

NELLY'S ALLEY IN VARE ZONE, REEKS WITH FILTH

Garbage Cans, Filled for Fortnight, But No Collectors, is Charge

FLIES BUZZ IN BATTALIONS

Unspeaking Conditions Make Day and Night Hideous for Residents—Fear Infantile Paralysis

Nelly's Alley Conditions and Some Filth Facts

TIME between garbage collections, two weeks.

Dirt and refuse, swept into piles and left in street. A dead cat on one pile of refuse for eight days. Alley full of stagnant water, grease and filth. Huge green flies breeding in gutters and manure piles. Death rate among children, largest in the city.

Location: one hundred yards from the Vare brothers' old homestead. Nelly's Alley is between Jackson and Winton streets near Fourth.

A small girl, bare-footed and clapping a ragged doll to her breast, ran down Nelly's alley. Strictly speaking, Nelly's alley is not on the map of Philadelphia. It lies between Jackson and Winton streets, off Fourth street, and has only two claims to notoriety. It is the filthiest place in Philadelphia, and by strange coincidence it is within a stone's throw of the old homestead of the Vares.

The little girl splashed through a pool of stagnant water, full of decayed food, slime and filth, and stopped suddenly in the entrance. Her small brother was engaged in the fascinating business of removing a dead cat, or what had been a dead cat, eight days before, from a pile of dirt before their front doorstep. He was a bit ragged, this small brother, but he stuck manfully to his job, under the direction of the neighborhood physician, Dr. Bernard Kahn, of 2127 South Fourth street.

Here and there a whiff of carbolic acid penetrated the nauseating odors of putrid fish and refuse. Mrs. Jacob Hyman had purchased fifteen cents' worth of carbolic acid and a quarter's worth of kerosene and poured it in the gutter to make the air at least palatable to breathe. Thirty-five cents is a great deal of money in Nelly's alley.

It would seem that God's air at least should be free, but the garbage contractor and the street cleaning contractor have deceived otherwise.

"When we can," said Mrs. John Sherman, hushing a fretful, white-faced baby in her arms, "we keep the children indoors, but what can you do? The mother plays, and they have only the streets. It is a who am afraid of infantile paralysis—she caught her boy closed. They were so many, so many last summer."

Judging from the great green flies swarming and breeding in every pile of manure and filth in the block, there will be many more this summer. They drone and buzzed angrily like an immense hive of bees. They rose in great clouds and settled on the children and on the babies.

"It is not that we have not garbage cans," said Mrs. Hyman, and led the way through a small but clean little house and into a brick yard about four feet long and five feet wide. "There is where we sat when the cat got too bad," she explained, "but all the breeze was at the front and the nights were hot."

"My husband he says to the men who come to clean it up. 'Why don't you do it right? We pay our taxes.' They drive by and they laugh."

She unlatched the alley gate and pointed to a covered zinc can. "It is full, and more than full, for two weeks, and yet they do not come—the collectors."

The Penn Reduction company has the contract from the city for garbage collections. The street cleaning contract is in the hands of State Senator Edwin H. Vare. It would seem that he apparently had a grudge against his old home. Meanwhile the streets reek with disgusting odors, and the babies die, almost as fast as the flies breed in Nelly's alley.

HOSPITAL SUSPENSIONS STAND, KRUSEN DECREE

Two Nurses and Two Physicians Out at Contagious Diseases Institution

The two nurses and two physicians suspended from the Philadelphia Hospital for Contagious Diseases will not be allowed to return to duty, according to Director Krusen, of the Department of Health and Charities, who settled the "hospital row" today.

"They cannot demand a trial, for under the rules of this department physicians and nurses are subject only to the action of the Director," he said. "They are exempt from civil service regulations, so they are not entitled to a hearing before the Civil Service Commission. The official charge against the accused is insubordination, which cannot be tolerated anywhere, especially in a hospital of this size."

Two nurses, Miss Deakes and Miss Davis, were suspended by Miss Ginter, head nurse, for going from the scarlet fever ward to visit nurses in other wards. This is considered a serious infringement of the rules governing the nature of the hospital, but much indignation was caused by the fact that the two nurses in question only had two days to serve before getting their diplomas.

On Friday morning all of the nurses held a meeting and decided to protest. They went to see Dr. Burnett Buckingham, the superintendent, but he refused to interfere with Miss Ginter's action. On the same day Doctors Danbraucikas and Kleinsuber, both of the diphtheria ward, were suspended on the charge that they had encouraged the suspended nurses and two other nurses in their insubordination.

"Suffragettes"—Globe Catchy music, lines that have the necessary punch and an excellent company, all helped to make "The Suffragette Revue," a musical comedy (fablous), the headliner at the Globe last night. The production occupies the stage for about an hour and there is not a dull moment during that time.

Joe Watson, a Hebrew comedian, drew many laughs by his jokes and character songs. The motion pictures were up to the minute.

Lois Weber—Broadway Lois Weber, in the seven-reel photoplay, "Even As You and I," was the main attraction at the Broadway last night. The story is an allegory and shows how a sculptor gives up youth, love and honor, but realizing that truth was the until it is too late. Ben Wilson and Mignon Anderson have important roles.

Frank Daniels, in a comedy entitled "Captain Jinks," drew many laughs. Timely and interesting current events were depicted by the firm news service. Valaska Hurst, in "The Siren," will be seen during the last three days of the season.

WHY BABIES DIE DOWN IN VARE'S OLD HOME WARD



This shows the Winton street entrance to the disease-breeding spot known as "Nelly's Alley." Nelly's Alley is between Winton and Jackson streets just off Fourth street. The Vares brothers' old homestead is just across the street. The pile of stuff in the street is garbage which has been there for two weeks. A dead cat surmounted the pile until yesterday. The water seen in the picture is stagnant. Flies breed there by the hundreds. More babies die in South Philadelphia than in any other section of the city. Physicians say, "No wonder."

THE "O. HENRIETTA" PLUS DOUG AND JOHN

"Wild and Woolly," at the Stanley, Brilliant Farce; "Judith" at Arcadia

By the Photoplay Editor

STANLEY—"Wild and Woolly," Aircraft, with Douglas Fairbanks and Ellen Percy. Story by Horace B. Carpenter. Scenario by Anita Loos. Directed by John Emerson. Photographed by Victor Fleming.

To the Great Three of screen comedy: Greetings and salutations. Also, unlimited credit for rattling good fantastic farce. Incidentally, it's the snappiest thing Fairbanks has ever done. "His Picture in the Papers" may have been more novel for its period. "Manhattan Madam" perhaps furnished the basis for "Wild and Woolly." But "Wild and Woolly" for lightning speed, for the genuine comic touch, for racing melodrama, remains peerless. It is a triumph of human energy, daring, skill. The Great Three—Fairbanks, Emerson, Loos—all have their share in these joyous proceedings; Fairbanks for his corking new stunts and athletic insanities; Emerson for his superb sense of film tempo, beautiful long shots, and fine photography; Loos (who has too much of the eternal boy in her to need "Miss") for her racy and picturesque adaptation of the original story. Perhaps it's Loos, after all, who counts the most. For this unrepresented little "O. Henrietta" is genuine every day in sly, dry humor, and the trick of writing burlesque leaders, a trick which she virtually invented. She always writes with her tongue in her cheek. Here she actually puts her fingers to her nose. After poking the most ridiculous fun at the movie West, with its "speedy, stranger," and "sell ain't had much luck learning" she actually makes us accept the craziest West ever screened. It gives us rare thrills. So again, bravo! "O. Henrietta."

ARCADIA—"Her Condensed Sin," Biograph, with Blanche Sweet and Henry B. Walthall. Story adapted from the "Apostrophe" and Thomas Bailey Aldrich's drama, "Judith of Bethulia." Directed by David W. Griffith. Photographed by W. Bauer.

The "mammoth film spectacle" of yesterday is apt to prove the champion film fiasco of today, unless you have a man of tremendous talent directing it. That is why "Judith of Bethulia," with its preposterous new Keystone name; its often silly, illogical lingo, and a very slight amount of added material, is just as glorious, martially, just as pictorially lovely and plastic, and just as well acted as it was when the Stanley first showed it years ago. The art of a Griffith is anticipatory. What he does in 1914 others do in later years. So "Judith" has none of that antiquarian interest that most old films have. It is still distinguished by high dignity, by the epic flavor, by the shock of spears, by the celluloid-poet's true feeling for line, design and spacious composition. It displays Walthall in a somber, gigantic role, the best piece of acting he ever did, aside from "The Avenging Conscience." And there is Blanche Sweet, very splendid to look upon and all most, but not quite heroic enough for "Judith," and other stars. But it is Griffith that counts—always.

PALACE—"The Siren," Fox, with Valaska Hurst and Clifford Bruce. Story by W. A. Frost. Directed by Raymond West. Photographed by Donald Buchanan.

There have been some pretty villainous harpies in the movies, ever since the days of Theda's rise from the ranks. But Claire Milton, a husky anything but Miltonic in her way of life, takes the biscuit. The author of "The Siren" has involved Claire (which is to say Valaska) in a whirlpool of incident, most of it of a police court nature, which simply won't be described, partly because dramatic reporters' brains aren't as big as all crime and partly because it's so much easier to go to City Hall on a busy night and read the blotter for yourself. Murder, husband-desertion, phoney gambling, the budget game, jail-breaking, swindling—these are just a few of the pearls on William Fox's latest movie rosary. Some good material, in a crude sort has been placed in the production. Some wild-eyed emoting is indulged in by Miss Suratt. There is plenty of "pretty" footage—"Memories" and that sort of thing. But, my word, Mr. Fox, these aren't the middle ages of flimdom!

VICTORIA—"Oriental Love," Triangle-Keystone, with Ora Carew. Directed by Walter Wright. Supervised by Mack Sennett.

Here is a brisk farce that somehow isn't as uproarious as it ought to be, considering the money that has been squandered on costly sets and magnificent lighting. The first caption gives the name of some gentleman as the "cinematist." He's really the hero of the production, for the story is this, and most of the action revolves about such musical comedy stuff as an Indian water-slide, fierce potatoes, and trusky harem. It pleases the eye but doesn't shake the risibilities.

PALACE—"The Rough House," Arbuckle-Paramount, with Roscoe Arbuckle and Al St. John. Directed by Mr. Arbuckle.

"Fatty" in his third Paramount farce, again proves the not-unheard-of theory that dough adheres to the feet, that soup can be served with a sponge and potatoes sliced

To-morrow Clover Day Strawbridge & Clothier

NAT M. WILLS STIRS LAUGHS AT KEITH'S

Tramp Comedian Dispenses New Thoughts Which Are Up to the Moment

Confidential information from numerous European ambassadors was given the audience at Keith's last night by Nat Wills.

He said he was told privately how the war would be won, and after the nation's world's series is played in the air over Berlin he will let all in on the secret. Mr. Wills diverted at times. He took a few slams at "Billy Sunday" and was not overly friendly to one W. J. Bryan. He also had some candid remarks in stock concerning the fair sex. He gave the EVENING LEADER considerable space in his war talk but even if he hadn't done so we would have said he was the hit of the show. And he was. His material proved that he has been making industrious research in the best brain markets.

His piece-de-resistance is a parody on Sousa's "Stars and Stripes." No, he doesn't lead the orchestra, but instead sings at mile-a-minute speed to keep up with the runs.

Being billed as "The Happy Tramp," Mr. Wills has to stick to his tramp make-up. But he could have dressed as a plumber or a poet, for that matter, for his talk was about everything in the world—but tramps. It seems unnecessary to wear so much debris.

And let it be jotted down right here that Ralph Dunbar's Maryland singers were one of the emphatic delights of the proceedings. There are four strikingly pretty southern girls, together with Charles Frink, a heroic-looking chap of the Southland.

There's something unique in the personality of these girls. Each looked as though she just stepped from the parlor of some substantial southern homestead and walked straightway into vaudeville.

They possess voices of rare charm and their harmonies are developed with considerable expression. This merry quartet includes Trix Oliver, Hortense Morehart, Marjorie Nethercut and Grace Springstead. The only man in Charles Frink, who has a genuine Dixie touch on the banjo.

Wellington Cross and Lois Josephine offered some exclusive numbers and artistic dancing. The most popular of their songs appeared to be "The Old-Fashioned Groom and the Up-to-Date Bride." The act scored emphatically.

"Via Wireless"—Nixon Grand

"Married via Wireless," a big musical comedy, is the headliner at the Nixon-Grand this week. The act is a three-act play dealing with the attempt of a couple to be married at sea, and shows how they are successful by means of the invention of Signor Marconi, a member of the Italian commission which recently visited this city.

Aside from the brilliant scenic effects, the singers and comedians are above the average and scored a hit. Adra Ainsley and company, in "Kiddie," a serio-comedy playlet, were on the bill and are good entertainers. Others on the bill were Bonner and Powers, in songs and comedy; the Brightons, in a novelty act; the Durkin Sisters, in a singing act; and Joseph L. Browning, a comedian. The show concluded with weekly feature and comedy films.

Continuing Plays Mr. Moreco's production of the Carroll-Harris-Moreco musical, show, "Cahary Cottage," began its third local week at the Adelphi last night. Trixie Friganza holds down the principal comic job, with Herbert Corbell and Charles Ruggles as the low and juvenile comedians, respectively. Dorothy Webb is an attractive ingenue. The music is lively.

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