

JUST GOSSIP ABOUT PEOPLE

Nancy Wynne Takes in the Horse Show—Philadelphian Returns from Texas—Various Notes of Various Persons

THERE never was such a background for a Horse Show as the polo grounds at Bryn Mawr. The semicircular grandstand, with the wide green-and-white striped awnings, the pretty women in light frocks and the officers of the various Allied armies in their bright uniforms, made a never-to-be-forgotten picture yesterday.

There was quite a commotion when some one came breathlessly up and announced to Mr. William T. Hunter that there were eight French officers over on the platform of the Bryn Mawr station and no one to meet them. Needless to say Mr. Hunter hastened to Major Strawbridge, who raced over to meet the Frenchmen. And how wonderful those "ciel" blue uniforms did look as the eight of them, including General Glauden, came walking on the field.

There were a number of officers from the British mission, too, and their khaki uniforms and the brilliant red bands on their caps were beautiful indeed. Pretty Mrs. Bob Montgomery took three of the Frenchmen to her box and Mrs. Strawbridge and Mrs. Ned Browning hastened up to take the others and introduce them around.

About 3 o'clock the Rough Riders from Camp Dix arrived and went through all sorts of wonderful maneuvers, much to the enjoyment and excitement of the kiddies and many of the grown-ups. And the clown or a mule? Did you see him?

DO YOU know, I was struck with the manliness of the small boys out there yesterday? I noticed the little Snowden boys and Victor Mather's son. Just about "so high," you know, but extra manly, as if they had to look after their families now that the men had gone to fight on the other side for the safety of their homes.

I was amused at little Charlie Snowden. He had gone out of the grounds and came in by the back road with Victor Mather, Jr. When the man asked for his ticket he put his hand in his pocket and said, "How much is it?" "Fifty cents." And evidently small Snowden had spent all his fifty cents, so he said: "Well, you see my mother brought me in once already and I forgot to take the ticket. My mother's Mrs. John Converse." And the gateman, being a man of perception, knew it was true and passed him in until he got his ticket from "Mother."

YOU never tasted anything like the waffles. Um—um—um! I want some more today. And you had to wait quite a while, too, yesterday, because the stoves were not set up in time. However, I got mine at 1 o'clock, and nummy! nummy! but they were good.

Mrs. Barklie, Miss Hopkins, Mrs. John Townsend, Mrs. Bill Clothier, Mrs. de St. Phalle, Mrs. Sam Bell and dozens of others were working like beavers at the cafeteria, and every one was wandering about the inclosure carrying his or her own tray.

They had a spiced salmon most wonderfully made and dressed, and you paid one whole dollar for a slice; but when you got it you didn't mind, it was so good.

Altogether, this is some show, believe me. And it ought to bring in a lot for the British War Relief and the Bryn Mawr Hospital for every thing was given, so it is all clear profit.

DID YOU know that Mrs. Lewis Nelson and Sarah have come back from Texas? Sarah is Mrs. Crawford Madeira now, you know, and she has been living in Brownsville, Tex., ever since her marriage last January to be with Crawford, who is a lieutenant in the cavalry at Camp Brown. Everybody will be glad to have Sarah back again, because she has been such a favorite ever since her debut about three years ago.

MR. AND MRS. JAMES FRANCIS SULLIVAN, of Radnor, have gone to Washington to visit their son-in-law and daughter, Lieutenant and Mrs. Albert Lincoln Hoffman. They have a country place at Chevy Chase, you know, and Mrs. Sullivan has never been there. As the Hoffmans are moving into Washington soon for the winter, Mrs. Sullivan decided to go down before they left and enjoy it at its best—because I think everything seems at its best at this time of year, don't you? You get so used to a place when you are there all summer, and it seems to look more comfortable and homelike just when you have to leave it and go back to town for the winter. Frances Sullivan is up at Camp Kildare, in the Adirondacks, and expects to come home the first of October. It's perfectly wonderful up there; the most beautiful outlook through the trees over the water, and the air is so clear and fine that you can just sort of feel the health being drawn into your lungs with every breath.

I KNOW you'll be glad to hear that Mrs. I Wharton Smith has received word of the safe arrival in France of her husband, Captain Wharton Smith, who is at the head of a field hospital. Mrs. Smith was Edwina Hensel, you know, and has been living down at Fort Oglethorpe for some time to be near her husband. This winter she is going to live with Mrs. Joseph Few, who was Alberta Hensel, the other twin, you remember, at The House in the Woods, Bryn Mawr.

HIS son and heir—and incidentally namesake—is a great mystery and deep joy to a certain proud young father. Nobody else ever had a baby quite like this one. A year ago, if you showed him a baby, he noticed how red its ears were and how funny the back of its head was, where all the hair had been rubbed off. Now you show him a beautiful pink cherub and he notices that its eyes are not very big, although they are prettily so, and its nose is a trifle small—and so on. His own baby in one of those precious smily infants, always ready to gush any promiscuous finger or lock of hair or hat brim or anything that is within range of his fat little fists. His mother, of course, considers him perfectly beautiful, and the other day she was admiring him while Father was awkwardly holding him and attempting to retrieve a perfectly good "Isn't he beautiful?" she appeared.

Father considered him. "He's not a very pretty baby," he decided, "but he has a great deal of personality." NANCY WYNNE.

Mrs. George Deacon Wetherill has issued invitations for the wedding of her daughter, Miss Ada Wetherill, and Ensign Karl Frederick Knipe, U. S. N., at Heatherfield, Bryn Mawr, on Saturday, October 12, at 4:30 o'clock. The reception will be from 5 until 6 o'clock.

Mr. and Mrs. Isaac Clothier, Jr., and their family have returned to Sunnybrook, their home in Radnor, after spending the summer at their villa in Narragansett.

Mr. and Mrs. A. Barker Mellor, who have been spending the summer at Cape May, will return to their home in St. Martin's.

A rummage sale will be held on Wednesday, Thursday and Friday, at the home of Mrs. George Deacon Wetherill, under the management of a number of members of the Women's Auxiliary of St. Francis Church, Home, at Darby; for which the sale will be held.

The sale which will take place in the building at the northeast corner of Ninth and Chestnut streets, is under the management of Mrs. Joseph Kelly, and among the articles for sale will be men's, women's and children's clothing and millinery, ornaments, furniture, books, toys, pictures, etc.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Furlong, of St. Joseph, Mo., announce the marriage of their daughter, Mrs. Lucille Furlong Wilson, of 313 Walnut street, to Dr. John Falconer Sinclair, of 4103 Walnut street, on Wednesday, September 18, in New York.

Mr. and Mrs. William Thomson Sherron, who have been spending the summer at Cape May, will return to Hamilton Court on Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. William Wendling Anglin and their son, William Sherron Anglin, who have also been spending the summer at Cape May, will return to 223 South Fortieth street, on Monday.

Mrs. William Haslett and her daughter have returned from Chelsea, where they spent the summer. Mrs. Haslett will be remembered as Miss Julie Mariner, of Kensington. Haslett is now with the American expeditionary forces in France.

Lieutenant Ralph J. Cahall and Mrs. Cahall, of San Antonio, Tex., are receiving congratulations on the birth of a daughter, Dorothy Hewitt Cahall, on Tuesday.

The wedding of Miss Marie E. Smith, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Preston L. Smith, Walter H. B. Pratt, of 518 North 30th street, and Mr. Joseph Pratt, of 1518 Chestnut street, will take place on Wednesday, September 25, at the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Pratt will be his brother's best man.

The Rev. Z. Montgomery Gibson and Mrs. Gibson, of Ridge avenue, Upper Roxborough, who have been spending the summer in the Far West, will return home this week.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Mark Cully, Jr., have returned from their wedding trip and are at home at 244 North Thirty-third street. The bride was Miss Elizabeth B. Howard, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Howard, of Mount Airy.

Mr. and Mrs. James M. Pratt are at home in Chatham, Mass., where Mr. Pratt is an ensign in the United States naval air service. He will be remembered as Miss Almee Gringnard, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Albert Gringnard, of 6807 North Broad street.

They had a spiced salmon most wonderfully made and dressed, and you paid one whole dollar for a slice; but when you got it you didn't mind, it was so good.

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DREAMLAND ADVENTURES

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

(Peggy, made tiny and invisible by Gallekety Shrub, takes part with General Swallow in a terrific air battle, in which they help Teddy Rose, an American aviator, fight a squadron of Hun machines.)

CHAPTER V Peggy Is Called "Kamerad"

TEDDY ROSE was now fighting the German, one against four. When he saw the Hawk drop, brought down by Peggy's brave attack, he gained fresh hope and went at the Hun fires in a perfect fury. Instead of their attacking him, they quickly found him attacking them and they, who all had could do dodging his vicious dives and swoops.

One of them, whom Peggy called the Vulture, because he seemed waiting to pounce on Teddy, he saw the courage to fight him face to face. He looked at the Hawk's example in sneaking up behind him, while Teddy was chasing the other three. He took advantage of a passing cloud and hid in it. Peggy, who had followed the Hawk's lead, and then he dashed out prepared to give Teddy a deathblow.

He might have succeeded, but just then Peggy came up at a terrific rate, and landed on his machine, just as she had landed on that of the Hawk. She planned to capture him in the same way, but when she looked for his pistol, he didn't seem to have one. She would have to try a new method. First, however, she had to become her usual size.

She quickly repeated the verse that General Swallow had taught her: "Gallekety small! Gallekety fast! Oh, when it comes fall, why summer is past."

Then a strange thing happened. Instead of shooting up as she expected, she shot down. To her dismay she found herself as tiny as an ant. Something had gone wrong with the magic.

For a moment Peggy was frightened. Supposing she couldn't control the Gallekety magic, and would have to stay tiny all the time!

She pulled herself together and began to use her head. "Think and act when you're in a pinch, and you'll get out of a bad time to get scared," her father had once told her, and she had found it good advice.

What had made the magic verse act this way? Then in a flash the answer came to Peggy. She had used the wrong words and of course they had made her tiny when she wanted to become large!

"Gallekety tall! Gallekety fast! Oh, when it comes fall, why summer is past."

She fairly shouted the verse, and as she did so her head rose like a skyrocket, with all her body following except her feet. She had become her usual height.

She had wasted so much time through getting the wrong verse, that the Vulture was about to attack her. She had only one thing for Peggy to do and she did it. She threw one arm lightly around the Vulture's neck, and the other around his head over his eyes. Thus she choked him and blinded him at the same time.

The Vulture was simply astounded. The attack, coming right out of what he thought was the empty air, just when he thought he was going to shoot down the brave young American, fairly paralyzed him. He didn't know what had struck him. Was it the aid of an American aviator coming to the aid of his "buddy"? Or was it another newfangled aerial device?

In either case the Vulture wasn't going to take any chances. "Kamerad," he yelled, holding up his hands in token of surrender. "Kamerad, have mercy."

Only when the ground was close at hand, did he free him so that he could grab the levers and bring the machine to a safe landing amid the American soldiers, who were becoming more and more astonished at the second of a machine disabled by Teddy's bullets, followed closely by the remaining two.

"Hurrah!" shouted Peggy. "They've all been whipped." The Vulture swooped down at her in a fever of excitement.

"Quick!" he shouted. "Teddy has been shot, and is unconscious, while his airplane is carrying him over the enemy lines." Up darted Peggy to the rescue.

(Tomorrow will be told how Peggy tries to save the American aviator.)

ITALIANS CELEBRATE DAY Exercises Will Be Held at Independence Square Tonight

The Italians of Philadelphia will celebrate the 20th anniversary of Italy's "July Fourth" at Independence Square this evening at 7 P. M.

A mammoth outdoor celebration will be held in the square, under the auspices of the Italian branch of the committee on public information. It will be presided over by John Di Silvestro, local chairman of the Legion. The Sons of Italy of America and other Italian fraternal organizations will turn out in force.

The speakers will be William Potter, ex-Ambassador to Italy; the Hon. Charles S. Dwyer, congressman; Congressman George S. Graham, Captain Arturo Zampagnolo, a hero of the battle of Gorizia; Dr. P. Solari, an Italian journalist, who is visiting this country; and Chevalier Gaetano Poccadori, Italian consul in this city.

W. S. S. SALESMEN'S DAY Three Thousand Solicitors Substitute Stamps for Regular Line

Today is Salesmen's Day for W. S. S., and 3,000 salesmen will endeavor to sell war savings stamps instead of the regular goods. C. E. Wessels, chairman of the salesmen's committee, has replied from almost every business house in the city announcing their salesmen will be instructed to sell stamps instead of regular goods. Salesmen's Day will be renewed every Friday after the Liberty Loan drive.

Boy Scouts, under the leadership of Herman Ruderus, a seventeen-year-old refugee from the war zone of Alsace-Lorraine, will open a war savings stamp drive tomorrow in the theatres, movies and luncheon rooms. Nearly 400 Boy Scouts have enrolled for this work.

MATRONS WOULD BE TEACHERS Forty Married Women Apply for Positions in Schools

Since the suspension of the rule debaring married teachers from taking jobs with the Board of Education, forty have applied for positions in the schools. The board is giving considerable help in filling the many vacancies in the schools left by teachers resigning in favor of war work, according to Associate Superintendent J. M. McQuinn. There are still thirty vacancies in the elementary schools and more to come, according to Doctor MacDowell. A much larger number of married teachers will have to apply for positions before all the vacancies are filled.

Street Carnival to Aid Heroes A street carnival will be given by the soldiers and sailors' welfare committee of the Eighteenth Ward tonight and tomorrow night on East Montgomery avenue, between Girard and Widley streets, for the benefit of the boys from that ward who are "over there."

WEDDING DATE ANNOUNCED



MISS ADA LAMBERT WETHERILL. Daughter of Mrs. George D. Wetherill, of Bryn Mawr, whose marriage to Ensign Karl Frederick Knipe, U. S. N., will take place on October 12, at 4:30 o'clock.

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THE GILDED MAN

By CLIFFORD SMYTH

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THE STORY THIS FAR David Leighton, his wife, and his friends, Andrew Parmelee, a schoolmaster, and Ensign Karl Frederick Knipe, U. S. N., were the guests of a "three months' hiatus" in the story.

David and Raoul Arthur, his partner, had been searching for a tunnel in the mountains of the Alps. A dynamic explosion had been used to clear a passage through the rock.

The investigators arrive in Honda at a time when the Japanese are engaged in a campaign of terror against the American soldiers, who were becoming more and more astonished at the second of a machine disabled by Teddy's bullets.

On their way to Honda, David again discovered a tunnel. He and Raoul Arthur, his partner, had been searching for a tunnel in the mountains of the Alps.

Miranda and Parmelee are separated and Parmelee is left alone. When a long search is made by the police, he has a strange tale to tell.

He saves a man in a toga led him into a cave and left him there. His description of the place led Arthur to the cave. They decide to explore the cave and look for David.

CHAPTER XII—Continued The opening of the tunnel was much as Andrew had described it, an inconspicuous, narrow rift at the base of a great wall of rock. In some places the wall was so high and so small an aperture, concealed by bushes and trailing vines, was safe from the most inquisitive travelers.

Two passages were discovered leading from the chamber in which they stood. One went straight ahead, offering a fairly easy, unobstructed path to the explorer. The other, a branch from the main tunnel, was narrow, and with debris of fallen rock, and altogether forbidding in the glimpse that could be had of the first few hundred feet of its course.

One feature, however, belonging to the smaller tunnel gave it the preference. But before discovering this feature and making his choice the explorers thought it best to inform themselves as well as they could of the character of the cave itself.

Leighton naturally took the lead, and from his investigations it was concluded that, aside from the action of water.

The implement employed by Nature in fashioning her underground caverns is usually water. Some mighty spring, deep within the earth's bosom, seeks an outlet for its accumulating current. It forces its way through whatever porous layer of rock comes in its path, and by persistent action, occupying ages of time, disintegrates and destroys it altogether.

There is left, as a result of the subterranean stream's activity, a series of tunnels, widening out oftentimes into great caverns, and extending in several well-known instances, for many miles. Wherever water is the sole architect the lines that it carves, the forms it molds, are smooth, well-rounded, there is no jagged edge, sharp angles in the fairy palaces and intricate labyrinth that it leaves as specimens of its artistic method.

The walls of the Guatavita cave, however, were eloquent of totally different forces employed in its making. The marks of an angry Titan were upon them; the Titan of Fire. They told of an elemental force, swift and catalytic in its action. The deep scars in their surfaces, the rough creases and pinnacles jutting from them, were the epic characters in which the monster's fingers for freedom were written down for all posterity to study and wonder at.

Thus, Leighton did not hesitate to attribute an igneous origin to the cave, and it was after a close examination of the earth and ceiling, where they had been made, that the tunnel was chosen as the best of exploration. They were footprints in both tunnels, but in this one they were more numerous than in the other, where they had been made, according to the schoolmaster's estimate. There were footprints in the excavations. Comparing these footprints, those in the larger tunnel were evidently from ordinary shoes, while in the smaller they bore the impress of sandals. They were footprints in both tunnels, but in this one they were more numerous than in the other, where they had been made, according to the schoolmaster's estimate.

Andrew's man in the toga is the one we want," remarked Leighton, a decision that added to Mrs. Quayle's agitation and did not appear to increase the schoolmaster's desire for adventure.

The discovery of the imprint of sandaled feet, however, changed Doctor Miranda's attitude toward Andrew from banter almost to admiration.

"It is true, what he says, this little fellow," he declared in astonishment. "He follows him here, the sandals—and he is alone. He is brave man, this Parmelee."

Raoul remained silent and Herran shrugged his shoulders skeptically. After all, it was difficult to believe, on the strength of a mere footprint, that the singular being described by the schoolmaster actually existed. He had disappeared, like some wraith, in the depths of the cave.

"That will be a hard path to follow," said Leighton. "I tried it once—"

"What did you find?"

"Nothing—a dead wall."

"Mercy!" ejaculated Mrs. Quayle, not catching his meaning.

"There was no danger that I could see," continued Raoul; "but there was hard traveling, and no result worth the effort."

"Did you notice these footprints when you were here before?"