

NANCY WYNNE HAS A FEW THINGS TO SAY ON VARIOUS SUBJECTS

Invitations Are Out for the Debut of Attractive Wilmington Girl, Who Will Attend Many Affairs in This City—Tennis Tournament Started Yesterday

The first debutante party of Wilmington's season will take place on October 7 at Curfew, the John Bancrofts' country place...

With the return of autumn, tennis and golf seem to be the chief diversions, and tournaments have been arranged at the various clubs...

In the midst of ringing wedding bells, clattering friends and relatives and the mad and frantic rush of best man and maid of honor to arrange baggage...

The marriage of Miss Ethel B. Buckwater, daughter of Mrs. H. Brinton Buckwater, of West Chester...

Miss Dorothy Diaton, of Chestnut Hill, has been spending the summer at her Newport villa...

Mr. and Mrs. William G. Warden, of Red-bank School House lane, Germantown, accompanied by their daughters...

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MRS. DANIEL WEBSTER DARRACH Mrs. Darrach will be remembered as Miss Helen Frick, of Logan

Weddings

A pretty wedding took place yesterday at Middletown, Pa., when Miss Sarah E. Myers, of 1282 North Alden street...

The marriage of Miss Mary Gonnell and Mr. Howard McBride took place on Saturday afternoon at 4 o'clock in St. Malachy's Church...

The marriage of Miss Anna B. Coughlin, of Binghamton, N. Y., and Mr. John F. Sullivan, of Binghamton, N. Y., took place on Monday, September 11...

Mr. George Miller will entertain tomorrow evening at her home on Lafayette Hill, when her guests will include Mrs. Emma Schofield, Mrs. Harry Dager, Mrs. Hack, Mrs. Edward Crease, Mrs. Thomas Johnson...

Mr. and Mrs. Margulus gave a reception in honor of their daughter, Miss Anna Margulus, at their home, 1637 South Fourth street, on Sunday evening...

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The Wings of the Morning By Louis Tracy

CHAPTER X Healy vs. Romance—The Case for the Plaintiff

Night after night the Pleiades swung higher in the firmament; day after day the sailor perfected his defenses and anxiously scanned the ocean for sign of friendly smoke or hostile sail...

Meanwhile, each night Jenks slept soundly; each day his face became more careworn. He began to realize why the island had not been visited already by the vessel which would certainly be deputed to search for them...

"I believe the reckoning is accurate," he said. "The Sirdar was lost on the 18th of March, and I make this the 11th of May."

"Yes, shall we drive to Hurlingham this afternoon?" "Looked at in that way it seems to be a tremendous time, though indeed, in some respects, it figures in my mind like many others, when busy, the days fly like hours."

"I read the whole poem the other day," she said after a silence of some minutes. "Sorrowful as it is, it comforted me. The great stars are the stars of our fate, for his when 'another ship stays by this side'."

Yet neither of them knew that one line she had recited was more singularly applicable to their case than that which they had paid heed to. "The great stars that globed themselves in heaven" were shining clear and bright in the vast arch above...

It is not the only swimmers. Here is a girl, Rainbow, Malvina Holcombe, who sends us a word from Strathmore or Corson's Inlet, N. J. "Strathmore is a splendid place. On Sunday a great many fishermen come down here. There are good reasons for Strathmore's development. It has fine bathing, a splendid beach, and an excellent bay for fishing. There is going to be a bridge to Ocean City next year. It will be a great improvement. We are glad to meet a little girl who is so proudly interested in her summertime town. What other fishermen can tell something they have noticed about the place in which they live?"

FARMER SMITH'S RAINBOW CLUB. "PAPA, MY KISSES ARE ALL GONE". "OUR POSTOFFICE BOX". "WILLIE WIDEAWAKE GROWS MORE". "THE QUESTION BOX". "FARMER SMITH'S".

Big guns—heavy guns—had to make way for lighter and more powerful guns of smaller caliber. Now—the world's fighting is done with "thirties." But the soldier of yesterday lugged a big "forty-five." It's a new model Packard and now—a trimmer, nimble Twin-six. The twelve small cylinders increase the power and serviceableness of this true aristocrat of cars—make a lighter car—and one that gets more mileage from even low grade gasolines. This achievement multiplied our market—and made possible the production of a more sumptuous Packard at \$2,865 and \$3,265—f. o. b. Detroit. Ask the man who owns one. Packard Motor Car Co. of Philadelphia, 219 N. Broad Street. Also Bethlehem, Harrisburg, Lancaster, Reading, Trenton, Williamsport and Wilmington.

process of evolution, in fact. Now, do you know, Miss Jenks, that would never have occurred to me. And during the remainder of the day he did not once look at her feet. Indeed, he had far more serious matters to distract his thoughts, for Iris, feverishly anxious to be busy, suddenly suggested that it would be a good thing were she able to use a rifle if a fight at close quarters became necessary. The recall of the Lee-Metford is so slight that any woman can manipulate the weapon with effect, provided she is not called upon to fire from a standing position, in which case the weight is liable to cause aim-lessness. Through it came rather late in the day, Jenks caught at the idea. He accustomed her in the first instance to the use of blank cartridges. Then, when fairly proficient in holding and sighting—a child can learn how to refill and clip and eject each empty shell—she fired ten rounds of service ammunition. The target was a white circle on a rock at eighty yards, and those of the ten shots that missed the absolute mark would have made an enemy at the same distance extremely uncomfortable. Iris was much pleased with her proficiency. "Now," she cried, "instead of being a hindrance to you I may be some help. In any case, the Dyaks will think there are two men to face, and they have good reason to fear one of us." Then a new light dawned upon Jenks. "Why did you not think of it before?" he asked. "You see, Miss Jenks, the possibility suggested by your words? I am sorry to be compelled to speak plainly, but I feel sure that if those scoundrels do not insist on force, will permit me to secure you than to average the loss of their fellow tribesmen. First and foremost, the sea-going Dyaks are pirates and marauders. They growl about the coast looking not so much for a fight as for loot and women. Now, if they return, and apparently find two well-armed men awaiting them, with no prospect of a fight, they will have a chance they may abandon the enterprise." Iris did not flinch from the topic. She well knew its grave importance. "In other words," she said, "I must be seen by them dressed only in male clothing?" "Yes, as a last resource, that is. I have some hope that they may not discover our whereabouts owing to the precautions we have adopted. Perched up there on the ledge we will be profoundly uncomfortable, but that will be nothing if it secures our safety." She did not reply at once. Then she said musingly: "Forty-four days! Surely there has been ample time to scour the China Sea from end to end, and to search for my father would never abandon hope until he had the most positive knowledge that the Sirdar was lost with all on board." The sailor, through long schooling, was prepared with an answer—"Each day makes the prospect of escape brighter. Though I was naturally disappointed this morning, I must not quite emphatically that our rescue may come any hour." Iris looked at him steadily. "You wear a solemn face for one who speaks so cheerfully," she said. "You should not attach too great significance to appearances. The owl, a very stupid bird, is noted for its philosophical expression." "Then we will strive to find wisdom in words. Do you remember, Mr. Jenks, the moon after the wreck you told me we might have to remain here many months?" "That was a pardonable exaggeration." "No, no, it was the truth. You are seeking now to bury me up with false hope. It is 1600 miles from Hongkong to Singapore, and half as much from Siam to Borneo. The Sirdar might have been driven anywhere in the typhoon. Didnt you say so, Mr. Jenks?" He wavered under this merciless cross-examination. "I had no idea your memory was so good," he said, weakly. "Excellent, I assure you. Moreover, during our forty-four days together, you have taught me to think. Why do you adopt subterfuge with me? We are partners in all else. Why cannot I share your despair as well as your toll?" She blushed out in sudden wrath, and he understood that she would not be denied the full extent of his secret fear. He bowed reverently before her, as a mortal paying homage to an angry goddess. (CONTINUED TOMORROW)