

JUST GOSSIP ABOUT PEOPLE

Much Excitement at Cape May Over Yacht Club Rules—Nancy Wynne Chats About Several Other Matters

THERE sure was some excitement last week at Cape May. It does seem to me that the season should open, or virtually open, with a fuss. But being that it's such a small place, everything leaks out eventually, as one female more deadly than the male? tells her dearest friend in confidence—and so it goes. Well, to continue.

At the Corinthian Yacht Club the other night a certain very well-known lady brought as her guest to the dance a sailor in uniform. It happens to be the rule of the Corinthian Yacht that a sailor in uniform is not allowed in the club, and thereby hangs the fuss.

The man in question is a gentleman and recently in the French legion. When the United States declared war he came out and enlisted in the naval coast reserves. The hostess of the evening was furious and said, "My guest is defending the coast, and is this man to be barred from the one pleasure Cape May offers?" It is true that the Corinthian Yacht Club will allow a sailor in civilian clothes on the dancing floor, but after the Fourth of July the order was issued from Washington that uniforms must be worn at all times, so Cape Mayites say: "What's the idea? Heads I win, tails you lose."

Gossip says that the yacht club at Cape May is the only one which refuses to have a sailor in uniform introduced by a member among its guests—a sailor who is willing to sacrifice his life for his country may be saved. Good night!

Every one is up in arms against such a rule and the beach is buzzing from one end to the other—but it's not the mosquitoes that do the buzzing, incidentally. And something tells me the yacht club is in bed. When one thinks how many sailboats there are down there, and from all classes and from all over the world, their behavior is A1 and Uncle Sam should be proud of his boys.

There were certainly some visitors there over this week-end. Lisa Norris and Saunders Meade were staying with Alva Sergeant, and Edith and Molly Smith had their cousins, Mildred Lee and Phoebe Harding and her husband, at their cottage. The Jim Potters were with the Evans R. Roberts.

Mr. and Mrs. Adrian Koff, the latter known to her intimates as "Pene"—and it's an odd nickname for a woman!—and Mr. and Mrs. Brinton Lucas have taken a cottage together on Howard street and entertained guests over Sunday.

Junior Fox was walking on his hands on the beach on Thursday, and the little Dutch girl amused a large crowd by trying it also. She is certainly stunning looking and would attract attention anywhere without having to stand on her head.

During the sultry days we all wish we were near the "old swimming hole" and residents of the Main Line are no exception to the rule. Every afternoon the young people (and the old ones, too, for that matter) may be seen wading their several ways toward the lake at Walmarth, the Walton estate at St. Davids, and the more venturesome like to go to the deeper lake at Bryn Mawr.

Another pretty swimming pool is on the estate of the Charles Munns at Radnor. Mrs. Munn, you know, was Mary Astor Paul, and lives in the house which was built by her late father, James W. Paul. This pool is not open to the public, but Mrs. Munn is always entertaining swimming parties there when in Radnor. Of course, she is in Washington a good deal these days, now that Charley Munn and Gene also are both employed there in Government positions. Mrs. Munn is in Washington now, visiting her mother-in-law.

The Stevens Heckschers are established in their beautiful country home at Stratford, and yesterday they gave a tennis party and invited Mr. and Mrs. Harry Thayer and Hannah Hobart, who, you remember, is Mrs. Charles Wheeler's daughter, and came out last year at a tea which Mrs. Wheeler senior gave for Suzanne Elliot (now Mrs. Donner) and the two Packard girls and Hannah. The Tom Newhalls were also the Heckschers' guests, and altogether it was a fine party.

Mrs. Heckscher is certainly a stunning looking woman, and so are Mrs. Newhall and Mrs. Thayer, for that matter. Really, the tennis game was quite a "Dream of Fair Women."

VISITS are certainly in the air this day and month. Everywhere one hears this one or that one is visiting the other one. Pauline Denckla came up today to visit Brownie Warburton at her Jenkintown home. The James Reeds came home yesterday from Cape May, where they had a wonderful time staying with the Evans Roberts. They are going on to Wernersville and then back to Cape May for the rest of the season. I hear, The Edward Brooks, Jr., of Bala, having finished one visit in Glen Summit, left on Friday for another one in Chelsea, where they spent the week-end with Mrs. Brooks' brother and sister-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. J. Haseltine Craigs.

Mr. and Mrs. Milton Work have been down at Cape May at a house party which the Fred Stovells gave, and Mrs. James Castle, of Chestnut Hill, left today to visit her aunt, Mrs. Patterson, at Beacon-on-the-Hudson. Mary Sheppard has gone to Mrs. James Tyson's camp in Little Stradford, Vt., and you'll agree with little Nancy, this is some visiting time.

INCIDENTALLY, it seems to make some persons wonder and wonder how it is that Nancy manages to get about so much and just happens on some of the things she tells about. It is curious, but the "Fates" must be with her, for she just slips right on those stories and often is an interest onlooker. And a man is recently remarked, "Who is this Nancy Wynne, anyhow?"

THE marvelous how the different committees of the Emergency Aid work on so quickly and without stopping. It does seem possible to do all these women tasks the way of charity, and yet they are all the time. Take Mrs. George Hor-



MRS. JOHN SINNOTT Mrs. Sinnott and her two small sons left last week for California, where they will spend the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Bickel Have Come Up From Birmingham for a Time

Many West Philadelphia's will be interested to know that Mr. and Mrs. William G. Bickel are spending a part of the summer with Mr. Marshall McCullay, at her home, 721 North Fortieth street. Mrs. Bickel was leaving McCullay's but shortly after their marriage the young couple have been living in Birmingham, Ala. They have a host of friends in the North, and a number of affairs have been given for them. Mr. and Mrs. Henry H. Fahrig gave a dinner for them during the week at their home, 3522 North Sixteenth street. They, and they were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Lindsey Freeman over the week-end at the shore.

Mr. Lorimer, who is chairman of the Armenian Committee, I often wonder how she can accomplish so much. She is actively interested in the Independence Square branch of the Southeastern Chapter of the Red Cross, and in fact is there at the workrooms twice a week; she is vice chairman of the Huntingdon Valley and Oroniz branch of the Red Cross; she was one of the prime movers and workers at the recent bazaar and fair for the Abington Hospital, and was at the banquet given recently by the Men's Armenian Committee, or, to be more exact, given at the City Club by Bishop Rhinelander, who is head of the Men's Committee. At that luncheon Mrs. Lorimer told something of the work her committee has done, and it was certainly splendid.

Now the Armenian Committee has sent out a folder telling of what they are trying to do for the poor persecuted Armenians and explaining how ten cents a day will save a little Armenian child from starvation.

Mrs. Lorimer in her appeal says: "The martyrdom of Christians is as much a fact in this year of the German Kaiser as it was in the days of the Roman Caesars. A Prussian Pontius Pilate washes his hands of the blood of a just people, but the stain will not out, for Germany was the controlling power in Turkey when the Armenians were put to the sword. \* \* \* Is Christianity a vital force or a Sunday habit to Americans? Is the Brotherhood of Man cast or creed? Is world democracy a battle cry or a catch phrase? If we live Christianity, we practice Brotherhood, if we believe in Democracy, we will sacrifice all to keep the faith. We will save from starvation the remnant of Armenians that the sword has spared. Christian Armenia calls to Christian America."

It's a strong appeal, but what a true one! These good, quiet, home-loving people have been torn from their homes, most of them put to death or worse, and those who have been spared are left to wander in a desolate country.

The folder says: "All relief money is sent by cable, to avoid loss at sea, direct to the American Consuls, to supply as far as possible food, clothing, seed for future crops, cattle, implements and material with which to work." Industrial enterprises are being established where possible among these destitute people, and the Armenians and Syrians are anxious for work. A letter recently received from an Armenian who was a survivor of Erivan says: "We decided that a kind of industry that would give the most handwork with the least capital involved would be the making of socks from wool. We buy crude wool; this is taken to the river to be washed. The washing is done by men who stand barefooted in the water all day and pound the wet wool with clubs made for the purpose. It is hard, disagreeable work, for which sixty cents a day is paid, and after much preparation it is finally handed over to the spinners; there are nearly 10,000 women who spin the wool and then knit it into socks. They make about sixty-five cents a week."

He continues, telling how the wool is taken to the carding factory, where the women work at it, and after much preparation it is finally handed over to the spinners; there are nearly 10,000 women who spin the wool and then knit it into socks. They make about sixty-five cents a week.

In this Armenian Committee every dollar goes for the relief, the expenses of collection and disbursement being met privately; so you may know what good the work of this committee are doing. With Mrs. Lorimer is Mrs. Bob Downs, who is treasurer, and a host of other whose names are not on the folder. The name of Mrs. Fred Perry Power is given as that member who has coin pins for sale for the benefit of the committee, and which may be obtained at Mrs. Power's home, 223 Harvey street, Germantown, or at the Emergency Aid headquarters at 1425 Walnut street.

They are certainly doing a wonderful work. One would think they would be utterly exhausted with it; but gracious! they aren't, and can attend to home and families just as if they had no other thought in the world.

Mr. and Mrs. Albert Faunce, of Bala, announce the engagement of their daughter, Miss Rena M. Faunce, to Mr. Frank H. Seely, Jr., of this city.

Mr. Francis W. S. Lee, of 1914 North Thirtieth street, announces the engagement of his daughter, Miss Helen Gilbert Lee, to George Sargent Rowbotham, son of Mrs. George W. Rowbotham, of 2135 Ritter street.

FLOWER CELEBRATES NATIONAL HOLIDAY

Red Cross Work Continues in July—Tioga's Summer Plans

Tioga florists have not gone out of business on account of the war gardens, for in that suburb sweet-smelling herbs, crisp lettuce and radishes grow side by side with many bright-hued flowers. One of these attractive gardens boasts an "Independence Lily," so named by the grower because for three consecutive summers it has opened its beautiful white blossoms on July 4, to greet the nation's holiday. The plant was an Easter gift in 1915. In a few weeks it faded, and the bulb was planted in the rear garden. Imagine the surprise of the family when the green stalk bore three birds that opened that summer on July 4!

The next summer, when the green stalk appeared above the ground, each member of the family watched anxiously for the buds. Sure enough, they came, three in number. Then with increased interest the buds were watched, and on July 4 the beautiful white cups opened and displayed the yellow-tipped stamens. When this patriotic lily celebrated in the selfsame way last week, and produced three large blossoms on Wednesday morning, the grower decided to call it Independence Lily.

Most of the sewing clubs in the northern suburban section, where the families of the young women will not leave the city until August, have been doing Red Cross and Emergency Aid work. One group of these workers left on Friday for a week-end holiday at Stone Harbor. Those who included Miss Violet Williams, Miss Edith C. Clarke, Miss Nina Newlands, Miss Edna M. Lindner, Miss Gertrude Hall, Miss Clara Abbott, Miss Ella V. Abbott, Miss Miriam Hume, Miss Virginia Hume, Mrs. Howard N. Abbott and Miss Marie C. West.

Among the weddings scheduled for July in that of Miss Florence Shenk, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Walter Shenk, and Mr. John Linton, which will take place at noon on July 19 in the Church of the Incarnation, Broad and Jefferson streets. The bride-to-be had a delightful and entertaining time in her honor on Saturday evening by Mr. and Mrs. Matthew Patterson, at Hampton Court, Torresdale. There were forty guests. The wedding reception and dinner will be given for Mr. Linton by Mr. William Myer, of Germantown.

YOUNG COUPLE ARE WELCOMED BY FRIENDS Mr. and Mrs. Bickel Have Come Up From Birmingham for a Time

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THE UNEXPECTED OFTEN PROVES THE BEST THING Romance Adds Its Glamour to the Quickly Arranged Marriage

After all, there is something awfully romantic about these suddenly arranged weddings. Helen Gartley, of Gowen avenue, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Gartley, fully expected to marry Lieutenant Gerard Bradford, U. S. N., with all due pomp and ceremony some time later in the summer. However, she had been given the unexpected plans of the Navy Department they were quietly married on Thursday, at 6 o'clock, at the bride's home. A very small reception followed for the immediate family only. Marion Gartley attended her sister as maid of honor, wearing a frock of rose taffeta and a flesh-colored georgette crepe hat. She carried pink snapdragons and a basket of flowers.

The bride, of course, wore white not simply made and a tulle veil and orange blossoms. Her bouquet consisted of roses and lilies of the valley. Lieutenant Bradford had his brother, Mr. Lindsay Bradford, as best man. The bride is the sister of Mr. Ward W. Brinton, also of Chestnut Hill, and has been a popular member of the younger set.

A group of Germantown women are in Silver Bay, Lake George, attending the annual Interdenominational Missionary Conference. They are Mrs. William Beatty Jones, Mrs. Piersen, Mrs. Sparta Fritz and Mrs. Walter Spofford.

ROXBOROUGHITES AND CAR CO. WAX POETICAL

Citizens and Traction Company Vie With Each Other in Literary Prose

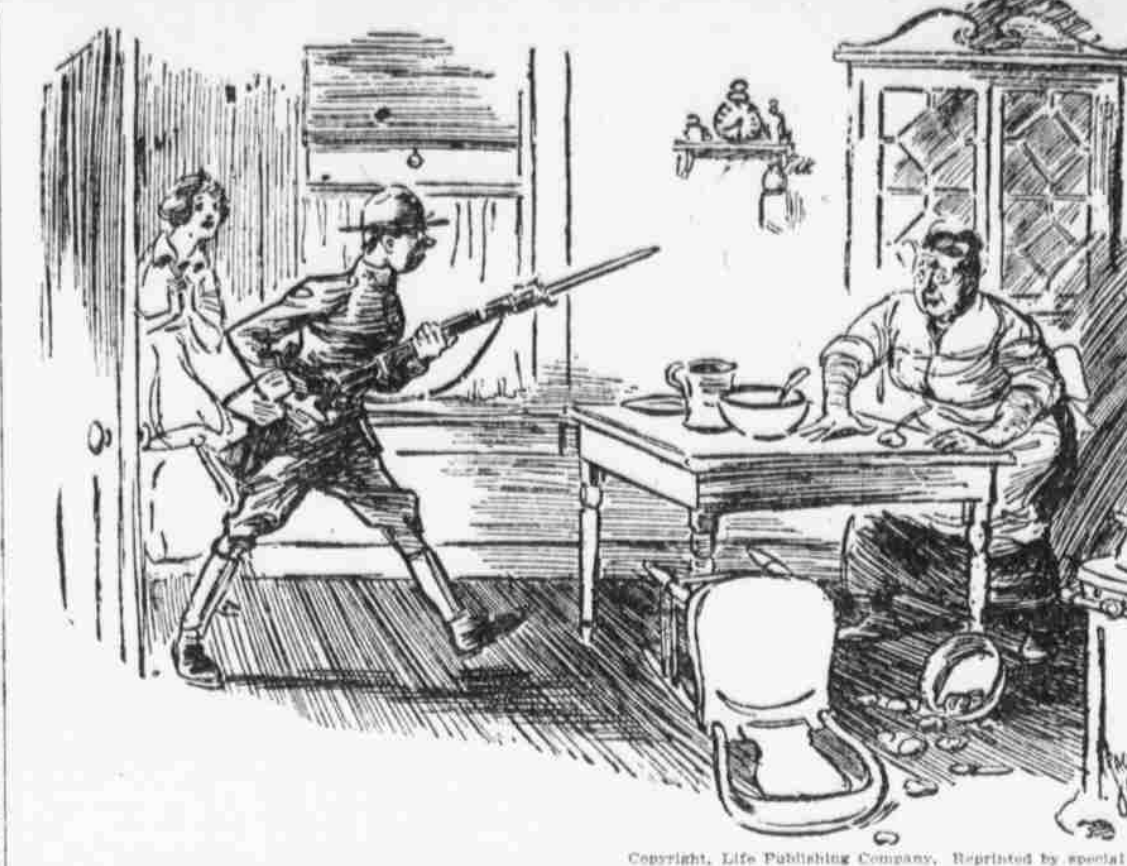
Some time ago a long-suffering victim of the Ridge avenue trolley car line sent a protest in verse to a meeting of the Twenty-first Ward Board of Trade, and the result was hearing the complaints of the Roxboroughites on the poor service. The poem, signed "C. M. E.," told how the day was lost and how they "are all held up along the Ridge because there is no car." The poem closed in this way: "When Roxboroughites kneel down at night They pray, 'Remove the bar Between us and good service, Lord, That we may get a car.'"

Now that summer weather is here and the stylish-skirted suburbanites of the gentle sex can improve their bodily health by leaning up and down the trolley to and from the train stations at Manayunk and Wissahickon, the trolley road has got even by publishing in its little pamphlet, "Trolley Tips": "The devil sends the wicked wind To raise the skirts knee high; But heaven is just And sends the dust To close the bad man's eyes."

Colonel Alexander W. Givin and his daughter, Miss Fannie Givin, of 425 Lyceum avenue, left early last week for their summer home in Ocean City.

Social Activities Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Nelson, of Elizabeth, N. J., announce the marriage of their daughter, Miss Ella Anderson Nelson, to Mr. George Frederic Riegel, son of Mr. and Mrs. Jacob Riegel, of Germantown. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. Lyttelton E. Hubard at St. John's Episcopal Church, Elizabeth, on Saturday, July 7.

CORPORAL BINKS DECIDES TO FIRE THE COOK



THE DAY OF WRATH A STORY OF 1914 By Louis Tracy

"MONTHS" gasped the cure. "Then what will become of my unhappy country? Even now we are living on hope. Life still holds out and the people are saying, 'The English are coming; all will be well.' A man was shot today in this very town for making that statement."

"He must have been a fool to voice his views in the presence of German troops."

The priest spread wide his hands in sorrowful gesture. "You don't understand," he said. "Belgium is overrun with spies. It is positively dangerous to utter an opinion in any mixed company. One or two of the bystanders will certainly be in the pay of the enemy."

Though the cure was now on surer ground than when he spoke of a British army on Belgian soil, Dalroy edged him on to talk. "My chief difficulty is to know how the money was raised to send these spies home," he said. "Consider, monsieur. Germany maintains an enormous army. She has a fleet second only to that of Britain. She finances her traders and her industrial concerns, and she has a vast staff of spies. How is it possible that she should also find means to keep up a secret service which must have cost millions sterling every year?"

"Yes, you are certainly English," said the priest, with a sad smile. "You don't begin to estimate the peculiarities of the German character. We, ourselves, living so close to their arms-length of Germany, have long seen the danger, and feared it. Every German is taught that the world is his enemy. He is encouraged in the national virtue of organized effort in the one and only means of commanding success. Thus, the State rewards the individual for services rendered. The German dates on titles and decorations, and what easier way could he have to supply information deemed both than by the various State departments? Plenty of wealthy Germans in Belgium paid their own spies, and used the knowledge so gained for their private ends as well as for the benefit of the State. During the last twenty years the whole German race has become a most efficient secret society, its members being trained from infancy to the rest of the world. The German never loses his nationality, no matter how long he may dwell in a foreign land, and unknown to his own people, he is a German, yet I would not trust a German colleague in any matter where the interests of his country were at stake. I believe them to be a race apart, and believe themselves to be superior to all others. There was a time, in my youth, when Prussia was distinct from Saxony, or Wurtemberg, or Bavaria. That feeling is dead, and the present day has fused his people into one tremendous machine, partly by playing upon their vanity, partly by banking German drum during his travels, but which he by dangling before him the prospect of sudden enrichment. Every soldier must pass this home at the present moment, and no man would trust a German colleague in any matter where the interests of his country were at stake. I believe them to be a race apart, and believe themselves to be superior to all others. 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