IRIS DEANE, daughter of Sir Arthur Deane, owner of the London and Hougkong Company, is cast upon Ratnbow island when the steamenty Sirdar goes down during transcent in the China Sea.

ROHERT JENNS, an assistant steward on the ship, is the only other survivor. On board the vessel before the wreck he was deeply moved when he overheard mention of the rumper that Iris and Lord Venture are engaged. On the island, Jenks confesses that he is Rohert Americant, Company of the Triper China Research of the triper that the scale of the wife for firting with Lord Venture and is wife for firting with Lord Venture and is solinged to threat the latter. Palse testimony on the bart of Venture and the woman caused the dishonorable discharge of Anstripter.

CHAPTER XIII-(Continued) ND so the sun sank to rest in the sea,

A and the stars pierced the despening blue

of the celestial arch, while the man and the

woman awaited patiently the verdict of th

Before the light failed Jenks gathered all

The sailor looked long and earnestly at

needs for days to come.

NANCY WYNNE ANTICIPATES THE GAY DOINGS OF HORSE SHOW WEEK

Large Dinner Will Be Given by the Show Committee to the Visiting Sportsmen on Friday Night at the Radnor Country Club-Other Happenings

MEN prominent in hunting affairs and other well-known horsemen of this country and Canada will attend the dinwhich is to be given on the second night of the show at the Radnor Hunt Club by the directors of the Bryn Mawr Horse Show Association in honor of the daiting masters of foxhounds and udges at the show, and, by the way, alking of masters of hounds, I just wish you could east your eyes on Ben Chew, who has that position at the Radnor Club. He may be seen at any time of the day, or night, I was about to say, training his hounds for the show and their autumn work. He keeps strictly to the roads, however. It's really wonderful how our hunters consider the farmers these days. It pays, however, and the farmers enjoy the shows now

Among the visitors who have been invited to attend the dinner are James Appleton, Charles Baudoine, George Boardmore, Sir Adam Beck, of Canada; F. A. Bonsal, B. H. Brewster, Dr. Shirley Carter, R. J. Collier, J. N. Conyngham, William H. Conyngham, Richard Gambrill, Jr., Robert Gerry, John Sheen, Sir Charles Cunning, of Canada; Harry Nicholas, Henry Higginson, A. F. Hyde, Lester Jones, Wallace Lanahan, Joseph Baroque, James McComb, Charles Mc-Nelli, of Canada; H. S. Page, Malbon Richardson, Daniel Sands, Redmond Stewart, J. B. Thomas, Oakleigh Thorne, Reginald Vanderbilt, Henry Vaughan, Skiddy von Stade, Major Wadsworth, E. B. White, Windsor White, Watson Webb, Mifflin Wharton and Lewis Waring.

Of course, our own local sportsmen and Eddie Cassatt's legs will also attend, including Tom Ashton, W. W. Atterbury, John Hampton Barnes, St. George Bond. Ned Beale, Tom Cadwalader, Ben Chew, Clarence Clark, 3d, Billy Clothler, Charles Coxe, Antelo Devereux, William Ellis, Horace Hare, Roy Jackson, W. W. Justice, Mahlon Kline, Charles Mather, Victor Mather, Jack Mitchell, William Mulford, Stanley Reeve, Sam Riddle, Penn Smith and R. Penn Smith, Jr., Hinckle Smith, Ned Smith, Plunkett Stewart, Edward Stotesbury, Bob Strawbridge, John Townsend, John Valentine, Charlie Wheeler, Joe Widener, William Wilbur, W. C. Wilson and George Willing.

To my mind, this will be some party, and seems to me 'twould almost have been better to have that "Friday (dinner) on Saturday night," as Al Jolson

Well, speaking of Al Jolson, some peo ple don't care what they do, do they? But it seems to me to tie a ten-dollar bill on the worsted that a chorus girl throws out from the stage and rolls back in a ball is going some, and that is identically what the companion of the son of a prominent dentist in this city did at one of the performances of "Rob inson Crusce, Jr.," lately as he and the dentist's son sat together in a box. To say there was some excitement! Jolson came out many times after and kept throwing worsted out and saying, "Some one teld me that one of the girls got a bill tied on her worsted tonight," and he looked about longingly till the audionce nearly choked.

A debutante the date of whose ten has not yet been announced is Anne Weightman Meirs, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Richard Wain Meirs and great-granddaughter of the late Mr. V man, about whose will there was so much excitement in the Weightman and Wister family these eight or ten years

Anne is very charming and has an exceptionally fine mind, but also a large stock of small talk, so her mind won't frighten away the gilded youth of society, who usually shun a girl with the eputation of brains. Fortunately, if a girl has brains she does not bother about the social fop, so as both are pleased that is all we are concerned about. The Meirs live in Germantown in the early fall and spring and in winter in the Weightman house at Eighteenth and Walnut streets. Mrs. Meirs is a favorite niece of her aunt, Mrs. Penfield, to whom Mr. Weightman left the great bulk of his fortune. I predict a delightful winter for little Miss Meirs, for she has all that at tracts; a sweet nature, good looks and a eplendid education.

NANCY WYNNE.

Personals

At the marriage of Miss Mary E. Clayton, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Paul Clayton, and Mr. Ralph Earle, which will take place on Saturday, the maid of honor will be Miss Barbara L. Clayton, a slater of the bride, and the bridesmaids will include Miss Jean N. Thompson, Miss Edith H. Baily, Miss Emilie Posey Kennedy, Miss Edith Earle, Miss Virginia Roberts and Mrs. Edward Croser Page.

Mrs. Edward Croser Page.

Mr. Earle will have his brother, Mr. George H. Earle, 3d. as best man, and his ushers will be Mr. R. Livingston Sullivan, Mr. Lawrence Dilworth Heggs, Mr. Fitz William Bargent, Mr. Victor C. Mather, Mr. Joseph M. Patterson, 2d. Mr. Hansell French, Mr. Gilbert Mather and Mr. Philip H. Chase, of Wilmington.

The bridesmaids will be entertained at funcheon tomorrow by Mrs. Robert E. Griffith, whose daughter, Mrs. Page, will be in the wedding party, and tomorrow evening Mr. and Mrs. George H. Earle, Jr., will entertain, the bridsi party at dinner. Mr. and Mrs. Clayton, the parents of the bride, will give a supper on Friday evening before the rehearsal.

Mr. and Mrs. William Woodward Arnett, f 1116 Pine street, have issued invitations or a dinner followed by dancing at the terion Golf Club on Tuesday evening. October 11, at 8 o'clock, in honor of Miss fatherine Hancock, debutante daughter of fe, and Mrs. James Hancock.

2207 Walnut street, and Mr. Donald Eggles-ton Eastlake, of Chestnut Hill, will take place on Saturday, November 18, at 6 o'clock in the evening, at the home of the bride's payment.

oride's parents.

Miss Levy, who is spending the autumn in Ventnor, will return to town the middle of October.

Dr. and Mrs. Charles Platt, whose marage took place in August, are at James-wn. R. I. Mrs. Platt was Mrs. William llery Almy, of 3237 Chestnut 'treet.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas McKean will close their lodge at Narragansett Pier on Sunday, arriving at Glencoe House, their bome in Rosemont, next Monday.

Dr. and Mrs. George Fales Baker will return from their camp at Paul Smith's, N. Y., on Friday to Old Oaks, their home

Mrs. George McFadden, of Rosemont, is spending a few days in New York city.

Mrs. James D. Winser, Jr., who has been spending the summer at Eagles Mere, will return to her home on Dover avenue, Rosemont, on Friday.

Miss Christine Spencer, daughter of Mrs. Ansa Christine Spencer, daughter of Mrs. Graham Spencer, of Devon, has returned home from a visit to Major and Mrs. Ed-ward B. Cassatt. The engagement of Miss Spencer and Mr. Robert Hunter was re-

Mr. and Mrs. Edwin H. Fitler and their two small daughters, of The Terraces, Rose-mont, are spending a few weeks at the Hot

Mr. and Mrs. Powell Evans and Miss Anita M. Evans, of Errollton. Devon, have returned from Watch Hill, R. I. Mr. and Mrs. Edward Browning, of

Resement, will not return from Saratoga Springs until the middle of October. Miss Virginia Lippincott, of Stone House, Chelten Hills, will leave shortly for Chicago, Ill., where she will spend several days.

and Mrs. Charles Potter, Jr., of Washington lane, Chelten Hills, will close their country home this week and go to Chestnut Hill, where they will be the guests Potter's father, Mr. Charles A. Potter, at The Anglecot, Evergreen and Prospect avenues, for the month of October, after which they will move into their new apartment at Fifteenth and Locust atreets. Mrs. Charles A. Potter and her daughter, who have been spending the summer at Magnolia, Mass., will remain away until November 1.

Mr. and Mrs. Francis W. Robinson and their family, of Villanova, have taken a house on De Lancey place for the winter months, which they will occupy late in the

Mrs. George Stanley Philler and Miss felen M. Philler, who spent the summer n St. Martin's, have reopened their town

louse, 1811 De Lancey place, for the winter Judge Thomas D. Finletter and his son, Mr. Thomas D. Finletter, Jr., who with Mrs. Finletter have been motoring through New England, have returned and are occu-pying their apartment at Hamilton Court. Mrs. Finletter is spending the early autumn

Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Henry, Jr., of Cresheim road, returned yesterday from Cape May, where they spent the sum-

Mr. and Mrs. Ogden D. Wilkinson, Miss Sarah Wilkinson and Miss Bessie Wilkinson have closed their cottage at Beach Haven and are again occupying their house

Mr. and Mrs. Howard Wood, Jr., of Conshohocken, are being congratulated upon the birth of a son. Mrs. Wood was Miss Phebe Ingersoli Wilmer before her mar-

Mr. and Mrs. Hollinshead N. Taylor, 8204 St. Martin's lane, will return on Sat-urday from Cape May, where they occupied a cottage during August and September.

Mrs. Joseph Wear, of Graver's lane, has returned from Kennebunkport, Me., where she spent the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Cushman Newhall, of High-land avenue, have closed their cottage at Bay Head and have returned for the

son, who spent the summer in Canada, have gone to the Poconos for the early fall.

Mrs. W. Atlee Burpee and her sons. Mr. W. Atlee Burpee, Jr., and Mr. David Burpee, are spending some time in Atlantic The engagement of Mr. Atlee Burpee | winter

MISS ANNA BINNEY BRINTON

Miss Brinton, who is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Ferree Brinton, will take an active part in the fete which will be given at her home on October 4 for the benefit of the Children's Country Week Associa-tion and the suffragists of three

to Miss Jeannetta Lee was announced in

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Sedgwick Davis, of Hamilton Court, Thirty-ninth and Chestnut streets, have returned from Nar-ragansett Pler, where they spent the sum-

Miss Margaret Denniston, of West School House lane, has returned from a two nonths' trip to Alaska.

Mrs. William M. Barnes, of Sherwood road, Overbrook, accompanied by Miss Edith Russell, is spending some time in Atlantic City.

Mrs. M. E. Salmon, of Rochelle avenue, Wissahickon, has left for Washington and other points of interest.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry D. Jackson, of Brooklyn, formerly of this city, announce the engagement of their daughter, Miss Ethyle Jackson, to Mr. Herbert M. Ellis, of North Wales, Pa.

Were it not for the presence of Iris he would have given no second thought to the peril. It was just one of those undertakings which a soldier jumps at. "Here goes for the V. C. or Kingdom Come!" is the Mr. and Mrs. M. D. Ancker, of 1903 Erie avenue, announce the engagement of their daughter, Miss Irma Loeb Ancker, to J. Malvern Benjamin, of Chicago, formerly of pithy philosophy of Thomas Atkins under such circumstances.

The marriage of Miss Agnes R. Mack, daughter of the late Mr. John Mack and Mrs. Mack, of Torresdale, and Mr. Hubert J. Horan, Jr., took place this morning in St. Dominic's Church, Holmesburg, at 9 o'clock. The Rev. Thomas Horan officiated at the nuptial mass. Miss Mack was given in marriage by her brother, Mr. Joseph Power Mack, 2d. She had no attendants. After a small breakfast for the imme-

diate families and a few friends Mr. and Mrs. Horan left on a wedding journey. They will live at 106 East Walnut lane, Germantown.

when an irregular volley was fired at them from the right fiank of the enemy's position. Every builet struck yards above their heads, the common falling of musketry at night being to take too high an aim. But the impact of the missles on a rock so highly impregnated with minerals caused sparks to fly, and Jenks saw that the Dyaks would obtain by this means a most dangerous index of their faulty practice. Telling Iris to at once occupy her safe corner, he rapidly adjusted a rific on the wooden rests already prepared in anticipation of an attack from that quarter and fired three shots at the opposing crest, whence came the majority of gun flashes.

One, at least, of the three found a human Mr. and Mrs. John E. Aram, of East Falls, announce the engagement of their daughter. Miss Ida May Aram, to Mr. George Elwood Sinnamon, son of Mr. and Mrs. George K. Sinnamon, of 1812 South Seventeenth street.

Mr. and Mrs. Stephen O. Urie, who spent the summer in Ocean City, N. J., have opened their apartment at the Normandie, Thirty-sixth and Chestnut streets, for the

The WINGS

of the MORNING

By Louis Tracy billet. There was a shout of surprise and puln, and the next voiley spurted from the ground level. This could do no damage owing to the angle, but he endeavored to disconcert the marksmen by keeping up a steady fire in their direction. He did not dream of attaining other than a moral effect, as there is a lot of room to miss when aiming in the dark. Soon he imagined that the burst of fame from his rife helped the Dyaks, because several builets whiszed close to his head, and about this time firing recommenced from the crest.

If the process of the safety of the ledge, and revealed into the safety of the ledge, and revealed into the case. firing recommenced from the crest.

Notwithstanding all his skill and manipulation of the wooden supports, he falled to dislodge the occupants. Every minute one or more ounces of lead pitched right into the ledge, damaging the stores and tearing the tarpaulin, while those which struck the wall of rock were dangerous to Iris by reason of the molten spray. Notwithstanding all his skill and manip-

He could guess what had happened. By lying fiat on the sloping plateau, or squeezing close to the projecting shoulder of the
cliff, the Dyaks were so little exposed that
idle chance alone would enable him to hit
one of them. But they must be shifted, or
this night bembardment would prove the
most serious development yet encountered.

"Are you all light light." "Are you all right, Iris?" he called out.

dear," she answered. "Yen, dear," she answered.

"Well, I want you to keep yourself covered by the canvas for a little while—especially your head and shoulders. I am going to stop these chaps. They have found our weak point, but I can baffle them."

She did not ask what he proposed to do. He heard the rustling of the tarpaulin as she pulled it. Instantly he cast loose the rope ladded, and, armed only with a revolver, dropped down the prock. He was

rope ladded, and, armed only with a revolver, dropped down the rock. He was quite invisible to the enemy. There was no sound save the occasional reports ninety yards away. He hitched up the lower rungs of the ladder until they were six feet from the level, and then crept noiseless, close to the rock, for some forty yards.

He halted beside a small poon tree, and stooped to find something imbedded near its roots. At this distance he could plainly hear the muttered conversation of the Dyaks, and could see several of them prone on the sand. The latter fact proved how Before the light failed Jenks gathered all the poisoned arrows and ground their venomed points to powder beneath his heel. Gladly would Iris and he have dispensed with the friendly protection of the tarpaulin when the cool evening breezes came from the south. But such a thing might not be even considered. Several hours of darkness must elapse before the moon rose, and during that period, were their foes so minded, they would be absolutely at the mercy of they would be absolutely at the mercy of Dyaks, and could see several of them prone on the sand. The latter fact proved how fatal would be an attempt on his part to reach the well. They must discover him instantly once he quitted the somber shadows of the cilif. He waited, perhaps a few seconds longer than was necessary, endeavoring to pierce the dim atmosphere and learn something of their disposition. A vigorous outburst of firing sent him back with haste. Iris was up there alone. He knew not what might happen. He was now feverishly anxious to be with her again, to hear her voice and be sure that all was well.

The sailor looked long and carnestly at the well. Their own bucket, improvised out of a dish cover and a rope, lay close to the brink. A stealthy crawl across the sandy valley, half a minute of grave danger and he would be up the ladder again with enough water to serve their imperative needs for days to come. To his horror he found the ladder swaying gently against the rock. Some one
was using it. He sprang forward, careless
of consequence, and seized the swinging
end, which had failen free again. He had
his foot on the bottom rung when Iris's
voice, close at hand and shrill with terror,
shricked:
"Robert, where are your" There was little or no risk in descending There was little or no risk in descending the rock. Soon after sunset it was wrapped in deepest gloom, for night succeeds day in the tropics with wondrous speed. The haz-ard lay in twice crossing the white sand, were any of the Dyaks hiding behind the "Robert, where are you?"
"Here!" he shouted; the next instant she dropped into his arms.

A startled exclamation from the vicinity

A startled exclamation from the vicinity of the house, and some loud cries from the more distant Dyaks on the other side of Prospect Park, showed that they had been overheard. flict thus far was due solely to his posses-sion of Lee-Metfords as opposed to muzzle-loaders. Let him be surrounded on the level at close quarters by a dozen determined men and he must surely succumb.

overheard.
"Up!" he whispered. "Hold tight and go as quickly as you can."
"Not without you!"
"Up, for God's sake! I follow at your

She began to climb. He took some article She began to climb. He took some article from between his teeth, a string apparently, and drew it toward him, mounting the ladder at the same time. The end tightened. He was then about ten feet from the ground. Two Dyaks, yelling flercely, rushed from the cower of the house.

"Go on," he said to Iria. "Don't lose your nerve whatever happens. I am close behind you."

"I am quite safe." she revend.

Iris.

To act without consulting her was impossible, so they discussed the project. Naturally she scouted it.

"The Mahommedan may be able to help us," she pointed out. "In any event let us wait until the moon wanes. That is the darkest hour. We do not know what may happen meanwhile."

The words had hardly left her mouth when an irresults yould was fixed at them. "I am quite safe," she gasped.

Turning and clinging on with one hand, he drew his revolver and fired at the pair beneath, who could now faintly discern them and were almost within reach of the ladder. The shooting made them halt. He did not know or care if they were hit. To when an irregular volley was fired at them

The island birds, long since driven to the remote trees, camored in raucous peal, and from the Dyaks came yells of fright or appropria or anguish.

"Robert!" she whispered.
"Yes, darling."
"Are you safe?"

What has happened to you?"

"I fainted-I think. I have no hurt. I missed you! Something told me you had gone. I went to help you, or die with you. And then that noise! And the light! What did you do?"

In a tall tree near the Valley of Death he had tightly fixed a loaded rifle which pointed at a loose stone in the rock overhanging the ledge held by the Dyaks. This stone rested against a number of percussion caps extracted from cartridges, and these in direct communication with a train of

What better excuse could man desire for caressing her, yea, even squeezing her, until the sobs ceased and she protested with a

"Robert, 1 haven't got much breath-af-

the foremost pursuers.

Then he gave a steady pull to the cord. The sharp crack of a rifle came from the vicinity of the old quarry. He saw the flash among the trees. Almost simultaneously a bright light leaped from the opposite ledge, illuminating the vicinity like a metaor. It lit up the rock, showed Iris just vanishing into the safety of the ledge, and revealed Jenka and the Dyaks to each other. There followed instantly a tremendous explosion that shook earth and air, dislogging every loose stone in the southwest pile of rocks, hurling from the plateau some of its occupants and wounding the remainder with a shower of lead and debris.

The island birds, long since driven to

the ledge to find Iris prostrate where she had fallen, dead or unconscious, he knew not which. He felt his face become gray in the darkness. With a fierce tug he hauled the ladder well away from the ground and sank to his knees beside her.

He took her into his knees beside her.

He took her into his arm. There was no light. He could not see her eyes or lips. Her slight breathing seemed to indicate a fainting fit, but there was no water, nor was it possible to adopt any of the ordinary expedients suited to such a seisure. He could only wait in a dreadful silence—wait, clasping her to his breast—and dumbly wonder what other loss he could suffer ere the final release came.

At last she sixhed Garolic A.

At last she sighed desply. A strong tremer of returning life stirred her frame. "Thank God!" he murmured, and bowed his head. Were the sun shining he could not see her now, for his eyes were blurred.

He silenced her questioning with a passionate kiss. He carried her to a little nook and fumbled among the stores until he found a bottle of brandy. She drank some. Under its revivifying influence she was soon able to listen to the explanation he offered—after securing the ladder.

caps extracted from cartridges, and these in direct communication with a train of powder leading to a blasting charge placed at the end of a twenty-four-inch hole drilled with a crowbar. The impact of the builet against the stone could not fail to explode some of the caps. He had used the contents of 300 cartridges to secure a sufficiency of powder, and the builets were all crammed into the orifice, being tamped with clay and wet sand. The rifle was fired by means of the string, the loose coils of which were secreted at the foot of the poon. By springing this novel mine he had effectually removed every Dyak from the ledge, overwhich its contents would spread like a fan. Further, it would probably deter the survivors from again venturing near that

fatal spot.

Iris listened, only half comprehending. Her mind was filled with one thought to the exclusion of all others. Robert had left her, had done this thing without telling her. She forgave him, knowing he acted for the best, but he must never, never deceive her again in such a manner. She could not bear it.

"Thumbly crave your pardon," he "That explanation is more than amy was I who behaved unreasonably course I should have warned you sweetheart, i ran no risk. The real opassed a week ago."

"I might have been blown to pieces while adjusting the heavy stone in front of the caps. I assure you I was glad to leave the piace that day with a whole skin. If the stone had wobbled, or slipped, well—it was a case of determined folo-de-se."

"May I ask how many more wild adventures you undertook without my knowledge?"

One other, of great magnitude. I fell in

"One other, of great magnitude. I fell in love with you."

"Nonsense!" she retorted. "I knew that long before you admitted it to yourself."

"Date, please?"

"Well, to begin at the very beginning, you thought I was nice on board the Sirdar, Now, didn't you?"

And they were safely embarked on a conversation of no interest to any other person in the wide world, but which provided them with the most delightful topic imaginable.

Thus the time sped until the rising moon silhouetted the cliff on the white carpet of coral-strewn sand. The black shadow line traveled slowly closer to the base of the cliff, and Jenka, guided also by the stars, told Iris thit midnight was at hand.

They knelt on the parapet of the ledge alert to catch any unusual sound, and watching for any indication of human movement. But Rainbow Island was now still as the grave. The wounded Dyaks had seemingly been removed from hut and heach; the dead lay where they had fallen. The sea sang a luilaby to the reef, and the fresh breeze whispered among the paim fronds—that was all.

"Perhaps they have gone!" murmured Iris.

The sallor put his arm round her neck and gently pressed her lips together. Any-thing would serve as an excuse for that sort of thing, but he really did want absolute silence at that moment. If the Mus sulman kept his compact, the hour was a

hand.

An unlooked-for intruder disturbed the quietude of the scene. Their old acquaint-ance, the singing beetle, chortied his loud way across the park. Iris was dying—as women say—to remind Jenks of their first meeting with that biatant insect, but further talk was impossible; there was too much at stake—water they must have.

Then the light hiss of a snake rose to them from the depths. That is a sound never forgotten when once heard. It is like unto no other. Indeed, the term "hiss" is a misnomer for the quick sibliant expulsion of the breath of an alarmed or angered serpent.

serpent.

Iris paid no heed to it, but Jenks, who knew there was not a reptile of the snake variety on the island, leaned over the ledge and emitted a tolerably good imitation. The native was beneath. Probably the flight of the beetle had helped his noiseless approach. "Sahib!"

The girl started at the unexpected call from the deather.

The girl started at the unexpected of from the depths.

"Yes," said Jenks quietly.

"A rope, sahth."

The sailor lowered a rope. Somethir was tied to it beneath. The Mohammeds apparently had little fear of being detecte "Pull, sahib."

(CONTINUED TOMORROW)

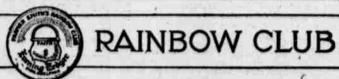
DOUBLE WEDDING CEREMONY

John J. Walton Takes Bride While His Sister Is Married to Franklin

Brother and sister each wed today, but their respective steps in life won't separate them, for the brother will take his bride to 2834 Aramingo avenue, and his sister will be brought there by her husband. The two brides will keep house together.

John J. Walton. 2724 Edgemont street, married Elizabeth McGovern, 2610 East Albert street. Each is eighteen years old. His sister was wedded to Francis J. Naulty, twenty-one years old, 2424 Adams street. The four were schoolmates together not

FARMER SMITH'S



THE VOICE OF CONSCIENCE

Dear Children-Did you ever talk to an angel? Did you ever feel that SOMETHING was talking to you INSIDE? All through history we have characters who have had angels speak to them.

Patrick was one, Joan of Arc another. Do you suppose there are people today who have voices speak to them—the voices of their conscience? I think there are many such, but they do not tell about it.

There IS something inside of us which warns us, which helps us and which will ALWAYS guide us aright IF we let it. I want so much to teach each of my Rainbows to be SELF-RELIANT. This means that you learn to ASK QUESTIONS of your own conscience and

to DEPEND upon the answer of your own conscience. Sometimes you have been telephoning and some one has "come in" on the line and you asked them to get off. Sometimes the voice of conscience may seem to get confused. Simply ask the other voice to "get off the line." YOU

want to know the TRUTH. Your own conscience will tell you the truth-why ask some one else?

FARMER SMITH'S DOLL STORIES

Cheerful Charlie

Cheerful Charlie was wakened by a scratching in the paper delihouse. Looking up he saw the Paper Doil Dog busily engaged in putting something over himself.
"What ho?" shouted Cheerful Charlie.
"I don't HO!" answered the Paper Doll Dog.

"I don't HO!" answered the representation of the sense through and say."

The Paper Doil Dog stopped and looked at Cheerful Charlie. "It may be all bright and gay for YOU and for the paper doils. But what about me? I have to go round in my coats of hair all the time, while you change your clothes all the time."

"Ah. ah!" laughed Cheerful Charlie. "More's the pity. I pray thee cast thy mind over the matter. I would fain impress thee with the fact that it is a nulsance to change one's clothes so often. Thou art well off. Ease thy mind."

"What hind of language is that?"

"It is the language of good cheer. I would fain make thes see the folly of trying to be a shoep or a lion or semathing election art sof. Camet thoil bleet like a sheep or road like a lion? What good would it

FARMER SMITH, Children's Editor. do to wear a sheep's coat and bark like a dog or a lion's coat and still bark like a dog?"
"You are right. I will keep on being a

dog."
"But thou canst be a GOOD dog. That makes thee different from the rest of dogs—some of whom are nulsances," said Cheerful Charlle, smiling. (1) Anagram: I wrote a nice note to Willie in order to "a cure gone" him. What did I try to do to Willie?

(3) Word party: I am a word of six letters. I relate to the mind. Twist me and I will grieve. Twist once more and I am a cloak. Guess me if you dare!

I wish to become a member of your Rainbow Club. Please send me a beautiful Rainbow Button free. I agree to DO A LITTLE KINDNESS EACH AND EVERY DAY—SPREAD A LITTLE SUNSHINE ALL ALONG THE WAY.

Our Postoffice Box Here is an occasion for real Rainbow celebration! A Rainbow member, Stella Allen, of Willow Grove, and her pigeon,

One, at least, of the three found a human



STELLA ALLEN AND "RAINBOW" named "Rainbow," who pradly wears a Rainbow button! If you don't believe this last look at the picture very carefully and you can see for yourself. Stella's little sister Dorothy has a pet, too. She has promised to surprise with a likeness of herself and "itself" very soon.

Jeannette Blackwood is having a lot of fun in Philadelphia town these days. Out on Eartham terrace, where she lives, she spends much time training her cat Teddy to stand on his hind legs. The other day Jeannette made a fishing line and brave Teddy followed her all over the house until he had it in his possession. Teddy would like to hear from some of the other Rainbow cats. He particularly wants to know if any other animals of his kind are made to stand on their hind legs before they are rewarded with nice things to eat.

A Program for a Little Boy's Day

"A Brilliant, Stirring Story of Highest Interest" Mr. H. G. Wells' New Novel

(Published last Wednesday-second edition almost exhausted-third edition ready this week)

MR. BRITLING SEES IT THROUGH

H. G. Wells' New Novel

"is a powerful, strong story. . . . Has wonderful pages . . . gems of emotional literature. . . . Nothing could express the whole, momentous situation in England and in the United States in so few words and such convincing tone. . For clear thinking and strong feeling the finest picture of the crises in the Anglo-Saxon world that has yet been produced."
—Philadelphia Ledger.

"Mr. Britling Sees It Through"

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