

JUST GOSSIP ABOUT PEOPLE

Nancy Wynne Hears More About the Elaborate Horse Show Planned for Third Week in September—Teddy Rises Rapidly in the Ranks

Can you picture Ellen Mary Cassatt, and some twenty or more Girl Scouts cleaning the sward and the oval at the Horse Show in September? Well, that's what they are going to do.

You see, usually they have to have a whole force of men to clear up and keep things in absolute order for these shows, and with the scarcity of men, which we must realize will become greater every day as time goes on, and the knowledge that keeping the turf and oval and sward is not actually essential work, the girls have come into the gap and will do the work of men.

Ellen has guaranteed to keep the grounds in condition during the whole three days and she and her corps of scouts will be there morning, afternoon and evening.

"Between you and me and the gatepost" I would not be one bit surprised to see "yon green sward" in a condition such as it never before attained in the history of the Bryn Mawr Polo Grounds, for it will be there that said show will take place.

And by this I do not mean to be funny; I am in earnest. You know how a room looks after a man has cleaned it, and again how it looks after a woman has cleaned it, don't you? You do. Well, that's going to be the difference out at Bryn Mawr. And, somehow, I think those scouts could have a permanent job there if they so desire.

I HEAR that at least one hundred women have given their names as patronesses of the show. It's all for the war benefit, you know, and judging from the other shows given in this country since our entry into the war will doubtless add greatly to the coffers of the war charities which fill our thoughts these days.

THE women on the committee are certainly working like trojans to make the whole thing a success, and Mrs. Strawberry tells me that Mrs. Charlie Munn, who leads the prize committee, has reported splendid results. As I think I told you, the prizes are to include several patriotic things such as Liberty Bonds and War Stamps.

Mrs. Ned Browning and Mrs. Charles Coxe have only a few boxes left to sell. Mrs. Archibald Barklie has obtained many promises of aid for the cafeteria she will run at this show as she did at Devon. For that was one great success. My, but wasn't that vegetable salad good? The mayonnaise was simply "delish," and as for the other eats—well, those who like good eats had better go out to that show with a purse full of nickels, and dimes and quarters, and they'll get good eats and at reasonable prices. You see, they're all donated, so it's all clear profit for the benefit.

Whatever this gymkhana is to be I don't know, but whatever it is it's going to be a success, because Mrs. Billie Clothier, Mrs. John Converse, Mrs. Harry Harrison and Mrs. Paul Mills have it in charge. And Mrs. Victor Mathier and Mrs. Antelo Devereux are collecting all manner of toys to tempt the papas and mammas of certain small but very smartly clad youngsters, whose presence always adds to the joy of the show.

THEN there's to be a pageant. That took awfully well at the Indoor Show last spring, you remember. Mrs. Tom Ashton has charge of this and Isabella Wanamaker has undertaken to dispose of a pony. Constance Vaucian and Brownie Warburton will have candy and cigarettes and "tabac" (as the soldiers who have mastered that much French call it) to sell, and altogether it will be wonderful.

THIS is a true story—you can believe it or not, as you see fit, but you have my word that it's a true story. The hero is aged ten and named Teddy. He lives near an army camp with his mother, who is writing a very technical book, that has something to do with the army, so that she has to be on the spot to get atmosphere, or information, or whatever she needs. Teddy is the idol of the camp, and is enlisted as much as any of the other men who spoil the life out of him.

When he first arrived in town he was private in khaki, of course, with puttees, service hat and unadorned sleeves. Soon he became a corporal, with two stripes on his sleeve, and several weeks later he was promoted to sergeant. Feeling that his rank was not worthy of his importance he cut off the chevrons and handed himself a commission. And so it went until he was a major. About that time mother was called to Washington on business and left Teddy with the housekeeper until she found how long she would have to stay there. Teddy has a liberal allowance, and it lasted pretty well for the first week of his mother's absence. Then she found that she would have to stay in Washington for several months, and so she sent for Teddy to come down to her. He had exactly a dollar and a half left, and a ticket to buy, and lunch to get on the train and several little things like that. Teddy didn't worry, though—he knew his friends would need to let him walk all that distance. And they didn't. They got together enough to buy his ticket, counting on his dollar and a half to get the lunch and other things. Then one of them got permission to take him into town in a truck and put him safely on the train. There was a crowd of khaki waiting to wave good-by as the truck stopped at the door and the empty-pocketed soldiers were filled with unselfish pleasure at the thought of his trip. Finally he emerged, carrying his suitcase and holding in the other hand a strangely flat pocket-book. On each shoulder glistened a colonel's eagle, and the look of pride in his eyes checked the resentment in a whole company of doughboys who knew that those eagles would cost them each several packages of cigarettes and bars of chocolate at the canteen that week.

NANCY WYNNE.

MRS. LEWIS VEDERMAN Who will be remembered as Miss Anna Hazel Shaker, of 528 Pine street, Mr. and Mrs. Vederman, who were married recently, are spending the summer at Atlantic City, and in the autumn will be at the home of their daughter, Mrs. M. J. Vederman, of 215 South Fitzwater street, this city.

Social Activities An interesting wedding took place last Saturday at Eastview, Martha's Vineyard, when Miss M. E. Allen, of New York, was united in matrimony to Mr. Harry C. Atterton and Mrs. Atterton, of 215 South Fitzwater street, this city.

INTERESTED IN HORSE SHOW



MISS ELLEN MARY CASSATT Photo by Marceau.

Who will have charge of a group of Girl Scouts which will take care of the grounds at the Bryn Mawr War Horse Show on September 19, 20 and 21.

DREXEL TO INSTRUCT WOMEN IN WAR WORK

Institute Will Give Training in Statistical Work—Courses Begin October 7

Drexel Institute is to join forces with the United States Government in war work. Announcement has been made by Dr. Hollis Godfrey, president of the institute, of the opening October 7 of special training courses for women for Government positions as statistical secretaries.

Women graduates of high school with a knowledge of typewriting and stenography and one year's experience in the business world and women graduates of college without the typewriting and stenography or business experience are eligible to enroll.

Graduates of the courses will be expected to go immediately into Government war work as statistical secretaries. Only 100 students can be accepted in each course.

While these courses are the first of their kind to be established anywhere in the country, the Drexel Institute has announced itself ready to approve similar courses at educational institutions provided they are modeled after the Drexel courses.

BECOMES BRIDE TODAY Miss Aimee M. Grignard is Married to Ensign James M. Pratt Today

An interesting wedding will take place this afternoon at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Albert Grignard, 6807 North Broad street, Oak Lane, when their daughter, Miss Aimee M. Grignard, will be married to Ensign James M. Pratt, United States naval aviator, of Chatham, Mass.

RED CROSS FETE AT LANSDALE Thousand Visitors Expected at Blue Rock Mansion Today

The Lansdale Chapter of the Red Cross will have a patriotic carnival on the lawn of Blue Rock Mansion, Miss Anna Berger's home, between 8 and 9 o'clock this afternoon and evening.

WOMEN CALLED FOR WORK Register Now and Take Jobs Government Agents Tell Them

"Register for war service now," was the call issued yesterday from the woman's division, United States Employment Service, on Arch street.

DOCTORS OF CITY LEAD IN JOINING RESERVE

Philadelphia shares honors with New York as having given the largest percentage of its physicians to the service of the United States, while Pennsylvania is tied with three other States for first place.

A little more than 25 per cent of the 3000 registered physicians in this city are now enrolled in the medical reserve corps and either are already with the colors or will be called soon.

Physicians in good health up to fifty-five years of age are accepted. The recruiting office is in the Bureau of Health, City Hall, and Dr. John W. West, who holds the rank of captain in the medical reserve corps, is the examining physician.

Polish Workers Raise Their Own Flag in Germantown Patriotic Celebration When Members of Midvale Ordnance Company Meet at Gate

A patriotic celebration and flag-raising by the Polish contingent of the Nicetown branch of the Midvale Ordnance Company took place this morning at 12:30 o'clock.

Lutherans Plan Building for Use of Soldiers and Sailors The Lutheran Church contemplates opening between Vine and Locust streets near Broad a large building where soldiers and sailors can find home comforts.

ST. SWITHIN FALLS DOWN July 15 Was Dry, but Old Weather Gag Has Been Deluged

A review of the weather of the last forty days shows that as a prophet our old friend, Saint Swithin, would have made a good paperhanger.

Iron and Steel Export Dies Fattown, Pa., Aug. 21—Joseph Hartshorn, seventy years old, an expert in the iron and steel industry, often called as a witness in metallurgical patent cases, is dead here.

Great demand for the EVENING PUBLIC LEDGER may cause you to miss installations of "THE EVENING PUBLIC LEDGER" year books.

"DREAMLAND ADVENTURES" By DADDY THE HARVEST CARNIVAL

CHAPTER VI The Dancing Golf Balls

Peggy goes to the Birds' Harvest Carnival dispersed as a crowd of people among the birds. She rides on an aerial coaster, only to find that it is a plot to drown her.

"QUACK! QUACK! QUACK!" went the feathers bed on which Peggy lay. It was a Duck—a Duck scathed half out of her wits. Peggy clink to her back as she streaked desperately for shore.

"The Duck had been asleep on the bank when awakened by the wild squawking of Peggy's auto horn. She had dashed out over the lake just in time to have Peggy come plumping down on her back.

"The Witch of the Night! The Witch of the Night!" cried Peggy above. "She's got me. The Witch has got me!" quacked the Duck in terror.

"It was a lucky accident," croaked the Turkey Buzzard. "The Witch of the Night was a real witch, trying to lead you astray. We have saved you from her. She has been drowned as she deserved to be.

"We are lucky," Goofer Bally said. "Flying wherever Fate calls. Whoever with us flirts. Will get his just deserts."

With that the Lost Golf Balls danced around the circle, apparently seeking partners. Judge Odd offered himself and was rejected at once by the other balls.

"We'll let the enemy think they have drowned you," said the Turkey Buzzard.

Three Crows, they were quickly chosen, and dragged unwillingly into the dance.

Then began a queer, fantastic frolic that Peggy and the other birds could not understand. Being spurred on to greater and greater endeavors, Peggy saw the Rooster come close. He was watching the dance intently.

Over the necks of the dancing Birds, the Golf Balls suddenly threw parades of flowers. Then, to the astonishment of Peggy and the other birds, they all suddenly took their own heads in their hands and threw them straight at their partners, knocking them over ker-snick.

"Grab hold!" shouted Billy Belgium. At that the bodies of the Golf Balls revealed as very active young Frogs, seized hold of the Balls and held tight. The Turkey Buzzard tried to flop into the air.

"Royal Birds of Birdland," he began. "I was discovered today that enemy Birds of the night, bescent or sympathy were plotting to take advantage of our carnival disguises tonight. They planned to come among us to try to turn us aside from our war work."

"They drew our beloved Princess Peggy. Kill them! Kill them!" shrieked the Birds in unison.

"No, I'm here, safe and sound!" cried Peggy. "Only I'm hurt because some of you believed what the spies said."

"Let the fun go on," shouted Billy Belgium. "We have cause to celebrate."

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OH, MONEY! MONEY! MONEY! By Eleanor H. Porter Author of "Dollysanna"

CHAPTER VII (Continued) MRS. HATTHE smiled faintly, wiped her eyes again and got to her feet.

"Well, just try it," smiled Miss Maggie, saying her eyes were not dry any longer. "You're not a bit like Jim. He's always saying 'You've no idea how much more comfort you'll take.'"

"I'm very sure," nodded Miss Maggie. "All right, then, I can go home now with some comfort. You didn't make me feel better, Maggie, and you too, Mr. Smith. I'm much obliged to you, good-by."

"Good-by," said Mr. Smith. "Good-by," said Maggie. "Now go home and get to bed, and don't worry any more or you'll have your own head enough left for you."

"Do you remember hearing Flora say that Jane had bought a lot of the Benson gold mine stock?"

"Yes," something in her face sent a questioning frown to Mr. Smith's own countenance.

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"Well, Benson has failed, and they've just found out that that gold mine stock is worth only a few cents on a dollar."

"I'm afraid I've made a mistake in my investment," said Mr. Smith, getting down.

CHAPTER VIII Frankenstein: Being a Letter From John Smith to Edward D. Norton, Attorney-at-Law

"MY DEAR NED—WASN'T there a story created some years ago of a fellow who created some of the very devils and all for him? Frank—Frankenstein?—I guess that was it. Well, I've created a Frankenstein, and I'm dead up against it to know what to do with him."

"Ned, what in Heaven's name am I going to do with Mr. John Smith? Mr. John Smith is a very healthy, persistent, insistent, important person, with many kind friends, a definite position in the world, and no small degree of influence. Worse yet I know nothing about a stunning blow, Ned, Mr. Smith has been so in love with me, and he has fallen in love, absolutely and as intently as if he were twenty-one instead of fifty-two."

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