

ABERDEEN, GRANITE CITY OF SCOTIA, SENDS 'GAY GORDONS' TO WAR FRONT

With Tartans Flying and Bagpipes Skirling Braw Highlander Laddies March Forth—Impressions of Thrifty Caledonian City

By ELLEN ADAIR



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Not very long ago I received a letter from a reader of the Evening Ledger. The envelope bore the postmark "Philadelphia." And when I opened it I found that it was written by an old gentleman of eighty, who had a special request to make.

"If you ever go to Aberdeen, the finest city in the world," he wrote, "would it be asking too much of you to write about it in the EVENING LEDGER? I came to the States sixty years ago, and have never been home to Scotland since, but now that my days are nearly done, my mind is always on the old times up in Aberdeen when I was a boy."

Four weeks after the arrival of that letter I received an invitation from the wife of an Aberdeen University professor to visit him for a few days. So I hope that these impressions of "The Granite City" will catch the eye of my old Scottish friend in Philadelphia, and he will know that I have not forgotten.

"It is a far cry to Aberdeen," as the guide-books say. A long, uncomfortable journey from London, with no Pullman cars, no regular sleepers, no conveniences en route, and in war time—no exceptions—except what one carries with one in the train.

SCENERY SUPERB
But the scenery is beyond compare. Rivers, mountains, moors and lochs are all around, and the little train puffs its fussy way up heathery hills and round precipitous corners such as one finds only in Bonnie Scotland.

When Edinburgh is left behind, when the winding Forth is crossed and the Grampian Mountains appear in view, the air takes a sudden keen "tang." It's the first breath of the Highlands. And when one reaches Aberdeen, the Granite City of the North, the tall air and the heather moors commingle to produce an air as "heady" as champagne.

In Aberdeen they do not waste time wrangling over polemics or politics. They work hard and they think hard. And above all they fight hard.

For Aberdeen is the home of that most famous Highland regiment, the gallant Gordons. "The Gay Gordons," they are called in Flanders. And Aberdeen is irrevocably certain that the Gordons are going to win the war.

WITH TARTANS FLYING
They are splendid-looking men. Today I watched a company of them march through the windy streets, tartans flying, kilts swishing, heads up, their pipers blowing the pipes until one might fear that their lungs would crack from the exertion.

"This city," said my friend the professor, "is permeated with the Gordon spirit, and that spirit was never stronger than it is today. We are a solid wedge of the war—the Gordon wedge—the granite wedge."

"We are going to win. Our great and valiant company of fighters—the Gay Gordons—all marched out of this city with one and purpose—to win the war. Thousands and thousands have swung down the streets to the stirring strains of 'The Cock of the North,' and thousands are still going, braver, more ardent than ever. Look out of that window, and contradict me if you dare!"

Meekly I looked out of the indicated window. From the street below came the mad "clang" of the pipes and the tramp, tramp of many feet. The Gay Gordons were on the march.

The professor cleared his throat. "Hundreds and hundreds are coming back to us, tall, lame, tattered and torn," said he, "but all they need is the Highland air of Aberdeen—their home—to bring the bloom of health to their cheeks. Then back they go—brave lads!—to face the guns again." He wiped his spectacles surreptitiously, for, despite a fierce manner, the professor has the kindest of hearts.

"It is not the foolish, fighting spirit. In the strong country of the Gordons the war was never popular with us. But we knew it was necessary, and that we were fighting, not for our own freedom, but for the freedom of civilization."

"We are a thinking people. This we thought and this we knew, and for this we are shedding our best blood and making sacrifices willingly. There has never been the slightest hesitation with us. We have carried on with this idea uppermost: 'Whatever it costs, it must be done.'"

WAR'S COST HEAVY
To Aberdeen the cost of war, both in blood and gold, has been very heavy. Yet there are bright, and a spirit of optimism is everywhere.

It is a habit of learning, a harbor of the gentler arts, this Granite City of the North. From the danger of its big streets the can retire to the quiet haven of the college, where the young followers of arts and divinity lead to forgetfulness, but which now is strangely silent.

For Arts and Divinity have buckled on for the world. That famous scholar, Principal George Adam Smith, has now become a marshal of war. Marischal College, devoted to medicine and science, has a new motto—"Martial College."

Trade is booming. Patriotic Aberdeen is remarkably prosperous.

Out in the busy streets the women are working. They are all, to a woman, "carry-

ing on." The car drivers have gone to the war. So the women are running the street cars. I counted five college girls among their number. There are hundreds of well-to-do wives and mothers doing their "eight hours' turn" at the wheel.

The postmen have gone off to fight. So all the letters are delivered by immaculately uniformed girls.

Games and sports are dreams of the past. The golf courses are drilling grounds for troops and tennis lawns are resting places for the wounded.

As I write, at 11 o'clock on a late August evening, daylight is still around us. For Aberdeen in summertime, like the popular conception of heaven, is a place where there is neither night nor darkness!

To those who have gone across the seas, like my old correspondent, the memory of those long, clear evenings remains as something very real and very vivid; and it may interest such to know that Aberdeen, once celebrated far and wide as the Granite City of the North, has given herself a newer and a prouder name—the Granite Wedge of War.

YOUNG WIFE WINS DIVORCE

Mrs. Meta Fuller Sinclair Correspondent in Georgia Suit

AUGUSTA, Ga., Sept. 15.—The marital difficulties of the Sinclair and Raoul families, which have smoldered in Georgia courts for many months, were cleared away today when the Superior Court granted a divorce, with alimony, to Mrs. Winifred Raoul, the pretty twenty-year-old wife of William Green Raoul, wealthy socialist.

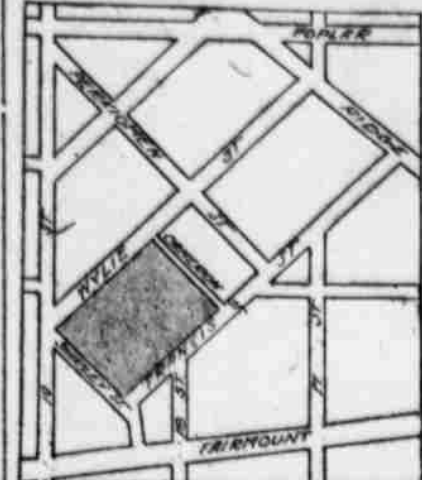
Mrs. Raoul named Mrs. Meta Fuller Sinclair, divorced wife of Upton Sinclair, author, as correspondent. Mrs. Raoul was twenty years younger than her husband.

German Pig Iron Output Gains

BERLIN, Sept. 15.—The German output of pig iron during August was 1,143,000 tons, as against 1,124,000 tons during July, the Overseas News Agency announces.

FRANCISVILLE TO HAVE \$15,000 PLAYGROUND

Board of Recreation Will Equip Plot at Eighteenth Street and Ridge Avenue



The board of recreation has secured another link in its large chain of playgrounds with the acquisition of a large plot in the Francisville section at Eighteenth street and Ridge avenue.

Fifteen thousand dollars will be available for the playground by November, but work will be started as soon as possible, in order that the children of the neighborhood may reap the advantages by next summer.

The playground is badly needed, the section being one long and closely built up and the children of the Fifteenth Ward having gone for many months without a place in which to play except some of the side streets, where the danger of the automobile or street car was ever present.

The plot taken over by the city is the square bounded by Wylie street, Francis street, Shirley street and Cameron street. A plot about 300 feet in width and 500 feet in length.

Among the buildings to be torn down to make room for the playground is the shell of the old Bellevue Apartments, at 1821 Wylie street. Residents of the section have complained about the condition of the building, which was destroyed by fire last January.

NEW EARLE STORE GETS A FLYING START

Many First-Day Visitors Well Impressed—Employees Pay Tribute to Ralph Earle

There is a spirit of reliability throughout the new Earle store which opened today with a flying start. An air of quiet elegance in the artistic window displays invites confidence which is increased when one enters.

Goods of firm texture and durability greet the eye in every department and are arranged in such a manner that their quality is at once discernible.

Comfort and convenience have been considered in the arrangements; courtesy is the store's keynote. In a tour through the immense establishment, which stretches from the northwest corner of Tenth and Market streets north to Commerce and west almost to the corner of Eleventh, the visitor sees every necessity for the entire family.

And as to convenience, the buyer in a hurry can get his change in a hurry as a result of the new Lamson system, which is installed throughout the store. The money is placed in a tube, shot to the cashier and flashed back to the salesman from which it came with startling rapidity.

There is a spirit of co-operation and loyalty about the store which is conducive to success and longevity.

This was especially apparent when, shortly after the opening, the office of Ralph Earle, manager of the store, was converted into a woodland bower by the many pretty floral offerings which were sent him by the employees of the store.

One important feature of the new store is the arrangements for quick delivery of telephone orders. To meet such a demand there is a special fleet of delivery wagons for emergency orders.

Insane, Believed She Slewed Husband
CHICAGO, Sept. 15.—Mrs. Mary Davis, widow of Morris Davis, a mining engineer of Vancouver, B. C., who was found dead of poison in a hotel here last month, has been sent to the Elgin Hospital for the Insane. Physicians said that she had been raving that she killed her husband.

MILK THEFT REVEALS YOUTH AS HERMIT

Believed to Have Lived All Summer in Retreat Along Wissahickon

Discovery that Clarence Watts, 23 Maple street, Marcus Hook, an eighteen-year-old youth, was leading the life of a hermit along the banks of the Wissahickon Creek, was made early today by the police of the Manayunk station, following his arrest for appropriating bread and milk from houses in Roxborough.

The boy had constructed for himself a shelter with the aid of several old logs. His bed was a tangle of maple leaves. A secret path led to the hidden structure. Watts refused to tell the police how long he had made his home there, but from the appearance of the place it is believed to have been all summer.

Policeman Burg, of the Manayunk station, arrested the boy. The "vag" had been keeping a sharp lookout for bread and milk thieves, following numerous complaints from residents. Early this morning, when it was still quite dark, he saw Watts approach a house on Rochelle avenue. Picking up the bread and milk from the porch, he started down the street. When he saw the policeman he dropped the stolen articles and fled.

Watts was arraigned before Magistrate Price in the Manayunk station and, after reprimand, held for a further hearing tomorrow morning to await the arrival of his father. He told the Magistrate that he had lost his job in Marcus Hook a week ago and came to this city in search of work. Rather than go home and face the taunts of his friends he decided to make his home in the park after he failed to get work.

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SLAYER OF WEALTHY WIDOW SHOT IN DASH FROM TRAIN

Attempts to Escape Detectives on Way to New York

NEW YORK, Sept. 15.—Arthur Waltonen, confessed murderer of Mrs. Elizabeth Nicholas, a wealthy widow, here a year ago today, attempted to escape from detectives who were bringing him back to New York from Ironwood, Mich., when the New York Central train stopped at Montrose, N. Y.

Waltonen, who was accompanied by Detectives Ehrhart and Foley, leaped to his feet and rushed to the station platform. Both detectives went after him, and when the fleeing man failed to heed their cries to halt, the officers opened fire. Waltonen was hit and dropped. He was picked up and carried back on the train.

Word of the attempted escape was sent to New York and when the train reached the 125th street station an ambulance was there and took Waltonen to the Harlem Hospital.

It is believed today that the confession made by Waltonen and John Mulholland may free Onnie Talia, now serving a life sentence for the murder of Mrs. Nicholas. His friends are preparing an appeal to Governor Whitman for clemency.

Queen Quality
Originality
has never been given freer rein than this season in the Getting stocks. Never has there been such remarkable breadth in the range for selection. Multiplicity plus authority are the dominating factors. By a 11 means see the present exposition, if only to get posted on what will be correct in footwear this Fall & Winter.

The Getting Idea "Develop the Arch"
Rich brown with suede uppers. Also in black.

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Quality First

A \$56,000,000 "RUN" ON A CHALMERS CAR

"Run"—is the word. It's like a run on a bank. Only it's a run on a car—a Chalmers car. It seems endless. The people want more.

And so more must be built for them—20,000 more.

You remember a while ago that six hundred men took one look at this new car and bought \$22,000,000 worth in forty very brief minutes. They were the Chalmers Dealers.

Now they insist that more of the same kind be built—more of the 3400 r. p. m. Chalmers.

So the Chalmers executives have put through a factory work order for 20,000 more of them.

They built and delivered, in six months, 18,000. That was all they intended to build for an entire year. That completed their part of the \$22,000,000 affair.

We got them to build another 10,000. We thought that would be enough to last through the fall. But no, the 10,000 were quickly taken up during the summer months.

So they are going to build 20,000 more. That means, all told, 48,000 cars—or \$56,000,000 worth of these remarkable 3400 r. p. m. Chalmers.

So you see why I use the word "run." The people who know good cars—like Emerson's wise saying about the man who makes a better mouse trap, etc., will find a beaten path to his door, even though he live in the woods—they create this ever-increasing desire to own a Chalmers.

They have sought quality—not price. We seldom have people ask us the price of this car. When we tell

them \$1090 Detroit, they are very much taken back. We get little of the "price" trade. Most of those who come to us have passed that era in car buying.

They want quality. And they know pretty well where to look for it. They look for it in the sound of the engine, in the action of the clutch, in the action of the steering apparatus, in the sound of the differential.

They examine the radiator, try the brakes, observe the kind of glass in the windshield, note the kind of material in the top, and then poke around into the corners of the body.

That much done, they get into the car and try her out. For they are smart enough to know that the biggest result of quality is performance.

That's what usually brings us the sale. For performance is the car's middle name. She's got amazing acceleration—so lively and full of spunk.

And then she climbs hills so quickly and hugs the road so well at a rapid clip.

And, best of all, she handles so easily. She's as obedient as any creature man ever made.

Once you try her you, too, will understand the "run" on her. It's a thing difficult to explain, but three editions of a car in a year's time is something to ponder over.

We have it direct by telegraph that Chalmers will continue to make these 3400 r. p. m.'s next season. There's no time limit set. As soon as these last 20,000 are built and out of the way there will probably be more.

So you're dead safe in getting a model of a car that has in no way reached its peak of popularity.

OUT-OF-TOWN REPRESENTATIVES:

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| Lawler Automobile Company, Allentown, Penna. | Chalmers, Sutter Company, Mt. Holly, N. J. |
| Riley Brothers, Bridgeton, N. J. | Leroy Steelman, Millville, N. J. |
| Thomas Hughes, Chester, Penna. | Serfas Motor Car Company, Mauch Chunk, Penna. |
| Motor Sales Company, Doylestown, Penna. | Serfas Motor Car Company, Pottsville, Penna. |
| F. L. Hardesty and Sons Company, Dover, Del. | Chalmers Motor Company of Philadelphia, Trenton |
| Easton Automobile Company, Easton, Penna. | Branch, Trenton, N. J. |
| Georgetown Garage and Supply Company, Georgetown, Del. | Walter W. Longstreth, Inc., Rosemont, Penna. |
| Bolles Garage, Hammonton, N. J. | Riley Brothers, Salem, N. J. |
| Thomas Hughes, Landale, Penna. | Chalmers Motor Company of Reading, Reading, Pa. |
| Thomas Hughes, Lansdowne, Penna. | Henry J. Toney, Vineland, N. J. |
| Serfas Motor Car Company, Lehighton, Penna. | Thomas Hughes, West Chester, Penna. |
| | Thomas Hughes, Wilmington, Del. |

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Resinol Soap