JUST GOSSIP ABOUT PEOPLE

Charity Ball Plans Discussed by Nancy Wynne. Various Happenings in the Social World

THOUGH it is still only October, we are planning ahead for the winter parties, and arrangements for the Charity built are well under way. The ball will be held as usual on the great floor of the Academy of Music on December 7, and really I quite think the committee has outdone itself in the opening feature this year.

Five charities are to benefit by the ball—the children's ward of the Jeffersen Hospital, the Bables' Hospital, the women's ward of the University Hospital words and the rehearmal.

Miss Helen Gay will entertain at a theater party for the bride-select. Miss Elizabeth Buchanan will entertain at a threater Buchanan will entertain at a bridge lumched.

women's ward of the University Hospital, Visiting Nurse Society and the Polyclinic Hospital.

The opening feature, I'm told, will be reception given by none other than His Mother Goose Majesty, Old King Cole, to all the heroes and heroines of youthful romance. The royal court of the king will be under the chaperonage of Mrs. Robert Emott Hare and will represent the Jefferson Hospital, Mrs. William Warden will represent the Babies' Hospital, with a group of fifty Harlequins and Columbines; Mrs. Jack Mitchell, 3d, will be in charge of the University Hospital group, consisting of fifty characters from "Treasure Island." The Visiting Nurse Society will be represented by Mrs. Barclay Warburton, and fifty characters from the "Arabian Nights" will dance under her chaperonage. Last, but by no means least, will be the Polyclinle's group, where the men will be tin soldiers and the girls dolls. Mrs. Herbert Clark chaperons this bunch of fifty men and

Those delightful little affairs out at Sedgley Club will start soon again, I am gind to say. The four Thursday lunchcons of the fall season will be held on the last week of this month and the first three Thursdays in November. Mrs. William Willcox, who is president of this exclusive little club in Fairmount Park, will be hostess on the first day.

It is perfectly fascinating out there you know. The club is built around the old lighthouse and has the coziest rooms and pretty furniture. Then the lunchcons, my dear; not only are the members hostesses, but they invite several others to assist them, and they concect the luncheon for that day themselves. They erok and serve and look too smart for saything in their dainty aprons, passing great caseroles of wonderful eats from guest to guest. I, for one, am very glad we are to have these treats soon again.

At a recent wedding it was not the thy and timid bride, adorned in "shimmering folds of lustrous white satin and silver lace," anxiously clutching her "bridal bouquet of orchids and lilles," who murmured "No" instead of "Yes." No. Indeed, it was the tall and handsome bridegrom, whose cutaway was of the latest model and who, with a calm countenance and firm voice, answered "I, John, take thee, Mary, to my wedded 'husband,' " whereupon, the best man swallowed audibly, the clergyman gulped and the maid of honor snickered, and among them all they nearly broke up a of her bridal party on Wednesday evening.

October 25. perfectly good wedding.

Have you heard of the new book? Well, my dears, every debutante ought to have one. It has just come out, and it is last year, to D. E. N., who is making hers this year. It is "the cutest thing you ever read." I was told. I did not know that M. D. T. wrote, did you? The book is in letter form, I believe: "Letters to D. E. N. from M. D. T." She is a dear St. David's this week. ittle thing and right in Society, with a large and capital S, and was one of the very prettiest debutantes of the season NANCY WYNNE.

Personals

The dinner-dance at the Philadelphia Cricket Club was well attended on Saturday Cricket Ciub was well attended on Saturday night and there were several attractive dinner parties, one including Mr. and Mrs. John K. Strubing, Mrs. Charles A. Potter, Jr., Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Kennedy, Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Cojahan, id. Mrs. Arthur Colahan, Mr. James A. Buli, Mr. H. F. Phelps, Mr. Joseph M. Jennings, Mrs. William Findlay Brown and Mr. Samuel Matteon.

The Countess Santa Eulalia has issued cards for a tea on Saturday, from 3 until 6 o'clock, at her home, Old York road and Juniper lane. The guests will be the members of the Germantown and Chestnut Hill branches of the women's committee Philadelphia Orchestra.

Addresses will be made by Mrs. A. J. Dallas Dixon and Mr. Arthur Judson.

Mr. and Mrs. T. Truxton Hare and family have returned to their Radnor home after spending the summer in Maine.

Mr. and Mrs. Louis A. Rijey and family, who have been passing the summer in Rad-nor, have returned to their home in town.

Mr. and Mræ Chariton Yarnail have re-turned from Northeast Harbor, Me., and are occupying their new home in Devon.

Mr. Philippus W. Miller is spending the week-end with his son, Mr. Philippus W. Miller, Jr., who is a student at West Point

Mrs. James Potter, of the Windermere, who has been spanding some time with her son-in-law; and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Polk, at their home in Washington, D. C., returned to town last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Churchill Williams, who

occupied their cottage as usual at Longbort this summer, have returned to their home. \$8 West Coulter street.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Heebner and Miss Julia Heebner. 2d. will leave shortly for southern California, where they will spend the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Loods Barroll, Mr. Anna Barroll, Mr. J. Leeds Barroll, Jr., and Mr. F. Lewis Barroll, of 7507 Charlton street, alount Airy, returned last week from Bys Beach, where they have been occupying their cottage. Mrs. Barroll will leave in a few weeks for Detroit to visit her elater, Mrs. John C. Ducey, at her home, 256 Seyburn avenue.

Miss Catherine French, of Villanova, has left for Atlantic City, where she is re-cuperating from her recent illness.

Mrs. Herbert, M. Tilden spent the week-end at the Ritz-Cariton, returning to her cottage in Cape May on Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. W. Hail Headington, whose marriage took place on Wednesday, have gone to White Sulphur Springs on their wedding Journey. Mrs. Headington was Miss Elizabeth Wilkinson before her mar-

Invitations have been received from Provost Edgar Fahs Smith and Mrs. Smith for a reception on Saturday, November 4, from 4 until 6 o'clock, in Weightman Hall, niversity of Pennsylvania.

Mrs. Nathan Hayward and her family, of St. David's, have returned from Man-chester, Mass., where they spent the sum-

Miss Cecily Barnes, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Hampton Barnes, of West Acres, Devon, is attending school at Wallingford, this winter.

Mr. and Mrs. Harvey Sayen, of 278 South Twenty-third street, who have been spend ing the summer at their cottage at Atlantic City, returned to town last week Rear Admiral W. W. Mende, U. S. N., o.

Aberdeen avenue. Wayne, has gone to Coy ington. Ky., where he will spend the winter Mr. and Mrs. H. Norris Harrison have closed their home on Greenwood avenue and are now living on Township line. Jen-

Mr. and Mrs. Jasper Nicolis, who have been spending several days as the guests of Mrs. Nicolis's parents, Mr. and Mrs. William T Moffly, of Allen lane, have returned to their home in Bayonne, N. J. Mrs. Ni-colls was Miss Emily Moffly.

Mr. and Mrs. D. Webster Dougherty and their daughter, Mrs. Marion Dougherty, have taken an apartment at the Believue-Stratford, which they will shortly occupy.

Mrs. Joseph Gilbert, of Abington, who has been spending several weeks in Asbury Park, has returned.

Mrs. Frederick C. Embick, of Roadside Cottage, Devon, is entertaining Mrs. Andrew Potts, of Washington, D. C.

Mrs. Adolph Gosling and her daughter, Mrs. Pennington Way, and her family, of St. David's, have returned from South Mrs. Lawrence M. Willson, of Wayne, left yesterday to visit her father in Pitts-burgh for two weeks.

Miss Katherine De R. Bell, whose mar-riage to Mr. Wilson W. Hochreider will take place next Thursday evening, will entertain at dinner at her home in honor

Mrs. Doland D. Davis, of 5221 Wissa-hickon avenue. Germantown, returned last week from New Jersey, where she has been for several days.

Mrs. Edward Laurent has returned to Edmary Lawn, her home in St. David's, after spending the summer in Delaware Valley.

been spending several weeks at the Brigh-ton, Atlantic City, returned to Walmarthon,

Announcement is made of the marriage of Mrs. Sophie Gray Stewart and Mr. Percival Armitage on Thursday, October 19.

Mr. and Mrs. G. U. Favorité, Mrs. E. B. Leaf and Miss Frances Leaf, of Devon, have taken apartments at the Coronado, Twenty-second and Chestnut streets, for

Mr. M. A. Dempsey, of 4431 Baltimore avenue, announces the marriage of his daughter, Miss Margaret Mary Dempsey, to Mr. Harold J. Allen on Saturday, October 21, at the Church of St. Francis de Sales, Forty-seventh street and Springfield avenue. After an extended wedding trip, Mr.



MRS. WALDO N. HACKETT

who before her marriage on Sat-urday was Miss Katherine Holden

and Mrs. Allen will be at home at St. Mar

Dr. and Mrs. Herman Yerkes, of 6942 Drexel road, Overbrook, will entertain at dinner tonight in honor of their daughter. Miss Marian D. Yerken, and her bridal party. Miss Terken's marriage to Mr. Ed-win H. Barlow, of Elizabeth, N. J., will take place tomorrow.

Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Jackson, of Devon, will mend the winter at Ziilwood, Fia.

Mr. and Mrs. John Hickey and Miss Beyette Faul, of 251 South Thirty-eighth street, will close their cottage at Cape May next week and return to town for the

Mrs. C. Austin Wentworth, of Wayne, has returned from a fortnight's visit in

Mrs. F. J. Osterheldt and Miss Marion Johnson have left their home, 4521 King-sessing avenue, for Virginia.

Mr. and Mrs. Herman Richter, of 2820 Oxford street, announce the betrothal of their daughter, Miss Goldie Richter, to Mr. David Rosen, of this city,

The Independent Hebrew Relief will give a dance at the Parkway Auditorium on Wednesday for the purpose of raising money to allowate the sufferings of poor and destitute Jewish families in this city.

WEDDINGS

CRONECKER-JOCKER

A double wedding took place on Sat-urday when Miss Hilda L. Jocker became the bride of Mr. William C. Boole, and her eister, Miss Freds C. Jocker, became the bride of Mr. C. George Cronecker,

of honor for both brides. Mr. Charles an was best man for Mr. Boole. Cronecker had his brother, Mr. Mr. and Mrs. Charles S. Walton, who have tave Cronecker, as best man. The Rev. M. C. Dumtrey and the Rev. Dunn Gilleson

GOLDBERG-TIETELMAN

A quiet wedding took place yesterday of Mrs. Sophie Gray Etewart and Mr. Percival Armitage on Thursday, October 12.

Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Moore Davis, who formerly occupied an apartment in the Creshelm Valley Apartment House, have gone to Haverford for the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. G. U. Favorits, Mrs. E. B.

What's Doing Tonight

Public Lodger Philiadelphia Orchestra concert. Academy of Music: 8:15 of clock.
"Flaysround Week" opens, Starr Garden.
Clinical Congress of Burgeems of North America opens. Bellevue-Stratford Austrian war relief. Turngemental Hall.
"Political Farum." Central Y. M. C. A.
Recordion to guardamen, Rollmesburg.
Ritata Federation of Women's Cluica. Philomusian Club, B44 Wainut street.

Dave, Alaire, Jose and Dolores Start Back for Las Palmas in Alaire's Automobile After the Ranger Gives Up His Hunt for Urbina

Im. When Alaire returns to Pueble after her linagrosable experience with Longorto she meets Dave. They arrange to start back for Law Palmas together.

CHAPTER XIII-(Continued) N SPITE of the unhealthy fancies that Dave Law had taken to bed with him, he

thing Mexican. "I haven't seen a newspaper for and I don't know what is going on at Jones-ville or anywhere else," she confided. Dave told her of the latest developments

in the Mexican situation, the slow but cer-tain increase of tension between the two governments and then of home happenings. When she asked him about his own doings he informed her of the affair which had brought him to Pueblo.

Of course, all three of his companions were breathlessly interested in the story of 'ino Garga's death; Dolores and Jose did not allow a word to escape them.

"So they cut our fence and ran the calves into our pasture to brand:" Alaire said. "It's time semebody like you came to Jonesville, Mr. Law."

"Caramba! If required bravery to ride alone into that rincon," Jose declared. "I knew Pino Garza well, and he could shoot

You wern't riding—Bessie Belle?"

'Yes. She's buried where she dropped."

'Ob-h!" Alaire's exclamation was eloquent of pity, and Law smiled crookedly.

"I've been right lonesome since she went away. Most every day I find myself steal-ing sugar for her, the way I used to do. See!" He fumbled in the pocket of his coat See!" He fumbled in the pocket of his coat and produced some broken lumps. "Probably you don't understand how a man gets to love his horse. Now we used to talk to each other, just like two people. Of course, I did most of the talking, but she understood. Why, ma'am, I've awakened in the night to find her standing over me and my check wet where she'd kissed me. She'd leave the nicest grass just to come and visit with me."

Alaire turned a quick glance upon the

rith me."

Alaire turned a quick glance upon the peaker to find his face set and his eyes niserable. Impulsively she laid her hand pon his arm, saying:

"I know how you must feel. Do you know."

"Oh, yes."

Dave smiled absent-mildedly. "There's a wonderful book about hirds—one of the keenest satires ever written, I reckon. It's about a near-sighted old Frenchman, who was cast away on a penguin island. He "Nowhere a trace!" the horse breaker was saying. "No one has seen him. Poor Rosa Morales will die of a broken heart."

Alaire explained to her guest: "Jose is worried about his cousin Panfilo. It seems has disappeared."

"Sol. You are Panfile's cousin?" Dave

f surprise. "So! You are Panflo's cousin?" Dave eyed the Mexican with new interest.

people."
"Not books like—that." There was a brief silence. "Mr. Law, every now and then you say something that makes me think you're a—rank impostor."

HEART OF THE SUNSET

By REX BEACH

"Don't you still believe in chivalry?"
Alaire turned her eyes upon the quesloner, and there were no girlish lilusions in
hem. "Do you?" she queried, with a faint
farl of her in

ment. Do you are the state of her lip.
"Why—yes."
"Why—yes."
"When have changed.
She shook her head. "Men have changed.

She shook her head. "Men have changed. Nowadays they are all selfish and sordid. But—i shouldn't generalize, for I'm a notorious man-hater, you know."
"It seems to me that women are just as selfish as men-perhaps more so—in all but little thinga."
"Our definitions of 'little thinga' may differ. What do you call a big thing?"
"Love! That's the blazest things the

"Love! That's the biggest thing in the

"Love! That's the biggest thing in the world," Law responded, promptly.
"It seems to be so considered. So you think women are selfish in love?" He modded, whereupon she eyed him speculatively. "Let us see, You are a man—how far would you go for the woman you loved?"

Mrs. Austin frowned at this light-seem-ing answer. "I suppose you mean that you would make any sacrifice?"
"Yes; that's it."

"Would you give up the woman herself, if you considered it your duty?"
"No. There couldn't be any duty higher than love to my way of thinking. But you shouldn't take me as a specimen. I'm not a good representative of my sex."
If think you are a very your one." Alaire

Jose frowned. "No one at La Ferfa has seen him, and in Pueblo there was not a word. It is strange."

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ATLANTIC CITY.N.J.

"The limit!"

"Twhaw!" said he. "I know cowboys that read twice as good as I do." "You went to school in the East, didn't you?" "Yes'm."
"Where" The man besitated, at which she insisted. "Where!"
Lave rejustantly turned upon her a pair of eyes in the depths of which there jurked the faintest twinkle. "Cornell," said he. Alaire gasped. After a while she remarked stiffly, "Tou have a peculiar sense of humor."
"Now don't be offended," he begged her.
"Tou a good deal like a chameleon." I up-

'Now don't be oftended, he begged here.

'I'm a good deal like a chameleon; I unconsciously change my color to suit my surroundings. When we first met I saw that you took me for one thing, and since the I've tried not to show you your mis-"Why did you let me send you those silly books? Now that you have begun to tail the truth, keep it up. How many of them had you read?"

arose this morning in fine spirits and with a determination to put in a happy day. Alaire, too, was in good humor and ex-pressed her relief at escaping from every-

"You said your horse saved your life,"
Mrs. Austin went on. "How do you mean?"
When Dave had explained she said quickly:

"I think you are a very good one," Alaire said, quietly, and Dave realized that, no flattery was intended. Although he was willing to talk further on this subject. Mrs. Austin gave him no opportunity of airing his views. Love, it appeared, was a thing she did not care to discuss with him on their footing of semi-intimacy. "I know how you must feel. Do you know what has always been my dearest wish? To be able to talk with animals, and to have them trust me. Just think what fun it would be to talk with the wild things and make friends of them. Oh, whe, I was a little girl I used to dream about it!"

Law nodded his vigorous appreciation of such a desire. "Dogs and horses sabe more than we give them credit for. I've learned a few bird words, too. You remember those quait at the water hole?"

The morning sun swung higher, and by midden for the automobile had become as hot age a frying pan. They stopped at various goat ranches to inquire about Adoifo Urbina, and at noon haited beside a watercourse for lunch.

her eyes.
"Well." said he, "I read 'most anything
I can get. A feller meets up with strange
books just like he meets up with strange "You remember the man?" Alaire went n. "He was with that fellow you arrested at the water hole." "Oh vest I remember him." With steads fingers Dave shook some tobacco into a cigarette paper. He fe't Alaire's eyes upon him, and they were eloquent of inquiry, but he did not meet them.

Rainbows, one of our members has had an accident! Here is her picture, and be-



was bit better.

Dearest F w r m e r

Rmith—Teacherday noon
I was coming home
I was on his whole
I was no his word
I word home
I was hom

"Panfile was in had company when I saw him." Law flotched rolling his eigerette and ill it, still comecious of Anire's questioning gase. "He may have had trouble."

"He was a good man," the horse breaker asserted, "If he is dead—." The Mex-lean's frown deepened to a scowl. "What then?"

Jose significantly paned the gift revolver at his hip. "This little fellow will have something to say."
Dave looked him over idly, from head to heel, then murmured: "You would do well to go slow, compadre. Pantio made his own quarrels."

"We were like brothers, and I do not know of any quarrels. But I shall find out. It begins to look bad for somebody. After he left that charco there is—nothing. Where did he go? Whom did he encounter? Rosa will ask me those questions. I am not given to boasting, senor, but I am a devisible head man in my way."

THE TRUTH ABOUT PANFILO OTHING more was said during the funcheon, but when Alaire had finished eating and her two employes had begun their meal, she climbed the bank of the arroyo estensibly to find a cool spot. Has-ing succeeded, she called to Dave: "There is a nice breeze up here."

The Ranger's face set; rising slowly, he limbed the bank after her. When they good face to face in the shade of a gnarly

stood face to face in the stude of a gnarly oak tree. Alaire asked him pointblank:
"Where is Panfilo Sanchea!"
Dave met her eyes squarely; his own were cold and hard. "He's where he dropped at my second shot," said he.
He could hear his companion's sharp inhalation. He did not flinch at the look she turned upon him.
"Then—you killed him?"
"Yea'm?"
"God! He was virtually unarroad! "Well, I hadn't read any of them-"How disagreeable of you to put it that way!" The car leaped forward as if spurred by Alaire's mortification. "I wondered how you knew about the French revolution. That Hastilly was some calaboose, wasn't it? 'she quoted his own words scornfully. "I dare say you've had a fine laugh at my expense?"
"No!" gravely denied the man.
They had come to an arroyo containing a considerable stream of muddy water, and Law was forced to get out to plug the carburetor and stop the cil intakes to the crank case. This done, Alaire ran the machine through on the self-starter. When Jose's Carambas!" and Delores's shricks had subsided, and they were again under way. Mrs. Austin, it seemed, had regained her good humor.
"You will receive no more delayed.

"God! He was virtually unarmed! What do you call—such an act?"
Dave's lips slowly whitened, his face became stony. He closed his eyes, then opened them upon hers. "He had it coming. He stole my horse. He took a chance."

Mrs. Austin turned sway. For a line

Mrs. Austin turned away.

they were silent and Dave felt himself pitilessly condemned. "Why didn't you tell me at the time?" he asked. "Why didn't you report it?" "I'll report it when you give me permis-

her good humor.

"You will receive ne more of my favorite authors," she told Dave, spitefully, "I'll keep them to read myself."

"You like knights and—chivalry and such things, don't you?"

"Chivalry, yes. In the days when I believed in it I used to cry over those romanics." "I-? What-?" She wheeled to face "Think a moment. I can't tell half the truth. And if I tell everything it will lead

"Ah! I think I understand. Mr. Law, rou can be insulting—"
For the first time the man lost muscular sontrol of his features; they twitched, and under their tan his cheeks became a sickly

"You've no right to say that," he told her, harshly. "You've plumb overstepped yourself. ma'am, and—I reckon you've formed quite a wrong opinion of me and of the facts. Let me tell you something about that killing and about myself, so you'll have it all straight before you bring in your verdict. You say Panflo was unarmed, and you call it—murder. He had his six-shooter and he used it; he had the darkness and the swiftest horse, too. He intended to ambush me and release his companion, but I forced his hand; so it ain't what I'd call murder. Now about myself: Panflo isn't the first man I've killed, and he may not be the lagt, but I haven't lost any may not be the last, but I haven't lost any sleep over it, and I'd have killed him just as quick if I hadn't been an officer. That's the kind of a man I am, and you may see

"You are utterly ruthless."

"Yes'm!"
"You left him there without burial." (CONTINUED TOMORROW)

Norwood Home and School Meeting Magic lantern illustrations of the "Homes and Other Views of Norwood" will be given in the public schoolibrius at Norwood tonight, when the regular monthly meeting of the Home and School Association will be held. The Horto Glee Club of the Horticultural Society will have charge of the musical features.

HOBGOBS' LAY S PLANS FOR HALLOY 'GHOSTS' TO BE ON

Alarming Tip Gets Abroad to "Lay Off the Superstitious Stuff," but There'll Be Fun Anyhow

MANY NEW DECORATIONS

Hobsoblins, witches, shosts, black a and other inhabitants of Hobgoblin land are planning to be specially kind to Philadelphians this Halloween. A str tip to this effect leaked through the rigid censorship which has been establishe the weird country where mleshapen or tures prowl and feline monstrosities under the ghastly light of a distorted under the ghastly light of a distorted misen. It is reported on good authority that the "hobgobe" were in executive council two weeks trying to devise wave of injecting a little Halloween good cheer into Philadelphia. It is true that all of the "Hobsobs" were not in favor of showing a kindly front to Philadelphia. For instance, the Conclave of Forty Witches were very much disgrout led. They couldn't figure what Halloween was for unless it was to make chilis percolate through the vertebra and supercitious shivers travel across shoulder blades. But Old King Halloween, whose word is law in the Hobgoblin World, told them they must "lay off" the purely supersti lous stuff this year and get in on the humans movement, which in some way or another has made its influence felt where the spooks live.

SOME FUNMAKERS

SOME FUNMAKERS

The witches have arranged that this knowledge will be forthcoming by the "test of the three chahes." It is done like this:

Take three saucers and in one place clear water; in a second, soapy water; the third is left empty. One by one the men and maidens are blindfolded and led to the dishes. The one who dips into the clear water with the left foreinger will have as a life companion a young and handsome man or woman, as the case may be; if into the soapy water a widow or widower; if he touches the empty, sad to say, single blessedness will be his lot. Sometimes the saucer story is varied by placing water, wine and vinegar in the dishes, denoting a peaceful life, a rich and eventful career or one of poverty.

The black-cat brigade has invented the "chestnut test" for the enjoyment of Phila-delphia young people this Halloween. Each man and maid places a chestnut side by side in the fire to roast. If one hisses and steams it indicates a fretful temper in the owner; if both behave in this manner, is augura strife. If one or both pop away, i means separation, but if both are burnef to ashes side by side it foretells a long life of

If no man is at hand the girl places three nuts in the fire, two of which are named after high favorites and the third being herself. If one jumps and cracks, this means he is unfaithful; the one that burns steadily loves you, and if one burns out at your side then that is Mr. Right Man. "BOBBING FOR APPLES"

The old Halloween game of "bobbing for apples" promises to be much in vogue this year. A number of stemless apples are placed in a tubful of water. The players kneel beside the tub with their hands tied behind them, and try to draw out the apples with their teath. Good fortune awaits those who succeed. The raisin race is another popular Hal the raisin race is another popular Hab-loween stunt. A raisin is strung in the middle of a thread about a yard long and two persons take each end of the string in his or her mouth. Whoever, by chewing the string, reaches the raisin first, will be the first to be wedded.

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HAVE YOU A BANK? Dear Children-Here is a wonderful thought. Every time you pass a bank building you can think of it:

YOU HAVE A BANK! You are president, vice president, cashier, board of directors and janitor You carry it with you, you go to bed with it, you get up with it. That bank is your HEAD!

Every day you should make a deposit in YOUR BANK. Of course, you can't put money in your head, but you can put its equivalent-KNOWLEDGE. KNOWLEDGE IS POWER. Not all great men have money. Was Abraham Lincoln a millionaire? Was

Napoleon a millonaire? I think ng What DID these men have? They had a large store of KNOWLEDGE in

their heads. Learn ONE thing every day. Learn 365 things a year that will help YOU. DEPOSIT something worth while in YOUR HEAD EVERY DAY. . FARMER SMITH, Children's Editor. P. S .- If you can't do any bester, deposit a NEW WORD in your head

every day and know its meaning. STRANGE ADVENTURES OF THE GIN GINS

. By Farmer Smith

Many funny and exciting adventures have the Gin Gins; they are carried here and there—one minute on the Alps, an-other on the hot sands of the Sahara Descrit

other on the bot sands of the Sahara Desert.

From time to time you shall hear about the Gin Gins and their strange adventures.

A storm is coming now, It may bear a message from my little friends, the Gin Gins.

Excuse me while I listen.

The Marching Song
By MALVINA KAY HOLCOMBE
To those who are wniching
"The a very cuto sight.
To see the action mayer out.
Left, right, left, right.

low is the little letter which tells about it. The picture was scheduled to appear a little later in the week, but we publish it out of turn in order that you may know Malvina just a wae bit better.

Lovingly, I remain, your little friend.

We are so sorry, Malvina, about all the upset bones, and at the same time we are so pleased that at the same time we are so pleased that at little girl should care to while away the daytime bed hours by writing for our club that we are going to publish one of the poems right here and now. We think it would be very chumlike if some of the Rainbow girls would send Malvina a little postcard message. Her address is Bala avenue, Cynwyd, Pa.

Thank you, little sick-a-bed girl, for the postcaripts. Now we have a sacret. Let's tell the Rainbows about your name! Malvina Kay Holcombe was named for her grandmother, and jur because she was she is going to be as line and wonderful as that lovely lady!

PARMER SMITH.

Address

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