Evening Wedger

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PHILADELPHIA, FRIDAY, AUGUST 27, 1915.

The young men who dream dreams sometimes grow to be old men who have seen their visions come true.

Law and Order on the Seas

T 1TS best, German submarine warfare. A could never be more than retaliatory, a recurrence in another form of privateering. An effective blockade of English trade by the submersibles was never a possibility. It was inevitable that this view should at length find prevalence in official German circles. Was the flame worth the candle? Was it worth while to alienate the great neutral Powers of the world, perhaps even to bring officially into the equation the vast financial resources of the United States, and pay the price of complete ostrocism for the doubtful benefits accruing from the unrestricted use of submersibles against peaceful merchantmen and neutral passengers?

To those who in these days of travail have not lost the capacity to think clearly and without prejudice. It seemed impossible that Berlin should fall to disayow the sinking of the Arabic. She could do so without humiliation. More than that, she could make the incident an opportunity for giving a satisfactory reply to the United States relative to its third Lusitania note.

The importance of the situation cannot be overestimated. If, in fact, orders have been given to submarines to obey the rules of the sea, if they have been instructed to observe all historic precautions for the safety of passengers and crews, then this country has emerged from one of the greatest crises in its history with added prestige and has achieved not only a splendid diplomatic victory for itself, but has likewise given a new meaning to international law and done more for the freedom of the seas than any other nation has accomplished in a century.

Since Mr. Lansing became Secretary of State the conduct of our affairs has been marked by a dignity and strength which have done much to encourage citizens who had begun to despair of the maintenance of the national prestige.

Two Cities

FIGHE Atlantic Cir. New York. Here is the expose:

But New York is not American. Its average type of mind is-New York. is very largely an empty, vapid, dull-witted, semi-alcoholic, neurotic, hysteric aggregaion of money spenders with no solid attachment to real life. Its painted; its men are pickled. Their tastes are low; their judgment is dull.

That's the way many people have felt after spending all they had on the "Great White Way." It glitters, and there is nothing like it in Philadelphia. But there are more twostoried homes in Philadelphia than there are lobster places in New York!

Mexico's Tragedy Is America's Bisgrace

NOR the last two weeks the Puntic LEDGER has been printing each day an article on the condition of Mexico. These articles are written by Raymond G. Carroll. a trained and unbiased observer. In themselves, without the mass of corroborating evidence which is common property, they are a most pathetic account of a great nation's tragedy. They are at the same time the most damning evidence of a still greater nation's disgrace.

President Wilson has said that he is for the submerged 80 per cent. in Mexico; as head of the Administration he must be responsible for the lives of Americans in Mex-Ico; as advocate of the Monroe Doctrine he is morally responsible for the peace and security of Mexico. Since he became President he has allowed the submerged 80 per cent, to be pillaged; he has allowed the Americans in Mexico the great privilege of being shot by American guns; he has helped make Mexico an anarchy too terrible to contemplate,

Small wonder that there are whispers of "oil syndicates" and "arms manufacturers" when our Mexican policy is mentioned. Small wonder that two countries are beginning to doubt the value of inspired phrases.

Omens Are Here, But Midsummer Is Not

BY ALL rights midsummer meteorology should prevail.

The final proof is afforded in the first yarns of the year concerning the sea serpent. More gigantle and fearsome than the twin constrictor that squeezed Laocoon and his progeny on the Trojan strand, these marine ophidians have been sighted off several Jersey and Long faland reserts.

Soistitial omens are complete. But summer of the old-fashioned Philadelphia variety has not been achieved. Modish sport coats, succeasor to the prokea-boo water of yesteryear, and open-work hosiery flaunt themselves along the primrose path of our Chestaut street. Monday morning's papers record the fate of the fools who would playfully gambol in a rowboat. Incredible tales of "big atches" come unblushingly from Blackwood Lake and other piscatorial centres. Feminity sits on the plaxens of seaside or mountain. eargenmaries tatting-or tatting. Lifeguards rescue those who couldn't swim and went out into the deeps to try it. Suitcases cursimher the railroad stations. The housesty huminingly aprends discuse in careless The mosquito tunes his Tyric lay and herges die lyddite-inden proboscie for ac-non, Eyen Old General Humidity has summoned his moist phalanxes to the front. It is summer for everything but Mr. Fahrenheit's seful invention. Omnia adsunt.

But we urge no complaint against Mr. Bliss We do not long for the notorious tropic Augusts of yore. With such weather as we are enjoying life is solaced, comfort afforded and hope spared those whom the gentle Elia classed as slaves of the desk and counter, 'those who cannot get away" and who are, perforce, obliged to endure, with what equanimity they can command, what the genial Autocrat characterized as "intramural aestivation.

Summering within city walls is a real joy this year!

Three-card Monte

TIWO contractors cannot name the next Mayor of Philadelphia. The time for such things is past. They can, through the great power of the Organization, render probable the election of a good man. But they cannot foist on this community a Smith, or any man of the Smith type, whose sole qualification for the office would be his willingness to perform none of its functions. "I will do whatever the contractors want me to do" is not the kind of platform that will commend itself to the citizens of Philadel-

If may be that Penrose and McNichol will once more fool the Vares and hoodwink them, as they have so often done before. No human beings have done so much to blacken the reputation of the South Philadelphians as Penrose and McNichol. Yet Penrose put his collar on them last fall and he may be able to do it again. Making monkeys of the Vares has been a McNichol amusement for a long time.

The clare boost that if harmonious they can elect a yellow dog. That they have been searching for such a creature is well known. But making the electorate pet him is quite another matter. In truth, despite the apparent apathy of citizens in this crisis, in spite of their quiescence while the betrayal of the city is openly bargained for and its fortunes hazarded at round tables in Atlantic City, there are thousands of well-intentioned men who have determined that the municipal Government shall not be seduced, that the Republican party shall not be made ridiculous and that its chances in the nation shall not be jeopardized by the machinations and selfish purposes of a couple of greedy contractors.

The Vares pose as staunch supporters of the Governor. To make Smith the candidate would be to convict the Governor of complicity in the lowest sort of politics, of prostituting his high office to the necessities of a group of pillagers, and would stain his reputation unalterably. The Vares are not prepared to do that and the Governor is not prepared to let them do it.

The more indecent and nauseating the Organization's methods, the more certain is the election of a worthy successor to Mayor Blankenburgf.

"We Have Found Each Other at Last"

THE one touch of nature which was neces-A sary to make the United States and Canada kin has been found. More effective than reciprocity treaties, more direct than intermarriage, the spiritual brotherhood of Canada and these States has been found in Winnipeg.

Enomous overpayments have been made to ontractors on the new Parliament buildings. The surplus went into a slush fund for political aspirants. Almost a million dollars gone in graft!

Pennsylvania stretches a sympathetic and cheerful hand to Manitoba. Harrisburg speaks to Winnipeg. Albany whispers a kind word. From every State capital, from every large city there is breathed. like a soft cusurrus in the night, a word of comfort and fraternity to Canada. "Brothers," it says, 'we have found each other at last."

Common Sense Is the Best Censorship

THE ridiculous failure of the censorship in Atlantic City is in some ways an unfortunate incident. An unjustifiable interference with public right was attempted, and very properly failed. The misfortune is that the Atlantic City authorities used proper methods for an improper end, and as a result seemed to encourage the highly improper methods which prevail in the Pennsylvania

If the film in the Atlantic City case had actually affronted public decency a police inunction against it would have been upheld by the Court. As a matter of fact, the riots and disturbances were purely works of the imagination. But the police power and duty to act when the public sense demands censorship is a true principle of American government. The power of a body of men to pass over all films before they are shown to decide in advance what the public will consider an outrage, to rob patrons of all initiative and all judgment by cutting or forbidding films in advance-these are tyrannical powers, unjustifiable and absurd. Why shouldn't all books be referred to such a body? Why shouldn't the righteous one sit in judgment on all sermons the day before they are

The official censorship, acting before it is asked to act by the community, is a farce It is almost good enough for a moving-picture comedy scenario.

Why not let Reventlow and Roosevelt fight it out?

The jitney in the court room isn't half so interesting as the jitney on the street.

The streets are paved with good govern-

ment, unless they are paved with holes. What bad aim those French aviators have. All they can hit are arsenals and munition

Circumstances alter cases. The girl who has caught 179,765 flies gets hardly as much credit as an outfielder who catches four a

These are the days when everybody knows more about the President's business than he does; but he does not know it, so no harm is done.

German Liberals are liberal with the territory of other countries. They demand an expansion of the German frontiers both on the Continent and over seas.

Newspapers in Vienna are having an exciting time getting the word "Victory" to follow after "Austrian." By reversion to type the word "defeat" creeps in in spite or

Great Britain is trying to place its war loans now; winter is said to be a bad time, Brucing a man for a match in a sleet and anowatorm will be pleasant compared to britain's difficulties if this war goes on much

"BLUE STOCKINGS" NO LONGER SHOCK US

Learned Women Are Not Called Immodest, and Their Claim of Equality With Men Is Not Seriously Disputed

By ST. GEORGE BOLTON

FIGHE world has made considerable progress A since the good old days when it was considered immodest for a woman to understand Greek. The Bryn Mawr greduates may even know Sanscrit, or be able to read the cuneiform inscriptions on the Symerian tablets, without bringing the blush of shame to the cheeks of their friends. And they and all other young, middle-aged and mature women may display all the learning with which they are blessed without being grouped in a class by themselves as their sisters of the latter part of the 18th and the first part of the 19th centuries were set apart from the rest by a special designation.

The Blue Stockings of our ancestors formed a delightful company of charming women. It is possible to find a company as delightful here in Philadelphia, and as learned also, though they do not attract so much attention as was drawn to their predecessors at a time when the general opinion of women who disregarded precedents was contained in Johnson's famous remark about the preaching of Quaker

"A woman's preaching," said the man who made Boswell famous, "is like a dog's walking on his hind legs. It is not done well, but you are surprised to find it done

Astonishment at a Woman Who Knew Greek

Not only were people shocked by the conduct of the modest and devout Quaker women; but they were astounded at the manifestation of learning by Elizabeth Carter, a country parson's daughter, who translated Epictetus from the Greek into English. An edition of 1000 copies was offered for sale at a guinea a copy and there was so great a demand for the book that 250 more copies had to be printed at once. The curious spent their money for the volume as eagerly and as willingly as they paid enormous sums four or five years ago for the privilege of going up in an airship.

And Miss Carter was one of the Blue Stockings. Why she and other members of the coterie were so designated has not been established to the satisfaction of everyone. There are two favorite theories. One is that Madame de Polignac, a leader of French society, appeared at a reception given by Mrs. Montagu, in London, wearing blue stockings, which were then in vogue in Paris. The English ladies, struck by the novelty, at once adopted the fashion. As Mrs. Montagu's drawing room was the gathering place of a company of witty and learned women, they soon were called Blue Stockings. Another theory is that an unconventional Englishman of brilliant parts persited in wearing the blue worsted stockings of morning dress on all occasions instead of the black sitk of formal evening costume when he went out. Whichever derivation is correct matters little. The Blue Stockings, in any event, were given to the unconventionality of displaying all the wit and all the learning that they possessed instead of hiding both under a cloak of submission to the superior wisdom of men.

Miss Carter, who might be called the Anna Howard Shaw of her day, was not afraid to pit her knowledge against that of the Archibshop of Canterbury and the translators of the King James version of the Bible. In the course of an argument on the rights of women with the Archbishop charged that the men, in order to show the superiority of the husband over the wife. had distorted the 12th and 13th verses of the seventh chapter of the First Enistle to the Corinthians, where they had translated the same verb in two different ways. As applied to the husband they made the text say that he should not "put away" his wife, but as to the wife, they made it read that she must not "leave" her husband. The Archbishop denied her charge, but when he consulted the original Greek had to admit that she was right.

Protest Against the Double Standard

And these Blue Stockings were audacious also. One has only to recall the state of morals of the eighteenth century to appreciate the courage that was needed to lead Mrs. Delaney, one of the most interesting of the group, to protest against the double standard, a protest that some modern women have thought they were the first to make against the custom by which the men demanded of their wives a course of conduct which would make it impossible to foist upon the family a spurious heir to the titles and estates of the husband. She objected vigorously, "Not against the restraint we are under-for that I extremely approve of-but the unreasonable license tolerated in the

Mrs. Montagu, the queen of the group, might have been a 20th century woman, so far in advance of her time she was. No modern employer of labor had more selfish enlightenment than she, for she was in the habit of treating the families working in her colliery in Northumberland with human consideration, feasting them periodically and distributing toys and clothing among them. She pursued this policy, she admitted, because benefits of this sort a general kind behavior give a good deal of advantage to the coal owners as well as to the colliers!

Space is lacking to tell of Mrs. Thrale Hannah More, Fanny Burney, Mrs. Vesey and the rest. These women, with their determination to interest themselves in whatever was interesting, and not merely in what men thought the weaker sex should be concerned with, were the forerunners of the broad-minded women who are still engaged in the fight for complete emancipation for themselves and their sisters. But they were not the originators of the movement. At the close of the 17th century, about a hundred years before the Blue Stockings were asserting themselves most charmingly in London and in the country houses roundabout, Mrs. Astell proposed a college for the higher education of women. But even at the close of the 18th century the advocates of "women's rights" were looked down upon-Horace Walpole, who called Mary Woolstonecraft Shelley's demand for those rights the voice of a "hyena in petticoata," could not have found words to express his opinion of Jane Addams, for example, or of Carrie Chapman Catt, or Mary Winsor, or Caroline Katzenstein, or of any of the multitude of other women who are demanding that the State recognize in the laws what is generally admitted everywhere else, that woman is man's equal.

THE WEST'S OWN LIBERTY BELL

On July 4, 1778, It Proclaimed the Americanization of the Country North of the Ohio-How the Kentuckians Came to Kaskaskia—A Romantic Tale

By ROBERT HILDRETH

THERE'S another Liberty Bell beside that | lage. They went their several ways, knockon which the railroads are now offering cut rates. On July 4, 1778, just two years after a famous event in Philadelphia, the Liberty Bell of the West joyously proclaimed the Americanization of that vast country lying between the Ohio River and the Great Lakes-the old Northwest Territory. In the dim vestibule of the Church of the Immaculate Conception, in New Kaskaskia, it rests today, somewhat corroded with age, and, lo, the heavy bronze is eracked. There is something else of academic interest to Philadelphians. The Liberty Bell of the West has been to the fairthe World's Fair in Chicago in 1893. It is ten years older than the relic now following the transcontinental circuit, for it was the gift of Louis XV long ago to his children of the little French village of Kaskaskia, in New France.

It was then that the France of the New World comprised the valleys of the four great rivers, the St. Lawrence, the Ohio, the Missouri and the Mississippi. It was the country of Nicollet and Allouez, Marquette, Joliet and La Salle, bold adventurers and soldiers, brave and patient priests. On the banks of the mighty Father the Okaw formed a peninsula which today is the "Ragged Island," the Jesuit missionaries founded a church, and there a French settiement grew up, called Cascasquia by the people then. In a few years the King of France heard of the little church in the far away wilderness, and to show his pleasure he ordered a great bronze bell to be cast and shipped over the seas and borne through the forest to the hardy pioneers of religion and empire. On it was graved an inscription, part of it illegible today, but telling the people that the bell was the "gift of the king." In the winter of 1742, thirteen years before the French and Indian Wars, it reached Kaskaskia.

Clark Comes to Kaskaskia

In course of time New France, east of the Mississippi, became English soil. The British soldiers built new forts in the Illinois and Ohio countries. Their commander, when the Revolution came, was Hamilton, the 'Hair Buyer," he who hired the Indians for murder. But before this, from Virginia and the Carolinas, the Boones and the Clarks and hundreds of other intrepid spirits had crossed the blue wall of the Alleghenies into Kentucky. The year 1777 was above all years the year of murderous Indian raids upon the newmade homes of the Kentucky frontiersmen. George Rogers Clark, one of the chief heroes on the roll of American history, recrossed the mountains into Virginia and laid before Governor Patrick Henry his plans for seizing the British posts north of the Ohio, whence the Indian raiders were dispatched southward to kill and massacre. The Governor listened with little favor at first, but granted Clark a commission as lieutenant colonel and gave him a small supply of ammunition and Virginia money. Clark returned to Kentucky and raised a force of 150 backwoodsmen. From their rendezvous, on an island of the Ohio opposite the site of the present city of Louisville, they set out on the expedition so graphically described in Churchill's novel, "The Crossing." The hardships of their marches in the Northwest country need not be recounted here, but they were such as to try the mettle and physical endurance of even the hardiest of the hardy pioneers

of that romantic age of difficulties and perils. Clark's first capture was Fort Gage, at the foot of a bluff a few miles to the east of Kaskaskia. Then he advanced on Kaskaskia, the territorial capital, which the British had left almost unprotected through ignorance of the colonial expedition, which Clark had organized with as much secrecy as possible. The American force stealthily entered the village about midnight, niming to surprise the fort. The lone sentry inside the stockade was dozing. Clark's ringing voice woke him with the summons:

"Open the gate! Open the gate in the name of Virginia and the Continental Congress,"

The bolt was drawn and Clark with a number of his men entered the fort. The thoroughly disgusted British Governor was put under guard. The village of Kaskaskia then woke up. Excitement and fear continued in the houses and the streets until joy came in the morning, with better knowledge of

Colonel Ciark sent men through the vil-

against the British King, who until now has been your sovereign." These words the village priest translated to the people The Old Gascon Speaks

ing at this door and that.

"The Colonel bids you come to the fort."

Clark made a simple, straightforward

"Citizens of Kaskaskia, the King whom

speech that won the hearts of the people.

you renounced when the English conquered

you, the great King of France, has judged

for you and the French people. Knowing

that the American cause is just, he is send-

ing his fleets and regiments to fight for it

This is part of what he said that day:

Out of the crowd an old man, with skull cap resting on his silvered hair, emerged, tapping the ground uncertainly with his gold-headed cane. "Monsieur," he said, tremulously, "you will

GOVERNMENT

"OH. PORTER!"

pardon an old man if he show feeling. I am born seventy year ago in Gascon. I inhabit this country thirty year, and last night I think I not live any longer. Last night we make our peace with the good God and come here today to die. But we know he cried, with a sudden and surprising vigor. "Ha, we know you not! They told us lies and we were humble and believed. But now we are Americans," he cried, his voice pitched high, as he pointed with trembling arm to the Stars and Stripes above him. "Mes enfants, vive les Bostonnais! Vive les Americains! Vive Monsieur le Colonel Clark, sauveur de Kaskaskia!" Colonel Clark took the old Gascon by the

hand, and all the people became his friends for this and for other things he had done and sald that morning. He told them to take their time to think over their oath of allegiance to the new-born nation. The Kaskaskians trooped out of the gate,

the good Father Gibault leading them as before. But presently the priest returned with a few followers to the place where Colonel Clark was talking with his captains.

The Bell Rings Out Father Gibault stepped slowly forward

and said:

"I am Pere Gibault, sir, cure of Kaskaskia. There is something that still troubles the good citizens." "And what is that, sir?" asked Clark.

The priest hesitated. Then he made his petition: "If your Excellency will only allow the

church to be opened -," he began, Clark's answer was kindly and emphatic. "My good father," he said, "an American commander has but one relation to any church. And that is"-he added with force-"to protect it. For all religions are equal

before the Republic." In a moment the priest, looking at Clark with steadfast eyes, replied solemnly: "By that answer, your Excellency has made for your Government loyal citizens in

Kaskaskia." The news spread like wildfire. Presently the old bronze bell in the little church pealed out the anthem of political and religious liberty through Kaskaskia and all the country round about,

Thus it was that the Kaskaskia bell became the Liberty Bell of the West. And thus it was that the Americans came to Kaskaskia,

There is much else to the story: How Father Gibault, with one companion, made the difficult journey to Vincennes to talk with the French people there, and how he found them willing to welcome the Americans, and how he induced them to go in a body to the church and take the oath of allegiance to the American colonies. The British commander was then absent in Detroit. The "Hair Buyer" himself came to Vincennes with a force which he thought sufficient to defend the fort against the Colonials, but in the spring Clark, with his little army of Kentuckians, augmented by French Kaskaskians, captured Vincennes and the "Hair Buyer" along with it. Other posts fell into the hands of Clark and his men, and the Western country was organized as Illinois County, Virginia. The French settlements remained under American protection to the end of the war. When peace came it was Clark's conquest of the Northwest that gave the nation its claim to the territory that is now Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Wisconsin and Other times the Kaskaskia bell has rung out

though now it is silent. In the early days it rang for funerals and the weddings of the Menards, the Sauciers, the Vigos, the Lamarches, the Bonds, the Morrisons am the Ergars. It has rung for all the great experiences of human life. In "l'annee des grands eaux"-the year of the great water, that was in 1785-it rang to warn the people of the sudden rise of the Mississippi that submerged the village of Kaskada It rang again in 1890, when the floods broke through the cut-off to the north and a torrent seeking to escape from the river swept the town. The heroic priest managed to reach the church and ring an alarm, and hardly had he gained a place of safety when the building crumbled beneath the waves Then the people founded a new town nearby which they called the New Kaskaskia, and there they took the old bronze bell, the "sin of the king," which they had rescued from the hungry river.

MILITARY CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOL To the Editor of the Evening Ledger: Sir-1 was interested in reading a recent el-torial in the Evening Ledger, entitled "What Plattsburg Is Proving." * * *

It happens that I am so situated in business that I am required to be at my desk a great portion of the time, and that my absence from it is dependent upon my associates' plans Consequently it was impossible for me to have the advantage of this month at Plattsburg, although I multi approve of the plan and believe that I quite approve of the plan and believe that it is a proper undertaking for any man where are is such that he might be required for war purposes. There are others, no doubt, in the same position, and if they are, we would not wish to have it thought that we were lacking in patriotism, in view of the fact that we did not go to Plattsburg.

fore them an apportunity of the course of trail ng which is given at Plattsburg. This accomplished possibly by means of a respondence school, organized by the War Department of the Government, conducted sloss nes similar to those of other correspon

schools which have been so successful. . . A correspondence school could give instruction as to military and naval commands, various uses of arms, and no doubt could later on be leveloped to give a course in army maneuvring such that those having the course could, they ever have the opportunity of attending a instruction camp, have the advantage of know ing beforehand the various orders, army equipment, and many other details, which It no doubt takes some time to instruct eve A squad of men with this preliminar information should undoubtedly pick field maneuvring and the army life mu readily than if they had not had the benefit of

T. E. BROWN. Philadelphia, August 26.

NATIONAL POINT OF VIEW Whether or not Risef has reformed, San Francisco has.—Indianapolis News.

We shall hear with eagerness all that Germany has to say, but she must say something to the point,-Baltimore Sun. International law is largely a roughly struct balance between geographical accidents, and England ought to "play the game."—Springfield

It is not cowardice; it is not temporising; if not yielding one inch of our rights on

high seas to give time in reasonable space for whatever Germany may wish to say.—Bostos

The difference between the violation of Date ish neutrality and the assault on Belgium is the difference between striking an innocess bystander in a street row and deliberated shooting up a hospital.—Chicago Journal.

In the path of duty grows many a thorn, And bleak is the scorn of a selfish world? But there never was night without its more And after the tempest the clouds are furied: or over all spreadeth the bright blue sky, For over all spreadeth the bright blue sky, and we trust in our God, who is always night

AMUSEMENTS

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Ameta: "Mysteria;" The Meyakes
and Other Feature Acts.

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and LA BERGERE

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