

**JUST GOSSIP ABOUT PEOPLE**

**Nancy Wynne Talks of the Reopening of Many Suburban Homes—She Hears of Delightful Children's Fete at Southampton, L. I.**

**LABOR DAY** never seems much of a holiday to my mind. Nearly every one who has been away for July and August comes home the day after Labor Day (and you know how much holiday you have if you have to pack for family). However, the majority whom I met at Fort Washington, has been gone for a few days of Mrs. Laura Poole at her summer home in Putman, N. J.

Miss Gertrude Horton, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George Poole, 216 Harvey street, formerly of the city and Fort Washington, has been here for a few days of Mrs. Laura Poole at her summer home in Putman, N. J.

Miss Gertrude Horton, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George Poole, 216 Harvey street, formerly of the city and Fort Washington, has been here for a few days of Mrs. Laura Poole at her summer home in Putman, N. J.

Mr. Ralph Beaver Strohsburger and his wife, from Gwynedd Valley, from Deauville, France, where they spent the month of August.

Miss Mildred Willard will be at Cape May over the holidays, having returned from Europe, 12 L. and Boston where she took part in the Longwood invitation tennis tournament.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles A. Mack of 465 Lyman avenue, Roxborough, announces the engagement of their daughter, Miss Lydia Mack, to Mr. T. Nelson Morrison, Jr., of the city and Ocean City, N. J.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Osterman, of this city, are at the Tracumen Atlantic city, to remain for a week or longer. Mr. Fred Osterman is also at the Traymore.

After spending the summer in Europe, George W. Mackenzie, of 1831 Chestnut street, and his wife, A. Louise, of the Lenox hotel, returned. Spruce and Spruce streets, returned Saturday afternoon on the steamship Ryndam.

The marriage of Miss Dorothy Johnson, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Andrew J. Johnson, of 615 North Broad avenue, Camden, and Mr. Louis C. Pinto, took place on Saturday evening at 7 o'clock in First Methodist Episcopal Church, Sixth and Spruce streets, Camden.

The main bridegroom, Miss Naomi Bowes, of Clayton, N. J., and the bridesmaids were Miss Mary Nicollson, of Elm Farm, New Haven; Miss Dorothy Fallows, a sister of the bridegroom.

Mr. Ray Offey was best man and the usher included Mr. Lester R. Bryant, Mr. Alexander Rogers and Mr. Garwood D. Johnson, a brother of the bride.

The J. Andrews Harrises are back from Maine at their Chestnut Hill home, and Lucy Austin and her father expect to move into town about October 1. They have rented the Russell Thayers' house, at Twenty-second and Locust streets, for the winter. Mr. Austin having sold his house in Chestnut Hill, this year.

Mr. and Mrs. Stanley Flagg, Jr., who were in Europe for several months, have come back to Bryn Mawr, where they have a beautiful place, you know. The Flagg will soon send out invitations for a dinner-dance for Homecoming at 8 p.m. to be given on September 20 at their place of understanding.

The J. Andrews Harrises are back from Maine at their Chestnut Hill home, and Lucy Austin and her father expect to move into town about October 1. They have rented the Russell Thayers' house, at Twenty-second and Locust streets, for the winter. Mr. Austin having sold his house in Chestnut Hill, this year.

That party at Southampton on Friday in which the little ones took part must have been too cute for anything. It was given for the benefit of the Fresh Air Home, which is one of the good works of the resort, and it seems to me a rather sweet thing that the children of the well-to-do should have acted so nobly in order to aid those less fortunate brothers and sisters. Nothing like starting in young to learn that others suffer and need help.

Some of the little conventual kids of the home were in the front seats in the circle of chairs placed on the lawn of Mr. and Mrs. Rufus Patterson's home, where the little feet was held. There was a great cheering of children, who were all dressed in their dimpled face hems and soft chiffon draperies over their little slips. One very cute thing was the skirt called "Birdie, Birdie," which described conversations between the birds.

Little Tony and Angier Duke, Cordeilla Duke's small heirs, were both dressed in white ruffles and gingham with bows and dots, dressed in interpretation of "I wish I could find a carrot." From all I hear they brought down the audience, since they could not bring down the house.

**West Philadelphia**

Mr. and Mrs. Frank J. Moyes, of 263 South Fifty-eighth street, announce the engagement of their daughter, Miss Margaret Moys, to Mr. Gordon L. Reed of Springfield, Pa.

Frieds of Mr. Edward J. Farmer, of 56th Street, North Thirty-third street, will regret to know that he is ill with pneumonia in the Misericordia Hospital.

Mr. and Mrs. Carl Smith and their daughters, Miss Gladys Smith and Miss Virginia Smith, of 1930 South Sixteenth street, have just returned home from a long vacation in Europe, Italy and friends in London and Maryland.

Miss Adelaida Goldstein, of 5537 Dorothy Lock, of 1200 North Sixth street, will leave Friday night for an extended trip through the West. They have made arrangements to meet their relatives in Pittsburgh, Youngstown, O., and Detroit, Mich.

Mr. and Mrs. James Henderson, whose marriage took place June 21 in St. Andrews' Protestant Episcopal Church, and their two sons, will return to their home in Brooklyn after a short vacation with their dimpled face hems and soft chiffon draperies over their little slips. One very cute thing was the skirt called "Birdie, Birdie," which described conversations between the birds.

Little Tony and Angier Duke, Cordeilla Duke's small heirs, were both dressed in white ruffles and gingham with bows and dots, dressed in interpretation of "I wish I could find a carrot." From all I hear they brought down the audience, since they could not bring down the house.

**North Philadelphia**

Mr. Carter Lewis was not badly injured in his car on Thursday night of last week. You know he just escaped a collision with another car, grazed it, and crashed into a pole. The car was damaged, but fortunately, Carter was not going fast enough to injure himself. He is in hospital in the office of a car company up at Birchwood, and he'll have a house there. They have been away on several short visits during the summer, but have kept their house open at Birchwood and spent much time there.

**ELsie** was riding through the country with Uncle Bob and having a beautiful time, but the hours were speeding by and she began to wonder if food would ever be forthcoming from the big basket she had seen Aunt Ethel tuck into the back of her car at the time she started off. Finally, she could stand it no longer, and yet she had been told she must not eat for a week, so, said she: "Uncle Bob, let's play cards and see how much longer we could go without almost dying of hunger."

**NANCY WYNNE.**

**SOCIAL ACTIVITIES**

Miss Mary Newlin will act as maid of honor at the marriage of her sister, Mrs. John E. Paul, and Mr. William A. Paul, who will take place on Saturday, September 14, at noon in the Church of the Redeemer, Bryn Mawr. The bridegroom will be Mrs. W. Beaumont Whittemore, son of the bride; Miss Nancy Dunning, Miss Elizabeth Ann Taylor, Miss DeMille, Miss Evelyn, cousin of the bride; Mr. Howard Adams, Mrs. Bertha Bryan, Miss Mary Russell Paul, a sister of the bridegroom, and Mrs. Herbert Warden. Mr. Samuel H. Paul will be best man for his brother and the ushers will include Dr. John E. Paul, Mr. Alvin Paul and Mr. Harry N. Paul, all brothers of the bridegroom; Mr. James Clevary Newell, a brother of the bride; Mr. William E. Paul, Mrs. John E. Paul, Mr. Harold G. Brown, Mr. Courtney C. Ross, Mr. Jas. Jarvis Cromwell, Mr. Philip Blair, Mr. Leonard Beckman and Mr. Ernest Savage.

Mr. Bruce Bixby will give a luncheon on Tuesday, September 1, in honor of Miss Newlin and her bridegroom, and Mr. and Mrs. James Clevary Newlin, parents of the bride, will entertain at supper after the rehearsal on September 14.

Dr. Charles J. Hartfield of Montgomery, attorney for Elsie, has changed the date for the tea he will give to introduce his daughter, Miss Margaret A. Hartfield, from Thursday, September 29, to Wednesday, October 4, which will be followed by a dinner for him and Miss Lucy Jefferys, daughter of Dr. Mr. and Mrs. William Hamilton Jefferys. Dr. Hartfield will also give a ball on Tuesday, October 26, at the Belvoir-Stratford in honor of Miss Hartfield and his daughter, who spent the summer traveling in Europe, are now on a week-long vacation. They will sail from there next week for the United States, arriving here on September 14.

**Germantown**

Mr. and Mrs. Frank W. Kidd, of 4326 Greene street, have left for an extended tour of the Canadian Rockies and the Pacific Coast. They will return the first of October.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Sacks, of 600 W. 11th street, have returned from their stay at Atlantic City. Master Lester Sacks and Master Emmanuel Sacks have returned from Schenectady, N. Y.

**Norristown**

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Hodge of the Alpine Apartments, 20th street and Chester, will formally present to society their second child, a son, on Wednesday, September 1, to be born in the White Mountain Hospital, Hillside, on October 1, but will give a large dance instead for Miss Jefferys on January 10, 1923, at a time when her father will give on October 11.

Mrs. Frank Clapp, of 1908 Walnut street, will give a tea on Wednesday, December 1, to formally present to society her daughter, Miss Katherine Clapp, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. William Hamilton Jefferys, of Cranston, R. I., Hillside, on October 1, but will give a large dance instead for Miss Jefferys on January 10, 1923, at a time when her father will give on October 11.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Clapp, of 1908 Walnut street, will give a tea on Wednesday, December 1, to formally present to society their daughter, Miss Katherine Clapp, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. William Hamilton Jefferys, of Cranston, R. I., Hillside, on October 1, but will give a large dance instead for Miss Jefferys on January 10, 1923, at a time when her father will give on October 11.

Mr. and Mrs. William M. Powell, of Chester, who are motorists through the White Mountains, Mr. and Mrs. Mrs. Jefferys were to have been married instead for Miss Jefferys on January 10, 1923, at a time when her father will give on October 11.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Gibbons Davis, who have turned from a month's stay in Lancaster and Berlin, Pa.

**Engaged**

Photo by J. Mitchell, Elliott  
**MISS DOROTHY E. HEFFORD**

**JACK O'JUDGMENT :- By Edgar Wallace**

**Who's Who in the Story**  
COLONEL DAN BOUNDARY, fat, coarse-grained but unusually clever, once a gang of crooks, has become a hero in the law. He has signed "Jack o' Judgment" after several of his clients, all of whom he has devised to do him harm, and which the law's penalties. He tries to distract his enemies around him by continually playing to the gallery.

**STAFFORD KING**, of the London Criminal Appeal Force.

**PINTO SILVER**, a man about town, forces his attention on an actress, who likes him. She is

**MAINE**, the daughter of Sally White, one of the girls who wishes to retire.

**LOLIE MARSH**, a doltish but clever girl, who likes "camp" of the black-mailing gang.

"SWELL" CHEWE, once a gentleman who's a crook.

"Do you hear me, Pinto?"

"I hear you distinctly," said Pinto's voice.

"If you're a linguist, Chewe, you have heard of the phrase: 'Sauve qui peut.' It means 'Get out!' And that's the advice I'm giving and taking. Tomorrow we'll meet to liquidate the Boundry gang and split the gang."

He turned his companions out to get what sleep they could. For him there was little sleep that night. Before the dawn of day he was up, and was amining a boat launch that lay in a boat house. It was the launch which should have carried Lolie Marsh and Sally on their river and sea journey.

It was provisioned and ready for the trip, but first the colonel had to take from a locker in the stern of the boat a small black box and disconnect the wires from the telephone jack which stood in a little box which tickled noisily. He had timed his boat to go off at four in the morning, by which time, he calculated, Lolie Marsh and her escort would be well out at sea. For the colonel regarded no evidence that might be brought against him as unimportant.

The colonel was sleeping peacefully when Pinto rushed into his bedroom with the news, "Colonel, you're wanted."

"What?" he said incredulously.

"Sally's arrested," said Pinto, his voice shaking. "It's awful!"

"What?" the colonel said, "that's how he spoke. Now he's gone away today. I tell you they'll have us."

"Just shut up for a minute, will you?" replied the colonel, swinging out of bed and searching for his slippers with the detached interest of one who was hearing a little gossip from the morning papers. "What is the charge against him?"

"Loitering with intent to commit a felony," said Pinto. "They took him to the station and searched his bag. He had brought a bag with him in which he had a number of things. And what do you think they found?"

"I know what they found," said the colonel; "a complete kit of burglar's tools. The fool must have left his bag in the hall, and of course Jack o' Judgment planted the stuff. It is simple."

"What can we do?" Pinto asked plaudily.

"Engage the best lawyer you can. Do it through one of your pals," said the colonel. "It will go hard with Sally. He's had previous conviction."

"Do you think he'll talk?" asked Pinto.

He looked yellow and haggard and had much to do to keep his teeth from chattering.

"Not for a day or two," said the colonel, "and we shall be away by then. Does Chewe know?"

Pinto shook his head.

"I haven't any time to run about now," he said impatiently.

"Well, you'd better do a little running now," said the colonel; "two may want his signature for the bank."

He fixed the receiver to his ears and waited, and presently he heard distinctly the sound of Pinto closing the door of the room upstairs. Then he spoke through the receiver.

"What are you going to do?"

"I'm going to draw every penny we've got, and I advise you to do the same. I suppose you haven't made any preparations to get away, have you?"

"No," lied Pinto, remembering with thankfulness that he had received a letter that morning from the aviator Cawthright, telling him that the

"What are you doing?" he asked again.

"Of course you're not in on anything," he hurried. "Yes, it was Sally; and it is ten chances to one that the usher would recognize him again if he saw him. That would mean—well, they don't hang folks at Dartmoor."

He looked at his watch again. "I expect Pinto will be about an hour and a half," he said. "You will excuse me."

The colonel laughed again.

"Of course you're not in on anything," he hurried. "Yes, it was Sally; and it is ten chances to one that the usher would recognize him again if he saw him. That would mean—well, they don't hang folks at Dartmoor."

He looked at his watch again. "I expect Pinto will be about an hour and a half," he said. "You will excuse me."

The colonel, apathetically pointing to a stool, "and this," he lifted up on the pieces, "is how he heard all our very interesting conversations. Go upstairs, Pinto. I want to try this transmitter."

He fixed the receiver to his ears and waited, and presently he heard distinctly the sound of Pinto closing the door of the room upstairs. Then he spoke through the receiver.

"I haven't any time to run about now," he said impatiently.

"Well, you'd better do a little running now," said the colonel; "two may want his signature for the bank."

He fixed the receiver to his ears and waited, and presently he heard distinctly the sound of Pinto closing the door of the room upstairs. Then he spoke through the receiver.

"What are you going to do?"

"I'm going to draw every penny we've got, and I advise you to do the same. I suppose you haven't made any preparations to get away, have you?"

"No," lied Pinto, remembering with thankfulness that he had received a letter that morning from the aviator Cawthright, telling him that the

"What are you doing?" he asked again.

"Of course you're not in on anything," he hurried. "Yes, it was Sally; and it is ten chances to one that the usher would recognize him again if he saw him. That would mean—well, they don't hang folks at Dartmoor."

He looked at his watch again. "I expect Pinto will be about an hour and a half," he said. "You will excuse me."

The colonel laughed again.

"Of course you're not in on anything," he hurried. "Yes, it was Sally; and it is ten chances to one that the usher would recognize him again if he saw him. That would mean—well, they don't hang folks at Dartmoor."

He looked at his watch again. "I expect Pinto will be about an hour and a half," he said. "You will excuse me."

The colonel, apathetically pointing to a stool, "and this," he lifted up on the pieces, "is how he heard all our very interesting conversations. Go upstairs, Pinto. I want to try this transmitter."

He fixed the receiver to his ears and waited, and presently he heard distinctly the sound of Pinto closing the door of the room upstairs. Then he spoke through the receiver.

"I haven't any time to run about now," he said impatiently.

"Well, you'd better do a little running now," said the colonel; "two may want his signature for the bank."