

NANCY WYNNE IS INTERESTED IN GOLF TOURNAMENTS AT CAPE MAY

Nearly All the Visitors to This Resort Are Deeply Imbued With Desire to Reduce or Put On Weight, and Golf Is the Answer to Both

GOLF is terrifically, decidedly and entirely, almost but not quite, the great craze of old Cape May this year, though a few of the residents resort now and again to the ocean and bridge and knitting. But I guess about the gayest little place outside of Arnold's, Zillinger's and the various hotel cafes is that same little Golf Club, where tournaments are gotten up every once and so often by either men or women members.

DEVON—Miss Esther Lloyd, of Llanynan, is visiting her sister and her family, Mrs. Nathan Hayward, in the Adirondacks. Mrs. Caspar Whitby, who spent the early summer with Miss Lloyd, has gone to New England.

Chestnut Hill

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Keller Kurts, of Benezet street, have gone to Cape May for a short stay. Mrs. Kurts was Miss Mildred Longstreet before her marriage.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert T. Bicknell, Miss Frances W. Bicknell and Master Robert T. Bicknell, Jr., are spending a fortnight at Lakeside Cottage, Bear and Fox Inn, Ontario Club, in the Catskill Mountains.

Germantown

Mr. Walter M. Gorham, of Wissahickon avenue, has gone to Har Harbor, Me., where his wife and daughter are spending the summer.

Tioga

Miss Beatrice Richter, Miss Olive Richter and Miss Gladys D. Richter, of 3308 North Broad street, have returned from Echo Lake, Pa., where they spent the last six weeks. Miss Gladys Richter will leave shortly for Hartford, Conn., to spend the remainder of this month.

SEVERAL WEDDINGS TAKE PLACE TONIGHT

Miss Fay Burger to Marry Mr. Abrahamson—Wagner-Ein-selen Nuptials

An interesting wedding will take place this evening in the Adath Jeshurun Temple, Broad street above Diamond street, when Miss Fay Burger, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Seligman Burger, of 1215 West Tioga street, will become the bride of Mr. Leo M. Abrahamson. The ceremony will be performed at 8 o'clock by Rabbi Max D. Klein, and will be followed by a dinner at the home of the bride's parents. A gown of bridal satin and princess lace will be worn by the bride, with a veil of duchesse and rose pink lace which was worn by her mother. Bride roses and lilies of the valley will be carried. Mr. Burger will give his daughter in marriage and her sister, Miss Juliet Burger, will be maid of honor. Her frock of orchid color is of soft satin, trimmed with radium lace and her bouquet will combine orchids and sweet peas. The bridesmaids, Miss Rosemary Abrahamson, the bridegroom's sister; Miss Thelma Back, a cousin of the bride; Miss Della J. Triffled and Miss Mary H. Simson, will be attendants. The bride's train will be pink and white and flowers, to be worn in pink and two in pale blue. Each will carry pink roses and pink sweet peas.

Mr. Irvin Abrahamson will be best man, and the best man will be Mr. Julius Abrahamson. Mr. Jerome Back, Mr. Gale Nathanson and Mr. Gustave Klein. The bridegroom and bride will leave on an extended trip, and will be at home after October 1 at 208 North 8th street, Newark, N. J. Tonight a wedding marks the occasion of the anniversary of the marriage of the bride's grandparents and parents.

SHORE—YANKELOF

The marriage of Miss Sara Yankelef, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Harris Yankelef, of 5147 Columbia avenue, and Mr. Maurice Shore, of 618 South Eleventh street, will take place tomorrow evening at the Congregation B'nai Abraham Synagogue, Fifth and Lombard streets. The ceremony will be performed by Rabbi Abraham Solot, of Boston, but formerly of this city.

Miss Yankelef will be attended by her sister, Miss Elizabeth Yankelef, as maid of honor, and her bridesmaids will include Miss Rose Shore, a sister of the bridegroom; Miss Eva Lipman, Miss Della Lipman and Mrs. William Shore, a sister-in-law of the bridegroom. Mr. Ludwig Sternberg will act as best man.

Miss Yankelef will wear a handsome gown of white satin, trimmed with pearls, and will carry a bouquet of white roses and lilies of the valley. Her veil will be arranged with orange blossoms. The ceremony will be followed by a reception at the home of the bride, 5147 Columbia street. They will later go to Boston, where they will visit Rabbi Solot, and will return to this city by September 3, when they will be at home at 618 South Eleventh street.

EVERS—DALLER

Miss Helen G. Daller, of Chester, was married quietly on August 9 to Mr. H. A. Evers. After a honeymoon in this city and country they will reside in this city in the early fall.

Mrs. Craig Lippincott, accompanied by her niece, Miss Priscilla Lippincott, of Bethesda, and her son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. D. W. Franchot, of Tulsa, Okla., left this week for a motor trip to the Adirondack Mountains, where they will spend some time at Paul Smith's camp. Mr. and Mrs. Jay B. Lippincott have joined Mrs. Lippincott there.

Mrs. Robert W. Lesley, of Lesley Court, Haverford, is spending some time in Atlantic City at the St. Charles Hotel.

Mrs. Horace Eugene Smith, of Beach avenue, Cape May, entertained at bridge yesterday afternoon.

Mrs. Robert Perry Cummins will entertain this evening at dinner at Manhattan in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Albert Edward Shaw, whose marriage took place last week. Mrs. Shaw was Miss Hilda Marston Boyd.

Dr. and Mrs. Howard Kennedy Hill and family, of Appleford, Villanova, will leave this Wednesday to spend the remainder of the summer at their English Mere cottage.

Mr. and Mrs. H. Radoloff Roberts, of Green Bank Farm, Villanova, are spending the month of August at Winter Harbor, Me. Master H. Radoloff Roberts, Jr., and Master Paul Roberts are at a boys' camp near Portland, Me.

Mr. and Mrs. N. Scammon Jones, of Ardmore, have gone to Seabright for the week. They will be the guests of Mr. and Mrs. I. A. Harrows at their summer home.

Mr. and Mrs. North Emory Bartlett and family, of 241 South Twenty-third street, are occupying their country seat at Fort Washington.

Mr. and Mrs. Howell Parr, of Wilmington, have gone to Cape May for the remainder of the season.

Dr. and Mrs. Simmons are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Blizwood Irvine, at the Seaside House, in Ventnor.

Mrs. D. M. Yerkes, of 6112 West Chester street, and her daughter, Miss Rosalia Yerkes, are touring in South Carolina.

Along the Main Line

WAYNE—Miss Marie Aitce and her niece, Miss Adele Aitce, who have returned from a stay at Eagles Mere, will go to Philadelphia later in the season.



MISS HELENE GIRVIN Miss Girvin and her sister, of 2120 Walnut street, are motoring through New England with their brother and sister-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Robert M. Girvin, Jr., of Rosemont.

West Philadelphia Mr. and Mrs. G. Theodore Ketterer and their son, Theodore Ketterer, Jr., of North Sixty-third street, have gone to Ventnor, where they will remain until October.

Miss Bertha Nowatny and Miss Tillie Nowatny, of 112 North Fifty-fourth street, are spending several weeks at the Dayton Hotel, Wildwood.

Miss Helen McDevitt, of 2620 Filbert street, is spending this month at National Park.

Miss Mary Wilkinson, of 4029 Walnut street, who spent the early summer at Atlantic City, is now in Norfolk, Conn.

Mrs. Clara Thatcher, of 16 Burd avenue, Millbourne, has returned to her home after having spent several weeks in Lancaster, Pa.

Mrs. Laura Hastings and her son, Master Charles Hastings, of 219 North Sixty-second street, are visiting relatives in West Cape May.

Mrs. R. J. Hunter, of 342 North Sixty-third street, and her two daughters are in Wildwood.

Mr. and Mrs. Clarence McGarry and their son, Master Clarence McGarry, Jr., of 5623 Carlton street, are on a motor trip through New Jersey. They will spend a couple of weeks visiting relatives in West Creek.

Mr. J. Boyd, of 286 South Felton street, has returned to her home after having spent the month of July at Wildwood.

Mr. and Mrs. George Helser, of 23 North Sixty-third street, have returned from Buffalo, N. Y., where they were visiting Mrs. Helser's parents.

Mr. Lester Vohay, of 58 North Felton street, is visiting friends at Lake Neun-gola, Pa.

Mr. Ernest P. Miller, Jr., of 4432 Chestnut street, has gone to Fitchburg, Mass., where he will visit his parents, Prof. and Mrs. E. P. Miller.

Mrs. R. B. Vohay, of 58 North Felton street, and her two sons, Master Clayton Vohay and Master Walter Vohay, have gone to Atlantic City. They will return in September.

Mrs. J. A. Van Austen, of 43 North Felton street, is visiting relatives in Pennsylvania.

Mr. and Mrs. S. K. Reeves, of Bethayres, have left for Saratoga Springs, N. Y., where they will spend several weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Roy S. Wallace and their family, of Bethayres, left this week for Manomet Bluffs, Mass., where they will remain until September 1.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel D. Lit, of Bethayres, have left on a motor trip through New York State and Canada. On their return they will spend some time at their camp at Parker, Me.

Mr. George Cole, of 6716 North Eighth street, Oak Lane, is spending a few weeks at Alexandria Bay, N. Y.

Mr. Benjamin Dudowsky will give a party in honor of his return from California tomorrow evening at his home, 705 South street. Among the guests will be Mr. Samuel Jacobs.

Mr. Charles Gaudio, of 1421 South Twelfth street, is spending a few weeks in Atlantic City.

Miss Anna McMenamen, of 228 South Camac street, and Miss Ella Campbell have returned home after a trip to Boston and Manchester-by-the-Sea.

Several members of the Dux Club are spending the summer at Atlantic City. Among them are Mr. Maurice M. Cohen, president; Mr. Harry Lavner, secretary; Mr. Harry Japp, treasurer; Mr. Samuel Richman, Mr. Al Richman, Mr. Julius Katz, Mr. William Samuels and Mr. Samuel Samuels.

North Philadelphia Miss Katharine Rosenkranz is spending this month in the Matine woods at Camp Moorestown. She is accompanied by her sister, Miss Josephine Rosenkranz, Miss Ella Feeny and Miss Martha Feeny.

Mr. and Mrs. John F. Sweeney are receiving congratulations on the birth of a son, John F. Sweeney, Jr., on August 4. Mrs. Sweeney before her marriage was Miss Mabel Charlton.

Miss Anna Mooney, Miss Rita Mooney and Miss Rosa Mooney, of 1513 North Marine street, are spending several weeks at Billingsport, N. J.

Miss Helen Nusbaum, of Park avenue and Norris street, is spending a few weeks at Asbury Park.

Mrs. Max Fisher, of 301 Green street, has gone to Atlantic City, where she will spend a fortnight.

Kensington Miss Adelaide Simon, of Frankford and Allegheny avenues, is spending this month at Brighton Beach, N. Y.

Mr. and Mrs. Jacob Rosenau, of 2222 North Front street, announce the betrothal of their daughter, Miss Dora Rosenau, to Mr. Samuel Jacob.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Naylor and their family are spending the month of August at Ocean City, N. J.

Mr. and Mrs. Ballott, of 2576 East Memphis street, are spending three weeks at Atlantic City.

Frankford Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Colbaugh, Mr. Joseph Dennison and Mr. William Dennison are spending this month at Wildwood.

Mrs. H. Rief, of 4143 Thompson street, Bridgetown, is spending this month at Folta, Franklin County, visiting her parents.

Mrs. Julia Stearn has returned from a extended visit to her brother, Mr. Fredrick Stearn, of Norwood. E. I. During her stay Mrs. Stearn visited Providence, Newport, Rocky Point, Narragansett Pier, Hattisburg and Boston.

THE WAR BY LOUIS JOSEPH WANCE "THE AUTHOR OF BRASS BOWL"

brown earth—much like any one of the illuminated pictures you may see in the children's picture books—the prospect rarely diversified by a patch of woodland or a blaze of white against the neutral tints where the tank of a chalk hill last night. That outlook was, for a time, like oil upon the troubled waters of our spirits; it soothed, calmed and quieted our unrest, even provided us with a tentative sense of security, so impossible did it seem that sight out of the common could happen in a land so staid and respectable.

Through its infinite sobriety our train snorted and smoked and clattered, with a vast, vain air of importance and an assumption of speed entirely illusory. In fact, it poked; and it was the middle of the afternoon ere it came to a stop in Saltsa Regis—presumably for the simple reason that it could go no farther. We stepped out into a tepid bath of watery sunshine beneath a high-arching sky. The tang of salt water was in our nostrils and a long row of surly, grumpy men in dark, while, shilly little breezes made overcoats grateful. Grady bustled about getting our luggage together and making inquiries about lodgings for the night, and finally marched us off down the village's single street.

It wound in an aimless sort of a fashion along the top of a low chalk cliff. Some distance ahead I caught sight of our old gentleman, the worn spats and the brilliant neckerchief padding purposefully along in the wake of one of the village men who was shouldering his Gladstone bag—presumably for beer money. A few rows of bright and cheerful little fishermen's cottages bordered the cobbled thoroughfare. Now and again we passed a neat, inconspicuous little shop. Children floundered after us, or ran alongside, wide-

mouthed, staring with bright, wide eyes at the intruders; their parents regarded us with a stoical calm. We discovered them a peaceful folk, given to minding their own business by preference. A walk of some ten minutes brought us to the only inn, "The Rainbow"—appropriate name—happily situated on the very lip of the cliff, overlooking the broad and troubled expanse of the tempestuous North Sea. The landlord, a taciturn individual, welcomed us without enthusiasm and provided us with adjoining chambers containing two small grates about the size and with heating capacity of milk bottles, and indignantly left us to our own devices until supper time.

Grady disposed of our belongings with a rather chastened, I-told-you-so manner. I gathered that he had disappointed of his expectations from the start-off. Sevrance and I stuck our hands in our pockets and somewhat moodily inspected the sea. Day was just fading into twilight, the troubled line of the eastern horizon darkening slowly. Fly out, now and again, a single whitecap leaped out of the tossing, slate-colored expanse of waters and nodded to the declining sun. Against the paling sky, gulls wheeled alertly. Nearer at hand, in a sort of cove lined by the low white chalk scarps, perhaps two-score or half a hundred little fishing vessels tossed sedately, like a flock of misshapen and stumpy swans, their bare poles describing odd arcs against a lowering background. On the few piers dories rested bottom up, with a curious air of helplessness, like live things deprived of their normal locomotion; and among them men moved slowly, smoking enormous pipes—gnarled

millions—we could walk it," he added, brightly. "Was I right?" he demanded exultantly. "And we are here ahead of them. Now they can't escape us." Sevrance was looking at me with characteristic eagerness; I presume he expected me to snap him up on the instant. But I said "No, I thank you" so decidedly that he understood I was fixed in my preference for driving, and gave in. "Suit yourself," he growled sulkily. "I'm going to," I responded with prompt cheerfulness. He turned to the windows, exhibiting a pair of misadventured and abused shoulders, and obstinately refused to respond to my kind advances until Grady answered rap at the door and announced the waiting fly.

Sevrance took the reins, but did not start until he had questioned the landlord as to our destination. The directions we got were explicit enough; it seemed that we had nothing to do but give the horse (another courtesy title) he was really a small horse and let him follow the northerly road. My friend had another question or two: Had our host heard anything of Lady Herbert? He returned to Saltsa Regis. Had he noticed any automobiles within the preceding 24 hours? To both of which the landlord returned negative replies, couched in a broad Lincolnshire patois, which I can't and mercifully shan't attempt to reproduce. Meanwhile I remarked that our ancient fellow-traveler had cast his lot with ours

and weatherworn types of fisher folk, awkward upon their land legs, jealous of their speech. Something in that outlook—rather bleak and dreary as it was—arrested both Sevrance and myself with a similar sense of depression. "Nice place," I commented sourly, catching his eye. "I don't agree with you," he snapped obviously. "What do you suppose induced any one to come down here to live, ever?" I desired to know. He understood that I was stuming at the deceased Sir Henry Herbert. "Family estate," he explained tersely. "I suppose the old duffer was born and brought up in this atmosphere, and came to call it home." Of one thing I'm certain: our Julia never could endure it. As a matter of fact, I don't believe they spent more than a month or two out of the year at Saltsa Regis.

"You know the place?" "I have visited there for the shooting once or twice, and passed it frequently on motor runs. The roads hereabout are really not so bad, you know; Sir Henry always used a motorcar to travel in, back and forth. * * * I wish I'd thought of it— but it's your fault." "What is?" "You had to send Grady to buy tickets per rail and made me forget my motor. We might as well have traveled up here that way as not—much better, in fact—more quickly and comfortably." "It would be an advantage," I agreed; "I'm heartily sorry that we haven't it now. It reminds me of reaching Saltsa Regis. How are we to go about it?" "I spoke to the landlord about a fly," said Sevrance. "He'll have one around before long, I imagine. Or—it's only ten

Continued Monday

FARMER SMITH'S RAINBOW CLUB

"AND IT NEVER, NEVER STOPS" Dearest Children—Do you ever get tired? Tired of keeping up? Look at the sun. It shines and keeps on shining and it never, never stops. Do you ever wonder if you may be allowed to rest? Rest from doing your duty? Look at the twinkling stars dotting the sky at night and the silvery moon sailing along through the clouds—it never, never stops. "The sooner you get at it the sooner it will be finished," we often hear. The hardest part of most tasks is GETTING STARTED—getting at them. Suppose that tree over yonder should get tired of growing; suppose the grass should say to the sidewalk: "I'm tired. I'm going to quit. What's the use, anyway?" Mother Nature's babies never grow tired. They go on and on, on each day doing their part. KEEP GOING! THE JOY OF WORK IS THE JOY OF SERVICE. Last of all, think of the grand old ocean; it never, never stops. IT ALWAYS KEEPS GOING. FARMER SMITH, Children's Editor.

JIMMY MONKEY AND THE FLY

By Farmer Smith Jimmy Monkey had taken a nap and a little fly had waked him up. "Dear little fly," said Jimmy, "why are you so cruel to wake me up? I will blow you off the earth, little fly. And with that Jimmy got up and stood in front of the looking-glass. The little fly came and stood on the end of Jimmy's nose. Jimmy looked over and blew in the mirror. "Pray, little fly, why do you not get off the earth?" Then he blew softly on the mirror and still the little fly sat on his nose. The little Jimmy leaned over and hit the looking-glass when he saw the fly and still the little thing sat on his nose. "I hate to threaten you, but if you do not get off my nose I am going to hit you with a pillow. You would give me very much to have you off but you know I want my nose without you at it." Jimmy walked slowly toward the sea and got a pillow, which he raised as he struck the little fly. He returned to the mirror and— The little fly was gone!

Contest Closes Today

THE Philadelphia Rapid Transit Company's SAFETY FIRST CONTEST CLOSES TODAY. Announcement of the PRIZE WINNERS will be made in the RAINBOW CLUB NEWS, SATURDAY, AUGUST 26.

A Rainbow Poem

By PAULINE DEIBERT, Gilbert, Pa. We do a little kindness each and every day. We spread a little sunshine all along the way. By brightening all and a smile. And making them wear a smile. We prove our lives worth living. And our "Rainbow" worth the while.

Things to Know and Do

HIDDEN WORD. The wizard is back and says: "I wish you would see how many bright boys and girls can tell me this: What kind of STEEP do people like in the house?"

at the Rainbow. Its stand in the

Particularly I noticed that he darted a quick, queer glance at us when automobiles were mentioned, and would have fainted him struck with a new idea. He caught my eye upon him, bowed politely and, turning, re-entered the hostelry. Sevrance gathered up the reins, clicked to the animal in the shafts and we moved off.

After a few hundred yards I turned in my seat and looked back. Saltsa Regis had vanished—flooded by the hills wherein it drew out its placid existence.

We had rounded a shoulder of the Downs and were descending a gentle slope. Before us lay a vast and desolate expanse of downs, bathed in the ruddy light of the setting sun, sinister to view, opposing the imagination strangely with its effect of infinite, grim distances; a savage and implacable wilderness.

I settled back in my seat, smuggling behind me the last robes with a little shiver. Presently we had reached the lower level and could see no more than a hundred yards or so of the winding road before us. Even the general configuration of the hills by the sudden growing dark of the evening air, invisible for the greater part of the way. Only once or twice we came out upon a little top of a hill, near the edge of a low chalk cliff overlooking the water, and once, if I remember distinctly, the road descended upon the verge of a long, low and sandy beach, where our wheels sank deep in the yielding sands, following an ill-defined way between wide reaches of shuddering coarse grasses.

For a couple of hours we traveled on, meeting no one. Night succeeded a lingering twilight, adding to the desolation that surrounded us. Sevrance stopped our beast, got down and lit the lamps, remarking that it seemed most cheerful. We passed in a few minutes a small, white, rectangular building. He may have so regarded it; for my part it but accentuated my sensation of loneliness.

I conceived a hatred, then and there, for English downs; a hatred which will stay with me to my dying day, I fancy. After a while, however, it seemed that we were driving some inland, into a more friendly region. We passed several farmhouses, their position evidenced by glowing windows. Above us the winter stars seemed to increase their cold brilliancy; so that the general configuration of the countryside became more easily discernible.

Sevrance finally broke a wearisome silence. "I should be near Saltsa Regis," he said. "If I remember the lay of the land, we will come upon the park before many minutes." "The park?" I ejaculated. "A park in the godforsaken locality?" "It's not so heathenly over there," he explained; "it's higher, better ground, Saltsa Regis itself is a vast game preserve more than anything else—a protected park, lying between the road and the sea, with the house in the very middle of it. Sir Henry has his private yacht landing on the sea edge of the grounds."

"But how will you know it?" "Oh," he returned confidently, "the house stands near enough the road for the light to be visible through the trees—especially at this season of the year, when there is little or no foliage." "But supposing there are no lights—supposing they are not there?" "They're there," he was sure. "If they haven't arrived—"

"Now, be sensible, Gordon!" His tone was impatient. "Where else would they be? What would they be doing all this time? We are virtually positive they were left London yesterday, and they cannot but have arrived before us." "But if they didn't come—"

"They did. Her ladyship said they would." That was unanswerable. I could only justify myself feebly by reference to the statement of that gentleman in London. "He said that no automobile had been seen for weeks—"

"Naturally they would come by a roundabout way, to escape observation. There's a road across the downs from somewhere near Lincoln, for one; or they might have driven up to Grimsby-All-Saints, in the north, and doubled back here." "It seems more probable," I said, in the light of that explanation, I began to feel more assured of finding Heart's Desire at this journey's end. Indeed, I was afield with eagerness and impatience when Sevrance finally drew rein.

"The gates are closed," he announced, "but here's the lodge at any rate. Jump out here's a light in the window on the other side." I leaned forward, peering into the dense darkness of the roadside. At the first I saw nothing at all, but gradually, by dint of straining my eyes, I made out the high arch of an old iron gateway, and, blacker against the general darkness, a blurred smudge that might stand for a small lodge building.

Therefore I obeyed Sevrance and jumped out. He followed me, leading the fly and the thing that had drawn it to a hitching post, which, I concluded, he found by instinct.

But possibly his eyesight was more keen than mine, for when I protested that I saw nothing in any way resembling a light, asserting that there was no such thing there, he contradicted me flatly.

"On the farther side of the lodge," he indicated, I stepped to one side, and was forced to admit that he was right. A faint, yellow radiance did percolate through one window, falling athwart a stretch of dead grass, and, finally, upon a low shrub that grew nearby.

MISS HELEN ANDERSON, a Popular Ocean City Rainbow.

Honor Roll Contest

The prizes for the week ending August 9 were won by the following children: Katherine, of 1234 Locust St., Philadelphia; Mrs. Julian Hill, of 48 Locust St., Philadelphia; Foster Koenig, Pacific avenue, Atlantic City, N. J.; 26 years.

Loretta Kell, Woodstock street, 28 years; Mrs. John S. Rising, 38 years; Mrs. C. S. 30 years.

Leaders: Agnes, Allegheny avenue, 28 years.