

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 too bad 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 dead 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 France held a responsible position in the French legation. When the United States declared war he came out and enlisted in the naval coast reserve. 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 that his country may be saved. Good life!

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 bad. When one thinks how many sisters there are down there, and from all classes and from all over the world, their behavior is all 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 cottages. The Jim Potters were with the Evans R. Roberts.

Mr. and Mrs. Adrian Koff, the latter known to her intimates as "Pene"—isn't it 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 Walthamton, the Walton estate at St. Davids, and the more venturesome like to go to the deeper lake on the George H. Earle, Jr.'s place 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 Charles Munn and Genee also are both employed there in Government positions. Mrs. George Munn is in Washington now, visiting her mother-in-law.

The Stevens Heckschers are established in their beautiful country home at Radford, and yesterday they gave a tennys party and invited Mr. and Mrs. Harry Meyer 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 Susan Elliot (now Mrs. Donner) and the two Packard girls and Hannah. The Tom Newalls were also the Heckschers' guests, and altogether it was a fine party.

Mrs. Heckcher 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 Dencka came up today to visit Vivienne 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 Carstairs.

Mr. and Mrs. Milton Work have been down at Cape May at a house party which the Fred Stovells gave, and Mrs. James Casle, 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 South Stratford, 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 go about so much and just happen on some of the things she tells about. It is curious, but the fact is that she is not a very interesting person. She is curious, but she is not a very interesting person. She is curious, but she is not a very interesting person.

IT is marvelous how the different committees of the Emergency Aid work on so promptly and without stopping. It does seem possible to do all these things in the way of charity, and yet they are all the time. Take Mrs. George Har-



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

ace 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 Huntington Valley and Ogontz 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 Rhineland, 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 cut 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 in 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 we have a hundred applicants for every position open. Then the wool is dried in the open air, which takes one or two days in good weather."

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 1000 women who spin the wool and 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 women of this committee are doing. With Mrs. Lorimer is Mrs. Bob Downs, who is treasurer, and a host of others, whose names are not on the folder. The names of Mrs. Fred Perry Power is given as that member who has coin plans 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 1423 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.

NANCY WYNNE

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 a sweet-smelling horseradish, 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 produced 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 buds were planted in the 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 seaside was 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 house party at Stone Harbor. They included Miss Violet Williams, Miss Edith C. Clarke, Miss Mina Newlands, Miss Edna C. Linder, Miss Gertrude Hall, Miss Clara Abbott, Miss Ella J. Abbott, Miss Miriam Hume, Miss Virginia Hume, Mrs. Howard N. Abbott and Miss Marie C. West.

Among the weddings scheduled for July is that of Miss Florence E. 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 Chestnut streets. The bride-to-be had a delightful entertainment given in her honor on Saturday evening by Mr. and Mrs. Matthew Patterson, of Forty-fifth street. There were forty-five guests. On Wednesday a banquet 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

Many West Philadelphians will be interested to know that Mr. and Mrs. William G. Bickel are spending a part of the summer with Mrs. Marshall McColey, at her home, 721 North 33rd street. Mrs. Bickel was Louise McColey, 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 postponed. Mr. and Mrs. Henry H. Farber gave a dinner for them during the week at their home, 322 North Sixteenth street, Tioga, and they were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Lindsay Freeman over the week-end at the shore.

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 Glenwau avenue, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William H. Gartley, fully expected to marry Lieutenant Gerard Bradford, U. S. N., with all due pomp and ceremony some time later in the summer. Her fiance, owing to the uncertain 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 at the commodious home of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur G. Gartley, sister as maid of honor, wearing a frock of rose taffeta and a flesh-color georgette crepe hat. She carried pink snapdragon and sweet peas.

The bride, of course, wore white net 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. Linton Bradford, as best man. The bride is the sister of Mrs. 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 Healy Frantz, Mrs. Pierre Frantz, Mrs. Sparta Frantz and Mrs. Walter Spofford.

Mr. and Mrs. G. H. Lang and Miss Elsie H. Lang, of 218 Wilson avenue, Germantown, will spend the remainder of the summer in Castine, Me.

ROXBOROUGHITES AND CAR CO. WAX POETICAL  
Citizens and Traction Company Vie With Each Other in Literary Prowess

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, held for the purpose of hearing the complaints of the Roxboroughites on the poor service. The poem, signed "C. M. F.," told how the day was long and how they "are all held up along the Ridge" because "there is no car."

"When Roxboroughites kneel down at night They pray, 'Remove the bar Between us and good service, Lord, That we may get a car.'"

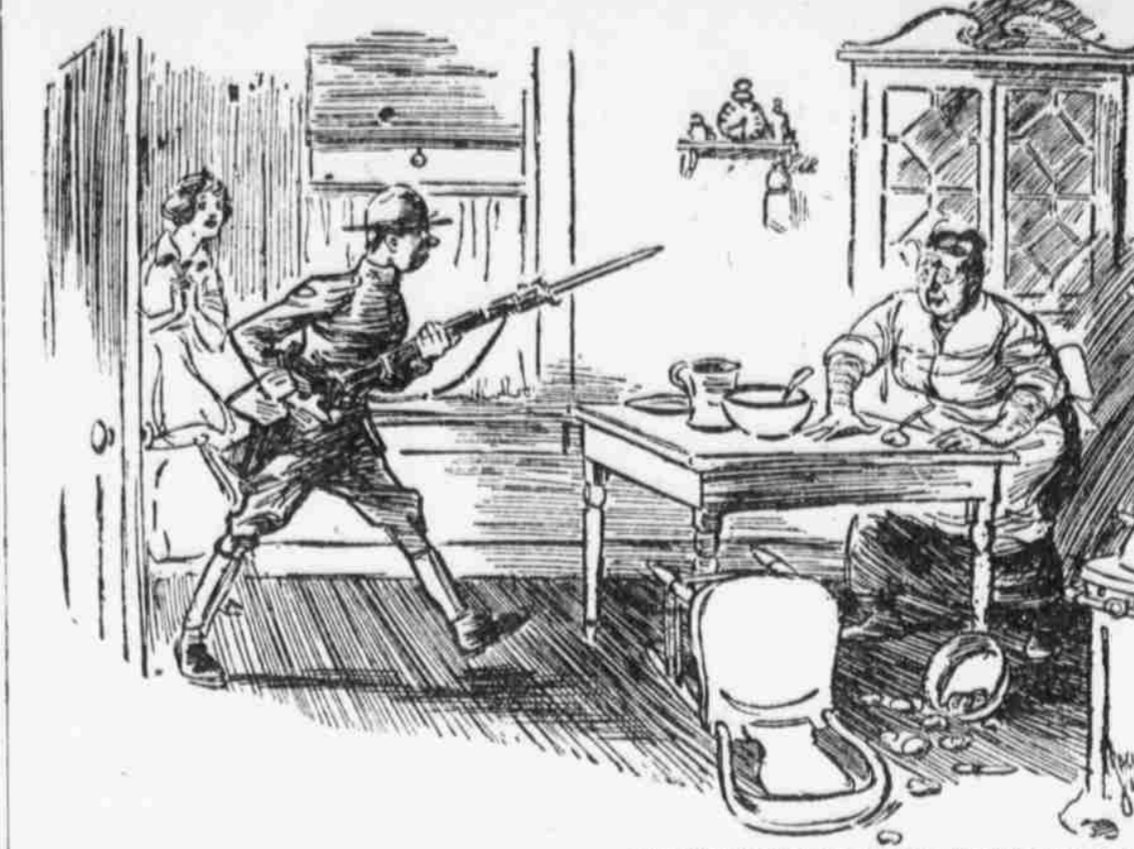
Now that summer weather is here and the stylish-skirted suburbanites of the gentle sex can improve their bodily health by tramping up and down the hills to and from the train stations at Manayunk and Wissahickon, the trolley road has got even by publishing in its little pamphlet, "Trolley Tips":

"The devil sends the wicked wind To raise the skirts knee high; But heaven is just And sends the dust And sends the mud."

Colonel Alexander W. Givin and his daughter, Miss Fannie Givin, 66 Locum 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. Lytle Stone E. Hubard at St. John's Episcopal Church, Elizabeth, on Saturday, July 7.

CORPORAL BINKS DECIDES TO FIRE THE COOK



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THE DAY OF WRATH

A STORY OF 1914  
By Louis Tracy

CHAPTER IX—(Continued)  
"MONTHS" gasped the cure. "Then what will become of my unhappy country? Even today we are living on hope. Legs still hold 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, Dairov edged him on to talk. "My chief difficulty is to know how the money was raised to support all these agencies," he said. "Consider, monsieur, Germany maintains an enormous army. She has a fleet second only to that of Britain. She finances her traders, her subsidizes her merchant ships as no other nation does. How is it credible 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 possibilities of the human mind. We Belgians, living so close to the enemy, have long seen the danger, and feared it. Every German in Belgium taught that the world is his for the taking. Every citizen is encouraged in the belief that the national virtue of organized effort is the one and only means of commanding success. Thus, the State is everywhere, and the individual for services rendered. The German does not take titles and decorations, but he does take medals, and he is proud of them. Information deemed valuable by the various State departments is sent to the State, and the State sends it to the individual for services rendered. The German does not take titles and decorations, but he does take medals, and he is proud of them. Information deemed valuable by the various State departments is sent to the State, and the State sends it to the individual for services rendered."

"You calm-eyed historians in years to come will appraise at their true value the astonishing success which it was, thus secured for France and England."

Dairov found it extraordinarily difficult to sift the truth from the false in the tropic of confusion. The language of the German legends had to be discounted. From the outset of the campaign the Kaiser's armies were steadily repelled with phenomenal losses. The Kaiser's army was steadily repelled with phenomenal losses. The Kaiser's army was steadily repelled with phenomenal losses.

Out of this maelstrom of "news" a level-headed soldier might, and did extract certain hard facts. The language of the Kaiser's force took place exactly at the time and place and in the numbers Dairov himself had estimated. To throw a small army into Flanders would have been folly, obviously, the British must join hands with the French before offering battle. For the rest—though he went out very little, and alone, as being less risky—he recognized the hour when the German machine recovered its momentum after the first unexpected collapse. He saw order replace chaos. He watched the dragon crawling ever onward and understood that not a man could save Belgium. Verdun was the best possible site for an observer who knew how to use his eyes. He assumed that Verdun was occurring there was going on with equal precision in Luxembourg and along the line of the Vosges Mountains.

Gradually, too, he reconciled his conscience to these days of waiting. He believed that the south was being held by an immensely more useful to the British commander-in-chief in the field if he could cross the French frontier rather than reach London and the War Office by way of the Belgian coast. This decision lightened his heart. He was beginning to fear that the welfare of Irene Beresford was conflicting with duty. It was cheering to feel convinced that the odds and ends of information picked up in Verdun might prove of inestimable value to the Allied cause.

For instance, Liege was being laid low by seventeen-inch howitzers, but he had seen seventeen-inch howitzers, each in three parts, each part drawn by forty horses or a dozen traction engines, moving slowly toward the south. The name lay Namur and France. No need to doubt, however, the chief theatre of the war would find its habitat. The German staff had blundered in its initial strategy, but the defect was being repaired. All that had gone before was a mere prelude to the grim business which would be transacted beyond the Meuse.

During that period of quiescence, certain moral and personal elements affecting the future passed from a nebulous stage to a state of quasi-acceptance. There was, therefore, no need, any pronounced love-making between two people so situated as Dairov and Irene Beresford. But eyes can exchange messages which the lips dare not utter, and these two began to realize that they were designed the one for the other by a wise Providence. As that precisely the right sentiment of young folk in love, romance thrives finely in Madame Beresford's little suburbs in the Rue de Verdun. A tender glance, a light touch of the hand, a lighting of a troubled face when the dear one appears—these things are excellent substitutes for the spoken word.

"The speaker paused dramatically. 'But our God is a cruel God!' he cried, and his sunken eyes seemed to shoot fire. 'Last night, listening to the guns that were murdering Belgium, I asked myself, Why does Heaven permit this crime? And I raise the question: Why? German industries were poisoning the world. They had to be eradicated, or mankind would sink into the bottomless mire of corruption. He of good heart. Remember the words of Saint Paul: 'So also is the resurrection of the dead. It is sown in corruption; it is raised in incorruption. It is sown in weakness; it is raised in power.'"

The cure's voice had unconsciously attained the pulpit's note. The clear, incisive words reached their ears.

The landlady crept in with a face of scars. "Monster!" she whispered. "The doors are wide open. It is an order!" Dairov went rapidly into the street. No light was visible. Not even a crowd of

five persons might gather to watch the military pageant; it was verboten. And ever the dim shapes flitted by in the night—horns, foot and artillery, automobiles, ambulances, and transport wagons. These seemed no end to this flux of gray-green glooms. The air was tremulous with the unceasing hammer-strokes of heavy guns on the crest of Liege.

Staid old Europe might be dissolving even then in a cloud of high-explosive gas. The schemes of things was all awry. One Englishman gave up the riddle. He turned on his heel and in one of the cheap cigars purchased in Alca-Chapelle less than forty-eight hours ago!

MADAME JOOS was old for her fifty years and heavy withal. Hers was not the finer quality of human clay which hardens in the fire of adversity. She became ill, almost seriously ill, and had to be nursed back into good health again during nine long days. And long these days were, the longest Dairov had ever known. To a man of his temperament, enforced inactivity was anathema in any condition. In the first instance, he was justified in remaining in Verdun at all did not improve matters. Monsieur Garnier, the cure, was a frequent though unobtrusive visitor in the hospital, and brought scraps of accurate information which filtered through the far-flung screen of Uthens and the dense lines of German sentries in Poland, ending in Louvain, and with it, as events were to prove, the shield which had protected Belgium for nearly a fortnight. The respite did not avail. King Albert and his heroic army, and brought scraps of accurate information which filtered through the far-flung screen of Uthens and the dense lines of German sentries in Poland, ending in Louvain, and with it, as events were to prove, the shield which had protected Belgium for nearly a fortnight.

CHAPTER X  
Alice Paul in Sanitarium

WASHINGTON, July 9.—Alice Paul, leader of the National Woman's party, has entered a sanitarium here. She is arranged by telephone another demonstration in front of the White House Friday.

WHAT'S DOING TO NIGHT  
The Municipal Band plays at Grove Cleveland School, Nineteenth and Butler streets, Free.

Pharmaceutical Military Association meets, 142 North Tenth street, Free.

Diener to launch campaign to raise \$75,000 for residence of U. S. P. provost, Bellevue-Stratford, Invitation.

Lutheran Chautauques, Schaeffer-Ashmead Memorial Church, Free.

McKeeney Revival, Broad and Shunk streets, Free.

Anti-Bald Meeting, 1145 South Broad street, Free.

"A Night in Ireland," by Federation of Irish Country Societies, 1625 Arch street, 8 o'clock, Members.

WAR-SCARRED CITY TO HAVE NEW TALE

Philadelphia May Help Chauncy Survive Another War

ADOPTION CALLED SURE

If Philadelphia adopts Chauncy—which seems more than likely—the old men and old women of a future day in Chauncy will have a more beautiful story to tell the little boys and little girls of Chauncy than the old women and men could tell the children before this war came to lay the town in ruins.

There were stories enough to tell, for Chauncy is old, perhaps as old as any of the towns and villages in the Department of the Aisne, and some were ugly and some were beautiful; but the story of being adopted after the merciless ravaging at the hands of the Germans, of being fed and clothed by a big American city—that will be the most beautiful of all.

Ambassador Jusserand is expected to name Chauncy as the town that Philadelphia may adopt if Philadelphia wills. Then it will be for Philadelphia to decide whether it will feed and clothe Chauncy and bind up its wounds, or whether it will say to the French Ambassador:

"No, M. Jusserand, I would like to do something for Chauncy, but I really don't see how I can. I have my hands so full, you see. It would be a fine thing for some American city to do that. I wish I could. Some day, perhaps, it was a horrible thing for the Germans to wreck the town and lay it waste before they left. It was an unspicable outrage. Truly, the Germans are Hunns. They should be ostracized from Philadelphia, and Chauncy will be for Philadelphia to decide whether it will feed and clothe Chauncy and bind up its wounds, or whether it will say to the French Ambassador:

Philadelphia probably will not say that. Since the EVENING LEDGER last Saturday told the city that it had the privilege of adopting this lovely, sweet and simple-hearted French town—the privilege of adopting it or leaving it to die or find another savior—a good many Philadelphians have been thinking of the town of Chauncy with a certain amount of interest. They seem to think Chauncy is as good as adopted now. Perhaps they are right. Most of them have been thinking of Chauncy for many years in fact, that the stories the old men and women told did not even hurt any more. Some were stories of the Franco-Prussian War, but most of them were of the Hun-der-Veert War, which had been handed down from generation to generation from the fourth and fifth centuries. It was then that Chauncy saw bitter days. This Aisne department, city of 10,000 or 12,000 souls on the Oise, twenty miles or so southwest of St. Quentin, was sacked and torn time after time in that bloody century and a few years from 1237 to 1242, when the French and English seemed unable to make any lasting accommodation of their differences. His men went off to the war and then the war came to Chauncy. Sometimes the men were away at work and the women bravely struggled to their feet and built new houses and new churches and new stores. And when they had them built the men would go to war again and the war would come to Chauncy again.

But if Chauncy is adopted and its homes rebuilt and its little stores and churches there will be old men and women again to talk to the children about the Hun-der-Veert War and the Franco-Prussian War and the World War and the city that took Chauncy and adopted it and healed it and made it whole and kept the life in its soul after the German invader had been beaten back.

There are no men away at work now and the old men and women are not telling the old stories. They do not do that in times like these, when Chauncy's houses are all wrecked and the people have to pile boards over their heads to make some sort of shelter.

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(Continued Tomorrow)

FRIENDS BEGIN TRAINING FOR RECLAMATION WORK

First Unit for Rebuilding of French Towns After War Will Sail in August

The first of the units of Friends that will rebuild shattered and desolated French towns when they are reclaimed from the Germans will sail in August. Mobilization of Friends for service in the unit has been ordered and will be in full swing by the end of the week. The men enrolled will meet at Haverford College and train there for the work they will do in France.

There is no fighting about this work—there is no fighting about this work—for the Friends will not fight; it is against their religious principles—but there is plenty of hard, trying work, and the men must be hardened for it, just as a green recruit must be hardened for a fighting campaign. Thousands of Friends are expected to go to France with the units and their expedition will be financed by the rest of the 125,000 Friends in the United States. Philadelphia being the center of the Friends' Societies in this country, the headquarters and the training station are located near this city.

Vincent D. Nicholson, of New York City, appointed to organize the relief work of the Friends in France, is here preparing the first training camp.

I. W. W. PROWLERS ARRESTED  
Alleged Confession of Plot to Organize Strike in Smelter Plant

EL PASO, Tex., July 9.—Government agents early today arrested fourteen men, members of the I. W. W., who were working in the vicinity of the Consolidated Smelting and Refining Company's plant near El Paso.

One of the men arrested, Patrick Cederly, is said to have confessed to the Federal agents that the I. W. W. planned to organize a strike of the 3000 Mexican employees of the smelter.

TODAY'S MARRIAGE LICENSES  
Carl G. Howry, U. S. S. Iowa, League Island, and Virginia N. Kirchoff, 2644 S. Mole st., Norman, Oklahoma, 2160 Trenton st., and Madeline E. Shaw, Trenton, N. J.

Marriage Licenses Issued in Elkton  
ELKTON, Md., July 9.—The following marriage licenses were issued here today: Daniel J. McFadden and Agnes Dolan, Elm-er F. Weid and Elizabeth Hughes, Thomas E. Moore and Edith M. Gray, John G. Macher and Lula C. Groh, Emil Grestel and Clara E. Kitchin, John C. Hines and Clarence E. Kitchin, John C. Hines and Clarence E. Kitchin, John C. Hines and Clarence E. Kitchin.

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