on the crest by the passage of the Dyak, flew down the face of the cliff and began a circling quest for some perch on which to alight.

Jenks swore with an emphasis not the less earnest because it was mute, and took steady aim at the Dyak's left breast. "The bullet went about in ever smaller circles. Then one of them dropped easily on to the lip of the rock. Instantly his bright eyes glared about in ever smaller circles, and he darted off with a scream that brought his mates after him."

The Dyak evidently noted the behavior of the bird—his only lore was the reading of such signs—and gazed intently at the ledge. Jenks he could not distinguish behind the screen of grass. He might perhaps see some portion of the tarpaulin covering the stores, but at ever smaller circles. Yet something puzzled him. After a steady scrutiny he turned and yelled to others on the beach at that unhappy moment of the Straits Settlements. They carried hundreds of European passengers, men and women, even little children, who were far removed from the danger of the sea. Such as this Dyak horde lay almost in their path. People in London were just going to the theater. He recalled the familiar jingle of the handbells scampering along Piccadilly, the more steady pace of the private carriages crossing the Park. Was it possible that in the world of today—the world of telegraphs and express trains, of the hands of every man and woman, of every human being could be done to death so shamefully and openly as would be the fate of Iris and himself if they fell into the hands of these savages? It was inconceivable! But it was true.

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passed a summer holiday intent on improving his knowledge of the language. Interior France is even more remote, more sequestered, more provincial, than agricultural England. There no breath of the outer world intrudes. All is laborious, circumspect, a trifle poverty-stricken, but beautified by an Arcadian simplicity. Yet one memorable day, when walking by the banks of a river, he came upon three men dragging from a pool the water-soaked body of a young girl into whose fair forehead the blunt knob often rested on the back of an old-fashioned ax had been driven with cruel force. So, even in that tiny old-world hamlet, murder and lust could stalk hand in hand in that direction.

He shuddered. Why did such a hateful vision trouble him? Resolutely banishing the ravening specter, he slid back down the ledge and gently awakened Iris. She sat up instantly and gazed at him with wondering eyes.

"Fearful lest she should forget her surroundings, he placed a warning finger on his lips."

"Oh," she said in a whisper, "are they still here?"

He told her what had happened, and suggested that they should do something to eat while the coast was clear beneath. She needed no second bidding, for the long vigil of the previous night had made her very hungry, and she ate heartily, and royally on biscuit, cold fowl, ham and good wine.

In this, the inner section of their refuge, they could be seen only by a bird or by a man standing on the distant rocky shelf that formed the southern extremity of the opposite cliff, and the sailor kept a close lookout in that direction.

Iris was about to throw the remains of the feast into an empty oil tin provided for refuse when Jenks restrained her.

"No," he said smilingly, "suppose should be the first course next time. We must not waste an atom of food."

"How thoughtful of me!" she exclaimed. "Please tell me you think they will go away tonight?"

But the sailor flung himself flat on the ledge and grasped a Lee-Metford.

"Be still, on your life," he said. "Guess now what you are to do. There is a Dyak on the opposite cliff."

"True enough, a man had climbed to that unapparently placed rock table, and was looking down at them. The Dyak had been on the cliff over their heads. As yet he had not seen them, nor even noticed the place where they were concealed. The sailor imagined, from the Dyak's gestures, that he was communicating the uselessness of further search on the western part of the island."

When the conversation ceased he hoped the loud-voiced savage would descend. But no! The scout looked into the valley, at the well, the house, the cave. Still he walked on the edge of the cliff, and he was three birds, driven from the trees on the crest by the passage of the Dyak, flew down the face of the cliff and began a circling quest for some perch on which to alight.

Jenks swore with an emphasis not the less earnest because it was mute, and took steady aim at the Dyak's left breast. "The bullet went about in ever smaller circles. Then one of them dropped easily on to the lip of the rock. Instantly his bright eyes glared about in ever smaller circles, and he darted off with a scream that brought his mates after him."

The Dyak evidently noted the behavior of the bird—his only lore was the reading of such signs—and gazed intently at the ledge. Jenks he could not distinguish behind the screen of grass. He might perhaps see some portion of the tarpaulin covering the stores, but at ever smaller circles. Yet something puzzled him. After a steady scrutiny he turned and yelled to others on the beach at that unhappy moment of the Straits Settlements. They carried hundreds of European passengers, men and women, even little children, who were far removed from the danger of the sea. Such as this Dyak horde lay almost in their path. People in London were just going to the theater. He recalled the familiar jingle of the handbells scampering along Piccadilly, the more steady pace of the private carriages crossing the Park. Was it possible that in the world of today—the world of telegraphs and express trains, of the hands of every man and woman, of every human being could be done to death so shamefully and openly as would be the fate of Iris and himself if they fell into the hands of these savages? It was inconceivable! But it was true.

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