FIRST DEBUTANTE TEA OF SEASON IS DISCUSSED BY NANCY WYNNE

Dr. and Mrs. Edwin Eldon Graham Will Give Large Tea and Dinner-Dance Today to Introduce Their Daughter, Miss Lorraine Graham

WELL, certainly one of the most at-moon, October 18, and Mrs. Andrew McCown tractive buds of the season will be will give a bridge party on Thursday afterintroduced this afternoon out in Devon when Lorraine Graham, or, better, Lorraine Goodrich Graham, will make her first formal bow to society at a large tea which her father and mother, Dr. and Mrs. Edwin Eldon Graham, will give, Lorraine, who very much resembles her mother, to tall, slender and graceful. Her dark brown hair has a beautiful natural wave and her eyes, though not perfectly brown they really are hazel with golden glints), give the impression of brown, which together with a vivid coloring is a most attractive combination, you will admit. A charming set of debbies will receive with Lorraine this afternoon, There will be Patty Borle. Isn't it an attractive name? She was named for her paternal grandmother, you know. She was Miss Patty Netil and is one of the sweetest women of that older generation. Besides Patty Borie, Betty Brock will receive and Nancy Cooke, Violet Welsh, Mary Brooke, Sophie Baker, Katharine Hancock, Lois Jackson, Katharine Lea, Bessie McMichael and Betty Miller. So there will be a galaxy of beauty and grace for the admiring elders to gaze upon. There will be a dinner-dance in the eve-

ning for the receiving party and several additional girls and men of the younger

The small boys were having a fearful time last week getting ready for their year at St. Paul's. They have to wear derby hats you know, and though the New York boys are used to such apparel at the age of ten and twelve, so far, fortunately, most Philadelphia matrons very sensibly dress their sons as boys and not caricatures, so it requires some time to get ready for boarding school you see. Sam Gilbert and Edward Starr, from along the Reading way, are going, in fact Mr. and Mrs. Gilbert are going up the first of this week to take Sam with them. It's good that all the boys at St. Paul's wear these derbies, isn't it? I'll never forget what happened to the small son of a wellknown matron here who several years ago decided, on returning from London, that sonny should wear an eton suit and derby hat. Well, sonny was sent to Sunday school "all dressed up like a sore finger," and during class the other boys only looked, but afterward, oh! afterward; the sweet young thing who was conducting the class heard fearful hoots and pells outside the window and, looking out, and Mr. Joseph D. Town; Mr. George A. Durty, Mr. William Carroll Matlack, Jr., of the saw a fighting, struggling heap of Trenton, and Mr. Frank J. Reilly. arms, legs, heads and boys and underneath it all was a fragment of derby hat. By the door stood the poor little owner, weeping. He was just as disgusted with that hat as any of the others were, but he had to go home and tell it had been ruthlessly torn from his willing head and smashed, and glad though he was he included selections from Pinatore. Under the direction of Mr. John Dolman, Jr., and a play, "A Happy Pair," by S. Theyre Smith, under the direction of Mr. John Dolman, Jr., and a play, "A Happy Pair," by S. Theyre Smith, under the direction of Mr. John Dolman, Jr., and a play, "A Happy Pair," by S. Theyre Smith, under the direction of Mr. John Dolman, Jr., and a play, "A Happy Pair," by S. Theyre Smith, under the direction of Mr. John Dolman, Jr., and a play, "A Happy Pair," by S. Theyre Smith and Miss Carol B. Schatte. that hat as any of the others were, but he had to go home and tell it had been ruthlessly torn from his willing head and knew his story would not be well received. Childish tragedies are very great you know, and a small boy's heart is a poor thing to handle roughly.

The Women Writers' Club gave its much talked-of pantomime movie, "The Love Germ," last night, and it was some scream, let me tell you, from start to finish. Out of the seven members of the club who took part only two were allowed to remain of their own sex. The five others made most attractive men, I assure you, and from the opening scene at the boardand from the opening scene at the board-ing house table to the grand finale, which was supposed to be a soul kiss of many erick G. Higham, of Germantown. feet of film, the audience was in one continual shrick.

How young America does hate to be "left out" of things. One day last week the small brother of an acquaintance of mine in Germantown happened to overhear one of his sisters declare she knew the "up" trains from the "down" trains, and five-year-old Tommy, determined not to be out of the conversation, piped up. "Oh, yes, I can always tell the 'up' and 'down' trains, too!

Sister asked, "Why, how can you tell them, Tommy?"

Rather disconcerted over having his bluff called, the young man, however, answered bravely, "Why, the 'up' train is 'Upsal' and the down t-rai-n i-s-here his little voice trailed off into space. NANCY WYNNE.

Personals

Personals

At the marriage of Miss Jeannetta Drysdale Lee, daughter, of Mrs. J. Drysdale Lee, of the St. James Annex, and Mr. W. Atlee Burpee, which will take place on Wednesday, November 1, in St. James Protestant Episcopal Church, Miss Lee will be attended by Mrs. Frank Crozer Knowles as matron of honor. Mr. Burpee, will have his brother, Mr. David Burpee, as best man, and as ushers will be Mr. John Earle, Mr. Frank Crozer Knowles, Mr. W. H. Derbyshire, Jr., of this city; Mr. Fretz Derby and Mr. Edward Bronfield, of New York, and Baron von Wullerstorff. Owing to a recent death in Mr. Burpee's family the reception will be for the immediate families and a very few intimate friends.

Mr. and Mrs. Theodore Reath and Miss Elisa Reath returned last week from York Harbor in their car. Mrs. Robert Chester-field Clay and her infant son accompanied Mr. and Mrs. Reath. Mr. Clay is with the First City Troop in El Paso.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Learning Montgom-ery gave a dinner-dance last night at their home in Villanova. Among the guests were a number of visitors from out of town, who had come on to attend the Horse Show at Mryn Mawr.

will give a bridge party on Thursday after-noon, October 19, in honor of the bride and her attendants.

Captain Lindsey Coates Rerkness, corps of engineers of the United States Army, who salled from Yohohama. Japan, on September 13 on the R. M. S. Empress, of Russia, arrived here last Friday to spend the winter months with Mrs. Herkness and their small son, Lindley Coates Herkness, Jr. Mrs. Herkness has her mother, Mrs. Charles P. La Lance. Jr. Mrs. Herkness has her mother, Mrs. Charles P. La Lanne, as her guest for sev-

and Mrs. Daniel B. Wents, of Orchard, Washington lane, Chelten Hills, who have been spending the summer at their home at Eagles Mere, Pa., spent the week-end as the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Clay Pierce, in Boston, Mass.

Mrs. W. G. Harding, of Wilkes-Barre, Pa., motored here last week and was the guest of her daughter, Mrs. Henry Pease, at 2307 De Lancey place.

A wedding of interest to many Philadelphians that will take place in Wilkes-Barre, Pa., the end of October will be that of Mass Jean McClintock Guthrie, of Wilkes-Barre, and Mr. Joseph Swain, of this city and Bristol.

Mr. and Mrs. Hansom Robinson, of Aberdeen avenue. St. David's, will give a recep-tion this afternoon at their home in honor of Miss Eleanor L. Duval, whose marriage to Lieutenant Richard H. Tebbs, U. S. M. C., will be solemnized in St. Mary's Church,

Miss Mary Ker Christian, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Addison A. Christian, gave a luncheon yesterday in honor of Miss Min-nie Bradford Endicott, whose marriage to Mr. Guy Sialg Bauer will take place to-morrow in Merion. Miss Anna Endicott and Miss Lily Endicott entertained informally at a dinner-dance on Saturday night

Mrs. Charles C. Orme, of the Belgravia. who spent the summer at the St. Charles, Atlantic City, has returned to town.

At the wedding of Miss Julia Marie Coyle daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John J. Coyle, of 911 North Sixty-third street, Overbrook, and Mr. Charles McLellan Town, which will and Mr. Charles McLelian Town, which will take place on Thursday morning, October 12, at 10 o'clock, with a nuptial mass in the Church of Our Lady of Lourdes, Overbrook, the maid of honor will be Miss Margaret M. Coyle, a sister of the bride, and the bridesmaids will be Miss Rita T. McDevitt, Miss Catherine Groody, of Girard-ville Pa. Miss Elizabeth P. Town a course ville, Pa.; Miss Elizabeth P. Town, a cousin of the bridegroom, and Miss Mary M. Coyle, a cousin of the bride. The little flower girls will be Miss Mary M. Gallagher and Miss Corita Matlack.

Mr. Town will have Dr. J. Francis Mes somer, of New York, as best man, and his ushers will include his brother, Mr. Theo-

The Players' Club of Swarthmore had the first meeting of the senson last night in the Women's Clubhouse, Swarthmore. The pro-gram included selections from "Pinafore."

Mr. and Mrs. Jerome Shelp and their family have returned to Wyncote from Beach Haven, N. J., where they have been occupying their cottage for the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Sheip have issued invita

tions for luncheon on Saturday, October at 10 o'clock, in honor of their daughter Miss Amelia Sheip. Miss Isabel Vanderslice is occupying her

bungalow at Ventnor, N. J., for several months. Miss Vanderslice has her sister, Mrs. Earnest Beecher Castle, of Bronxville, N. Y., as her guest for a fortnight. Mr. and Mrs. Charles Barton, of Tioga,

Mrs. W. O. Hempstead, Sr., who spent

the month of September with Mrs. Edward Brill at her cottage at Ventnor, has re-turned to her home, 4042 Walnut street.

The engagement of Miss Rose D. Leaf, of 1709 North Franklin street, and Dr. Louis Edelman, of Mobile, Ala., is an-nounced today. The wedding will take place on Sunday, October 15.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas C. Davis are now occupying their apartments at the Ritten-house, having recently returned from spending the summer at Spring Lake.

The children need you!"

FRESHMEN CO-EDS MUST WEAR HAIR UP

MISS LORRAINE GOODRICH

GRAHAM

Miss Graham, who is the daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Edwin Eldon Graham will be presented to so-

ciety this afternoon at a tea to be given by her parents at their home in Devon.

TODAY IN TORRESDALE

Miss Mae Duross Patterson Is

Married to Mr. Spencer

Downing

veil was arranged with orange She carried white orchids and

lies of the valley. Miss Marguerite Pat

terson, her sister, was maid of honor. Her frock was of corn-colored sife and tulle. Dr. Frank Dickson, an uncle of the bride-groom, was best man. After a wedding trip

BECHTEL-PATCHETT

Mr. and Mrs. Downing will live at Els first street and Park avenue, New after December 1.

Patchett was given in marriage by father and was attended by Miss 13 Foley as maid of honor, and her br

maids were Miss Ella Burgis and Miss Nan

The bride were an exquisite gown of

ORMOND-SIMMONS

Miss Charlotte Hepburn Simmons, of

IMPORTANT WEDDING

One of Many Rules Laid Down in University of Pennsylvania Class Bible

The fair freshmen co-eds at the University of Pennsylvania will have a hard time the next few weeks. Their new bible, out today under the title of "Do's and Don't'a." contains many rules, regulations, hints and suggestions, infringement of any one of which will mean a fine of three

Freshmen co-eds must wear none green hair ribbons, the book says and they must not wear their "golden" hair hanging down their backs. They must wear their bats on the campus and address all other upper-class girls, as "Miss."
Walking with arms linked is tabooed for freshmen and they must invariably hold a door open so that their betters may gass.

Advice to all classmen is given as folbe conspicuous. Don't stand up in the class to recits. Do make friends and do every-thing you can to further the cause of the

OF CAMDEN MUMMERS

Business Men Back Project. Plan to Make It Annual Event

The wedding of Miss Mae Duross Pat-terson, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Henry D. Patterson, of Terresdale, and Mr. Spencer Downing took place today at noon at the home of the bride's parents, Red Lion read. Owing to the recent death of the bride's grandmother, Mrs. Jonathan P. Patterson, only the immediate families were present.

Arrangements for the first of these official parades were announced today by the publicity committee of the Board of Trade, of which Francis B. Wallen is chair-ran, The committee has urged business men in the central section of the city to decorate their establishments. There also be bands and fireworks to promote en-

grandmother, Mrs. Jonathan P. Patterson, only the immediate families were present. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. Lawrence Wall, rector of St. Dominic's Catholic Church at Holmesburg.

Miss Patterson, who was given in marriage by her father, wore a gown of lustrous white satin trimmed with tulle, and lustrous white satin trimmed with orange. Market streets and proceed over the fol-lowing route: Market to Second street, to Federal, to Broadway, to Newton avenue, to Kaighn avenue, to Broadway and thence to the courthouse and disband. It is ex-pected there will be several thousand marchers in line. There will also be many floats depicting the fads and follies of

Prizes will be awarded to the best-dressed uple, best-dressed individual, the most mic couple, most comic individual, the best female impersonator, the best woman male impersonator, the best-dressed club and the most comic club. BECHTEL-PATCHETT
The marriage of Miss Gladys Patchett,
daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Patchett,
of Roxborough, and Mr. Alfred Bechtel, of
Massilon, Ohlo, took place last evening in
St. Timothy's Church, Roxborough, The
oeremony was performed by the Rev. James
Halsey, rector of the church, and was followed by a breakfast at the home of the
bride's parents, 5441 Ridge avenue. Miss
Patchett was given in marriage by her

GIRL WOULD SAVE MOTHER

"Last Resort," Says Pretty New York Girl

"It's my last resort," said the young woman today. "I have to do it for my mother's sake. We are completely 'down and out." made with a court train. Her tulie veil was arranged with orange blossoms and she carried orchids and small rosebuds. After a wedding trip Mr. and Mrs. Eechtel will

COLLEGE CLUB'S FIRST TEA

Second Affair to Be Held Next Monday

Miss Charlotte Hepburn Simmons, of Brooklyn, this afternoon became the wife of Dr. John Kelso Ormond. The ceremony was conducted by the Rev. William V. Kelley, D. D., of New York, at the home of the bride's uncle, Mr. Harry Blair Gill. 6427 Sherwood road, Overbrook.

The bride's uncle, Mr. Harry Blair Gill. 6427 Sherwood road, Overbrook.

The bride was given in marriage by her father, Mr. Harvey Lake Simmons, and was attended by her cousin, Miss Constance Parrish Gill. The best man was Mr. Archie Ormond, a brother of the bridegroom. hold vesterday afternoon, from 4 until 6 Miss Simmons were white satin, trimmed Mawr, presided at the tea table. the bridesmaid was attired in pale-blue silk, carrying piffk roses.

A dinner was served to guests from Brooklyn, New York and Princeton. The couple immediately started on their wedding journey. They will live in De-MacCoy and Miss Helen Meyer.

England Blocks Red Cross Relief Judge Rosalsky's Uncle Exiled to Siberia

HALLOWEEN PARADE

Camden will have a mummers' parade on Halloween. Plans are under way to make it a pacemaker for an annual event. All organizations in Camden are eligible

FROM WANT BY MARRYING

NEW YORK, Oct. 3 .- To save her aged and sickly mother from the poorhouse or starvation, twenty-year-old Clara H. Bis-hoff, a strikingly pretty young woman, ap-pealed to the newspape. to aid her in the search for a husband

All she asks in return from any young man who may volunteer to marry her is that he provide a home for her mother and that she may have the right to investigate his character, employmen; and antecedents.

With the coming of fall days the various women's clubs of the city are resuming activities. The first tea of the season was

Mawr, presided at the tea table.

The next thing on the College Club's schedule is the club tea, to be held next Monday afternoon, from 4 until 6 o'clock, when the hostesses will be Miss Marjorie N.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 3.—The British Government has blocked temporarily the plan of the American Red Cross to re-es-NEW YORK, Oct 3.—The eighty-five-year-old uncle of Judge Otto Resalsky, of the Court of Special Sessions, has been sen-tenced by the Russian Government to life-long exile in Siberia on the charge of aiding the Germans.

Government has blocked temporarily the plan of the American Red Cross to re-es-tablish units in Austria-Hungary and through its embassy here has asked the State Department to delay such plans until the full scope of the contemplated work has been outlined.

By Farmer Smith

All was quiet in Goatville. The cat, even, was fast asleep outside Billy Bumpus's

was tast asset business lifty humpus a home. Mrs. Bumpus, however, was mixing bread in the kitchen, while upstairs Billy Bumpus, her good husband, was snoring so loud the rafters shook and the roof rose and fell with the sound of the snoring.

By and by Mrs. Goat went upstairs. The noise was terrific. She knew she never could sleep with such a racket, so she upset a chair.

"Is that you, wifie dear?" a voice came from out of the darkness.

"Well. I can't go to sleep. I wish you would give me a sleep powder to make me to sleep," pleaded Billy."

"You have been asleep a long time, my dear, judging by your snoring....."

"How did you know I was snoring?"
"I heard you," said Mrs. Bumpus.
"My dear, your ears deceived you. Don't be misled that way. I have been wide awake as a chicken hawk. I'm positive, absolutely positive, that if I had been snoring I would have heard my-

self scoring.
"Oh, wife dear! You are so easily de-ceived!

"Get me a sleeping powder."
"You need a snoring powder. Snoring is a disease and the only thing that will cure it is hot water."
"Give me some hot water, then," said

Billy.

Mrs. Bumpus went downstairs and soon returned with a cup of hot, steaming water, which Billy drank right down, much to the amagement of his wife.

Soon Billy was asleep again and snoring like a freight train engine going up grade. Finally it became so loud Mrs. Bumpus woke Billy up and accused him of snoring.

"Booking? Who's snoring?" asked Billy.

"Snoring? Who's enoring?" asked Billy.
"You hear the steam from that hot water escaping through my nose!"

BANG!

"Yes, dear."

The WINGS of the MORNING By Louis Tracy

CHAPTER XVI-(Continued)

"YES, it's quite true. I interfered with smual reward of the devil's apothecary. Leave Iris alone. At present she is strung 1.9 to an intense pitch of gratitude, having barely escaped a terrible fate. Let her come back to the normal. Anstruther's shady record must gradually leak out. That will disgust her. In a week she will appeal to you to buy bim off. He is hard up-cut off by his people and that sort of thing. There you probably have the measure of his scheming. He knows quite well that he can never marry your daughter. It is all a matter of price."

Sir Arthur willingly allowed himself to be persuaded. At the back of his head there was an uneasy consciousness that it was not "all a matter of price." If it were he not 'all a matter of price." If it were he would never trust a man's face again. But Ventnor's well-balanced arguments swayed him. The course indicated was the only decent one. It was humanly impossible for a man to chide his daughter and flout her rescuer within an hour of finding them.

Lord Ventnor played his cards with a deeper design. He bowed to the inevitable. Irls said she loved his rival. Very well. To attempt to dissuade her was to three.

To attempt to dissuade her was to throw her more closely into that rival's arms. The right course was to appear resigned, sad-dened, compelled against his will to reveal the distressing truth. Purther, he counted to participate, and, by way of assuring good results, prizes will be offered by the city, also by business men and organizations.

Arrangements for the first of these conspiracy, of unbelievable compact to secure his ruin. All this must recoil on his own head when the facts were laid bare. Not even the hero of the island could prevail against the terrible indictment of the court-martial Finally, at Singapore, three days distant, Colonel Costobell and his wife were staying. Lord Ventnor, alone of those on board, knew this. Indeed, he accompanied Sir Arthur Deane largely in order o break off a somewhat trying entangle-cent. He smiled complacently as he hought of the effect on Iris of Mrs. Costobell's indignant remonstrances when the baronet asked that injured lady to tell the

girl all that had happened at Hongkong.

In a word, Lord Ventnor was most profoundly annoyed, and he cursed Anstruther from the depths of his heart. But he could see a way out. The more desperate the emergency the more need to display finesse. Above all, he must avoid an immediate

He came ashore with Iris and her father

He came ashore with Iris and her father; the captain of the Orient also joined the party. The three men watched Robert and the girl walking toward them from the group of officers.

"Anstruther is a smart-looking fellow," commented Captain Fitzroy. "Who is he?" Truth to tell, the gallant commander of the Orient was secretly amazed by the metamorphosis effected in Robert's appearance since he scrutinized him through his glasses. Iris too, unaccustomed to the conance since he scrutinged him through his glasses. Iris, too, unaccustomed to the con-straint of high-heeled shoes, clung to the nondescript's arm in a manner that shook the salior's faith in Lord Ventnor's pre-

the salior's fatth in Lord venthor's pre-tensions as her favored suitor.

Poor Sir Arthur said not a word, but his lordship was quite at case—
"From his name, and from what Deane tells me. I believe he is an ex-officer of the

Indian Army."
"Ah. He left the service?" Yes. I met him last in Hongkong."

"Then you know him?"
"Quite well, if he is the man I imagine."
"That is really very nice of Ventnor,"
thought the shipowner. "The last thing I should credit him with would be a forgiving Meanwhile Anstruther was reading Iris

a little lecture. "Sweet one," he explained to her, "do not allude to me by my former rank. I am not entitled to it. Some day, please God, it will be restored to me. At present I am a plain civilian."

"I think you very handsome."

"I think you very handsome."

"Don't tease, there's a good girl. It is of fair with all these pec-sie looking."

"But really, Robert, only since you craped off the upper crust have I been able recognize you again. I remember now that I thought you were a most distin-tished-looking steward."

guinhed-looking steward."
"Well, I am helpless. I cannot even
squeeze you. By the way, Iris, during the
next few days say nothing about our mine."
"Oh, why not?"

"Just a personal whim. It will please

"If it pleases you, Robert, I am satis-He pressed her arm by way of answer. They were too near to the waiting trie for

"Captain Fituroy," cried Iris, "let me introduce Mr. Anstruther to you. Lord Ventnor, you have met Mr. Anstruther be-

The saffor shook hands. Lord Ventner miled affably.
"Your enforced residence on the island

seems to have agreed with you." he said.
"Admirably. Life here had its draw-backs, but we fought our enemies in the open. Didn't we, Irist"

"Yes, dear. The poor Dyaks were not sufficiently modernized to attack us with

false testimony, His lordship's sallow face wrinkled somewhat. So Iris knew of the court-martial, nor was she afraid to proclaim to all the world that this man was her lover. As for Captain Fitzroy, his bushy eyethrows dis-appeared into his peaked cap when he heard the manner of their speech.

Neverthelean, Ventner smiled again. "Even the Dyaks respected Miss Deane."

But Anstruther, sorry for the manifest uneasiness of the shipowner, repressed the retort on his lips, and forthwith suggested that they should walk to the north beach in the first instance, that being the scene of the

During the next hour he became auditor rather than narrator. It was Iris who told of his wild fight against wind and waves, Iris who showed them where he fought with the devilish, Iris who expatiated on the long days of ceaseless toll, his dauntless courage in the face of every difficulty, the courage in the face of every dimensity, the way in which he rescued her from the clutch of the savages, the skill of his preparations against the anticipated attack, and the last great achievement of all, when, time after time, he folled the Dyaks' best-laid plans and flung them off, crippled and disheartened, during the many phases of the thirty hours' battle. ours' battle.

She had an attentive audience. Most of the Orient's officers quietly came up and followed the girl's glowing recital with breathless interest. Robert vainly endeavbreathless interest. Robert vainly endeav-ored more than once to laugh away her thrilling eulogy. But she would have none of it. Her heart was in her words. He deserved this tribute of praise, unstinted, unmeasured, abundant in its simple truth, yet sounding like a legend spun by some romantic poet, were not the grim evidences of its accuracy visible on every hand. She was so volubly clear, so precise in fact, so subtle in her clever delineations of humorous or tragic events, that her father

humorous or tragic events, that her father was astounded, and even Austruther si-iontly adjusted that a man might live until he equaled the years of a Biblical patriarch without discovering all the resources of a

There were tears in her eyes when she ended; but they were tears of thankful hap-

piness, and Lord Ventnor, a silent listener who missed neither word nor look, felt a deeper chill in his cold heart as he realized that this woman's love could never be his. The knowledge excited his passion the more. File hatred of Anstruther now became a mania, an insensate resolve to mortally stab this meddler who always stood in his path.

this meddler who always stood in his path. Robert hoped that his present ordes! was over. It had only begin. He was called on to answer questions without number. Why had the tunnel been made? What was the mystery of the Valley of Death! How did he manage to guess the dimensions of the sun dial? How came he to acquire such an amazing stock of out-of-the-way knowledge of the edible properties of roots and trees? How? Why? Where? When? They never would be satisfied, for not even the British navy—poking its none into the recesses of the world—often comes across such an amazing story as the adventures of this, couple on Rainbow Island.

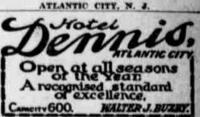
He readily explained the creation of

He readily explained the creation He readily explained the creation of quarry and cave by telling them of the vein of antimony imbedded in the rock near the fault. Antimony is one of the substances that covers a multitude of doubts. No one, not excepting the doctors who use it, knows much about it, and in Chinese medicine it might be a chief factor of exceeding nesti-

Inside the cavern, the existence of the partially completed shaft to the ledge accounted for recent disturbances on the face of the rock, and newcomers could not, of course, distinguish the bones of poor "J. S." as being the remains of a European.

(CONTINUED TOMORROW)

AUTUMN RESORTS







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FARMER SMITH'S RAINBOW CLUB BILLY BUMPUS SNORES

I WANT MORE LETTERS

My Dears-I get more letters from children than any person in the world.

BUT I am not satisfied. Inside of me is an URGE (you know what it means when mother has to URGE you to do something) which is always saying, "Do more! Do more!

This appeal will WORRY you until you DO write to me. See if it doesn't Is there any harm in trying to teach thousands of children to THINK STRAIGHT? Remember this: There can be no misunderstading between those who

are trying to do what is RIGHT. What am I doing? Simply trying to help you to THINK STRAIGHT by bringing kindness, gentleness, happiness and sunshine into your lives.

I merely suggest. If I ever ADVISE you to do anything it is a slip of the pen. Forgive me.

I SUGGEST you think straight; and one way for me to tell whether you are thinking straight is for you to write me a letter-NOW. First, attract my attention. Second, tell me you like our club and why; or, tell me you do not like it and WHY. Third, tell me what YOU would do

if you were the editor and founder of our wonderful club. Fourth and last, make me do something, if it is only REMEMBER you. Write me such a letter that I will just HAVE TO sit down and write you. If you only knew how it makes my big heart go "pit-a-pat" when I get big mail I am sure you would sit down and write to me. A postal will do.

Your true friend, FARMER SMITH, Children's Editor.

Our Postoffice Box

Listen to this happy scheme that com-Haddonfield, N. J.: "I have a little room up in the attic that I fixed up for myself and I call it my Rainbow Room.' I have all my Rainbow letters up there and I have pictures hung all over the walls. It is very nice and quiet up here, that's where I am writing now." The only addition that we can suggest for the "Rainbow Room" is a "Rainbow Scrap Book." What fur it would be on a rainy day to take a few little friends upstairs and let them read Club News to their hearts' content!

A Riddle



Baby J. E. Nachod and his uncle, Frederick Fueller, Jonkintown, Pa.



With that Billy went to sleep. But he A Good Little Girl