NANCY WYNNE CHATS ABOUT MANY MATTERS OF SOCIAL IMPORT

Rain Caused Consternation at the Horse Show Yesterday. Various Happenings Are of General Interest

WELL, my dears, you should have seen us! Suddenly the clouds opened and the rain came down in buckets, in pitchers, in pails, in cloudbursts and we ran like mad to the covered stand, and those of us who had raincoats put them on and cowered down under the awnings, while the poor horses and their judges shivered out there in the ring. Of course, when it really poured the classes had to stop for a while, but, then, we gossiped and chatted and had a great time. Incidentally, you know, this all happened out at the Horse Show yesterday. Every time I see Hope Montgomery I want to smile and feel happy. I never saw such a dear little person for spreading loveliness about her. She is so piquant and pretty, and did you ever see a woman wear her clothes more beautifully, and equally have you often seen a woman who dresses so exquisitely? Certainly she was lovely yesterday in a satin-finished crepe de chine gown made with a very full skirt and with a cord drawn about the waist. The bodice was just a tiny bit open at the neck and was finished with a wide flat collar of seal fur, and under the two points of fur was a bit of hand-embroidery. She wore one of the new tam models of black velvet. She has that elusive, wonderful quality in woman called charm, to perfection, and I must say the opinion I have of her is shared by all who know her.

Every day girls grow bolder, don't they? Now I know, and so do you, that they smoke very often at home and in cafes and hotels, but, somehow, it has not quite yet seemed the thing to walk gayly round the oval at the Horse Show flagged in on either side by a man, smoking a cigarette, while one discusses the merits of the various classes in the ring. But, my dears, I saw it with my own eyes, and the girl who did it is very pretty and has such a soft, young expression I wonder if she realizes that the smoking will take all the sheen from her hair and the light from her pretty eyes if she keeps it up at the rate she is going now.

Well, the world and his wife arose this morning at 4:30 and 5 G. M. and hastened out over hill and dale to the beagle field trials at the Bryn Mawr show, and if we did not have appetites for that breakfast at the William Struthers Ellises afterward I assure you it was not their fault, for the tables fairly groaned with good things, and it was great fun, you know, so sort of unique and different from the ordinary entertainment; one often has danced all night and then eaten breakfast before going to bed, but to rise at 4:30 and go to an affair at sunrise and then before continuing the day to stop for a big formal breakfast and be entertained at that delightful meal at 9 a. m. is a bit new, to say the least. Of course, the purely Hunt Club contingents were used to it, but the rest of us found it novel and enjoyed it accordingly.

NANCY WYNNE.

Personals

Miss Arthur Emlen Newbold and Miss Dorothy E. Newbold, who have spent the summer at Saranac Lake, will return on Thursday, October 5. Miss Newbold is one of the season's debutantes.

Mr. and Mrs. Jay B. Lippincott, of Bethayres, who have been spending the last few days in New York, returned by motor this week and will spend some time at their country home before leaving for town to spend the winter at the home of Mr. Lippincott's mother, Mrs. Craige Lippincott, at 1025 Spruce street.

The Rev. Philip Leroy, rector of the Church of St. Martin-in-the-Fields, accompanied by Mrs. Leroy and Miss Leroy, has returned from Medomak Bay, Me.

Mrs. B. F. Woodward, of Wyncote, has left for New York, where she will spend several weeks as the guest of her daughter.

Miss Julia Beck, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Beck, of Wyncote road, Wyncote, who has been spending the summer months at Beach Haven, N. J., has returned to her home.

Miss Doris Wetherbee, of Wyncote road, Wyncote, has returned to her home from Dover, Mass., where she has been visiting for several weeks.

Friends of Mrs. Ralph Lenford Murray will be sorry to learn that she has been seriously ill with typhoid fever at her home in Wynnewood. She is now on the road to recovery.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Ansell, of the Cresheim Arms, who have spent the summer in Cape May, will return to town next week.

Mr. and Mrs. William Barba, of West Coulter street, have returned from Cape May, where they motored for several days. They were accompanied by Miss Eleanor Baker, whose engagement to Mr. Charles Edwin Barba was recently announced.

Dr. Frank D. Gardiner, Mrs. Gardiner and Miss Florence Gardiner have closed their cottage at Monmouth, Me., and have returned to their home, 520 West Coulter street.

Invitations have been issued by Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Kerr McKee, of Jenkintown, for the marriage of their daughter, Miss Myrtle Florence McKee, to Mr. John Orson Findeisen, of Frankford, for Wednesday evening, October 4, at 7:30 o'clock in the Church of Our Saviour, Old York road, Jenkintown. A large reception will follow at the home of the bride, 212 Wyncote road. After a wedding trip Mr. and Mrs. Findeisen will be at home in Frankford. Miss Emily Brooks will be maid of honor, and the bridesmaids will be Miss Eleanor Jones, Miss Adlyn Palmer, Miss Isadora Findeisen and Mrs. O. Bismark Kieswetter. The flower girls will be Miss Margaret McKee, a sister of the bride, and Miss Charlotte Findeisen, a sister of the bridegroom. Mr. Findeisen will have O. Bismark Kieswetter as best man, and his ushers will be Mr. Roy McKee, Mr. Howard McKee, Mr. James McCutcheon and Mr. Albert Findeisen.

Many entertainments will be given in honor of the bridal party. Mrs. L. B. Palkner, of Summit avenue, Jenkintown, entertained last Wednesday at luncheon, followed by a miscellaneous shower, while Mr. and Mrs. O. Bismark Kieswetter, of Noble, will entertain today at luncheon at the Bellevue-Stratford, followed by a theater party. This evening at 7:30 Miss Isadora Findeisen will entertain at dinner, and on Tuesday evening Mr. and Mrs. McKee will give a dinner before the rehearsal.

Miss Marion Donoghue will entertain a few friends tomorrow, among whom will be Miss Louise Harding and the Messrs Stease.

Mrs. Caroline Missner, 846 East Chelten avenue, Germantown, announces the engagement of her daughter, Miss Blanche P. Missner, to Mr. Hugh Frank Kelly, of 6400 Paschall avenue. The marriage will take place early next spring.

Mr. and Mrs. James W. McGinnis, of Washington, D. C., will arrive today to be the guests of Colonel Will Gray Beach at the Continental Hotel until Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel May, Sr., of 2121 North Camac street, announce the engagement of their daughter, Miss Josephine Beryle May, to Mr. Alfred J. Levy.

Mr. and Mrs. Anson Carnill, of Columbus, O., have purchased several acres of ground on Meeting House road, Rydal, and will shortly start the building of their new home, which they will occupy in the future. Mr. Carnill will be situated in business in Philadelphia.

Mrs. Carnill will be remembered as Miss Mary Buckman, of Wilkes-Barre, before her marriage a few years ago. She has been a frequent visitor in Philadelphia.

Miss Lillian Hunter, of Summit avenue, Jenkintown, will leave on Friday, October 8, for Boston, Mass, where she will spend the winter months.

Mr. and Mrs. Leopold Bellak, who have been spending the summer in Atlantic City, will not open their town house this winter, but have taken apartments at the Windermere.

Mr. and Mrs. Simon Burd, of 709 South Fifth street, announce the betrothal of their daughter, Miss Sara Burd, to Dr. Benjamin Cades, son of Mrs. B. Cades, of Norfolk, Va.

The Strolling Players concert party, a local aggregation of talented girls and men, gave an entertainment to the inmates of the Philadelphia Hospital last evening.

The players gave the initial performance of their costumed revue entitled, "Old Hallo'een," a musical fantasy composed by Mr. Thomas A. Hannom, who directed the affair in quite a professional manner, the solos, duets, trios, quartets, concerted numbers and the orchestration being effectively and charmingly rendered to the delight of the large audience present.

Participating in the revue were Miss Helen Lamoureaux as Lady Eileen, Miss Lillian Stocker as Carmen, Miss Marguerite Stocker as Chin Chin, Miss Eva Rosenfeld as Lucia, Miss Marguerite Towers as Sybil, Miss Lillian Ferguson as Truly Rural, Miss Frances Dalbey as Gypsy Queen, Miss Anna Hannan as Marguerite, Miss Anna Rowe as Mimi, Miss Eschelman as Florabella, Miss Fanny Lennett as Adele, Miss Mary E. Hannan as Everywoman, Mr. Al Kain as Fritz, Mr. Frank Feeney as Rory O'More, Mr. Maurice Towers as Don Joe, Mr. George Lamoureaux as Robinson Crusoe, Jr., and Mr. Thomas A. Hannom as William Penn.

Miss Fanny Lennett, Miss A. Eschelman and Mr. George Lamoureaux rendered pianoforte and cornet solos and duets, and the stage management was efficiently taken care of by Miss Mae Towers, Miss Ethel M. Zeller, Miss Edith M. Gallagher and Mr. T. A. Hannom.

IMPORTANT WEDDING IN ARDMORE TODAY

Miss Mary Clayton Becomes Bride of Mr. Ralph Earle. Other Nuptials

The marriage of Miss Mary Elizabeth Clayton, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Paul Clayton, of Graywyn, Haverford, and Mr. Ralph Earle, son of Mr. and Mrs. George H. Earle, Jr., was solemnized at 12:30 o'clock today in the First Presbyterian Church, Ardmore. The Rev. Andrew Muteh, pastor of the church, officiated. The bride, who was given in marriage by her father, wore an exquisite gown of old ivory satin trimmed with rare old lace. From the shoulders fell a long court train of satin, and over this the veil, which is of rare old lace, an heirloom in the family of the bridegroom, was gracefully arranged. The wedding was carried out in Dresden colors. Miss Barbara L. Clayton, who attended her sister as maid-of-honor, wore a graceful frock of pale blue satin and tulle and a hat of blue tulle and silver lace. She carried an old-fashioned bouquet of blue larkspur, purple dahlias and pink snapdragons tied with blue and orchid ribbon.

The bridesmaids were Miss Edith Earle, Miss Jean N. Thompson, Miss Emilie Posey Kennedy, Miss Virginia Roberts, Miss Edith H. Bailey and Mrs. Edward Croser Page. They were gowned in pale blue satin with hats of blue tulle, and carried huge arm bouquets of larkspur, purple dahlias and pink snapdragons tied with blue and orchid ribbon.

Mr. George H. Earle, 3d, acted as best man and the ushers included Mr. Fitzwilliam Sargent, Mr. R. Livingston Sullivan, Mr. Lawrence Dilworth Beggs, Mr. Victor C. Mather, Mr. Joseph M. Patterson, 2d, Mr. Hansell French, Mr. Gilbert Mather and Mr. Philip H. Chase, of Wilmington.

A reception at the home of the bride's parents followed the ceremony. Mr. Earle and his bride will be at home after November 1 at their house on Berkeley road, Haverford.

ROBINSON—PHILLIPS

A quiet home wedding will take place this evening at 6:30 o'clock, when Miss Dorothy Phillips, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Ryland W. Phillips, of 330 West Duval street, Germantown, will become the bride of Mr. Alexander Robinson, of Baltimore. Miss Phillips will wear a white satin gown with a court train, her tulle veil will be arranged with orange blossoms, and white roses will form the bridal bouquet. Miss Margaret Phillips, who will attend her sister as maid of honor, will wear a pink charmeuse frock veiled in yellow maline and will carry pink and yellow dahlias. A reception for the two families will follow the ceremony, which will be performed by the Rev. F. A. Hinckley, of Wilmington. Mr. and Mrs. Robinson will live in Baltimore.

SHARWOOD—GUNN

An interesting wedding which took place today in Richmond, Va., is that of Miss Harriet Granville Gunn and Mr. Sydney Evans Sharwood, of Haverford. The ceremony was performed in the Second Presbyterian Church at noon.

The bride was attended by her sister, Mrs. Donald Stewart Leas, of this city, as matron of honor, and her other attendants were Miss Katherine Gordon and Mrs. R. P. McKlewsky, of Richmond; Miss Katherine Wyndham Smith, of New York, and Mr. Sharwood's sister, Mrs. Vincent P. Wood, of this city.

Mr. Sharwood had his brother, Mr. Edward Sharwood, as best man, and the ushers were Mr. Cadwalader W. Kelsey, of New York; Mr. Horace P. Cook, of Trenton; Mr. Richard W. Sprague, of Boston, and Mr. Donald Stewart Leas, Mr. Charles B. Jennings and Mr. Vincent Porter Wood, all of this city.

Along the Reading

Mr. Edward J. Nepley entertained at a dinner-dance given in honor of Mr. Earl Brock, of New York, at his home, Sixty-fifth avenue, Oak Lane, last evening.

Among those present were Miss Marion Dexter, Miss Laverne Fleming, Miss Gertrude Vandervere, Miss Josephine Curran, Miss Pauline Seixes, Miss Blanche De Voe, Miss Adelaide McLoughlin, Miss Katherine McLoughlin, Miss Florence Berry, Miss Margriette Brown, Mr. Harry E. Kiefrider, Mr. C. Edgar Miller, Jr., Mr. Robert E. Pierpont, Mr. Neilson Horn, Mr. Philip Brsiah, Mr. M. Meyer Niederman and Mr. Harry K. Barber.

AN ART SCHOOL THAT MAKES GOOD ACTORS

Here we find Frederick Burt, admirable actor of the only real business man in "The House of Glass," betraying the reason for his proficiency in playing railroad magnates: He is an artist. Burt stands just in front of the huge statue upon which he has worked at the Provincetown, Mass., summer studio of the Modern Art School. In the circle appears a view of the exterior of the old fishing loft, where beauty reigns.

MOVIES OPEN DOORS TO CHILDREN TODAY

Infantile Paralysis Ban Lifted. Sunday Schools Will Be in Session Tomorrow

Moving-picture theaters, which have been closed to children under sixteen years because of the infantile paralysis epidemic, were opened to them today.

Coincident with this, the quarantine placed on Sunday schools several weeks ago will be lifted and on Monday the public schools will begin their fall term.

Health authorities, both city and State, do not believe the infantile paralysis epidemic has entirely abated, but they are convinced the cool weather will stamp out the disease.

Two deaths and thirteen new cases, a slight increase in the number of the latter, were reported yesterday.

The steady decline of the disease throughout the city is emphasized by the fact that during the week only fifty-two cases were reported as compared with seventy last week, and eighty-five the preceding week.

One death and five new cases were reported to the Board of Health today. The dead child is Emily Ungerer, 13 months, of 921 North Fairhill street.

The new cases are:

JAMES H. LYNCH, three years old, of 1818 North Judson street.
MYRTLE SQUARES, four years, of 1801 Lemon street.
LETITIA SPIRA, four years, of 2114 Clearfield street.
MARTIN COHEN, four years, of 2456 North Corlies street.
MYRIAN SCHWARTZ, eleven months, of 1813 North Franklin street.

BAKERS READY TO RAISE PRICES

Italians of Southern Section Will Meet Tonight and Discuss Proposed Increase

Italian bakers in the southern section of Philadelphia will meet tonight in Columbus Hall, Eighth street near Fitzwater, to consider the question of increasing the price of bread on Monday morning.

According to John Sannini, 1420 Wharton street, the price of flour makes it impossible to produce bread at a profit.

The contemplated increase means that the loaf now selling for nine cents will be advanced to ten cents and the fourteen-cent loaf will be raised to fifteen cents. This, although apparently a slight advance, will mean much to the baker and will enable him to better combat with the present price of flour.

John Virdin, Chief of the Bureau of Weights and Measures, is making an investigation which may result in his asking Councils to enact an ordinance regulating the sale of bread by weight only.

He believes that under the commodities act of the Legislature, an opportunity is afforded the city through Councils to regulate the sale of bread in its own way. It is intended to prevent some bakers from reducing the weight of their bread.

Heads General Theology School

NEW YORK, Sept. 30.—Prof. Hugell E. W. Fosbroke, of the Episcopal Theological Seminary of Cambridge, Mass., was elected dean of the General Theological Seminary. Bishop Rhinelander, of Philadelphia, put Professor Fosbroke in nomination.

MRS. PINCKNEY H. CHERRY, JR.
Whose marriage took place at noon today in Atlanta, Ga. Before her departure for the South Mrs. Cherry was entertained on several occasions by the members of her sorority. Mrs. Robert S. Groves also entertained at her home, 1611 West Lehigh avenue, in honor of Mrs. Cherry, who was Miss Dorothy Groves.

50,000 PROTESTANTS WILL PARADE TONIGHT WITH BANDS AND SONG

Plan Big March in Two Sections in Broad Street, From Columbia Avenue to Moore Street

MANY ORDERS IN LINE

Fifty thousand men are expected to march tonight in Broad street in the third annual Protestant Men's parade, which, in two sections, will march south from Columbia avenue and north from Moore street. Many bands and flying banners and floats representing historical events and characters will add thrills to the sight of the columns of marchers, moving eight abreast.

At 8:30 o'clock all the bands along the line of march will play "America" and at 9:15, City Hall time, the marchers will step to the rhythm of "Onward, Christian Soldiers." The paraders will wear dark clothes, white gloves and dark ties.

Column A, which will march down Broad street, will consist of four divisions and three sections. Column B, marching up Broad street, will consist of two divisions and five sections. In Column B the Sunday schools from Bucks and Montgomery Counties will march.

Samuel A. Wilson will be the marshal of Column A, while his aids will be Alexander Schearer, Eugene O. Kraft, George C. Birch, T. V. C. Baumgard and W. H. Clarke, Jr. Division No. 1 of this column will consist of the following churches and Bible classes: Section 1, Sunday school districts Nos. 1, 3, 5 and 11, headed by the Union Tabernacle Presbyterian Church; Section 2, Sunday school districts Nos. 13, 15, 16 and 17, with Erie Avenue Methodist Episcopal Church at the head. Sunday school districts Nos. 2, 4, 6, 12 and 14 will comprise Section 3. Calvary Methodist Episcopal Church will lead this section. The Ancient and Illustrious Order Knights of Malta, the Patriotic Order Sons of America, Order of Independent Americans and the Federation of the Jr. O. U. A. M. will compose the other divisions of Column A.

The marshal of Column B will be Harry F. Rhoads, and his aids will be Robert M. Walsh, Charles Hutchinson, Charles M. Colflesh, J. F. Greene and W. H. Seville. Division No. 1 of this column will consist of the following churches and Bible classes: Section 1, Sunday school districts Nos. 7, 8, 9 and 10; Section 2, Sunday school districts Nos. 18, 19 and 20; Section 3, Sunday school districts of Delaware and Chester Counties and the patriotic associations of the State of Delaware. These organizations will be headed by the Chester County Patriotic Association. Section 4, Sunday school districts of Camden and Mercer Counties, New Jersey. The Camden County Federation will lead this section. The Sunday school districts of Bucks and Montgomery Counties will comprise Section 5, and will be led by the Patriotic League of Norristown. The Loyal Orange Institution, under the leadership of Alexander McClintock, supreme grand master, will make up the second division of Column B.

The demonstration committee for the parade consists of Samuel A. Wilson, William A. Gretzinger and Harry MacDonald. This body asks that the American flag be displayed from homes on the day of the parade.

PHILADELPHIA TO MEET THE MILKMAN'S MATINEE

"Experience" to Give Three Performances Thursday, Beginning at 10 A. M.

Unearthly hours have no terrors for "Experience." The management of this modern morality play at the Adelphi announces a special "breakfast matinee" at the playhouse Thursday morning, October 12, at 10 o'clock. The idea is new to Philadelphia. The performance will be given at such a curious time to accommodate people who cannot attend regular performances.

The play will start about the time the milkmen are completing their rounds, the curtain falling at 12.45 P. M. The players then will be treated to an elaborate luncheon served on the stage by the management. Neither costume nor make-up will be discarded for the function. At 2 o'clock the regular matinee will be given, and the cast will disperse to their hotels for dinner, returning to the theater for the night performance. And extra pay for the "milkmen's matinee."

LONGEST SPITE FENCE TO GO

Stood 17 Years, Covered Two Blocks, but Gives Way to Apartment House

CHICAGO, Sept. 30.—A fence two city blocks long and said to be the longest spite fence in the world, will be torn down to make room for an apartment building.

The fence, eight feet high, was built seventeen years ago by Thomas E. Wells because he wanted to shut out from his sight the hateful signs of business activity which flanked his beautiful hedges and gardens.

BERNHARDT STARTS FOR AMERICA TODAY

Great Actress Will Play in U. S. and Canada in Extensive Repertoire

PARIS, Sept. 30.—Mme. Sarah Bernhardt, "Sarah the Eternal," starts for New York today for a tour of the United States and Canada in an extensive repertoire.

Three score and ten, plus two, a mother, grandmother and great-grandmother, and with but one leg, the Divine Sarah declares she is younger than in twenty years. She is so young that she will not call her coming tour a farewell to America. Her last "farewell" was made several years ago, when folks thought her acting days were nearly over. Since she has suffered a leg amputation, recovered speedily and has starred in several film productions of her most famous plays.

The opening performance will be in Montreal October 9. After a short tour in eastern Canada she will go to the Knickerbocker Theater, in New York. Her complete repertoire follows:

"From the Theater to the Field of Honor," a one-act play.

"Hecube," a one-act play, by Maurice Bernhardt and Rene-Chavance.

"The Burnt Offering," a one-act play, by Mme. Bernhardt.

"The Interrupted Dinner," a one-act play, by Paul Bertnay.

The trial scene from "The Merchant of Venice."

The last act of "Camille."

The last act of "L'Aiglon."

The last act of "Adrienne Lecouvreur."

"The Trial of Joan of Arc," a two-act play, by Emile Moreau.

The following one-act sketches: "The Death of Cleopatra," by Maurice Bernhardt and Henry Cain; "One of Them," by Lysiane Bernhardt; "The Window," by Rene Ranchois, and "The False Model," by a French officer serving at the front.

THUMB-NAIL MUSICAL COMEDIES INCREASING

Tabloid Operettas Constantly Gain in Favor With Audiences

Vaudeville has opened a lucrative field for the writer and producer of thumbnail musical comedies. They have become as much a factor in the varieties as the one-act play. There are fewer producers of musical tabloids, however, just as there are fewer producers of musical pieces for the legitimate stage. When the tabloid musical show was first suggested as a vaudeville feature the managers did not take kindly to the proposition. It was thought the mixture of comedy and music in a piece would rob the vaudeville portion of the bill of much of its value.

This has not proved true, and today there is a greater demand for tabloid musical comedy in vaudeville than ever. It all depends on the material of the piece, for vaudeville audiences of the present day expect just as much for their fifty and seventy-five cents as the devotee of musical comedy, drama or opera does for his $1.50 and $2. And usually he gets it, for most of the bills offered during the regular season in the principal vaudeville theaters contain a dramatic playlet, a musical tabloid and sometimes a miniature opera, in addition to variety turns.

"The Four Husbands," which comes to Keith's Theater this week as the headline attraction, is a fair sample of how productions for vaudeville have progressed. Will M. Hough, who wrote "The Time, the Place and the Girl," wrote "The Four Husbands," in conjunction with William B. Friedlander, and the new piece has proved so successful that it has been routed for the season in the principal vaudeville theaters of the circuit.

BUSINESS-LIKE METHODS FOR HIPPODROME SHOW

Big Entertainment Takes Central Office to Boom Business

In addition to its other elaborate and intricate preparations for invading Philadelphia, the New York Hippodrome show, "Hip, Hip, Hooray," has displayed its business-like qualities by taking an office on Chestnut street near Eleventh, and treating the establishment exactly as if it were a permanent institution. The windows are adorned with painted announcements of the entertainment, instead of the customary printed "three-sheets." The whole thing has an air of bigness and solidarity.

"Hip, Hip, Hooray" opens at the Metropolitan Saturday, October 14, without a change in its personnel or featured attractions. Charlotte, the famous skater; John Philip Sousa and his band; the complete army of stars, chorus, ballet and mechanical staffs, totaling more than seven hundred people, will be brought here.

The estimated weekly cost of the venture is over $30,000. Only the size of the Metropolitan, with its capacity of 3500, and the fact of two performances daily, make the experiment possible. The run will continue for four weeks. Seats go on sale Monday, October 9, at the Metropolitan and 1108 Chestnut street, northeast corner of Fifty-second and Chestnut streets, and Broadway and Federal street, Camden.

At the Metropolitan an ice plant is being installed.

The Wings of the Morning

By LOUIS TRACY

THE STORY THUS FAR

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

ROBERT JENKS, 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 rumor that Iris and Lord Ventnor are engaged. On the island, Jenks confesses that he is Robert Anstruther, formerly a captain of British cavalry in Ventnor's regiment. He remonstrates with his colonel's wife for flirting with Lord Ventnor and is obliged to thrash the latter. False testimony on the part of Ventnor and the woman caused the dishonorable discharge of Anstruther.

Jenks, in exploring the island, discovers a cave, which he converts into a home for Iris; a well, near which lies the headless skeleton of a white man, and a deserted quarry filled with the skeletons of Chinese and Europeans. In the cave he finds a great vein of antimony and the top of a tin can with a cryptic diagram. Realizing that Rainbow Island is in the path of the fierce Dyak pirates, Jenks saves a case of rifles and ammunition which was cast from the wreck on a nearby reef.

One day, while on an errand a short distance from the cave, Iris is attacked by several Dyaks, from whom Jenks saves her.

A few of the pirates escape, and Jenks, certain that they will return in greater numbers, prepares for the impending attack by removing most of his stores from the cave to an adjoining ledge, which he converts into a well-nigh impregnable citadel.

The Dyaks do not disappoint Jenks, but when they do arrive he is fully prepared for them. Stray shots from the pirate band burst the water casks, and Jenks strives feverishly to save some part of the supply that may determine his and Iris's fate.

After the Dyaks try in vain to dislodge Jenks and Iris, the pirate chief arranges a parley. A Mohammedan with the Dyaks acts as interpreter. The chief demands the surrender of the woman, which Jenks, of course, refuses. The Mohammedan, in exchange for promised freedom, becomes Jenks's ally.

CHAPTER XIV—(Continued)

SHE caught his look.

"We will beat them yet!" she cried again, and she smiled, not as a woman smiles, but with the joy of a warrior when the fray is toward.

There was no time for further speech. Three ladders were reared against the rock. They were so poised and held below that Jenks could not force them backward. A fourth appeared, its coarse shafts looming into sight like the horns of some gigantic animal. The four covered virtually the whole front of the ledge save where Mir Jan cleared a little space on the level.

The sailor was standing now, with the crowbar clenched in both hands. The firing in the valley slackened and died away. A Dyak face, grinning like a Japanese demon, appeared at the top of the ladder nearest to Iris.

"Don't fire!" shouted Jenks, and the iron bar crushed downward. Two others pitched themselves half on to the ledge. Now both crowbar and revolver were needed. Three ladders were thus cumbered somewhat for those beneath, and Jenks sprang toward the fourth and most distant. Men were crowding it like ants. Close to his feet lay an empty water cask.

It was a crude weapon, but effective when well pitched, and the sailor had never made a better shot for a goal in the midst of a hard-fought scrimmage than he made with that tub for the head of the uppermost pirate.

Another volley came from the sands. A bullet plowed through his hair and sent his sou'wester flying. Again the besiegers swarmed to the attack. One way or the other, they must succeed. A man and a woman—even such a man and such a woman—could not keep at bay an infuriated horde of fifty savages fighting at close quarters and under these grievous conditions.

Jenks knew what would happen. He would be shot in the head or breast while repelling the scaling party. And Iris! Dear heart! She was thinking of him.

"Keep back! They can never gain the ledge!" she shrieked.

And then, above the din of the fusillade, the yells of the assailants and the bawling of the wounded, there came through the air a screaming, tearing, ripping sound which drowned all others. It traveled with incredible speed, and before the sailor could believe his ears—for he well knew what it meant—a shrapnel shell burst in front of the ledge and drenched the valley with flying lead.

Jenks was just able to drag Iris flat against the rock ere the time fuse operated and the bullets flew. He could form no theory, hazard no conjecture. All he knew was that a twelve-pounder shell had flown toward them through space, scattering red ruin among the amazed scoundrels beneath. Instantly he rose again, lest perchance any of the Dyaks should have gained a foothold on the ledge.

The ladders were empty. He could hear a good deal of groaning, the footsteps of running men, and some distant shouting.

"Sahib!" yelled Mir Jan, drawn from his retreat by the commotion without.

"Yes," shouted Jenks.

The native, in a voice cracked with excitement, told him something. The sailor asked a few rapid questions to make sure that Mir Jan was not mistaken.

Then he threw his arms round Iris, drew her close and whispered:

"My darling, we are saved! A warship has anchored just beyond the south reef and two boats filled with armed sailors are now pulling ashore."

And she answered proudly:

"The Dyaks could never have conquered us, Robert. We were manifestly under God's protection. Oh, my love, my love, I am so happy and thankful!"

CHAPTER XV

THE DIFFICULTY OF PLEASING EVERYBODY

THE drifting smoke was still so dense that not even the floor of the valley could be discerned. Jenks dared not leave Iris at such a moment. He feared to bring her down the ladder lest another shell might be fired. But something must be done to end their suspense.

He called to Mir Jan—

"Take off your turban and hold it above your head, if you think they can see you from the warship."

"It is all right, sahib," came the cheering answer. "One boat is close inshore. I think, from the uniforms, they are English sahibs, such as I have seen at Garden Reach. The Dyaks have all gone."

Nevertheless Jenks waited. There was nothing to gain by being too precipitate. A false step now might undo the achievements of many weeks.

Mir Jan was dancing about beneath in a state of wild excitement.

"They have seen the Dyaks running to their sampans, sahib," he yelled, "and the second boat is being pulled in that direction. Yet another has just left the ship."

A translation made Iris excited, eager to go down and see these wonders.

"Better wait here, dearest," he said. "The enemy may be driven back in this direction, and I cannot expose you to further risk. The sailors will soon land, and you can then descend in perfect safety."

The boom of a cannon came from the sea. Instinctively the girl ducked for safety, though her companion smiled at her fears, for the shell would have long preceded the report, had it traveled their way.

"One of the remaining sampans has got under way," he explained, "and the warship is firing at her."

Two more guns were fired. The man-o'-war evidently meant business.

"Poor wretches!" murmured Iris. "Cannot the survivors be allowed to escape?"

"Well, we are unable to interfere. Those caught on the island will probably be taken to the mainland and hanged for their crimes, so the manner of their end is not of much consequence."

To the girl's manifest relief there was no more firing, and Mir Jan announced that a number of sailors were actually on shore. Then her thoughts turned to a matter of concern to the feminine mind even in the gravest moments of existence. She laved her face with water and sought her discarded skirt!

Soon the steady tramp of boot-clad feet advancing at the double was heard on the shingle, and an officer's voice, speaking the crude Hindustani of the engine room and forecastle, shouted to Mir Jan—

"Hi, you black fellow! Are there any white people here?"

Jenks sang out—

"Yes, two of us! Perched on the rock over your heads. We are coming down."

He cast loose the rope ladder. Iris was limp and trembling.

"Steady, sweetheart," he whispered. "Don't forget the slip between the cup and the lip. Hold tight! But have no fear! I will be just beneath."

It was well he took this precaution. She was now so unnerved that an unguarded movement might have led to an accident. But the knowledge that her lover was near, the touch of his hand guiding her feet on to the rungs of the ladder, sustained her. They had almost reached the level when a loud exclamation and the crash of a heavy blow caused Jenks to halt and look downward.

A Dyak, lying at the foot of one of the scaling ladders, and severely wounded by a shell splinter, witnessed their descent. In his left hand he grasped a parang; his right arm was bandaged. Though unable to rise, the vengeful pirate mustered his remaining strength to crawl toward the swaying ladder. It was Taung S'Ait, inspired with the hate and venom of the dying snake. Even yet he hoped to deal a mortal stroke at the man who had defied him and all his cut-throat band. He might have succeeded, as Jenks was so taken up with Iris, were it not for the watchful eyes of Mir Jan. The Mohammedan sprang at him with an oath, and gave him such a murderous whack with the butt of a rifle that the Dyak chief collapsed and breathed out his fierce spirit in a groan.

At the first glance Jenks did not recognize Taung S'Ait, owing to his change of costume. Through the thinner smoke he could see several sailors running up.

"Look out, there!" he cried. "There is a lady here. If any Dyak moves, knock him on the head!"

But, with the passing of the chief, their last peril had gone. The next instant they were standing on the firm ground, and a British naval lieutenant was saying eagerly—

"We seem to have turned up in the nick of time. Do you, by any chance, belong to the Sirdar?"

"We are the sole survivors," answered the sailor.

"You two only?"

"Yes. She struck on the northwest reef of this island during a typhoon. This lady, Miss Iris Deane, and I were flung ashore—"

"Miss Deane! Can it be possible? Let me congratulate you most heartily. Sir Arthur Deane is on board the Orient at this moment."

"The Orient!"

Iris was dazed. The uniforms, the pleasant faces of the English sailors, the strange sensation of hearing familiar words in tones other than those of the man she loved, bewildered her.

"Yes," explained the officer, with a sympathetic smile. "That's our ship, you know, in the offing there."

It was all too wonderful to be quite understood yet. She turned to Robert—

"Do you hear? They say my father is not far away. Take me to him."

"No need for that, miss," interrupted a warrant officer. "Here he is coming ashore. He wanted to come with us, but the captain would not permit it, as there seemed to be some trouble ahead."

Sure enough, even the girl's swimming eyes could distinguish the gray-bearded civilian, seated beside an officer in the stern sheets of a small gig now threading a path through the broken reef beyond Turtle Beach. In five minutes father and daughter would meet.

Meanwhile the officer, intent on duty, addressed Jenks again.

"May I ask who you are?"

"My name is Anstruther—Robert Anstruther."

Iris, clinging to his arm, heard the reply. So he had abandoned all pretense. He was ready to face the world at her side. She stole a loving glance at him as she cried—

"Yes, Captain Anstruther, of the Indian Staff Corps. If he will not tell you all that he has done, how he has saved my life twenty times, how he has fought single-handed against eighty men, ask me!"

The naval officer did not need to look a second time at Iris's face to lengthen the list of Captain Anstruther's achievements by one more item. He sighed. A good sailor always does sigh when a particularly pretty girl is labeled "Engaged."

But he could be very polite.

"Captain Anstruther does not appear to have left much for us to do, Miss Deane," he said. "Indeed," turning to Robert, "is there any way in which my men will be useful?"

"I would recommend that they drag the green stuff off that fire and stop the smoke. Then, a detachment should go round the north side of the island and drive the remaining Dyaks into the hands of the party you have landed, as I understand, at the further end of the south beach. Mir Jan, the Mahommedan here, who has been a most faithful ally during part of our siege, will act as guide."

The other man cast a comprehensive glance over the rock, with its scaling ladders and dangling rope ladder, The cave, the little groups of dead or unconscious pirates—for every wounded man who could move a limb had crawled away after the first shell burst—and drew a deep breath.

"How long were you up there?" he asked.

"Over thirty hours."

"It was a great fight!"

"Somewhat worse than it looks," said Anstruther. "This is only the end of it. Altogether, we have accounted for nearly twoscore of the poor devils."

CONTINUED MONDAY.

RETREAT FOR DOMINICANS

"Blessing of Roses" to Conclude Third Order's Ceremonies

A retreat for the members of the Third Order of St. Dominic and others will be given tomorrow at the Dominican Convent, 1814 Green street. The retreat will begin with mass at 8 a. m., celebrated by the Rt. Rev. Bishop Courier, who will conduct the retreat.

At 4 p. m. the "Blessing of the Roses" will take place, after which the blessed roses will be distributed to those present. The ceremony of blessing roses on Rosary Sunday is a very ancient custom in the Dominican order.