

JUST GOSSIP ABOUT PEOPLE

Nancy Wynne Chats About a Number of Things—The Social Doings Are Virtually Nil in August—Son Will Not Ride With Father Until Winter

IT'S all very well, you know, this August weather, and you feel fine now that the awful heat is a thing to remember and not still to endure. But have you heard of anybody doing anything about these belated parts of the country? You have not. Well, it's always the case in August and so there's nothing more to be said about that. Down by the sad sea waves the girls are bathing and some few men who have not yet been "called" and who have a few days to use up for holidays bathe with them, and at Cape May there's pretty nearly always something doing, even if it's only a steamed crab supper or movies. There's a constant turmoil of suppressed excitement there, too. What with submarines carrying on their nefarious work and chasers and seaplanes and patrols going after them, Cape May's quite a busy little place and no mistake. The bathing is, as usual, simply splendid, and the girls there really do go in the water and have a great time swimming about. But it seems to me one can't really enjoy anything thoroughly any more. Does it strike you that way? For two or three years there were the shark scares all along the coast, so that even if you did swim you kept pretty close to shore. Now it's submarines. Then there's the knowledge that "over there" the boys, who are so dear to so many even if they are not our very own, are daily facing death or dreadful wounds or imprisonment at the hands of the Germans, who hate them as much as they hate the English. You can't be awfully happy about things and yet be unselfish, can you? And yet, you can keep your peace of mind and you must raise yourself above being unhappy because of the world's sorrows, for we know that "overmuch sorrow" is too great for any one. And besides, we have to "carry on" here as much as the boys have to "carry on" there. And it must never be said of the American women that we have not been as brave and as full of endurance as our tired but brave sisters in Belgium, England, France, Italy, Serbia and the other countries of Europe and Asia, too, for that matter, for the English women followed their troops into Mesopotamia to nurse and aid the wounded and suffering.

Never again will he take an automobile ride in order to keep "cool" on a hot day. NANCY WYNNE.

Social Activities

Mrs. William Fisher Norris, of 1530 Locust street, is at Woodbourne Farm, Dimock, Pa., where she will remain until the middle of October.

Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence T. Paul, of 334 South Twenty-first street, are at Newport, R. I., for this month and part of September.

Mrs. Stockton Townsend, of Bryn Mawr, is at West Outlook Camp, where she will stay until the middle of September.

Mrs. Charles Bally has been spending some time at a hostess house at Camp Lee, Va.

Mrs. John Water, of Bedford, Germantown, has gone to Woods Hole, Mass., to spend September and part of October.

Mr. and Mrs. Louis Frey are staying at the Profile House, in the White Mountains, N. H., until the end of the month.

Mr. Charles Gilpin, Jr., is the guest of Mr. I. Riley at Palmer, N. J., where he will remain until after Labor Day.

General L. W. T. Waller and Mrs. Waller, of the navy yard, are spending the remainder of this month and September at the guests of Mrs. Earl D. Putnam at Waterville, N. Y.

Mr. Chester N. Farr, Jr., of Chestnut Hill, is visiting Mr. H. G. Woodworth at Cape Cod and will return September 1.

Dr. and Mrs. Henry W. Gray and their family, of 5200 Wayne avenue, Germantown, have returned to their home after a two weeks' stay in Bay Head.

Mr. and Mrs. Louis E. Rock, of 14 Rose lane, Rosemont, are receiving congratulations on the birth of a son on August 16. Mrs. Rock will be remembered as Miss Sarah V. Fowler, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George L. Fowler, of Villanova.

Mr. and Mrs. William G. Nelson, Jr., of Lansdowne, are receiving congratulations on the birth of a son on August 16.

Announcement is made of the marriage of Miss Gertrude Kauffman, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Henry K. Kauffman, of 2637 North Thirteenth street, and Mr. Robert J. Cunningham on Saturday, August 10, at the home of the Rev. David Spencer, pastor emeritus of the Lehigh Avenue Baptist Church, who performed the ceremony. The bridegroom and bride left on an extended trip.

Mrs. A. M. Goss and her daughter and son-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Charles C. Neil, of 30 Leonard avenue, Camden, N. J., entertained at dinner on Saturday evening. The guests were Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Goss and their son, Mr. Paul Goss, of Parkside; Mr. and Mrs. E. Frame, of Radnor; Miss Marc Harkins and Miss Margaret Harkins, also of Radnor, and Miss Ethel Goss, of Pine Valley, N. J. They took a trip to Wildwood on Sunday.

Good gracious, Nancy, how you do run on! You started talking about the bathing at Cape May and the submarines, and then the first thing you know you're on the war and "carrying on." That's just it. These days you can start on any subject you please, but you end up on the war. Because it's the great vital thing that fills your thoughts, and you can't well get away from it, can you?

Well, anyhow, we're winning, and so that's one thing we can be glad about.

I WONDER if women will ever learn not to believe all they hear, and, above all, not to repeat it? That's pretty hard on your own sex, Nancy! Yes, it is; but in the majority of cases I'm afraid it's true. Especially in these war times. We are too inclined to believe all we hear. That tale that went around West Philadelphia's by word of mouth about the Germans cutting out the prisoners' tongues reminds me of a tale I heard several days ago.

And the way the woman who was told the tale handled it should be a lesson to many. She was called to the phone for a nice little gossip fest, and the girl at the other end, after a few preliminaries, remarked: "Didn't you feel sorry for Mr. and Mrs. J.?" "No," said the caller, "I was awfully brave," she continued, "awfully brave, and Mr. J. said: 'It's all right. I'm proud to have him give his life for his country.' Poor man," she added, "but of course he could not keep that up all the time, and could not tell this, because he would not want any one to know he had weakened, but I saw him walking along the road two days later, and he did not know any one was near, and he was wringing his hands and crying and sobbing. It's an awful thing to hear a man sob, isn't it?" she added realistically.

Well, her listener kept perfectly quiet until she had finished and then remarked: "Yes, it's very sad; but you see Mr. J. has been dead for some four years, and it does not sound like him anyhow."

That girl happened to know and nailed the ridiculous story at the beginning.

Why, oh why, do we not have more common sense and stop the spreading of tales that do not help any one? On the contrary, they simply waste our valuable time.

YOU remember, of course, that weather two weeks ago? I think you heard your friend Nancy say some few more or less words about it. Well, you should have heard the words that a certain suburbanite said after a merry little experience he had. He was out home on his vacation, but he found an errand in town so he could take a short ride in the car with young son, who was very cross and hot. So they started and son was tickled to death, and of course that pleased Dad a lot. They went along at a good speed and were almost cool, when all at once, just as they reached the busiest, hottest part of Market street, faint sneezes and sniffs were heard from the engine. Now, engines don't get hay fever and Dad had a funny feeling about those sneezes. In fact, as he recalled the events of the day he couldn't find the moment when he had filled the gasoline tank. They managed to get as far as a side street where they could stall without being bumped into, and then Dad started off on a still hunt for a garage. Son, being too little to walk fast and too young to be left alone, had to be carried, and when you say "Wednesday" or "108" or "That hot day" in Dad's presence you're in danger, because those words invariably bring back a picture of himself, baby on one arm, gasoline can in the other, toiling up the street surrounded by hot, blue atmosphere, to revive the fainting spirit of his father's engine.

Daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Nathaniel Gross, of 533 South street, whose engagement to Mr. Nathaniel E. Godette, of Mr. and Mrs. Louis Godette, of 1333 North Eighth street, has been announced.

MOTHER AND CHILD



MRS. THOMAS WRIGHT and her small daughter, Katherine. Mrs. Wright was formerly Miss Katherine Mullen, of Baltimore.

"DREAMLAND ADVENTURES"

By DADDY THE HARVEST CARNIVAL

A complete new adventure each week, beginning Monday and ending Saturday.

CHAPTER V The Aerial Coaster

(Peggy goes to the Birds' Harvest Carnival disguised as a Parrot, and there finds out mysterious enemies are stirring up discord among the Birds. A handsome Rooster turns her against spies.)

GENERAL SWALLOW looked at Peggy in surprise.

"My gracious, if I'd known you were Princess Peggy I'd have been flirting with you long ago," he declared.

"Thank you," replied Peggy.

"But what's all this mystery?" went on General Swallow. "I'm getting all tangled up. Here's my dear little wife flirting with strangers; here's murmuring among our Birds against you and I know every one is the soul of loyalty; here are you, Princess Peggy herself, and I thought you only a nee-doosie Parrot, and now I'd like to know who that Rooster is, and that Pheasant, too."

"The Rooster is a friend, because he warned me against the spies," answered Peggy. "I



She landed slam-bang on a living cushion.

think the Pheasant is an enemy. I wish Billy Belgium were here to help us solve the problem. Have you seen him?"

"No," answered General Swallow. "I've been looking for him myself. Say, look at those little pieces of feathers! They're out of that Pheasant's tail."

"Trust your wife," whispered a voice. Peggy and General Swallow turned to find the Rooster beside them. "She is serving Birdland and the nation."

"Who are you?" demanded General Swallow. "You're the one I've been looking for," answered the Rooster. "Never mind now," came the whispered answer. "Enemies are among us. Keep your eyes and ears open."

With that the Rooster disappeared amid the frolicking crowd.

"There! You see he is a friend," said Peggy. "You'd better be trying to get information from the Pheasant."

"But she needn't look at him as if she liked him better than any one else on earth," muttered General Swallow. "I'll help run down these enemies, and if that Pheasant is out of this, well, you know what you do to spies in the army!"

Peggy tried to join in the fun of the Birds, but the disloyal tale she had heard and the warning she had received were uppermost in her mind. Everywhere she went she heard little snatches of argument among the Birds which showed that some one had been dropping disloyal hints into their ears.

Shrieks of glee came from one corner of the grove. There Peggy found the Birds gathered around the end of a wire which stretched down the hill and across the little lake. On this wire the Birds were having jolly slides, coasting into the bushes on the opposite side of the water.

"Everybody rides! Everybody rides!" rapped a Turkey Buzzard, who seemed to be in charge of the fun. "The price is only two grasshoppers. Everybody rides!"

Peggy, drawing close, saw that the coasting Birds were perched on little swings—such as are found in Bird cages. These swings slid along the wire carrying the riders skimming across the lake and into the bushes. Birds gathered as they coasted. The Turkey Buzzard and brought back the swings for new coasters.

As Peggy looked, Judge Owl went whizzing down the wire and she laughed at his frantic hoots as he tried to keep his balance on the swing. It seemed such fun, that she wanted to try it herself.

"It's Princess Peggy," she heard a voice whisper near her. "We must help her if we want to win the Birds over to our side." Peggy whirled round. The squatty Canary was just running back into the dancing crowd. He was evidently the speaker. But to whom was he speaking? Peggy looked carefully about her. There were Birds of many kinds about the wire, all apparently absorbed in watching the coasting and trying to get in line for a ride.

"Everybody rides! Only two grasshoppers a ride," cried the Turkey Buzzard. Then to Peggy's surprise she heard him call her assumed name. "Everybody rides, but only the Witch of the Night rides free."

"The Witch of the Night rides free," croaked the Crows. Peggy felt herself pushed and pulled, and then before she knew what

was happening she had been rushed into the swing.

"The Witch of the Night rides free," cried the Turkey Buzzard, and down the wire shot Peggy. A thrill ran through her. It was fun—exciting fun. Involuntarily she pressed on the auto horn.

"Squawk! Squawk!" it sounded, and the Birds screamed their laughter.

Out over the lake skimmed Peggy. Then, just as she got in the middle, the wire suddenly sagged. It had given away at the lower end. Too late, Peggy realized that she had been caught in a plot. She was plunging right toward the water. In a moment she would be struggling in it. Perhaps she would be drowned.

Letting go the swing, Peggy jumped far out to escape becoming entangled in the wire. As she did so she heard a loud clatter below her and in another second she landed slam-bang on a living cushion that seemed suddenly to rise from the lake.

(Tomorrow will be told how Peggy is saved and how the mysterious foes are caught.)

FORM CLUB AT FACTORY TO AID BOYS OVERSEAS

No Death of Smokes or Reading Matter for 635 Former Budd Employees

Plenty of smokes, reading matter, smokes and other comforts are assured the 635 former employees of the E. G. Budd Manufacturing company who are now scattered all over the world in war service.

Their 4000 former fellow-workers in the big plant at Twenty-fifth street and Hunting Park avenues are seeing to it. In a club newly organized, known as the Budd Trench Club Auxiliary, the workers of the Budd plant who stay behind are extending to their comrades at war a series of gifts and services.

The first gift is a jewel-set compass engraved with the name of the recipient, and there are now 635 of these being worn by soldiers somewhere in France, in training camps in the United States and aboard war vessels.

The women employees of the big plant knit mufflers, sweaters, socks and similar comforts. The men are sending smokes, books and magazines.

In connection with visits to the families of the soldiers by the members of the Trench Club Auxiliary, a novel letter exchange has been established. Letters received by the Budd company employees from fellow-workers in the service are turned over to their relatives after being read by recipients. Similarly, a soldier's family permits his friends to read the letters he sends home.

TEACH WOMEN DRAFTING

Franklin Institute Provides Course at Industries' Request

In response to a widespread demand from munition and other industrial plants where women employed in drafting rooms on tracings have demonstrated marked ability, the Franklin Institute will open the first class in mechanical drafting for women to be established in this city, and probably the first in the country.

Heretofore women entering this branch of the art and textile or industrial schools, or in architectural and engineering offices. The course at Franklin Institute will provide complete training now given exclusively to men.

"The decision to open such a class was reached as a result of correspondence we have had with leading industrial plants," said George A. Hoadley, acting secretary of the institute.

SILVER WEDDING DAY

Mr. and Mrs. M. F. Hanson Married Twenty-five Years

Mr. and Mrs. M. F. Hanson, of Sedgwick, celebrated the twenty-fifth anniversary of their wedding yesterday morning at a nuptial mass at Holy Cross Church, 134 East Mount Airy avenue, Mount Airy, at 10 o'clock. The Rev. Joseph A. McCullough said the mass. In the sanctuary were the Most Rev. Archbishop Dennis J. Dougherty, Monsignor James F. Turley, P. A.; Monsignor George T. Drumppole, D. D., rector of the Seminary of St. Charles Borromeo; Monsignor Nevin F. Fisher, Monsignor Gerald P. Coghlan, Monsignor Michael Crane, the Rev. A. H. Hufe, S. J., president of St. Joseph's College; the Rev. M. A. Drennan, C. M.; the Rev. Father Hillarian, the Passionist; the Rev. Edward Lyons, D. D.; the Rev. A. H. Hufe, S. J.; the Rev. James C. Devera, the Rev. Vincent L. Burns and the Rev. M. A. Brown.

BENEFIT FOR ORPHANS

Bridge Party Proceeds Will Help Northern Home

A benefit bridge party for the Northern Home for Friendless Children will be given this afternoon at the Ocean City clubhouse. Between 400 and 500 women are expected to attend.

The Stotesbury will speak, outlining the work of the home. This institution, of which Mrs. G. W. Urquhart is president, was founded in 1853. It was enlarged during the Civil War, when it sheltered more than 1500 orphans. It is the only institution in Philadelphia now that is prepared for just this thing.

The money raised by the benefit will go to the financing of amusements for the children, trips to the circus, to the country and equipment for games and athletics.

OH, MONEY! MONEY!

By Eleanor H. Porter Author of "Pollyanna"

CHAPTER XVIII (Continued) MR. SMITH laughed a little.

"I shan't be answering what you want to say—but what I want to say. In this case, Miss Flora, I may exceed the prerogatives of the ordinary secretary just a bit, you see. But you can count on one thing—I shan't be spending any money for you."

"You won't send them anything, then?" "Not a rad cent."

"Miss Flora looked distressed." "But Mr. Smith, I want to send some of 'em something. I want to be kind and charitable."

"Of course you do, dear," spoke up Miss Maggie. "But you aren't being either kind or charitable to foster rascally fakes like that," pointing to the picture in Miss Flora's lap.

"Are they all fakes, then?" "I'd stake my life on most of 'em," declared Mr. Smith. "They have all the earmarks of fake all right."

Miss Flora stirred restlessly. "But I was having a beautiful time giving until these horrid things began to come."

"Flora, do you give because you like the sense of giving, and of receiving thanks, or because you really want to help somebody?" asked Miss Maggie, a little impatiently.

"Why Maggie! I want to help people, of course, almost miss Flora." "Well, then, suppose you try and give so it will help them, then," said Miss Maggie. "If you do the most risky thing in the way of my way of thinking, is a present of—cash. Don't you think so, Mr. Smith?"

"Er—ah—that? Yes, of course," stammered Mr. Smith, growing awkward for some unapparent reason, very much confused.

"Yes—yes, I do." As Mr. Smith finished speaking, he threw an oddly nervous glance into Miss Maggie's face.

Miss Maggie had turned back to Miss Flora. "There, dear," she admonished her, "now, you do just as Mr. Smith says. Just hand you a letter to him for a while, and forget all about them. He'll tell you how he answers them, of course. But you won't have to worry about them any more. They'll be sent soon after coming—sort they, Mr. Smith?"

"I think they will. They'll dwindle to a few scattering ones, anyway—after I've handed you a letter or two." "Well, I should like that," sighed Miss Flora. "But—can't I give anything anywhere?" she besought plaintively.

"Of course you can," cried Miss Maggie. "But I would investigate a little, first, dear. Wouldn't you, Mr. Smith? Don't you believe in investigation?"

Once again, before he answered, Mr. Smith threw a swiftly questioning glance into Miss Maggie's face.

"Yes, oh, yes; I believe in—investigation," he said then. "And now, Miss Flora, what shall I do?"

"I would investigate a little, first, dear. Wouldn't you, Mr. Smith? Don't you believe in investigation?"

Once again, before he answered, Mr. Smith threw a swiftly questioning glance into Miss Maggie's face.

"Yes, oh, yes; I believe in—investigation," he said then. "And now, Miss Flora, what shall I do?"

"I would investigate a little, first, dear. Wouldn't you, Mr. Smith? Don't you believe in investigation?"

Once again, before he answered, Mr. Smith threw a swiftly questioning glance into Miss Maggie's face.

"Yes, oh, yes; I believe in—investigation," he said then. "And now, Miss Flora, what shall I do?"

"I would investigate a little, first, dear. Wouldn't you, Mr. Smith? Don't you believe in investigation?"

Once again, before he answered, Mr. Smith threw a swiftly questioning glance into Miss Maggie's face.

"Yes, oh, yes; I believe in—investigation," he said then. "And now, Miss Flora, what shall I do?"

"I would investigate a little, first, dear. Wouldn't you, Mr. Smith? Don't you believe in investigation?"

Once again, before he answered, Mr. Smith threw a swiftly questioning glance into Miss Maggie's face.

"Yes, oh, yes; I believe in—investigation," he said then. "And now, Miss Flora, what shall I do?"

"I would investigate a little, first, dear. Wouldn't you, Mr. Smith? Don't you believe in investigation?"

Once again, before he answered, Mr. Smith threw a swiftly questioning glance into Miss Maggie's face.

"Yes, oh, yes; I believe in—investigation," he said then. "And now, Miss Flora, what shall I do?"

"I would investigate a little, first, dear. Wouldn't you, Mr. Smith? Don't you believe in investigation?"

Once again, before he answered, Mr. Smith threw a swiftly questioning glance into Miss Maggie's face.

"Yes, oh, yes; I believe in—investigation," he said then. "And now, Miss Flora, what shall I do?"

"I would investigate a little, first, dear. Wouldn't you, Mr. Smith? Don't you believe in investigation?"

Once again, before he answered, Mr. Smith threw a swiftly questioning glance into Miss Maggie's face.

"Yes, oh, yes; I believe in—investigation," he said then. "And now, Miss Flora, what shall I do?"

"I would investigate a little, first, dear. Wouldn't you, Mr. Smith? Don't you believe in investigation?"

Once again, before he answered, Mr. Smith threw a swiftly questioning glance into Miss Maggie's face.

"Yes, oh, yes; I believe in—investigation," he said then. "And now, Miss Flora, what shall I do?"

"I would investigate a little, first, dear. Wouldn't you, Mr. Smith? Don't you believe in investigation?"

Once again, before he answered, Mr. Smith threw a swiftly questioning glance into Miss Maggie's face.

"Yes, oh, yes; I believe in—investigation," he said then. "And now, Miss Flora, what shall I do?"

"I would investigate a little, first, dear. Wouldn't you, Mr. Smith? Don't you believe in investigation?"

Once again, before he answered, Mr. Smith threw a swiftly questioning glance into Miss Maggie's face.

RED CROSS KNITTERS WILL GET MORE WOOL

War Industries Board Will Supply Them Through Organization, Despite Shortage

Although there is a serious shortage of raw wool, the war industries board is handling the new clip entirely, thus eliminating the element of profiteering, and the Red Cross will get its fair proportion.

This statement was made by George Peak, commissioner of finished products of the war industries board, in answer to many inquiries by Red Cross workers. He asks that all Red Cross chapters buy their supplies through the central organization, where all requirements will be taken up and considered in the regular way with the Government. The effect of chapters going out into the market independently, he explained, is most disastrous. There is immediately created a shortage for civilian trade.

George E. Scott, acting general manager of the American Red Cross, has notified the chapters that in view of the great shortage of raw wool and the reduction of the production of knitting yarns, the Red Cross purchased 1,400,000 pounds of yarn for distribution through the division chapters, and it is hoped further supplies may be had.

It is estimated that 10,000,000 pounds were used last year by the organization. The problem of utilizing the yarn on hand to produce only those garments most essential to the war effort, the result will be announced in a few weeks.

EXPRESS TRIBUTE IN VERSE

Lines Dedicated by Alpine Club to Member "Gone West"

Members of the Alpine Club have dedicated a verse, "The Stricken Hero," to the memory of Private Nathan Aurit, one of their number, who was killed in action July 15 in the big drive "over the top."

Aurit, a boxer, lived at 1025 Emily street. The verse, submitted by Louis Barr, 1831 South Eighth street, a member of the Alpine Club, follows:

"Farewell to our stricken hero,
Dying midst the cannon's roar;
In his strong and early manhood,
Died upon a foreign shore,
Well beloved by all his clubmates,
And the Alpine members knew
He would always help a comrade—
Always ready, staunch and true.
How we miss this jolly comrade,
Who lies buried 'over the sea."
No more need hear his happy greeting,
In the ranks of Company C."

Stanley

MAE MARSH "MONEY"

Next Week, Maize Kennedy in "Friend Husband"

Next Week, Maize Kennedy in "Friend Husband"

Next Week, Maize Kennedy in "Friend Husband"

Next Week, Maize Kennedy in "Friend Husband"

Next Week, Maize Kennedy in "Friend Husband"

Next Week, Maize Kennedy in "Friend Husband"

Next Week, Maize Kennedy in "Friend Husband"

Next Week, Maize Kennedy in "Friend Husband"

Next Week, Maize Kennedy in "Friend Husband"

Next Week, Maize Kennedy in "Friend Husband"

Next Week, Maize Kennedy in "Friend Husband"

Next Week, Maize Kennedy in "Friend Husband"

Next Week, Maize Kennedy in "Friend Husband"

Next Week, Maize Kennedy in "Friend Husband"

Next Week, Maize Kennedy in "Friend Husband"

Next Week, Maize Kennedy in "Friend Husband"

Next Week, Maize Kennedy in "Friend Husband"

Next Week, Maize Kennedy in "Friend Husband"

Next Week, Maize Kennedy in "Friend Husband"

Next Week, Maize Kennedy in "Friend Husband"

Next Week, Maize Kennedy in "Friend Husband"

Next Week, Maize Kennedy in "Friend Husband"

Next Week, Maize Kennedy in "Friend Husband"

Next Week, Maize Kennedy in "Friend Husband"

Next Week, Maize Kennedy in "Friend Husband"

Next Week, Maize Kennedy in "Friend Husband"

Next Week, Maize Kennedy in "Friend Husband"

Next Week, Maize Kennedy in "Friend Husband"

Next Week, Maize Kennedy in "Friend Husband"

Next Week, Maize Kennedy in "Friend Husband"

Next Week, Maize Kennedy in "Friend Husband"

Next Week, Maize Kennedy in "Friend Husband"

Next Week, Ma