

NANCY WYNNE IS INTERESTED IN LAWN FETE GIVEN IN OCTOBER

Affair for the Benefit of the Children's Country Week Association and the Woman Suffrage Party Will Be Held on the 4th of Next Month at St. David's

ONE of the largest events of the autumn will be the "Tricounty Lawn Fete" which will be given on Wednesday, October 4, at Windybrook, St. David's, the country home of Mr. and Mrs. Ferris Brinton. The affair will be given in aid of the Children's Country Week Association and the Woman Suffrage party of Montgomery, Delaware and Chester Counties.

A series of interesting events will be given in connection with the fete. Mrs. William Ward, Jr., is chairman of the general committee and will be assisted by Mrs. Lewis Lawrence Smith, Mrs. J. S. C. Harvey, Mrs. A. M. Snyder, Mrs. Ferris Brinton, Mrs. Oswald Chew, Mrs. Charles Stanley Harvey, Mrs. Lawrence M. Wilson, Mrs. John Ralston Covert, Mrs. Clarence Gardner, Mrs. Edward Pearson Flannery, Mrs. James Winsor, Mrs. Richard Gummers, Mrs. Marshall Smith, Mrs. George Aman, Mrs. Lewis Burnham, Mrs. Pancoast Lewis, Mrs. Carl Alford, Mrs. Paul Lachemeyer, Mrs. Minford Humrichouse and Mrs. Ned Harshorne.

A card party will be given at 8 o'clock in the afternoon, with Mrs. Lang Greiner in charge, and a prize will be placed at each table.

Bernard Shaw's "Press Cuttings" will be given in the afternoon at 4 o'clock, and in the evening at 8, with Joseph Fox as director.

Supper will be served and general dancing on the lawn will be an attractive feature of the day. Of course there will be the inevitable fancy articles, useful articles, children's entertainments and lots and lots of candy and cake for sale, and there will be the latest books and magazines as well.

The patronesses of the affair include Mrs. Clement Griscom, Mrs. Horatio Lloyd, Mrs. Wilfred Lewis, Mrs. Charles Ludington, Mrs. Otis Skinner, Mrs. Charles Dwyer, Mrs. Crosby Brown, Mrs. Edmund Evans, Mrs. Oswald Chew, Mrs. Samuel Chew, Mrs. Martha Brown, Miss Esther Lloyd, Mrs. James Winsor, Mrs. Carey Thomas, Mrs. Lewis Johnson, Mrs. Alice Paxson, Mrs. Meredith Colket, Mrs. Robert Brodhead, Mrs. John Crossdale, Mrs. William Sharpless, Mrs. Percy Darlington, Mrs. Hollingsworth Whyte and Mrs. George Dunning.

It would be well if every one would be as conscientious as a certain young doctor who was called out on a case and had no time to get his dinner before going. It was a very severe operation and he did not get back to town until 11 o'clock. So being ravenous by that time he hid himself to the restaurant of the station and ordered one more-than-square meal. Then came his undoing, for as he put his hand into his pocket to pay his check, lo, there wasn't any wallet. He'd had loose change with which he had bought his ticket, but loose change would not pay for that sumptuous meal. So he offered his watch. The head waiter, however, being a "gemman" of discretion, said that he could pay the next day. But so particular was said young physician that he marched all the way home and all the way back again that night and paid his check at 2 g. m.

NANCY WYNNE.

Personals

An interesting engagement announced today is that of Miss Bessie C. du Pont, daughter of Mrs. B. Gardner du Pont, of Wilmington, Del., to Dr. Reginald S. Hildekoper, of Washington, D. C. Mr. Hildekoper is a brother of Dr. Frederic S. Hildekoper. The marriage will take place during the winter.

Dr. and Mrs. Fielding Otis Lewis will entertain at dinner this evening in honor of Miss Mae Patterson and Mr. Spencer Downing, whose marriage will take place next month.

Mrs. Henry F. Boris, who has returned from his trip to Europe, is at the Rittenhouse.

Mrs. Walter Waring Hopkinson, of 2219 Spruce street, is visiting Mr. and Mrs. Charles E. Shull at their cottage at Beach Haven. Mr. and Mrs. Shull will return to their apartments at the Clinton on October 2.

Madame Victor Rigueur and Mademoiselle C. de P. Rigueur have returned to their home, 5066 Pine street.

Mrs. Loring Drouet has returned from her summer home on Lake Michigan, and is at the Rittenhouse.

Miss Helen Bell, of 1314 Locust street, is occupying her cottage at Belmont, N. J., during this month.

Mr. and Mrs. John H. Rings, Jr., of Three Tuns, Pa., announce the engagement of their daughter, Miss Margaret Dorothy Rings, to Mr. John F. Riham, of New York.

Mrs. George Weaver, of 117 South Forty-ninth street, has returned home, after spending several weeks in Barnegat City, N. J., at the cottage of the summer home of Mrs. James Claire Zipperlein.

HAVERFORD—Mr. and Mrs. Alva C. Dinkley, Miss Leonora Dinkley and Mr. Alva C. Dinkley, Jr., have returned to Holt Hill, after spending two months at Bretton Woods, N. H.

ROSEMONT—Mr. and Mrs. Robert M. Girvin, Jr., and their children have returned home after spending a few weeks in Eagles Mere.

Mrs. Richard Gray Park, Jr., will spend the winter at her mother's, Mrs. Peter Graham, in Chestnut Hill. Mr. Park is with the troops on the Mexican border.

WAYNE—Mr. and Mrs. W. Allen Barr will give a dinner-dance this evening at the Merion Cricket Club in honor of Miss Northa Buckner Ball of Wayne, whose marriage to Mr. Joseph Lawson Weatherly, of Minneapolis, Minn., will take place on Wednesday, October 4. The dinner will include the wedding party and additional guests.

Germantown—Mr. and Mrs. Paul Brown, of 152 West Upst street, have returned from the Marlborough-Blenheim, where they spent the summer.

Mrs. William F. North and Miss North, of Coulter Inn, are spending some time at the Glaxton-Chatham, Atlantic City.

Mr. and Mrs. Elliott Carver, who have returned from a trip through the West, will shortly occupy their new home at Fox Street and Indian Queen lane.

Miss Eleanor Edmonds, of Wayne avenue and Upper street, has returned from



MISS LORRAINE GOODRICH GRAHAM

Daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Edwin Eldon Graham, who will make her debut this season. Miss Graham was guest of honor at a dinner-dance given on Thursday night by Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin Rush.

Chestnut Hill—Mr. and Mrs. John A. Brown, of St. Martin's, will occupy their cottage in Ventnor during the fall season.

Bala-Cynwyd—Mr. and Mrs. Alan Levin are receiving congratulations upon the birth of a son, Alan Levin, Jr., on Sunday, September 17. Mrs. Levin will be remembered as Miss Doris Howes.

Along the Reading—Mrs. Robert Sturgis, of Laburnum, Chestnut Hill, has Mrs. Royal Whitman, of 263 Lexington avenue, New York, as her guest for several weeks.

Dr. and Mrs. John B. Deaver and their daughter, Miss Harriet Deaver, of Wyncoote road, Wyncote, will leave October 1 for White Sulphur Springs, W. Va., where they will remain for the autumn season.

North Philadelphia—Mr. and Mrs. George J. Matt, of 2917 Parrish street, gave a luncheon on Wednesday of this week to announce the engagement of their daughter, Miss Malvina G. Matt to Mr. Norman H. Donohoe.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Gross, of 1425 Parrish street, announce the engagement of their daughter, Miss Lillian Mae Gross, to Mr. Howard T. Clausen.

Dr. and Mrs. William Johnson, of 3116 Diamond street, entertained at dinner on Wednesday evening at their home. Among the guests were Miss Edythe Radde, Mr. Alfred Heilbron, Mr. and Mrs. Klats, Mr. and Mrs. S. Barnhart and Mr. and Mrs. William Riker.

Mrs. J. Raymond Watkins, of 1849 North Twenty-seventh street, entertained her sewing circle at luncheon this week in honor of Miss Anna E. Sommer. Covers were laid for six guests, including Miss Margaret Downey, Miss Gertrude Sommer, Miss Ethelyn Roach and Mrs. Andrew G. Sommer.

On Tuesday evening the combined chapters of the Eta Beta Phi Sorority of the William Penn High School gave a church miscellaneous shower at the William Penn Alumnae Room, Fifteenth and Arch streets, in honor of Miss Maybelle Z. Beretta. There were thirty-five members present.

The Zu Zu New Year Association held a banquet in honor of its members who are serving in Mexico on Monday evening at the clubhouse, 1124 South Eighth street. Elections were held to appoint new officers for the term of 1917. Those elected were Mr. M. M. Frill, president; Mr. M. J. Camp, vice president; Mr. M. E. Marks, secretary; Mr. M. F. De Stefano, financial secretary; and Mr. M. P. Farmer, treasurer. Mr. M. C. Spinnell will head the New Year club as captain.

A reception was held at the home of Mr. Benjamin Harris on Sunday evening. Among those present were Miss Liberton, Miss Wolf, Mr. H. Freedman, Mr. S. Kraft, Mr. Manuel Harris, Mr. J. Mintz, Miss S. Goldstein, Mr. Simpson, Miss Epstein, Mr. Bell, Miss Shore, Miss Rosenberg, Miss Bell, Miss Shore, Mr. Frank, Mr. Weiss and Mr. A. Rosenberg.

A pretty wedding was solemnized at St. Monica's Church, Wyncote, on Monday afternoon at 4 o'clock, when Miss Katherine Sweeney, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James Sweeney, of Devon, became the bride of Mr. W. W. May, of Haverton, and the bride, who was given in marriage by her father, was attended by her sister, Miss Mary J. Sweeney, as maid of honor. Mr. May had Mr. Thomas B. Redfern as best man.

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Mr. C. J. Schindlapp, of New York, acted as best man, and the ushers included Mr. Jeremiah J. Sullivan, Jr., Mr. Charles J. Scully, Mr. Thomas Jackson, Mr. H. Bartol Register and Mr. Werner V. Goetz, of this city, and Dr. D. C. Wharton Smith, 2d, of Baltimore.

A large reception followed the ceremony. Mr. and Mrs. Pew will sail for Japan, where they will spend three months, and upon their return will be at home after Jaumant, at their new home on Morris avenue, Bryn Mawr.

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The MGS of the MORNING

By Louis Tracy

Jenks thought he recognized the chief's voice, giving instructions to those who had come from Smugglers' Cove and were now standing there, the watch near the quarry.

"I wonder if he is hungry," he thought. "If so, I will interfere with the commiseration."

"Iris peeped forth at him. 'Mr. Jenks?' 'Yes,' without turning his head. He knew it was an ordinary question."

"What! Expose yourself on the ledge!" "Yes, even that. I am so tired of sitting here alone."

"Well, there is no danger at present. But they might chance to see you, and you remember what!"

"I am very manly in appearance. If you promise not to look at me I will join you."

"I promise." "Iris stepped forth. She was flushed a little, and to cover her confusion, maybe she picked up a Lee-Methodf."

"Now there are two guns," she said, as she stood near him.

"He could see through the tall of his eyes that a slight but elegantly proportioned young gentleman of the sea-faring profession had suddenly appeared from nowhere. He was glad she had taken this course. It might better the position were the Dyaks to see her thus."

"The moment I tell you, you must fall flat," he warned her. "No ceremony about it."

"I don't know anything better calculated to make one flop than a bullet," she laughed. "Not yet did the tragedy of the broken legs appear to her."

"Yes, but it achieves its purpose in two ways. I want you to adopt the precautionary method."

"The sailor's rifle went off with an unexpected bang that froze the exclamation on her lips. Three Dyaks were attempting to raise the gantlet in the face of their comrades. They carried a jar and two wicker baskets. He with the jar fell and broke it. The others doubled back like hares, and the first man dragged himself after them. Jenks did not fire again."

Iris watched the wounded wretch crawling along the ground. Her eyes grew moist, and she sighed somewhat. When he vanished she looked into the valley and at the opposing ledge; three men lay dead within twenty yards of her. Two others dangled at the same time, but some time to control her quivering utterance sufficiently to say:

"I hope I may not have to use a gun. I know it cannot be helped, but if I were to kill a human being I do not think I would ever rest again."

"In that case I have indeed murdered sleep today. She was the unfeeling reply. 'No! no! A man must be made of sterner stuff. We have a right to defend ourselves. If need be I will exercise that right. Still it is horrid, oh, so horrid!'"

"She did not see the sailor's grim smile. It would materially affect his rest, for he better, were he able to slay every Dyak on the island with a single shot. Yet her gentle protest pleased him. She could not at the same time be callous to human suffering and be Iris. But he declined the discussion of such sentiments."

"You were going to say something when a brief disturbance took place?" he inquired.

"Yes, I was surprised to find how hot the ledge had become."

"You notice it more because you are obliged to remain here."

"After a pause— 'I think I understand now why you were so upset by the loss of your water supply. Before the day ends we will be in great straits, enduring agonies from thirst!'"

"Let us not meet the devil half-way," he rejoined. He preferred the unfair retort to a confession which could only foster dismay."

"But, please, I am thirsty now."

"He moved unweary. He was only too conscious of the implicit weakness, common to all mankind, which creates a desire out of sheer inability to satisfy it. Already his own throat was parched, and the excitement of the early struggle was in itself enough to engender an acute thirst. He thought it best to meet their absolute needs as far as possible."

"Bring the tin cup," he said. "Let us take half our store and use the remainder when we freshen up. Try to avoid breathing through your mouth. The hot air quickly affects the palate and causes artificial dryness. We cannot yet be in real need of water. It is largely imagination."

Iris needed no second bidding. She carefully measured out half a pint of the un-savory fluid—the drops of the casks and the scum of the bottles—into the tin cup. "I will drink first," she cried.

"No, no," he interrupted impatiently. "Give it to me."

"As a mere matter of politeness— 'I am sorry, but I must insist.' She gave him the cup over his shoulder. He placed it to his lips and gulped steadily."

"There," he said, gruffly. "I was in a hurry. The Dyaks may make another rush at any moment."

Iris looked into the vessel. "You have taken none at all," she said. "Nonsense!"

"Mr. Jenks, be reasonable! You need it more than I. I don't want to—live without you!"

"I assure you I took all I required," he declared with unnecessary vehemence. "At least drink your share, to please me, my murmur."

"You will take the first half I will take the second."

And they settled it that way. The few mouthfuls of tepid water gave them new life. One sense can deceive the others. A man developing all the symptoms of hydrophobia, has been cured by the assurance that the dog which bit him was not mad. So these two, not yet aflame with drought, banished the arid phantom for a little while.

Nevertheless, by high noon they were suffering again. The time passed very slowly. The sun rose to the zenith and filled earth and air with his ardor. It seemed to be a miracle—no record for the first time in their lives—that the sea did not dry up and the leaves wither on the branches. The deadly inactivity of all things, became intolerable. The girl bravely tried to confine her thoughts to the task of the hour. She displayed alert watchfulness, an instant readiness to warn her companion of the slightest movement among the trees or by the rocks to the northwest, this being the arc of their perilous approach to the cliff.

Looking at a sunlit space from cover, and looking at the same place when sweating in the direct rays of a tropical sun, are almost operations strangely diverse in achievement. Iris could not record the physical sensitiveness of the hour with the careless heedlessness of the preceding days. Her eyes ached somewhat, for she had tilted her sou'wester to the back of her head in the effort to cool her throbbing temples. She put up her right hand to shade the too vivid reflection of the glistening sea, and was astounded to find that a few minutes the back of her hand was scorched. A faint sound of distant shouting disturbed her painful reverie.

"How is it," she asked, "that we feel the heat so much today? I have hardly noticed it before."

"For two good reasons—forced idleness and radiation from this confounded rock. Remember, it is the hottest day we have experienced on the island. There is not a breath of air, and the hot weather has just commenced."

"Don't you think," she said huskily, "that our position here is quite hopeless?"

"They were talking to each other steadily. The sailor never turned his gaze from the southern end of the valley."

"It is no more hopeless now than last night was it," she replied.

"But suppose we are kept here for several days?"

"That was always an unpleasant probability."

"We had water then. Even with an ample supply it would be difficult to hold out. As things are, such a course becomes simply impossible."

"Her despondency pierced his soul. A slow agony was consuming her."

"It is hard, I admit," he said. "Nevertheless you must bear up until night falls. Then we will either obtain water or leave this place."

"Surely we can do neither."

"We may be compelled to do both."

In this, his hour of extreme need, the man was vouchsafed a shred of luck. To him, her satisfaction would have been baffled a Talleyrand. But before he could frame a feeble pretext for his too sanguine prediction, a sampan appeared, eight hundred yards away from Turle Esch, and strenuously paddled by three men. The vague hallooing they had heard was explained.

The Dyaks, though to the manner born, were weary of sun-scorched rocks and salt water. The boat was coming in response to their signals, and the sight inspired Jenks with fresh hope. Like a lightning flash came the reflection that if he could keep them away from the well and destroy the sampan now hastening to their assistance, perhaps conveying the bulk of their stores, they would soon tire of slaking their thirst on the few pitcher plants growing on the north shore.

"Come quick," he shouted, adjusting the back-sight of a rifle. "Lie down and aim at the front of that boat, a little short if anything. It doesn't matter if the bullets strike the sea first."

He placed the weapon in readiness for her and commenced operations himself before Iris could reach his side. Soon both rifles were pitching twenty shots a minute at the sampan. The result of their long-range practice was not long in doubt. The

Dyaks danced from seat to seat in a state of wild excitement. One man was hurled overboard. Then the craft lurched seaward in the strong current and Jenks told Iris to leave the rest to him.

Before he could empty a second magazine a fortunate bullet ripped a plank out and the sampan filled and went down, amid a shrill yell of exclamation from the back of the cliff. The two Dyaks yet living endeavored to swim ashore, half a mile through shark-infested reefs. The ashore did not even trouble about them. A few frantic struggles each doomed wretch flung up his arms and vanished. In the clear atmosphere of the onlookers could see black fins cutting the pellucid sea.

This exciting episode dispelled the gathering mists from the girl's brain. Her eyes flashed and she breathed hard. Yet something worded her.

"I hope I didn't hit the man who fell out of the boat," she said.

"Oh," came the prompt assurance, "I took deliberate aim at the chap. He was a most persistent scoundrel."

Iris was satisfied. Jenks thought it better to let her to tell the truth, for the bald facts hardly bore out the girl's involuntary plunge he had been hit by a ricochet bullet, while the sailor's efforts were wholly confined to sinking the sampan. However, let it pass. Bullet or shark, the end was the same.

"They were quieting down—the thirst had been again slowly salting their veins—when something of a dirty white color fluttered through the air behind the base of the opposite cliff. It reappeared after an interval. Now it held more steadily and a brown arm became visible. Jenks did not fire, a turbaned head popped into sight. It was the Mahomedan."

"No shoot it," he roared. "Me English speak!"

"Don't you speak Hindustani!" shouted Jenks in Urdu of the Higher Proficiency.

"Yes, sir," was the joyful response. "Will you honor me, my servant to come and talk with him?"

"Yes, if you are unarmed."

"And the chief, too, sahib?"

"Yes, but I must see the first sign of treachery. I will shoot both of you!"

"I will keep both, sahib. My kites pick our bones," said the Mahomedan.

Then there stepped into full view the renegade Mussulman and his leader. They carried no guns; the chief wore a turban. "Tell him to leave that dagger behind!" cried the sailor imperiously. Instructions demanded a parley, he resolved to adopt the conqueror's tone from the outset. The chief obeyed with a sigh and the two advanced to the foot of the rock.

"Stand close to me," said Jenks to Iris. "Let them see you plainly, but pull your hat well down over your eyes."

She silently followed his instructions. Now that the very crisis of their fate had arrived she was nervous, shaken, conscious only of a desire to sink on her knees and pray.

One or two curious heads were craned round the corner of the rock.

"Stop!" cried Jenks. "If those men do not instantly go away I will fire at them!"

The Indian translated this order and the chief vociferated some clanging syllables which he desired in front of the two halted some ten paces in front of the rock, and the belligerents surveyed each other in a fascinating spectacle, this drama in real life.

The yellow-faced Dyak, his pantaloons of Chinese silk—a man with the beauty of a devil, young and powerfully built—and a brown-skinned, white-clothed Mahomedan, bony, tall and gray with hardihood, looked up at the occupants of the boat, Iris, slim and boyish in her male garb, and Jenks, a man with the six-foot sailor, but her face was bloodstained, and she wore a six weeks' stubble of beard. Holding their Lee-Methodfs with alert ease, with revolvers strapped to their sides, they presented a warlike and imposing tableau in their inaccessible perch.

In the path of the emissaries lay the bodies of three men. The Dyak leader scowled again as he passed the corpses.

"Sahib," began the Indian, "my chief, Taung S'Al, does not wish to have any more of his men killed in a foolish quarrel about a woman. Give her up, he says, and he will either leave you here in peace or carry you safely to some place where you can find a ship manned by white men."

"A woman!" said Jenks, scornfully. "That is idle talk! What woman is here?"

"The question postponed the native. 'The woman whom the chief saw half a month back, sahib.'"

"Taung S'Al was bewitched. I slew his men so quickly that he saw spirits."

The chief caught his name and broke in with a question. A volley of talk between the two was enlivened with expressive gestures by Taung S'Al, who several times pointed to Iris and Jenks now anathematized by his thoughtless folly. The Mahomedan, of course, had never seen her, and might have persuaded by an Englishman that there were two men only on the rock.

His fellows were too well founded. The Mussulman saluted respectfully and said: "Protector of the poor, I cannot gainsay your word, but Taung S'Al says that the maid stands by your side, and is none the less the woman he seeks in that she wears a man's clothing."

"He has sharp eyes, but his brain is added," retorted the sailor. "Why does he come here to seek a woman who is not of his race? Not only has he brought death to his people and narrowly escaped himself, but he must know that any violence offered to us will mean the extermination of his whole tribe by an English warship. Tell him to take away his demands and never visit this island again. Perhaps I will then forget his treacherous attempt to murder us while we slept last night."

The chief glared back defiantly, while the Mahomedan said: