some, isn't it? And yet the beautiful and the country tt surely is a good plan these team at the country and out-of-town clubs at this Today Emily Pepper Harris will ed out at Penllyn, at the counas of her great-uncle. Mr. Francis mbers, and his two attractive Katharine and Christine, will nly been here on visits up to now

in introducing their cousin. Emily pather was Francis Chambers a nephew of Mr. Chambers and William Anthony Platt, who was istins Chambers. He was also a w of Mr. Sydney Wright. After his some years ago his widow, who is hter of Ethelbert Watts, Consul is, married Mr. Clark Mellen and e Pelham, N. Y., to live, so Emily It came to the time for her debut ted that she should be brought ere, and all of her relatives have to the fore with invitations and enits galore in her honor, and it se if she was to be one of the sucof the season. Very sensibly, as m not lived in Philadelphia for some her family decided to start the ing early, and so last night Mr. with whom she will spend most or time, gave a dance, preceded by a at the Philadelphia Country Club. Platt was joint hostess with Mr. but the death of her brother-in-Mr. Charles Platt, Jr., prevented her being present and she will not, of receive at the tea today. Mrs. Biddle, however, has been asked to Mrs. Platt's place in receiving the and presenting them to the pretty bud, who will wear an exquisite at of white charmeuse and tulle and carry a little old-fashioned bouquet. me will be assisted in receiving by the

smartest of the buds, among them Borle, Betty Brock, Suranne Elliot, beth Pacifard, Dorothy Newbold, ine Lea and Anna Siter. Then last year's debs there will be her Eleanor Pepper; Valentine Mitch-Marjory Taylor, and still another year Susie Ingersoll. Susie, by the way, to marry Orville Bullitt next month. the other friends and relatives will receive with little Miss Harris be her mother, Mrs. Mollen; her aunt, Henry Miller Watts, and another a Mrs. George Wharton Pepper Henry Boyer, Mrs. Harry Coxe, Mrs. Drayton, Mrs. Willie Drayton, Mrs. Harris, Mrs. Charles Ingersoll, Mrs. n Ingersoll, Anna Ingersoll (Suste's ter, and so attractivel, Mrs. Ar-Les and Mrs. Charles Lea, Mrs. w Markoe, Mrs. Langdon Mitchell, s Duncan Whelen and Mrs. Stotes-

for will agree with me that this is a representative list of Philadelphia's charming matrons and buds.

Bruce will be guest of honor, to with her flance, Sam Chase, at a which Mrs. Austin Stevens Hock will give out at her home in Devon evening, Sue has certainly been ed since her engagement unced about a month ago. The ng date has been set for the 6th of The guests at the dinner towill be Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Morton Mrs. William Bodine (Angela For that was), Eugenia Law, Nannie Streher, Meade Large, Gee Heckscher, was Heckscher and Dick Newbold.

Edward Stotesburys will give a for Sue and Sam before the Char-Fall, which is to be on the 7th of I have not heard yet just at stunt that wonderful ball committee pull off this year, but I can safely ophery it will be something good, if I ay judge from the last few years.

Wonders will never cease, but it seems me it's about time that some of the ers did, when it comes to sitting wast table for dinner and hearing one's uner partner remark casually about a in well known and heretofore rather Il respected in society, "Oh, yes, Mrs. sand-so; I have not seen her since the day, when we were standing tothings have come to this pass, that a, ladies so called, do not hesitate into the bars at the various counclubs and, standing with their feet on rall, join the men in the general fesilly of bar behavior. Why don't the a who have some influence in sotake a stand and refuse to recognize who do these things? It's a he thing to think that some of these the mothers of the coming genera-What have we to look forward to country if womanhood is so low-NANCY WYNNE.

Fersonals

a sabutantes who will receive with Kutharine Christina Lea, daughter of and Mra. Charles M. Lea, who will be sued at a tea on Friday afternoon, ser 10, will be Miss Dorothy Emien bild. Miss Katherine Hancock, Miss of Owen Baird. Miss Elizabeth Trothes. Emily Pepper Harria, Miss Elizabeth Emily Pepper Harria, Miss Elizabeth Miss Emily Pepper Harriane Goodrich an, Miss Mary F. Packard, Miss Elizabeth Miss Mary F. Packard, Miss Elizabeth Milliss Mary H. Lovering, Miss Patty Miss Willis Violet Welsh, Miss Emily Price Miss Elizabeth Norris Brock, Miss Loring Jackaon. Miss Anna Walker Miss Susanna Valentine Mitchell, Anna Massey Hockscher, Miss Louise Wilmington, and Miss Helen James, York

Newbold will have only a few of her inti-mate friends in her receiving party.

The marriage of Miss Katherine Holden, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George Henry Stephenson, of 1886 Pine street, and Mr. Waldo Noble Hackett, of Easten, Pa. which will take pince on Saturday, October 21, at 12 o'clock, in the Church of St. Luke and the Epiphany. Thirteenth street below Spruce street, Miss Holden's only attendant will be Mrs. Raiph E. Hallock, of Plainneid, N. J.

Mr. Hackett will have an best man Mr. William Kirkpatrick, of Easton, Pa., and the ushers will be Mr. Donald Kirkpatrick, Mr. George E. Reilly, Mr. Sherwood Young, Mr. Lothrop Lee, Mr. J. Quglam Kinsey, Mr. McKeen Chidesy, Mr. John E. Barba, Mr. Maxwell E. Bessell, Mr. Carroll C. Waddell and Mr. John Carter.

The wedding will be followed by a small reception at the home of the bride. Mr. and Mrs. Hackett, on their return from an extended wedding trip, will be at home in an apartment at Haverford, Pa.

An interesting engagement announced this morning is that of Miss Natalie Wheel-er Elliot, daughter of Mr and Mrs. Richard McCall Elliot, of Bryn Mawr, and Lleu-tenant FitzHugh Green, U. S. N., son of Mr. and Mrs. C. S. Green, of St. Joseph. Mo. Miss Elliot has been for three years in the training school for nurses at the University Hospital, and will finish her course in eight weeks. Her sister, Miss Susanne Elliot, will make her debut at a tea on October 17, which her grandmother, Mrs. Charles Wheeler, will give.

who has been spending the summer with her father at their home at Pride's Crossing, Mass. will shortly leave for Miss Wain's school at Pittsfield, Mass. where she will continue her studies during this winter and will not be presented to society until next year.

Miss Frances Wister, who has been spend ing the summer in Saunderstown, has gone to Boston and will return to her home. Clarkson and Wister streets, Germantown, the end of October. Miss Wister is rapidly recovering from an operation for appen

Mr. and Mrs. William H. Donner will open their town house at 345 South Eight

Mr. and Mrs. George Foedisch are occu-pying their new home, 3224 West Penn street, Germantown.

Mr. and Mrs. Jerome Sheip, of Wyncote, announce the engagement of their daughter, Miss Amelia Sheip, to Mr. William Freeland Rea, Jr. Miss Sheip is one of the most popular of the younger set along the Reading. Mr. Rea is a graduate of the University of Pennsylvania, class of 1912, a mechanical engineer and member of the

a mechanical engineer and member of the Theta Chi Fraternity. No date has been set for the wedding. The engagement was announced today at The engagement was announced today at a luncheon given by Miss Shelp's parents at their home on Fernbrook avenue. Among the guests were Mrs. Donald Powell, of Montciair, N. J.; Mrs. Ida Stratner, Miss Roberta Hamilton, Miss Helena Mercer, Miss Florence Hartman, Miss Hazel Zacharias, Miss Alice Zacharias, Miss Jean Bavell, Miss Margaretta Werterman. Miss Marguerite Bradeway, Miss Katherine O'Neill, Miss Doris Wetherbee, Miss Helen Nash and Miss Holen Silfer, of Wyncote, Mr. and Mrs. Shelp will entertain this

Nash and Miss Helen Silfer, of Wyncote.

Mr. and Mrs. Sheip will entertain this
evening in honor of their daughters, Miss
Marion Sheip and Miss Lillian Sheip.

Among the guests will be Miss Hasel Coffin,
Miss Anna Middleton, Miss Virginia Barclay, Miss Ann Ditmore, Miss Martha Purney, Miss Helen Nash, Miss Julia Beck,
Miss Ethel Schopel, Miss Beatrice Schopel,
Mr. William E. Bereias In M. Correct

Mr. Wil Miss Ethel Schopel, Miss Beatrice Schopel, Mr. William K. Barclay, Jr., Mr. George Barclay, Mr. Lewis Bremmer, Mr. Jeffrey Hawley, Mr. Ludlow Wray, Mr. Alexander Wray, Mr. Byrod Harter, Mr. B. Harter, Mr. Merill Harter, Mr. Wendell Walker, Mr. Harvey Rogers, Mr. Robert McCracken, Mr. Roy Coffin, Mr. Edward Schopel and Mr. Harvey Middleton. Mr. Henry Middleton.

Miss Alma M. Curtis, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Harry F. Curtis, of 5870 Drexel road, Overbrook, who has been spending the summer at the Marlborough-Blenheim. At lantic City, has returned to the Ogonts

The friends of Mount Sinal Hospital will give the first of a series of dances tomor-row evening in Apollo Hall, 1728 North Broad street. The committee in charge in-cludes: Mr. Jack J. Wolferd, chairman; Miss Celia Levin, vice chairman; Miss Rose Liebster, secretary; Miss Estelia S. Kat-lin, financial secretary, and Miss Minerya Rosenthal, transprer. Rosenthal, treasurer.



MISS RUTH ISRAEL Daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Israel, who is an aid at her moth-er's table at the Alphabetical Fair,

## for the St. Francis Home for Con-valescents, Mrs. Israel's table is SATURDAY A FAVORITE

which is being held today in Darby

Miss Katharine Roberts Bride of Mr. Charles Fisher Luther at Wynnewood Home

DAY FOR WEDDINGS

One of the most attractive weddings of the early fall took place this afternoon at 3:30 o'clock, when Miss Katharine Rob-erts, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Cal-vin Roberts, became the bride of Mr. Charles Fisher Luther, of Roston. Mass. The wedding took place at the brides home, Pen-y-Bryn, Cherry lane. Wynne-wood, and was followed by a large recep-tion at 4 o'clock.

Miss Roberts had as maid of hon Miss Elizabeth Peirce, and the bridesmaids were Miss Mary Arrean Miller and Miss Alice Yates, of Montclair, N. J.

Mr. Luther had for best man Mr. Robert C. Chapin, of Providence, R. L., and the ushers were Mr. William Paxton Roberts, brother of the bride; Mr. Percival Gilbert, of Boston, Mass.; Mr. Philip Mallory, of Rye, N. Y., and Mr. George H. Edwards, of Bridgeport, Conn.

A pretty wedding which will take place tonight in Riverton, N. J., will be that of Miss Myrtle W. Fest, daughter of Mrs. Charlès H. Fest, of Linden avenue, and Ensign Calvin Durgia, U. S. N., of Palmyra,

The wedding will take place in Calvary Presbyterian Church, Riverton. The bride will be given in marriage by her brother, Mr. Robert C. Fest, and will be attended by Miss Alvina Coleman, of Palmyra, as maid Miss Alvina Coleman, of Paimyra, as maid of honor. Her bridesmaids will, be Miss Emily Acker, Miss Alberta Goodwin, of this city; Miss Florence Johnston, of New York; Miss Eleanor Day, of Warren, O.; Miss Margaret Wallace, of Palmyra, and Miss Gertrude Michel, of Riverton. Mr. George M. Durgin, a brother of the bridegroom, will be the thest man and the makers will be

BRAY-WALKER

The marriage of Miss Eleanor Wells Walker, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Wells Walker, of Devon, and Mr. William Mrs. William Smith and her three sons.

Masters Lewis, Raymond and Frederick
Smith, of Newcastle, Ind., are visiting Mrs.
Smith's brother, Mr. Isaac L. S. Smink,
of 5626 Wainut street

Walker, of Devon, and Mr. William
McKinley Bray took place this afternoon at 3:30 o'clock at Rehoboth Farm, the
home of the bride's parents. The brice,
who were a gown of soft white satin
was given in marriage by her who were a gown of soft white satin and lace, was given in marriage by her father and was attended by her sister. Miss Edith Lindsay Walker, as maid of honor. There were no bridesmaids. Mr. Hyay had Mr. Richard Warren as best man, and his ushers were Mr. Bolton Corson, of Plymouth Meeting, and Mr. George Miles Wells, Jr., of Cumberstone, Md.

# The Wings of the Morning By LOUIS TRACY

CHAPTER XVII-(Continued) calm smile, "It is difficult to talk openly at this moment. Wait until we reach the

hotel."

The news flew fast through the settlement that H. M. S. Orient had returned from her long search for the Sirdar. The warship occupied her usual anchorage, and a boat was lowered to take off the passengers. Lieutenant Playdon went ashore with them. A feeling of consideration for Anstruther prevented any arrangements being made for subsequent meetings. Once their courteous duty was ended, the officers of the Orient could not give him any further social recognition. ctal recognition.

Lord Ventnor was aware of this fact and indeavored to turn it to advantage. "By the way, Fitzroy," he called out to the commander as he prepared to descend the gangplank, "I want you, and any others not detained by duty, to come and dine with

Captain Fitzroy answered blandly, "It is very good of you to ask us, but I fear I cannot make any definite arrangements un-til I learn what orders are awaiting me

"Oh, certainly. Come if you can, ch?"
"Yes; suppose we leave it at that."
It was a notite but decided rebuff. It in
no way tended to sweeten Lord Ventnor's
temper, which was further exasperated
when he hurt his chin against one of Rob-

ort's disreputable-looking tins, with its ac-cumulation of debris.

The boat swung off into the tideway. Her Progress shoreward was watched by a small knot of people, mostly loungers and coolies. Among them, however, were two persons who had driven rapidly to the landing place when the arrival of the Orient was reported. One bore all the distinguishing marks of the army officer of high rank, but the other was unmistakably a globetrotter.

Producing a tremendous telescope, h vainly endeavored to balance it on the shoulder of a native servant. "Can't you stand still, you blithering llot?" he shouted, after futile attempts to scus the advancing boat, "or shall I steady ou by a clour over the ear?"

His companion, the army man, looked through a pair of fieldglasses. "By Jove!" he cried, "I can see Sir Ar-thur Deane, and a girl who looks like his There's that infernal scamp Ventnor, too.

though it were a bludgeon. The dirty beggar! He drove my lad to misery and death, yet he has come back safe and sound. Wait till I meet him.

"Now, Anstruther! Remember your promise. I will deal with Lord Ventnor. My vengeance has first claim. What! By the jumping Moses, I do believe— Yes It is. Anstruther! Your nephew is sitting

next to the girl!" The telescope fell on the stones with a crash. The giant's rubleund face suddenly blanched. He leaned on his friend for sup-

"You are not mistaken," he almost whimpered. "Look again, for God's sake, man! Make sure before you speak. Tell

e! Tell me!"
"Calm yourself, Anstruther. It is Robert. as sure as I'm alive. Don't you think I know him, my poor disgraced friend, whom I, like all the rest, cast off in his hour of It like all the rest, cast off in his hour of trouble? But I had some excuse. There! There! I didn't mean that, old fellow. Robert himself will be the last man to blame either of us. Who could have sus-pected that two persons—one of them, God help me! my wife—would concoct such a heilish plot!"

The boat glided gracefully alonguide the steps of the quay, and Playdon sprang ashore to help Iris to alight. What hap-pened afterward can best be told in his own words, as he retailed the story to an

appreciative audience in the wardroom.
"We had just landed," he said, "and some of the crew were pushing the cooling city; Miss Florence Johnston, of New York; Miss Eleanor Day, of Warren, O.; Miss Margaret Wallace, of Palmyra, and Miss Gertrude Michel, of Riverton. Mr. George M. Durgin, a brother of the bridegroom, will be Ensign B. G. Furey, U. S. N.; Ensign L. K. Swenson, U. S. N.; Ensign A. E. Schrader, U. S. N.; Ensign W. A. Kitts, 3d. U. S. N.; Ensign J. B. Ryan, U. S. N., and Ensign J. E. Kenworthy, U. S. N., and Ensign J. K. Colonel Costobell's opening words. After that I would giadly have seen the beggar

chucked into the harbor. We never liked him, did we?"
"Ask no questions, Pompey, but go ahead with the yarn," growled the first lieutenant. "Well, it seems that Mrs. Costobell is dead. She got enteric a week after the Orient sailed, and was a goner in four days.

Before she died she owned up."

He paused, with a base eye to effect. Not man moved a muscle.
"All right," he cried. "I will make no more false starts. Mrs. Costobell begged her husband's forgiveness for her treatment of him, and confessed that she and Lord Ventnor planned the affair for which Anstruther was tried by court-martial. It must have been a beastly business, for

Costobell was sweating with rage, the

his words were ley enough. And you ought to have seen Ventnor's face when he heard

vants whom he bribed to give false evidence. He promised to marry Mrs. Costobell if her husband died, or, in any event, to bring about a divorce when the Hongkong affair had blown over. Then she learned that he was after Miss Iris, and there is no doubt her fury helped on the fever. Costobell said that, for his wife's sake, he would have kept the wretched thing secret, but he was compelled to clear Anstruther's name, especially as he came across the other old Johnnie.—"

"Pompey, you are incoherent with ex-citement. Who is 'the other old Johnnie'?' asked the first luft severely.

"Didn't I tell you? Why, Ansiruther's nole, of course; a heavy old swell with ast a touch of Yorkshire in his tongue. I athered that he disinherited his nephew gathered that he disinherited his nephew when the news of the court-martial reached him. Then he relented and cabled to him. Getting no news, he came East to look for him. He mat Costobel the day after the lady died, and the two swore—the stout uncle oan awear a treat-anyhow, the rowed to be revenged on Ventner, and to clear Anstruther's character, living or dead. Poor old chap! He cried like a baby when he asked the youngster to forgive him. It was quite touching. I can tell you—" Playdon affected to search for his pocket

"Do tell us, or it will be worse for you," "Give me time, air, a drink! What you

"Give me time, air, a drink! What you fellows want is a phonograph. Let me see. Well, Costobel shook Ventnor off at last, with the final observation that Anstruther's court-martial has been quashed. The next batch of general orders will reinstate hir in the regiment, and it rests with him to decide whether or not a criminal warrant shall be instead or a criminal warrant. shall be issued against his lordship for piracy. Do you fellows know what con-

You cuckoo! What did Miss Deane do?" "Clung to Anstruther like a weeping angel and kined everybody all round when Ventnor get away. Well—hands off. I mean her father, Anstruther and the stout uncle. Unfortunately I was not in that some But, for some reason, they all nearly wrung my arm off, and the men were so excited that they gave the party a rousing cheer as their rickshaws wont off in a

The next commotion arose in the botel when Sir Arthur Deane select the first opportunity to explain the predicament in which his company was placed, and the blow Lord Ventner yet had it in his power

Mr. William Anstruther was an interested auditor. Robert would have spoken, but his uncle restrained him.

"Leave this to me, lad." he exclaim "When I was coming here in the Sirdar there was a lot of talk about Sir Arthur's scheme, and there should not be much dif-ficulty in raising all the brass required, if

To a shrewd man of business the project could not fail to commend itself, and the Yorkshire squire, though a trifle obstinate in temper, was singularly clear-headed in other respects. He brought his great fist down on the table with a whack.

"Send a cable to your company. Sir Ar-thur," he cried, "and tell them that your prospective son-in-law will provide the tan thousand pounds you require. I will see thousand pounds you require. I will see that his draft is honored. You can add, if you like, that another ten will be ready if wanted when this lot is spent. I did my lad one d—er—deuced bad turn in my life. This time, I think, I am doing him a good

"You are, indeed," said Iris's father enthusiastically. "The unallotted capital he is taking up will be worth four times its face value in two years."

"All the more reason to make his holding twenty instead of ten," reared the Yorkshire man. 'But look here. You talk about dropping proceedings against that precious earl whom I saw today. Why not tell him not to try any funny tricks until Robert's money is safely todged to your ac-count? We have him in our power. Dash it all, let us use him a bit."

Even Iris laughed at this naive sugges-tion. It was delightful to think that their arch enemy was actually helping the baronet's affairs at that very moment, and would continue to do so until he was flung aside as being of no further value. Al-though Ventnor himself had carefully avoided any formal commitment, the cable-grams awaiting the shipowner at Singapore showed that confidence had already been restored by the uncontradicted use of his lordship's name.

Robert at last obtained a hearing. "You two are quietly assuming the atti-tude of the financial magnates of this gath-ering." he said. "I must admit that you have managed things very well between

part, at least, of her bright disposition.

"Will you sell your island, Robert," in cried. "I am afraid that not even Iris could wheedle any one into buying it."

"But father, dear," interrupted the girlearnestly, "what Robert says is true. We have a gold mine there. It is worth so much that you will hardly believe it until there can no longer be any doubt in your mind. I suppose that is why Robert asked me not to mention his discovery to you earlier."

"No. Iris, that was not the reason," said her lover, and the older men felt that more than idle fancy inspired the astounding intelligence that they had fust heard. "Your love was more to me than all the gold in the world. I had won you. I meant to keep you, but I refused to buy you."

the world. I had won you. I meant to keep you, but I refused to buy you."

He turned to her father. His pent-up emotion mastered him, and he spoke as one who could no longer restrain his feelings.

"I have had no chance to thank you for the words you uttered at the moment we quitted the ship. Yet I will treasure them while life lasts. You gave Iris to me when I was poor, disgraced, an outcast from my family and my profession. And I know why you did this thing. It was because you valued her happiness more than riches or reputation. I am sorry now I did not explain matters earlier. It would have saved you much needless suffering. But the sorrow has sped like an evil dream, and you will perhaps not regret it, for your action today binds me to you with hoops of steal. And you, too, unche. You traveled thousands of miles to help and comfort me in my anguish. Were I as bad as I was painted, your kind old heart still pitted me; you were prepared to pluck me from the depths of despair and degradation. Why should I hate Lord Ventnor? What man could have served me as he did? He has given me Iris. He gained for me at her father's hands a concession such as mortal has seldom wrested from black-browed fate. He brought my uncle to my side in the hour of my adversity. Hate him! I would have his statue carved in marble and set on high to tell all who passed how good may spring out of evil—how God's wisdom can manifest itself by putting even the creeping and crawling things of the earth to some useful purpose."

"Dash it all, lad," vociferated the elder Anstruther, "what alis thee? I never/heard you talk like this before?"

The old gentleman's amasement was so comical that further tension was out-of the question.

CONCLUDED MONDAY

# Tomorrow -but you must order today

Tomorrow's Public Ledger contains a feast of good things for the reader who demands the best in his Sunday newspaper. But you must order it TODAY. Sunday Public Ledgers sell out early.

# The Interesting Magazine Section

contains several bright topical articles keyed close to the news of the week. Among them are:

"Allies Learn From German Schoolmaster"

Less than two years after Germany exerted her greatest power the nations she compelled to attend her military school learned their lesson and were, in turn, prepared to play schoolmaster.

"Woodrow Wilson, the Man"

Sunday's Public Ledger contains an intimate personal sketch of Woodrow Wilson, the man. It was written by Professor Stockton Axson, brother of the President's first wife and an intimate friend of the family.

"Italy Proud of Her Soldier-Poet"

Giosue Borsi was a well-known Italian Poet who enlisted when the war broke out. He was killed on the Isonzo battlefield, but his remarkable "Letters from the Front" will live for centuries.

# FARMER SMITH'S



They listened and listened, Snore! snore

"Are you downstairs?" asked Mrs

"I hear a dreadful snoring somewhere Mrs. Bumpus arose, lit a candle and wes

downstairs.

"Billy, come quick!" ane shouted when she reached the dining room.

There, right in the middle of the dining room table lay Nero the cat, snoring worse than Billy had ever snored! Beside him lay the bottle of snore medicine which he had knocked over in his travels.

"I wish I had nover heard of snores," said Billy, as he took Nero out the door and toward the barn.

As they went to sleep Mrs. Bumpus could hear Nero snoring in the distance and it kept har awake all night.

# RAINBOW CLUB

#### THE HARDEST WORK IN THE WORLD

Dear Children, Especially Little Girls Who "Mind" the Baby-Of course, all know how hard it is to CONTROL ourselves and not fly in a temper. But what IS the hardest work (physical as well as mental) in all the world? I should say "minding" the baby.

I may be wrong, but that is my opinion. A man digging a ditch may like it. A "little mother" may like to "mind" the baby, but that is not saying the task is easy.

Suppose we all try to think of as many ways as possible to make this work of "minding" the baby easy. My heart goes out to the "little mothers," and I think that some sweet

day they, too, will be mothers and have babies of their own and know how to take care of them from EXPERIENCE. I think it would be very interesting reading to publish a few letters from

"little mothers" telling how they take care of babies intrusted to their care. The boys might be interested. Of course, if I am wrong in thinking "minding" the baby is the hardest work in the world, do write and tell me. Then I will tell you WHY I think

it is the hardest work in the world. I took care of one baby one day. FARMER SMITH, Children's Editor.

THE CAT AND THE SNORE POWDER

By Farmer Smith

By Farmer Smith

All day long, as faithfully as could be, Billy Bumpus took the snore powder,

"My," he said to his wife. "This powder tastes good. I like it, but it makes me as sicepy as a cat."

Once or twice Billy fell asleep in the casey chair, but never once did he snore. Just before supper he went to sleep with Nero, the big black cat, in his lap. While Billy slept the cat purred softly.

At supper, Billy was so sleepy he could hardly itsy awake. It seemed to him as though he never would get upstairs.

Mrs. Bumpus cleared the dishes off the table and left the snore medicine at Billy's pince, so that he could take a dose at breakfast time.

All was quiet upstairs. "Ah!" sighed Mrs. Bumpus, "If that snore medicine only makes Billy stop snoring I shall be happy."

By and by Billy and his wife were sleeping sweetly. Suddenly there arese a farrible noise, which sounded like the snore Billy Bumpus used to send out in the stilly night.

Mrs. Bumpus awoke first.

Honor Roll Contest The prizes for the best answers to "Things to Know and Do" for the week ending September 20 were won by the following members:

Hazel Ranck, Danville, Pa., \$1.

Dorothy Irwin, Overbrook, fifty cents. Marion Nieder, Greenway avenue, twenty-

Kyran Connelly, Frankford, twenty-flye Helen Ehlers, Marvine street, twenty-Bessle Carr, Idlewood, N. J., twenty-five

Last Week's Answers Monday's Answer Because they are easy to see through. Tuesday's Answer

Wednesday's Answers

(1) Encourage. (2) Mental, lament, mantle. Thursday's Answer

Friday's Answer A crockery dealer sells tea abinetmaker sells sottees. Saturday's Answer

The Girl Who Forgot to Remember

The Girl Who Forgot to Remember
By BESSIE SUBALL, S. Fifth et.; are 12 yre.
Once upon a time a little girl sat reading a paper. Her mother, who, was bathing the baby, called her. "Darling, go upstairs and bring me baby's dress, and hurry." "All right," mother," said Eather, "In a moment."

After ton minutes passed, her mother said: "Did you go?" "Oh, I forgot to remember?" cried Esther. This happened for some time, because Esther did not try to remember. Esther's mother felt ill one day and she told her to take baby out, but you might know Esther did not do it, but eat playing with her doil.

Esther was to go to a pionic that Sunday, and Saturday night sine told her mother to fix the clock for 6 o'clock. Her mother said sothing, but did not do it and went to bed. The next morning Esther awake and saw it was 8 o'clock. "Did you not fix the clock, mother?" asked Esther, and mother said: "I FORGOT to

#### The World's Series

Everybody is interested in the World's Series. In Sunday's Public Ledger you'll find it covered by George M. Young, the Ledger's baseball expert; H. Perry Lewis, a nationally known descriptive writer, and Ty Cobb, the greatest living ball player. How does that strike you as a combination of baseball writers? Golfers! Read the article by "Billy" Rocap, Sports Editor, where-in he asks the United States Golf

# Kaufman

Association a few pertinent questions.

"Your Vote," "Help Wanted" and other articles in his weekly talk will rivet your attention. The vigor of Kaufman's style is a thing to marvel at.

#### **Movie Stars**

You'll find your favorite "movie" star looking her very best in the Photogravure Picture Section. There's a full page of them!

### Dorothy's Shopping Service

Dorothy offers some helpful suggestions to aid the woman shopper. Virginia Earle's article, "Simplicity in Home-making," helps round out an already interesting Woman's Section.

The Story Hour

Lots of interesting stories for the Children's Hourstories the little folks enjoy.

Tomorrow! Order your copy from the newsdealer today. Sunday's Public Ledger sells out early.

TOMORROW'S PUBLIC & LEDGER