NANCY WYNNE CHATS ABOUT A NUMBER OF SOCIAL MATTERS

Annual Market Day to Be Held at St. Francis Home for Convalescents Is Subject of Interest to Many. Comments and Remarks on Various Things

MISS MARGARET LA RUE

Miss La Rue, who is the daughter

of Mr. and Mrs. Walter M. La Rue, will be introduced into society

date has been set for the tea as yet

Rowland Evans, Jr., son of Mr. and Mrs.

was graduated from Yale, class of 1911.

Mr. and Mrs. James M. Willcox, who have been motoring through the White Mountains, have returned to Camp Woods-

Mrs. Thomas Newhall and her four sons

returned to the Old Place, their home in

Ithan, yesterday, after spending six weeks

Mrs. Edward Shippen Willing, who has been spending the summer at Reading, Mass., will return to Charlcote, Bryn Mawr,

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Edward Ingersoll,

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas De Witt Cuyler

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Emlen Newbold

will give a ball on January 21 at the Bellevue-Stratford in honor of their debu-

Mr. and Mrs. John T. Lewis, Jr., of 1000

Mrs. Edward Starr, of 1808 Pine street,

returned home last week from Watch Hill. R. I., where she has been spending some

lane, Ardmore, have returned from Kenne-bunkport, Me., where they have been stop-

Mrs. Alexander Sellers and her children

Miss Nancy Sellers, Miss Edith Sellers, Mr. William Sellers and Mr. Alexander Sellers,

Jr., who spent part of the summer at their cottage, Sans Souci, Holeb, Me., will return to their home on Glenn lane, Ardmore, this

Among the debutantes who will receive

with Miss Katherine Hancock at the tea which her parents, Mr. and Mrs. James

Graham, Miss Nancy Wynne Cook, Miss

Mary Packard, Miss Harriet Biddle, Miss Ellzabeth Norris Brock, Miss Ellzabeth Mo-Michael, Miss Violet Welsh, Miss Sophie

Miss Edith Godfrey, of the Hamilto

Court Apartments, who has been spending several weeks at the Chelsea Hotel, returned

to town and will leave the first of this wee

ment for the individual interclub champion

ship of Philadelphia and vicinity in wom-en's singles and doubles started on the grounds of the Merion Cricket Club yester-

day and will continue through the week

The tournament which is under the aus-pices of the Philadelphia Interclub Lawn Tennis Association, is only open to players

or teams of clubs belonging to this asso

Mr. George Frescoin, of 17 North Park road, Lianerth, celebrated his eighty-first birthday on Sunday. Mr. Frescoin is en-joying the best of health and sang a num-ber of bass solos for his friends. He had

charge of the singing in Old Christ Church for twenty years. A luncheon was served from 3 to 5 o'clock. Those present were Mr. and Mrs. George Frescoin, Mr. and Mrs.

West Philadelphia

announces the marriage of her daughter Miss Ruth Marie Bush, to Mr. Frank W. Hahn, of 3526 Filbert street, on Wednesday, August 16, at Detroit, Mich.

Mr. and Mrs. Jacob Neff, of 1336 North

Mrs. G. F. Kise, of 3808 Has

Mary B. I. Brooks, Miss Patty Borle

S. Baker, Miss Elizabeth C. Miller

tante daughter, Miss Dorothy Newbold.

Carlton on December 8.

Barbor and Chelsea.

time this sur

Miss Elizabeth Norris Brock, who

of Penllyn, have their nephew, Mr. Rot Sturgia, of Chicago, Ill., as their guest.

by, their home at Ithan

at Winter Harbor, Me.

her parents this winter. No

CHIEF among the new booths to be seld at Lansdowne for the benefit of the sell-known Convalescent Home will be the grocery table, which Miss Florence will have under her care. The mir this year will be held Friday and urday, October 6 and 7.

It is really a most worthy charity, this me. It was started several years ago a number of women who for years have been visiting the sick and poor at the Philadelphia Hospital. So many of the patients in whom these women were interested when dismissed from the oftal had no place to go for a week so of rest, but had to start right in eith housework and simply became ill very soon again. And nowhere in the city was there a non-sectarian home, so these good women, aided and abetted by a worthy chaplain of the hospital, set to work to raise money and founded the some five years ago, which has san a bright spot in the lives of many a sick person since who has needed a bit of country air and appetizing food. No doubt many lives have been saved through this extra care which has been given them so lovingly and generously at t Francis Home for Convalescents.

To return to Miss Sibley's grocery hop; there is always something about an ap-to-date grocery shop that appeals to wery woman, and this promises to be alwether enticing, I'm told. The best brands of everything and the latest nov alties that the expert groceryman brings out each fall will not be wanting; no, leed, nothing will be lacking to draw people over to the grocery corner. And mall kiddles who will assist at this sique table will be dressed to represent Campbell kids, Fairy soap, cereals, and shouldn't wonder, if it is not too cold. If we don't see Gold Dust twins disporting themselves about the lawn wearing large and charming smiles.

Further down the row of booths, which are to be arranged alphabetically on the en of the home, will be placed a Red Cross table under the direction of fifty irses, who will wear their uniforms Everything necessary for first aid relef and hospital emergencies will be found here, and many a soldler in warorn Europe will find comfort this winer in the Red Cross supplies sent to him by the zealous visitors of this table.

Another table, and this will be discovd near the entrance, will be the baby table, for doesn't Mr. Baby come right after A in the correct order of the alphabet? A.1, oh, the things from Babyland! It really will be worth our while to dress up in our best and carry our market askets over our arms both the Friday and Saturday morning of October's first ek. Among the women on the board the home who are working very hard or the Market Days' success are the sident, Miss Julia V. Laguerenne; first vice president, Mrs. J. M. Quennell; second vice president, Mrs. Murtha P. Quinn; retary, Mrs. James A. Mundy, and reasurer, Mrs. John J. Coyle.

Others interested are Miss Grace Smith, he Misses Rivinus, the Misses Trasel, Mrs. Robert T. Bicknell, Miss Agnes Levis, Miss Jean Levis, Miss Frances Bullivan, Miss Leta Sullivan and a host of others.

Yesterday came the news that the first nbly date will be January 5, the first Friday in January, as is the customary way of Assemblies, and the second will be on February 16. I hope the secend won't be such a frost as last year's. Perhaps it was because last season was a late, but there certainly were very few there compared with the first. Of course, it made the dancing ten times better, as there was plenty of room, and one does not usually expect good dancing at an Assembly just on account of the num-

ber of people of all ages who go.

Equally, of course, there will be the al heartburnings and pulling of ings by those who are not eligible for the balls, but there will be a number ng those who are coming out who all need no string pulling, for their posin in Philadelphia may be said to be as d as the Assemblies themselves. Wit-Dorothy Newbold, for instance. There as been a Newbold or some relative on committee for many years. Then, course, the Borie family will be repre by Patty, who, as I before rearked, will be the first bud of that good sid family name since the days when her int, Emily Borte Beale, now of Boston, as introduced at the Borie home, then Eleventh and Spruce streets. Emily pper Harris is another, and of course ty Brock, whose mother was a Colean and who is related to the Norrises, intgomerys and various other Philasiphia families. Emily Welsh is still other. In fact, I could not begin to nerate the debbies of this year's age who are eligible to the Assem bles, the ball of the year which estabthe social position of all in this City of Brotherly Love. Oh! I know it's sh, but then Philadelphia is snob-Mah, so what will you? Mr. and Mrs. George Frescoin, Mr. and Mrs.
Lovett Frescoin and their daughter, Miss
May Frescoin; Mr. and Mrs. Ress J. Frescoin, Mrs. Rebecca F. Rodgers, Mr. Washington Frescoin, Mrs. John Frescoin, Mr.
David Rodgers, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Harrison, Mr. and Mrs. Samuel F. Rodgers,
Miss Jessie Frescoin, Miss Anna Walker,
Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Rodgers and Mr. and

NANCY WYNNE.

Personals

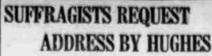
Invitations have been issued by Mrs. Trus Abda Dolph, of Portland. Ore., for a marriage of her daughter, Miss Hazel ciph, to Mr. Edward Clark, ad, of this it, on Saturday, October 14, at 4:50 clock, at the First Baptist Church in Portland. A reception will follow at the home the bridg at 422 West Park street at the bride, at 363 West Park stree

After a wedding trip Mr. and Mrs. Clark at home after

Mr. Ciark will entertain at dinner on hursday evening at Manheim for a number of men who would have been his ushers at they been able to leave business for ordand. His ushers are to be Portland and and he will entertain there for them store the wedding.

Among some of the Philadelphians who will leave on October 3 for Portland, Ore, will be Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Ciark, Mr. Trank Clark, Mr. Clarence Sewell Clark, its Emity Richards, Mrs. Frederick Tayland Miss Elizabeth Taylor.

Sixtieth street, announce the engagement of their daughter, Miss Bertha Mas Klugh, to Mr. Clarence Gilger Albrecht. Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Ralph have returns to their home, 2816 North Twenty-secon-street, after a week's stay at Chambers burg, Pa.



Ask Him to Speak in Philadelphia or Pittsburgh-Wilson Thanked

HARRISBURG, Sept. 26 .- Suffragists ! Pennsylvania have sent letters to the two presidential condidates relating to ad-The letters were signed by Mrs. Mary I. T. Orlady, president of the Pennsylvania Woman Suffrage Association. The one written to Charles Evans Hughes asks that addresses be made before the suffragists in Philadelphia and Pittsburgh or that reservations be made at the meetings already scheduled there for him. Mr. Hughes will speak in Pittsburgh Series. Hughes will speak in Pittsburgh Septem-ber 27 and in Philadelphia October 9.

The letter to President Wilson was sent to Joseph F. Guffey, acting chairman of the Democratic State Committee, with the request that it be delivered to the President on "Pennsylvania Day," October 14, at Shadow Lawn. In the letter the women extend their thanks to the President for the stand he has taken on woman suf-

WIFE OF KILLED STRIKER

Referee Holds Man Destroying Fence Was Not Aiding Employer

HARRISBURG, Sept. 26 .- The first ruling by a referee of the State Compensation Board has been rendered in a case of a striking employe. The widow of John Var-go, who was shot by a deputy sheriff while tearing down a fence at the Edgar Thomson steel plant, Braddock, during the strike there last spring, applied for compensation. Vargo was an employe of the Carnegie Steel Company. Thomas J. Dunn, the referee, ruled he was not engaged in furthering his employer's interests when shot.

JEWISH NEW YEAR

Celebration of Rosh Hashanah Begins Tomorrow-Day of Atonement to Be Marked October 7

Rosh Hashanah, the Jewish New Year, It begins a ten-days' holiday season. climax on October 7, which is the Day of Atonement.

Allen Evans, of Haverford Miss Downs, who made her debut last winter, is a grand-daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. Thomas McKean and a great-granddaughter of the late Mr. Henry Pratt McKean. Mr. Evans The Mishna, the Jewish law book, de-cribes New Year's day as the time when scribes New Year's day as the time when all the inhabitants of the earth pass before God as sheep before a shepherd for judg-ment. Before Him lie three books; in one of them, the Book of Life, are inscribed the names of the righteous, the sinless; in the cond, the Book of Death, are the names of the utterly wicked, and the third book contains the names of the "middle type" of men, in whose behalf judgment is suspended through the ten days of penitence until the Day of Atonement, when the decision finally made and recorded.

HORSE SHOW BARS CHILDREN

Will Not Be Admitted for First Two Days at Bryn Mawr Exhibition

When the Bryn Mawr Horse Show opens sursday children will not be admitted for the first two days, according to present plans, because infantile paralysis still exists. This will bar one of the most interesting features of the show, the presence of the will return to their home in Haverford the latter part of this week, after having spent two months at Bar Harbor. ndred-million-dollar baby, Edward Beale McLean, Jr.

One of the features of the show will be a dinner Friday night at the Radnor Hunt Club. Society folk from Philadelphia and New York, Baltimore, Washington, Boston and other cities will be there.

VILLANOVA BARN BURNED

summer in the West, will be guest of honor at a dinner-dance to be given at the Ritz-\$1500 Prize Bull Owned by College blissing Spruce street, have returned to their home after spending the summer in Canada, Bar

Villanova College men are regretting today the loss by fire of \$300 worth of millet, the first crop ever raised on the college farm, and are hunting for a \$1500 prize Holstein-Friesian buil. The barn on the farm, and are hunting for a \$1500 prize Holstein-Friesian buil. The barn on the was for the drew her to him again and kissed her that prehistoric period when she was "Miss burned to the ground last night. The winds. No matter what the future had in prize bull was either burned to death or establishment of him again and kissed her that prehistoric period when she was "Miss Deane" and he "Mr. Jenks" she remembered the manner of her garments. "It is not the warm clothing you feel so caped. It is believed the animal escaped and the countryside is being searched for Mr. and Mrs. C. Frederick Stout, of Glenn

> The loss of the barn and its contents was chimated at \$20,000 by the Rev. M. G. Dohan, president of the college. Two horses and two cows were burned to death, and besides the crop of millet, \$300 worth of wheat was destroyed. wheat was destroyed. The fire was fought by fire companies from Bryn Mawr, Wayne by fire companies from Bryn Mawr, wayne, Ardmore, Conshohocken and Norristown. Bryn Mawr's "millionaire" company carried its auto pump, which threw 11,500 gallons of water on the flames. The origin of the

Hancock, will give on October 8 at the Radnor Hunt Club are Miss Katherine C. Lea, Miss Suzanne Elliot, Miss Eliza-beth Packard, Miss Lorraine Goodrich REALTY MEN FIGHT TAX JUMP Committee Named to Confer With the

> Members of the Philadelphia Real Estate Soard will oppose any attempt by the city to increase the tax rate. This stand was

Mayor

taken yesterday at a special meeting of the board of directors and officers at the head-quarters of the association, 1126 Walnut street. A committee headed by David E. Dallam was appointed to confer with Mayo imith to learn whether revenues by othe neans can be obtained.

A conference was held in the Mayor's office last Thursday, at which members of the board pointed out many other means by which, they said, revenues could be pro-

SECRET ORDER KEEPS SECRET

Reporters Fail to Find Anti-Catholic Society's Convention

CLEVELAND, Sept. 26.—The biennial convention of the Great Secret Order, an anti-Catholic organization, was scheduled to meet here, but diligent search falled to disclose its meeting place. Charles D. Haines, said to be grand master of the order, left the Hotel Statler yeaterday without any official announcement of the meet

John Baird, said to be from Philadelphia and supposedly "head of the women's no-tivities" of the organization, admitted his connection with the order, but had no in-formation to give out as to the session. No one about the hotel knew where the leaders had foregathered.

SCHOOLS NEED MONEY

Doctor Schaeffer Tells Teachers State Treasury Is Nearly Empty

YORK, Pa., Sept. 26.—"Never since I have been in public office has the State treasury been as empty as today." declared Doctor Schaeffer. State Superintendent of Public Instruction, in addressing 800 teachers at the opening of the sixty-second annual County Institute here.

He said that not a dollar of the State appropriation to the public schools for the fiscal year ending last July had been paid and that district school boards are facing a serious problem.

serious problem.

Baptists Open Conference Today The North Philadelphia Baptist Association will open its fifty-ninth annual conference this morning in the Nicetown Saptisthurch, Germantown avenue and Brunpertyret. The members will hold morning Revnom and systing resident until Thurs



CHAPTER XIII-(Centinued)

OU may be mistaken. They must have my heart I some sense of fair dealing. Even asruming that such was their intention, they may depart from it. They have already lost a great many men. Their chief, having gained his main object, might not be able to persuade them to take further risks. I will make it a part of the bargain that they first supply you with plenty of water. Then you, unaided, could keep them at bay for many days. We lose nothing; we can gain a great deal by endeavoring to pacify

"Iris!" he gasped, "what are you say-

FAILS TO GET COMPENSATION The unexpected sound of her name on his lips almost unnerved her. But no his lips almost unnerved her. But no martyr ever went to the stake with more settled purpose than this pure woman, resolved to immoiate herself for the sake of the man she loved. He had dared all for her, faced death in many shapes. Now it was her turn. Her eves were lit with a seraphic fire, her sweet face resigned as that of an angel.

"I have the server in the control of the server in the

"I have thought it out," she murmured. gazing at him steadily, yet scarce seeing him. "It is worth trying as a last ex-pedient. We are abandoned by all, save the Lord; and it does not appear to be His holy will to help us on earth. We can struggle on here until we die. Is that right, when one of us may live?"

Her very candor had betrayed her. She d go away with these monstrous cap-endure them, even flatter them, until and they were far removed from the nd. And then—she would kill herself, her innocence she imagined that self-truction, under such circumstances, was a pardonable offense. She only gave a life to save a life, and greater love than this is not known to God or man.

The sailor, in a tempest of wrath and wild emotion, had it in his mind to compel her into reason, to shake her as one shakes a wayward child.

He rose to his knees with this half-formed notion in his feverish brain. Then he looked at her, and a mist seemed to shut her out from his sight. Was she lost to him al-ready? Was all that had gone before an ready? Was all that had gone before an idle dream of joy and grief, a wisard's glimpse of mirrored happiness and vague perils? Was Iris, the crystal-souled—thrown to him by the storm-lashed waves be snatched away by some irresistible and malign influence?

and malign influence?

In the mere physical effort to assure himself that she was still near to him he gathered her up in his strong hands. Yes, she was there, breathing, wondering, palpitating. He folded her closely to his breast, and, yielding to the passionate longings of his tired heart, whispered to her—"My darling, do you think I can survive your loss? You are life itself to me. If we have to die, sweet one, let us die together." Then Iris flung her arms around his neck.

"I am quite, quite happy now," she sobbed okenly. "I didn't—imagine—it would brokenly. "I didn't-imagine-it would come-this way, but-I am thankful-it has

For a little while they yielded to the glamour of the divine knowledge that amid the chaos of eternity each soul had found its mate. There was no need for words. Love, tremendous in its power, unfathomable in its mystery, had cast its spell over them. They were garbed in light, throned in a palace built by fairy hands. On all sides squatted the ghouls of privation, misery, danger, even grim death; but they heeded not the Inferno; they had created a Paradise in an earthly hell.

Then Irls withdrew herself from the man's embrace. She was delightfully shy and timid now.

"So you really do love me?" she whisp-ered, crimson-faced, with shining eyes and

in man's power to part them. A giorious effulgence dazzled his brain. Her love had given him the strength of Goliath, the confidence of David. He would pluck her from the perils that environed her. The Dyak was not yet born who should rend her from m. He fondled her hair and gently rubbed

her cheek with his rough fingers. The sudden sense of ownership of this fair woman was entrancing. It almost bewil-dered him to find Iris nestling close, clingng to him in utter confidence and trust.

on the sands and have treasured them next | come again within range of the Lee-Met my heart." What girlish romance was this? He held

er away gingerly, just so far that he could sook into her eyes.

"Oh, it is true, quite true," she cried, drawing the locket from her neck. "Don't you recognize your own handwriting, or were you not certain, just then, that you really did love me?"

Dear, dear! How often would she re-cent that wondrous phrase! Together they sent over the tiny slips of paper. There it best over the tiny slips of paper. There it was again—"I love you"—twice blazoned in magic symbols. With blushing engerness she told him how, by mere accident, of course, she caught sight of her own name. It was not very wrong, was it, to pick up that tiny scrap, or those others, which she could not help seeing, and which unfolded their simple tale so truthfully? Wrong! It was so delightfully right that he must kiss her again to emphasize his convictions. victions.

All this fending and love-making new of course, an air of grotesque absurdity because indulged in by two grimy and tattered individuals crouching beneath a tarpaulin on a rocky ledge and surrounded by bloodiblishes agrees intent on their depaulin on a rocky ledge and surrounded by bloodthirsty savages intent on their de-struction. Such incidents require the setstring of convention, the conservatory, with its wealth of flowers and plants, a summer wood, a Chippennale drawing room. And yet, God wot, men and women have loved each other in this gray old world without stopping to consider the appropriateness of place and season.

After a delicious pause Iris began again-"Robert—I must call you Robert now— there, there, please let me get a word in even edgeways—well then, Robert dear, I do not care much what happens now. I suppose it was very wicked and foolish of me to speak as I did before—before you called me Iris. Now tell me at once. Why did you call me Iris?"

"You must propound that riddle to your godfather.

"No wriggling, please. Why did you do slid out unawares."

"How long have you thought of me only as Iris, your Iris?" "Ever since I first understood that some-

where in the wide world was a dear woman to love me and be loved," "But at one time you thought her name was Elizabeth?"

"A delusion, a mirage! That is why those who christened you had the wisdom of the gods." Another interlude. They grew calme

more sedate. It was so undentably true they loved one another that the fact was becoming venerable with age. Iris was perhaps the first to recognize its quiet certainty

"As I cannot get you to talk reasonably." she protested, "I must appeal to your sympathy. I am hungry, and oh, so thirsty.

girl had hardly eaten a morsal for The her midday meal. Then she was despond-ent, utterly broken-hearted. Now she was filled with new hope. There was a fresh motive in existence. Whether destined to motive in existence. Whether destined to live an hour or half a century, she would never, never leave him, nor, of course, could he ever, ever leave her. Some things were quite impossible—for example, that they should part.

Jenks brought her a biscuit, a tin of meat, and that most doleful cup pagne.
"It is not exactly frappe," he suid, hand-

ing her the insipid beverage, "but, under other conditions, it is a wine almost worthy to toast you in. She fancied she had never before noticed

what a charming smile he had.

"Toast' is a peculiarly suitable word," she cried. "I am simply frizzling.

these warm clothes

much as the want of air," explained the sailor readily. "This tarpaulin has made the place very stuffy, but we must put up with it until sundown. By the way, what

s that? A light tap on the tarred canvas directly over his head had caught his ear. Iris, glad of the diversion, told him she had heard the noise three or four times, but fancied it was caused by the occasional rustling of the sheet on the uprights.

"But I knew, I knew," she murmured.
"You betrayed yourself so many times You wrote your secret to me, and, though you did not tell me, I found your dear words

Jenks had not allowed his attention to wander altogether from external events. Since the Dyaks' last escapade there was no sign of them in the valley or on either beach. Not for trivial cause would they bushes and got away, but the fourth tripned.

"Let us see what the game is," exclaimed

There are no less than seven of these There are ho less than seven of these things sticking in the canvas," he said. "They don't look very terrible. I suppose that is what my Indian friend meant by warning me against the trees on the right." He did not tell Iris all the Mahommedan

The shaft of the arrow, made of some exremely hard wood, was about ten

by men equipped with lead and steel.

"How do they fire RI" asked Iris. "Do they throw it?

lipped in something. It is discolored.

"Put it down. Quick!" he cried.

nothing on earth could save you."

She paled and drew back in sudden horor. This tiny thing had taken the sem-

He wished to dishearten his assailants, to cram down their throats the belief that he was invulnerable and could visit their every Million Membership Plan In

Iris, of course, protested when he ex-plained his project. But the fighting spirit prevailed. Their love idyll must yield to

He had not long to wait. The last arrow fell and he sprang to the extreme right of the ledge. First he looked through that invaluable screen of grass. Three Dyaks were on the ground and a fourth in the fork of a tree. They were each armed with a blowpipe. He in the tree was just fitting an arrow into the bamboo tube. The others were watching blow. others were watching him

They waited and listened silently. Another tap sounded on the tarpaulin in a different place, and they both concurred in the belief that something had darted in curved flight over the ledge on top of their protecting shield.

the sailor. He crept to the back of the ledge and drew himself up until he could reach over the sheet. He returned, carrying in his hand a couple of tiny arrows.

aid. There was no need to alarm her causelessiy. Even while they examined the curious little missives another flew up from the valley and lodged on the roof of

tremely hard wood, was about ten inches in length. Affixed to it was a pointed fishbone, sharp, but not barbed, and not fastened in a manner suggestive of much strength. The arrow was neither feathered nor grooved for a bowstring. Altogether it seemed to be a childish weapon to be used by men acculanced with lead and area.

by men equipped with lead and steel.

Jenks could not understand the appearance of this toy. Evidently the Dyaks believed in its efficacy, or the would not keep on pertinaciously dropping in arrow on the

"I will soon tell you," he replied, reaching for a rifle.

'Do not go out yet," she entreated him. "They cannot harm us. Perhaps we may learn more by keeping quiet. They will not continue shooting these things all day." Again a tiny arrow traveled toward them in a graceful parabola. This one fell short. Missing the tarpaulin, it almost dropped on the girl's outstretched hand. She picked it

ne girl's outstretched hand, sine picked it ip. The fish-bone point had snapped by contact with the floor of the ledge. She sought for and found the small tip. "See," she said. "It seems to have been Jenks frowned peculiarly. A startling explanation had suggested itself to him. Fragments of forgotten lore were taking cohesion in his mind.

Irls obeyed him, with wonder in her eyes He spilled a teaspoonful of champagne in a small hollow of the rock and steeped one of the fish bones in the liquid. Within a few seconds the champagne assumed a greenish tings and the bone became white

"Good heavens!" he exclaimed, "these are Good neavens: ne exciained, these are poisoned arrows shot through a blowpipe. I have never before seen one, but I have often read about them. The bamboos the Dykas carried were sumpitans. These fish ones have been steeped in the juice of the upas tree. It's, my dear girl, if one of them had so much as scratched your finger

blance of a snake. A vicious cobra cast at her feet would be less alarming, for the reptile could be killed, while his venomous fangs would only be used in self-defense. Another tap sounded on their thrice-welcome covering. Evidently the Dykas would persist in their effort to get one of those poisoned darts home.

Jenks debated silently whether it would Jenks debated ellently whether it would be better to create a commotion, thus inducing the savages to believe they had succeeded in inflicting a mortal wound, or to wait until the next arrow fell, rush out and try conclusions with dum-dum bullets against the sumpitan blowers.

He decided in favor of the latter course. He wished to dishearten his assailants, to

prevailed. Their love idyll must yield to the needs of the hour. He had not long to wait. The last arrow to the extreme right of

FARMER SMITH'S RAINBOW CLUB

WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO BE?

As you look about you, dear children, you see many MISFITS in life You see a doctor who should have been a carpenter, a lawyer who should have been a shoemaker and so it goes.

Did you ever see a honey bee try to lay an egg? Did you ever see a her try to give milk? Don't you think it wonderful and PITIFUL that of all living things human

beings, even as you and I, make what we call MISTAKES? WHY does a bee make honey?

WHY does a hen lay an egg? Simply because each fits in the grand orchestra of life. Life is one great orchestra and it has a wonderful LEADER. If you are

out of time, look to the leader. The violinist tunes his violin. How does he KNOW when it is in tune? 'Oh," you say, "SOMETHING tells him." It is his ear listening for the har-

mony of the orchestra. Instead of rushing here and there and asking everybody what you are going to be when you grow up, BE STILL! Let that SOMETHING which tells the bee to make honey, the flower to come from the bud, let, I say, this SOME-

THING, this VOICE guide and tell YOU. FARMER SMITH, Children's Editor.

Our Postoffice Box

Louise and Albert Giovinazzi, of Vineland, N. J., know how to make the most of these early fall days. In the morning they help father in the fields. In the afternoon mother and Louise sew out on the porch, and Albert—well, mother and Louise must be entertained, so Albert and "the boys" play baseball with the porch for a grand stand!

play baseball with the porch for a grand stand!

Anna Machette, Norwood, Pa., thinks Beatrice or Esther would be a very nice name for Dorothy Botte's doll. A little girl from Pemberton, N. J., whose first name is Mary, but whose last name was so blurred on her slip that we could not tell whether it was "Spinn," "Shinn" or "Shirm," wants the doll to be called Elizabeth, and she makes a very generous offer in case her selection is the happy one. Just listen, she will make Miss Dolly a little silk coat with a fur collar, a little fur hat, a winter cap with ribbon strings and a sack. My, my! We hope little Miss Dolly isn't reading the Club News—she might cheat!

Now a word frum Dorothy Botte herself. Here is her letter just as she wrote it:

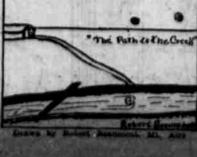
Dear Rainbow—You know I have oue doi! Well I really have two. I have had Carollins Maris for several years and now size is stor in bed. Would ary Rainbow.

mother please send me a recipe for dessert? Carolina has gotten tired mine. Beatrice Margaret, my other doil, would like some doil to write to her. Don't forget to send in names for the doil I am going to send to the hospital. The contest closes October 1. Love to all of you.

Dorothy Botte, Lambertville, N. J.

Summer Is Flying

By ESTELLE BEKOFF, N. Sixth street. Summer is fixing.
Winter is nighing:
Cold days are coming
For Rainbows!



FARMER SMITH'S DOLL STORIES

The Paper Doll Dog

Graceful Gertrude, the paper doll, had gotten out of the box and "gone visiting."
She had found the Paper Doll Dog hungry. He had told her so, and she had seen it, because paper dolls can see through every thing made out of paper.

"I wish I had beautiful dresses like you." said Rover, getting up and trying to stand on his paper legs.

"What does a dog need with beautiful dresses?" asked Graceful Gertrude. "I have feelings just like you," answered the Paper Doil Dog. "Why don't you dress up in the sheep's coat?" asked Graceful Gertrude.

"Not a bad idea! Not a bad idea!" ex-claimed the Paper Doll Dog, as he tottered off toward the box where the Little Lady kept her paper dolls. Standing outside the box, Rover began to bark as loud as he could. "What's the matter?" asked Handsome Harry, poking his head out of the paper doll box.

"I want the sheep's coat of wool."
Harry disappeared and soon returned.
He lifted the top of the paper doll box and poked out the sheep's coat of wool. Then he disappeared.

"A fine sheep you will make," he said.
"Try to bark like a sheep."
The Paper Doll Dog was so surprised he could not speak could not speak.

The Question Box

Dear Farmer Smith—Will you kindly tell
me if it is necessary for me to register September 28 or 29 in order to attend school on
October 27 1 am going into High School
from one of the Philadelphia public schools.
MADELINE CUNEO, Salter street.

As you are going from one Philadelphia public school to another it will not be necessary for you to register on September 25 or 25, although you may do so then if you wish. These days are set aside to relieve the crowding on October 2. They are mainly a convenience to parents. Out-of-town children and children who have not attended the Philadelphia public schools before must be registered before October 2 if it is at all possible.

Things to Know and De

tore a large section from his skull, sailor then amused himself with breach the bamboos by firing at them. He back to the white-faced girl.

"I fancy that further practice with b pipes will be at a discount on Rain Island," he said cheerfully.

But Iris was anxious and distratt, "It is very sad," she said, "that we colleged to secure our own safety by ceaseless slaughter of human beings, there no offer we can make them, no profise of future gain, to tempt them to abands hostilities?"

"None whatever. These Borneo Design

"None whatever. These Borneo Dyah are bred from infancy to prey on the fellow creatures. To be strangers and de fenseless is to court pillage and massace at their hands. I think no more of shooting them than of smashing a clay pigeous Killing a mad dog is perhaps a bette simile."

"But Robert, dear, how long can hold out?"

"What! Are you growing tired of me

He hoped to divert her thoughts fro constantly recurring topic. Twice within the hour had it been broached and dis-missed, but Iris would not permit him by

missed, but Iris would not permit him to shirk it again. She made he reply, simply regarding him with a wistful smile.

So Jenks sat down by her side and rehearsed the hopes and fears which perplexed him. He determined that there should be no further concealment between them. If they failed to secure water that night, if the Dyaks maintained a strict siege of the rock throughout the whole of next day, well—they might survive—it was problematical. Best leave matters in God's hands.

With feminine persistency she clung to with feminine persistency she clung to the subject, detecting his unwillingness to discuss a possible final stage in their suf-ferings.

"Robert!" she whispered fearfully, "you will never let me fall into the power of the chief, will you?"

"Not while I live."

"You must live. Don't you understand?
I would go with them to save you. But I would have died—by my own hand. Robert, my love, you must do this thing before the end. I must be the first to die."

He hung his head in a paroxysm of silent espair. Her words rung like a toosin of despair. Her words rung like a tocsin of the bright romance conjured up by the avowal of their love. It seemed to him, in that instant, they had no separate exin that instant, they had no separate existence as distinguished from the great stream of human life—the turbulent river that flowed unceasingly from an eternity of the past to an eternity of the future for a day, a year, a decade, two frail bubbles danced on the surface and raced joyously together in the sunshine; then they were broken—did it matter how, by savage sword or lingering aliment? They vanished—absorbed again by the rushing waters—and other bubbles rose in precarious iridescence. It was a fatalist view of life, a dim and obscurantist groping after truth induced by the overpowering nature of present difficulties. The famous Tentmaker of Naishapur blindly sought the unending purpose when he wrote;
"Up from Earth's Center through the Seventh

"Up from Earth's Center through the Seventh Gate I rose, and on the throne of Saturn sate, And many a Knot unravel'd by the Road; But not the Master-Knot of Human Pats. There was the Door to which I found no Key There was the Vell through which I could not see;

Some little talk awhile of Me and Thee There was—and then no more of Thee and Me."

There was—and then no more of Thee and Me."

The sailor, too, wrestled with the great problem. He may be pardoned if his heart qualied and he groaned aloud.

"Iris," he said solemnly, "whatever happens, unless I am struck dead at your feet, I promise you that we shall pass the boundary hand in hand. Be mine the punishment if we have decided wrongly, And now," he cried, tossing his head in a defiant access of energy, "let us have done with the morgue. For my part I refuse to acknowledge I am inside until the gates clang behind me. As for you, you cannot help yourself. You must do as I tell you. I never knew of a case where the question of woman's rights was so promptly settled."

again. Her sensitive highly strung nerves permitted these sharp alternations between despondency and hope.

"You must remember," he went on, "that the Dyak score is twenty-one to the bad, while our loss stands at love. Dear me, that cannot be right. Love is surely not

BAPTIST CONVENTION WILL ASSEMBLE HERE OCTOBER 16

(CONTINUED TOMORROW)

Topic for Discussion Baptists, both pastors and influential lay members, from all parts of Pennsylvania will assemble in this city October 16 to 19, at the ninth anniversary of forming of the Pennsylvania Baptist General Convention, to be held in the Chestnut Street Baptist Church. One of the most important sub-jects of discussion will be the five-year pro-gram, by which the Baptists plan to add

fram. by which the manbership in the next five years and double their missionary edu-cational and ministerial forces. The discussion will include every phase of Baptist ministerial, Bible class and mis-sionary work, both home and foreign.

The convention, modeled after the Northern Baptist Convention of America, of which it is a constituent part, is a delegated body composed of the pastors and appointed delegates from all the Baptist churches, associations and mission boards in the State.

It was organized by a merger of the fol-lowing interests, and this anniversary will observe the eighty-ninth annual meeting of the State Mission Society, the seventy seventh of the Education Society, the fitteth of the Ministers' Union, the twenty-fifth of the Young People's Board, the sixth of Women's Home Mission Society, the thirty-first of the Women's Foreign Mission So-ciety.

Reception for Bishop McDevitt

More than 2000 of the alumnae of the Catholic Girls' High School of Philadelphia attended a farewell reception for the Rt. Rev. Philip R. McDevitt, newly consecrated Bishop of Harrisburg, last night in the school auditorium at Nineteenth and Wood streets. Bishop McDevitt was for a long time superintendent of parochial schools in Philadelphia, and graduates of the various educational centers participated the various educational centers participates in exercises held before the reception. The Bishop will assume his duties at Harris-burg this week.

STEAMSHIPS

VACATION TRIPS PHILADELPHIA TO BOSTON SAVANNAH-JACKSONVILLE

DELIGHTFUL SAIL The Steamers. Low Fares, Best Sa Fini your varation to include "Fleest Coastwise Trips in the Woo Tour Book Free on Respect." Merchants & Miners Trans. Co.
City Office. 140 S. 9th St. Phila.
Consult any ticket or tourist asset.

> AUTUMN RESORTS ATLANTIC CITY, N. 3 RAMORE

