JUST GOSSIP ABOUT PEOPLE

Celebration of Bastile Day Great Event—Various Other Things Are Also Discussed by Nancy Wynne

VIVE LA FRANCE! For today, with all pomp and splendor, we are celebrating the great French national holiday. As you know, the parade and ceremonies started early this morning, and wasn't the Jeanne d'Arc feature wonderful?

The floats were stunning, the speeches more than stirring, and the music was simply splendid. Altogether our French relations could not have been better honored or pleased had they been here in person from across the water, instead of their representatives.

The messenger squads were out under the leadership of Nancy Coleman, and made a splendid showing. The members of the French War Relief Committee were lunched in the large auditorium of the Curtis Publishing Company after the meeting in Independence Hall broke up, and every one had a wonderful time.

ALL of us are interested in the marriage of Suzanne White today in Baltimore. Suzanne has visited so much in this city it would seem as if she almost belonged here. She is an ardent tennis player and has taken part in the international tennis bouts at the Philadelphia Cricket Club in St. Martins for several seasons. She very often stays with Dorothy Disston, and has visited a number of other girls in the Quaker City.

The lucky man was Edward Whitman, another case of "change of name but not of letter," but who pays attention to these little superstitions these days? Becky White was Suzanne's maid of honor. The wedding was very small and took place in St. Thomas's Church at Garrison Forest, just outside of Baltimore. The reception, also small, was held at the Knoll, the White's place at Garrison-in-the-Valley, about fifty persons being present.

THE concert given last night at the Philadelphia Navy Yard was some success, believe me! Mrs. Phillips Jenkins and her chorus of fifty voices and soloists, members of her school of singing, gave it, with Wassili Leps conducting the choruses and Vandalia Hissey playing the accompaniments.

This was no ordinary amateur performance, for the singers are very talented, and it was certainly good of them to come from the seashore and other summer homes, as many of them did, to give of their time and talent to cheer the boys at the navy yard. The program was quite long, so there were no encores, and after the singing there was general dancing and refreshments for the laddies and lasses who contributed to the evening's pleasure.

The program opened with Mrs. Jenkins's chorus, "Keep the Home Fire Burning," by Novello. Then Eva Cherry sang the cutest song, "If No One Ever Marries Me," by Lehmann, and every one present felt tempted to propose at once. Sara Murphy sang "The Swallows," and Mary Clark and Phyllis Munsey gave Hawthorne's "Whispering Hope" in a duet.

Loraine Stahl sang a dainty thing called "Carmeline," by Haley, and Miss Hissey played the waltz from "Romeo and Juliet" and "Philosophy."

Bessie Phillips appeared in two songs, "Until" and "Tommy, Lad," and a delightful quartet, "There's a Long, Long Trail," was rendered by Margaret Wilson, Emma Chantry, Vandalia Hissey and Josephine Rock.

Of course, there was a selection from "Madama Butterfly." No concert is complete these days without a bit of Puccini, and Kathryn McGinley sang "One Fine Day," from that opera, and Tosti's "Good-by."

A trio which called forth much applause was "We'll Never Let the Old Flag Fall," which was sung by Elizabeth Devereaux, Carrie Johnston and Anna Hornback.

Kathryn Martin was the last on the program, and she sang that delightful little darky song, "Kentucky Babe," and "I Wonder Why." The whole concert ended with the singing of "America" by all present, and the applause was almost deafening.

Then the songbirds turned into fairies in the matter of "light fantastic," and the sailors certainly had some dainty dance partners for the rest of the evening.

PEOPLE are still coming and going out Jenkintown way. The two little Cross children, Billy and Suzanne, son and daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Sumner Cross, are having the time of their young lives up at Jamestown, where they are visiting Mrs. Corbit Lovering, whose house on the Dumplings is one of the loveliest in Jamestown. Dorothy Lovering and Suzanne are just the same age, and you know what glorious times they are having.

It's the most perfect thing to go out early in the morning, say just before sunrise, and walk over the "Dumplings" at Jamestown toward Beavertail Lighthouse, and watch the sun come up out of the water. It's a never-to-be-forgotten sight on a clear, crisp morning! Another delight of Jamestown is to drive in one's motor to Beavertail or to the rocks nearby, and with lunch basket and knitting spend the greater part of the day on the high rocks over the water listening to the splash of the waves as they rush against the rocks.

To return to Jenkintowners, Mrs. Charles Osborne and Caroline Osborne have just returned from Boston, where they spent a week, and they tell me that the weather up there was delightful. Hard to believe, isn't it, after the week we have had? Still let us be thankful for the sun, now he has deigned to show himself, and forget the hardships.

SPEAKING of hardships, do you know we really have no idea of what some of the boys who have enlisted or are in preparatory camps have gone through? But, of course, they will learn, and so will those in charge. But I have laughed and screamed over this tale which reached me. One young man we all know was very anxious to be on the same boat as a certain very great chum of his, so he enlisted for that boat, and on applying at headquarters was told that the only place open then was that of cook. So he said he would be the cook. And, bless you, they took him.

MISS ETHEL HUHN

Miss Huhn and her father, Mr. George A. Huhn, are at Narragansett Pier for the summer. Miss Agnes Brockie left this week to visit them.

Well, the first two days all went well, for he served all the canned things he could lay his hands on. The third day, however, he found he must buy something, so he ordered roast beef. In the meantime his mother had sent him a cook book, and that night when all hands had turned in but those who were supposed to remain on watch, a light was discovered in Mr. Cook's bunk. Inquiring officers discovered Cookie flat on his back studying the cooking of beef and repeating over and over again in a fitful sleep: "Separate the eggs." "Baste every fifteen minutes." "Baste the eggs, separate every fifteen minutes." Suffice it to say, Cookie and his cook book returned to mamma forthwith, and he will have to get another job, minus his chum—if he wants to go to war.

Another boy applied for a job in a camp and was told there were several open. But, as the cook's place paid the most and he needed the money, he chose that.

The result was frightful. Even the hardiest spoke of the awful food. Of course, the authorities found it out, and this cookie lost his job also. A few days later several of the men and the erstwhile cook were sent to another camp. One of them met his father on the train and, of course, introduced him to all his pals. They talked of camp life and, suddenly, to the horror of the assembled crowd, father remarked, "Well, you must have had a time when that fellow did the awful cooking?" Tableau! as you will imagine, and then Cookie spoke up and said, "Well, I suppose it was awful, but I needed the money."

Shot and shell are, therefore, not all our boys have to contend with in this hour of suffering and war.

MR. AND MRS. JOSE EMILIO SALAZAR, or perhaps more correctly Senor and Senora Salazar, of Havana, Cuba, have been visiting here, and left on Thursday for New York. This fact, of course, means nothing to your young mind, does it? But wait till I tell you who they are, and then it will mean much. Mrs. Salazar was Eulalia Laine and is a niece of Mrs. Santa Maria, of Ardmore, and a cousin of the attractive Elena, Alberto, Oscar and all the other Santa Marias. Her grandmother was a Garesche, of that well-known old family of this city and St. Louis, and they are related to the Keatings, Norrises and other prominent families of Philadelphia.

The Salazars were married just three weeks ago in Havana and came to the States on their wedding trip. Mrs. Salazar is charmingly pretty and vivacious. It is a pity they could not stay longer, but they were obliged to go on.

The name of Laine is familiar to many of us who remember the late Mrs. Dama Laine, who was first Mrs. Boulton Dixon and who married Mrs. Salazar's uncle, Doctor Laine. She died some years ago and left one little daughter, who spent last winter with her half sister, Mrs. Morris Stroud, Jr., of Villanova.

THE middle of July has arrived and with it the real beginning of the summer. After tomorrow things will surely die a natural, peaceful death here, and go bouncing into life elsewhere.

The Narragansett Philadelphian who entertained today was Mrs. John R. Fell, who gave a delightful luncheon. Mrs. John R. Drexel, who is still thought of as a Philadelphian, though she lives now in New York, gave a luncheon for fourteen guests at her villa in Newport.

Mr. and Mrs. Howard Page have chosen the middle of July for the beginning of their summer away, and are going with their daughters, Edith and Evelyn, to Nova Scotia for a month, where they will visit Mrs. Page's mother, Mrs. James Cox, at Lower Argyle. Evelyn Page is of next year's debutantes.

NANCY WYNNE.

BRIDES CHOOSE MID-JULY FOR THEIR WEDDING DAYS

Return From Wedding Trips After the First Week in August

Only a few brides and bridegrooms will approach the hymenal altar today, but in these times there are no days without a wedding or two.

The marriage of Miss Catharine E. Disterle, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Disterle, of 4403 North Fifth street, to Mr. Harry Stokes, took place this afternoon at the home of the officiating clergyman, the Rev. Harry Myers, of the Pilgrim Church, Marlborough and Belgrade streets, and was followed by a reception for the families of the bridegroom and bride at the home of the bride's parents. The bride's father gave her in marriage, and her sister, Miss Louise Disterle, was bridesmaid. Mr. Charles Kelley was the bridegroom's best man. Mr. Stokes and his bride will spend some time at the Delaware Water Gap and will be at home after August 1 in Olney.

McKENNA—MAHER

Announcement is made of the marriage of Miss Mary Maher, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Maher, of 2501 North Twenty-eighth street, and Mr. Bernard McKenna, which was solemnized with nuptial mass, on Thursday morning in St. Columba's Roman Catholic Church, Twenty-third street and Lehigh avenue, with the Rev. James Guffey officiating. Mr. Maher gave his daughter in marriage and her only attendant was Miss Margaret Monahan. Mr. McKenna had for best man Mr. John Carr. The service was followed by a breakfast at the home of the bride's parents. The bridegroom and bride left for a trip to Niagara Falls and Canada. They will be at home after August 15, at 2501 North Twenty-eighth street.

FEW W. PHILADELPHIANS TO GO AWAY FOR SUMMER

Not so many people as usual have gone away from West Philadelphia this year, but lately a few more blinds have been drawn and a few more boardings put up. Mr. and Mrs. Mortimoore and their two daughters, Miss Dorothy Mortimoore and Miss Katherine Mortimoore, of 409 South Forty-second street, have gone to Galen Hall, Wernersville, and after two weeks there will go to Englesmere. Mrs. Daniel Webster, of 5323 Catharine street, is visiting her father, Mr. Charles T. Bowers, at his cottage in Belmar, N. J. Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Jenkins, of 5113 Hazel avenue, are visiting in Maryland. Mrs. John B. Reidnour, of Gainor road and Wynnefield avenue, is visiting her grandparents in Lancaster.

Social Activities

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Blizard and Miss Natalie Blizard are spending the week-end at the Chalfonte Hotel in Cape May, having motored down from Germantown. Miss Jean Speese is with them.

Mr. and Mrs. Clark Dillenbeck, accompanied by Miss Alice Dillenbeck and Miss Genevieve Dillenbeck, are occupying their beach-front cottage in Ocean City and have as their guest Miss Alida C. Buehler.

Miss Eleanor Prosser, of Germantown, is spending several weeks as the guest of Miss L. Robinson in Old Point Comfort.

Mrs. John Svensson, of West Philadelphia, announces the marriage of her daughter, Miss Gertrude Alma Svensson, to Mr. George S. Shimer, Jr., of Milton, on June 22, in New York.

Mrs. N. H. Bloom celebrated her nineteenth birthday yesterday at the home of her mother-in-law, Mrs. F. S. Bloom, at 1915 North Thirty-third street.

Miss Florence Brenan, of 116 South Forty-fifth street, has returned from a week's visit to Long Beach, L. I., where she was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. William Walsh at the Nassau Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. Daniel O'Brien, with their son, Master Patrick Joseph O'Brien, 2d, of 525 South Fifth street, have left for a four weeks' stay at the Deravin Cottage, Atlantic City.

Mr. and Mrs. A. Sondberg, of 4130 Leidy avenue, announce the betrothal of their daughter, Miss Marion Sondberg, to Mr. Herman Freedman, of this city.

CITY EMPLOYES TO AID IN WAR-TORN POLAND

Misses Anna Haines and Nancy Babb Given Leave of Absence

The Misses Anna J. Haines and Nancy J. Babb, tenement house inspectors in the Bureau of Health, are on their way to Russia to aid in the work of reclaiming warrent towns in Poland.

They have been granted a leave of absence of fifteen months without pay. Both young women have been engaged in preventing tenement house abuses and in compelling owners to comply with sanitary and building laws. Both are members of the Society of Friends and are opposed to warfare.

Miss Babb, who has been in the city employ for the last four years, resides at 5900 Washington avenue and Miss Haines's home is at 2032 Green street. They will be succeeded in the city service by Miss Elsie H. Speakman, 2219 South Broad street, and George J. Shmidhelser, 3221 West Berks street.

"Drys" Select Counsel for Fight

WILMINGTON, Del., July 14.—Cabel E. Burchenal and Horace G. Eastburn have been selected as counsel to represent the "drys" in the case which the "wets" have brought to test the constitutionality of the special election law. The case will be heard as soon after July 23 as the court can fix a date.

MRS. ERNEST SOPP

Mrs. Sopp will be remembered as Miss Dora Wagner. Her marriage took place on June 21.

LIFE'S TRIALS

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"Harold, I want you to go to the store."
"What'll I do with the army?"

THE DAY OF WRATH

A STORY OF 1914

By Louis Tracy

CHAPTER XI—(Continued)

"YOU must have been a governess-companion in some German family of position. I can foresee a trying future. I must brush up my dates, or lose caste forever. Isn't there a doggerel jingle beginning:

In fifty-five and fifty-four
Came Caesar o'er to Britain's shore?

If I learn it, it may save me many a trip."

"Here, you two," growled Jan Maertz, "talk a language a fellow can understand."

The road was deserted save for themselves, and the others had unconsciously spoken English. Dalroy turned to apologize to their rough but trusty friend, and thus missed the quizzical and affectionate glance which Irene darted at him. She was still smiling when next he caught her eye.

"What is it now?" he asked.

"I was thinking how difficult it is to see a wood for trees," she replied.

Maertz took her literally.

"I'll be glad when we're in the open country again, mademoiselle," he said. "I don't like this forest. One can't guess what may be hiding around the corner."

Yet they stopped that night at Braine le Comte, and crossed Enghien next day without incident. It is a pity that such a glorious ramble should be described so baldly. In happier times, when Robert Louis Stevenson took that blithe journey through the Cevennes with a donkey, a similar excursion produced a book which will be read when the German madness has long been relegated to a detested oblivion. But Uhlan pickets and "squarehead" sentries supply wretched sign-posts in a land of romance, and the wanderers were now in a region where each kilometer had to be surveyed with caution.

Maertz owned an aunt in every village, and carefully inquire had, of course, located one of these numerous relatives in Lierde, a hamlet on the Grammont-Gand road. Oudenarde was strongly held by the enemy, but the roads leading to Gand were the scene of magnificent exploits by the armored cars of the Belgian army. Certain Belgian motorists had become national heroes during the past fortnight. An innkeeper in Grammont told with bated breath how one famous driver, helped by a machine gun crew, was accounting for scores of marauding cavalrymen. "The English and French are beaten, but our fellows are holding them," he said with a fine air. "When you boys get through you'll enjoy life. My nephew, who used to be a great chasseur, says there is no sport like chasing mounted Boches."

This frank recognition of Dalroy as one of the innumerable young Belgians then engaged in crossing the enemy's lines in order to serve with their brothers was an unwitting compliment to a student who had picked up the colloquial phrases and Walloon words in Maertz's uncouth speech.

A man who looked like an unkempt peasant should speak like one, and Dalroy was an apt scholar. He never trod on doubtful ground. Strangers regarded him as a taciturn person, solely because of this linguistic restraint. Maertz made nearly all inquiries and never erred in selecting an informant. The truth was that German spies were rare in this district. They were common as crows in the cities and on the frontiers of Belgium and France, but rural Brabant harbored few, and that simple fact accounts for the comparatively slow progress of the invaders as they neared the coast.

It was at a place called Oombergen, midway between Oudenarde and Alost, that the fugitives met the Death's Head Hussars. And with that ill-omened crew came the great adventure.

CHAPTER XII

At the Gates of Death

HAD Dalroy followed his own plans, supported as they were by the well-meant advice tendered by the farmer of the Meuse valley, he might have led his companions through the final barrier without incurring any risk at all comparable with the hairbreadth escapes of Vise, Argenteau, Andenne and Huy.

But the weather broke. Rain fell in torrents, and Irene's presence was a real deterrent to spending a night in a ditch or lurking in the depths of a wood till dawn. Maertz, too, jubilant in the certainty that the Belgian outposts were hardly six miles distant, advocated the bold policy of a daylight march. Still, there was no excuse for Dalroy, who knew that patrols in an enemy's country are content to stand fast by night and scout during the day. Unluckily, Irene was as eager as their Belgian friend to rush the last stage. She was infected by the prevalent spirit of the people. Throughout the whole of September these valiant folk in the real Flanders held the Germans rather cheap. They did not realize that outpost affairs are not battles—that a cavalry screen, as its very name implies, is actually of more value in cloaking movements of armies in rear than in reconnoitering.

Be that as it may, in the late afternoon of 5th September the three were hurrying past some lounging troopers who had taken shelter from the pouring rain in the spacious doorway of a ruined barn, when one man called to them, "Hi! where are you off to?"

They pretended not to hear, whereupon a bullet passed through Dalroy's smock between arm and ribs.

It was useless to think of bolting from cavalry. They turned at once, hoping that a bold front might serve. This occurred a mile or more from Oombergen. Maertz had "an aunt" in Oosterzeele, the next village, and said so.

"If she's anything like you, you're welcome to her; but let's have a look at your cousin," grinned the German, striding forward, carbine in hand, and grasping Irene by the shoulder.

"You stop here, Fraulein—or, is it Frau?" he said, with a vilely suggestive leer. "Anyhow, it doesn't matter. If one of these pigheads is your husband we can soon make you a widow."

Now to Irene every German soldier was a boor, with a boor's vices and limitations. The man, a corporal, spoke and acted coarsely, using the argot of the barrack room, and she was far too frightened to see in his satyr like features a certain intellectuality. So, in her distress, she blundered twice.

"Leave me alone!" she said shrilly, trying in voice and manner to copy Leontine Joos.

"Now don't be coy, pretty one," chuckled the trooper, beginning to urge her forcibly in the direction of the barn.

Dalroy and Jan Maertz had remained stock-still when the hussar came up. Suddenly the Belgian sheered off, and ran like a hare into the dense wood surrounding the small cleared space in which stood the barn. The building had evidently been meant to house stock only. There was no dwelling attached. It had served, too, as a rallying point during some recent scrimmage. The outer walls were chipped with bullets, the doors had been torn off and burnt; it was typical of Belgium under German rule—a husk given fictitious life by the conqueror's horses and men.

Irene had seen Jan make off, while Dalroy lurched slowly nearer. She could not hear the fierce whisper which bade their sturdy ally bolt for the trees, and, if he got away, implore a strong Belgian patrol to come to the rescue. But she knew that some daring expedient had been devised on the spur of the moment, and gathered all her resources for an effort to gain time.

The corporal heard Jan break into a run. Letting go the girl, he swung on his heel and raised the carbine.

Dalroy had foreseen that this might happen. With a calm courage that was superb because of its apparent lack of thought, he had placed himself in the direct line of fire. Standing with his hands in his pockets and laughing loudly, he first glanced over his shoulder at the vanishing Maertz, and then guffawed into the hussar's face.

"He's done a bunk!" he cried cheerfully. "You said he might go, Herr Unterofficier, so he hopped it without even saying 'Auf wiedersehn.'"

Meanwhile, as he was steadily masking the German's aim, he might have been shot without warning. But the ready comment baffled the other for a few precious seconds, and the men in the barn helped unconsciously by chaffing their comrade.

"You've got your hands full with the girl, Franz," said one.

"What's she like?" bawled another. "I can only see a pair of slim ankles and a dirty face."

"That's all you will see, George," said Franz, believing that a scared Belgian peasant had merely bolted in panic. "This little bit is mine by the laws of war. Here you," he added, surveying Dalroy quite amicably, "be off to your aunt! You'll probably be shot at Oosterzeele; but that's your affair, not mine."

"You don't know my aunt," said Dalroy. "I'd sooner face a regiment of soldiers than stand her tongue if I go home without her niece."

If he hoped to placate this swaggering scoundrel by a display of good humor he failed lamentably. An ugly glint shone in the man's eyes, and he handled the carbine again threateningly.

"To hell with you and your aunt!" he snarled. "Perhaps you don't know it, you Flemish fool, but you're a German now and must obey orders. Cut after your pal before I count three, or I'll put daylight through you! One, two—"

Then the hapless Irene committed a second and fatal error, though it was pardonable in the frenzy of a tragic dilemma, since the next moment might see her lover ruthlessly murdered. To lump all German soldiers into one category was a bad mistake; it was far worse to change her accent from the crude speech of the province of Liege to the high-sounding periods of Berlin society.

"How dare you threaten unoffending people in this way?" she almost screamed. "I demand that you send for an officer, and I ask the other men of your regiment to bear witness we have done nothing whatsoever to warrant your brutal behavior."

The Hussar stood as though he, and not Dalroy, had been silenced by a bullet. He listened to the girl's outburst with an expression of blank amazement, which soon gave place to a sinister smile.

"Gnadiges Fraulein," he answered, springing to "attention" and affecting a conscience-sticken tone, "I cry your pardon. But is it not your own fault. Why should such a charming young lady masquerade as a Belgian peasant?"

On hearing the man speak as a well-educated Berliner, Irene became deathly white under the tan and grime of so many days and nights of exposure. She nearly fainted, and might have fallen had not Dalroy caught her. Even then, when their position was all but hopeless, he made one last attempt to throw dust in the crafty eyes which were now piercing both Irene and himself with the baneful glare of a tiger about to spring.

"My cousin has been a governess in Berlin," he said deferentially. "She isn't afraid of soldiers as a rule, but you have nearly frightened her to death."

Their captor still examined them in a way that chilled even the Englishman's dauntless heart. He was summing them up, much as a detective might scan the features of a pair of half-recognized criminals to whom he could not altogether allot their proper places in the Rogues' Gallery.

"You see, she's ill," urged Dalroy. "Mayn't we go? My aunt keeps a decent cellar. I'll come back with some good wine."

Never relaxing that glowering scrutiny, the corporal shouted suddenly, "Come here, Georg!"

The man thus hailed by name strode forward. With him came three others. Irene's fluent German and the parade attitude assumed by Franz having aroused their curiosity.

"You used to have a good memory for descriptions of 'wanteds,' Georg. Can you recall the names and appearance of the English captain and the girl there was such a fuss about at Argenteau a month ago?"

Georg, a strongly built, rather jovial-looking Hanoverian, grinned.

"Better than leaving things to guesswork, I have it in my pocket," he said. "I copied it at the Kommandantur. A thousand marks are worth a penciled note, my boy. Halves, if these are they!"

Dalroy knew then that he, and possibly Irene, were doomed. A struggle was impossible. Franz's reference to Oosterzeele being in German occupation forbade the least hope of succor by a Belgian force. There was a hundred-to-one chance that Irene's life might be spared, and he resolved to take it. It was pitiful to feel the girl trembling, and he gave her arm an encouraging squeeze.

Georg was fumbling in the breast of his tunic, when he seemed to realize that it was raining heavily.

"Why the devil stand out here if we're going to hold a court of inquiry?" he cried.

Evidently, the iron discipline of the German army was somewhat relaxed in the Death's-Head Hussars.

"Go to the barn," commanded Franz. "And, mind, you pig of an Englishman, no talking till you're spoken to!"

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(CONTINUED MONDAY)

SHORE MAYOR REPEATS PROPRIETY PROGRAM

Reannounces Strict Regulations to Govern Bathing and Board Walking

SLIGHT LAXITY OF LATE

Women Must Not Hereafter Appear in the Ocean Unless Clad in Hosiery

ATLANTIC CITY, July 14.

Mayor Bacharach did not leave the bathing girl in doubt twenty-four hours as to what his attitude would be regarding the propriety of the strand this summer, now that he has assumed the duties of Director of Public Safety Sooy, who will lead the Atlantic City Battery of Field Artillery.

All of the strict rules laid down by Director Sooy regarding water togs to be worn on the beach will be strictly enforced, and the Mayor hinted he might make a few more rules of his own if he deems it advisable. So there is to be no recinding of the edict forbidding women to bathe in the ocean without their hosiery.

The present administration was elected to office on the strength of its propriety program as opposed to former Mayor Riddle, who often declared it was his ambition to make of this city-by-the-sea a second Monte Carlo.

The first thing the Mayor did today after assuming his added burdens as head of the police and the beach forces was to call in the heads of the police department and announce to them his ideas on the proper policing of the city.

First, he ordered an absolute clean-up of the Boardwalk of all women of questionable repute, gamblers and generally disreputable characters. Gambling was ordered stopped and it was instructed that cafes and saloons must be conducted in a manner not displeasing to neighbors or the public in general. Mayor Bacharach is not starting anything new. His instructions were in keeping with the administration policy, but there has been some laxity of late, he affirmed, because Director Sooy had to give so much of his time to getting recruits for his company, which will be known as Battery D, First Regiment Field Artillery, National Guard of New Jersey. Governor Edge was present to see the first company of volunteers from his home city mustered into service. The officers are: Captain, W. Frank Sooy; first lieutenants, Harry R. Coulomb and Hiram Steelman; second lieutenants, Charles E. Hinkleman and John Waldron McEnroe. The company will go into training camp at Sea Girt, July 25.

Pretty girls in fluffy white frocks, wearing the tricolor of France and armed with graceful baskets of fragrant summer blooms which they sold for the benefit of the French War Relief Fund, added a picturesque note to the Walk yesterday. Those especially interested in the sale of blossoms were Mrs. George A. Zinn, Mrs. Clarence Busch, Mrs. James Forney, Mrs. Haviland Ciot, Miss Eleanor Dickey, Mrs. C. Clothier Jones, Miss Helen Lawson, Mrs. Isaac Schlichter, Mrs. William Ellison, Miss Anieta Lynch.

Mrs. Samuel A. McDougal will entertain at luncheon followed by bridge at the Marlborough-Blenheim on Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Parsons are entertaining at their cottage, 21 Elberon avenue, south, Mr. and and Mrs. George Davis and Miss Eleanor Davis, who motored from Moorestown.

Mrs. Ralph Dalbey, of Youngstown, Ohio, is visiting her mother, Mrs. John Sinnott, at her cottage, 19 Connecticut avenue, south. Doctor Dalbey will join Mrs. Dalbey in a fortnight.

Miss Clare Robinson will entertain at bridge next Friday afternoon at her cottage, Jackson and Ventnor avenues.

Mr. and Mrs. James Brown Potter are at the Traymore for a week.

Bathing knitting bees are now the latest diversion. After spending an hour or more plying the needles in making soldier comforts, the members enjoy a plunge in the surf and luncheon is served on the strand. Miss Ethel Maddox entertained a knitting bee yesterday for Miss Frances Miller, Miss Emily Dunn, Miss Esther Flynn, Miss Marie Blake, Miss Hattie Eustis, Miss Marion O'Keefe, Miss Sarah Hunter, Miss Edith St. Claire, Miss Anna Sheeley and Miss Claire Long.

DISSTON-WANAMAKER WEDDING AUGUST 11

Ceremony Will Take Place at Newport, R. I.—More Than 200 to Attend

The wedding of Miss Pauline Disston, daughter of Mrs. William Disston, and John Wanamaker, Jr., son of Rodman Wanamaker, both of Philadelphia, will take place Saturday, August 11, at 4 o'clock in the afternoon, in Emanuel Episcopal Church, Newport, R. I.

The wedding, for which more than 200 invitations have been sent out, will be one of the most important of the Newport summer season. Miss Disston, who is spending the summer with her mother at the cottage owned by General Edward DeV. Morrell, on Shephard avenue, is one of the most popular of the young social set.

The matron of honor will be Mrs. Walter B. Brooks, Jr., of Baltimore, daughter of Mrs. Edward T. Stotesbury, and the bridesmaids will be Mrs. Frederick Frelinghuysen, Mrs. Reginald C. Vanderbilt, Mrs. Angier B. Duke, New York; Mrs. Arturo de Heeren, sister of the bridegroom; Miss Elizabeth Cushing Norris and Miss Mary Brown Warburton, Philadelphia; Miss Elizabeth S. Sands, Newport, and Miss Frances Moore, Washington.

Gurnee Munn, of Washington, brother-in-law of the bridegroom, will be best man. Following the ceremony there will be a reception at the home of the bride.

Puck Sold to William Randolph Hearst

NEW YORK, July 14.—Puck, the humorous periodical, has been sold to the International Magazine Company, owned by William Randolph Hearst. Joseph Arthur Moore, of the Hearst interests, will have supervision of the magazine, with Foster Gilroy continuing as general manager.

RELIGIOUS NOTICES

CHAPLAIN MAJOR PIERCE, of U. S. A., will be the preacher at the Cathedral Parkway service, Sunday, 5 p. m., in the place of Bishop Suffragan Burch, of New York, who is ill.

Baptist

CHESTNUT STREET BAPTIST CHURCH
Chestnut st. west of 40th st.
GEORGE D. ADAMS, D. D., Pastor.
10:30 a. m. and 4 p. m.—Worship and Sermon.

Methodist Episcopal

CALVARY METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH
46th st. and Baltimore ave.
ELMER ELLSWORTH HELMS, Minister.
10:30 a. m.—Preaching by Dr. Helms.
7:45 p. m.—Dr. Helms speaks on "THE GERMAN SOUL: A Study of the German Program of World Conquest, as Revealed by Eighty-four German Works, All Published Before the War."
Music by the Choir.

Presbyterian

BETHLEHEM PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH
Broad and Diamond sts.
Rev. JOHN R. DAVIES, D. D., Pastor.
10:30 a. m.—Sermon by Rev. E. C. Hibshman, M. A., of St. Louis, Mo.
7:15 p. m.—Out-door Song Service.
7:30 p. m.—Service in the church in charge of the C. E. Societies. Speakers, Mr. Joseph M. Steele and Rev. Samuel R. Boggs.
Everybody always welcome.

Unitarian

UNITARIAN SOCIETY OF GERMANTOWN, Chelten ave. and Greene st. Summer services in parish house, 11 a.m. Rev. Wm. D. Parry.

MORE NELLY'S ALLEYS; WHO WILL BE FINED?

Garbage Men in Widely Separated Parts of City Neglect Their Duty

ONE GETS FIVE-CENT TIP

Though Not a College Graduate, He Understopd Financial Inducement

Ed Vare "fired" the foreman of the street-cleaning gang who neglected Nelly's Alley. The Street Cleaning Bureau fined Ed Vare $4 for the neglect. The writers of the following letters want to know who is to be fired and who is to be fined for the neglect and indifference charged in these complaints?

Yes, we have a Nelly's Alley in regard to removal of garbage. If the garbage man does not care to come west of Oakley street, he does not, and we have to bury our own garbage.

EDWIN LEE,
843 East Princeton street, Lawndale.

A downtown man wrote:

Am a reader of your paper. I noted you attend to complaints of side alleys in insanitary conditions. There is such an alley entrance on Fourth street, between Daly and Wolf, that has not been cleaned for at least three weeks.

Hoping to receive your co-operation in this matter, I am
M. SALZOW,
836 Daly street.

A woman wrote:

Evening Ledger:

After reading your invitation to report insanitary conditions in alleys I decided to report one in the rear of Grats street, above Diamond. There is a blind alley from the main one, directly in back of 2142 Grats street, and there has been garbage there for nearly one month. I can get the fumes in my second-story window whenever the wind blows in that direction.
Mrs. CLEETON,
2142 North Gratz street, Phila.

F. G. Bush, 5023 Springfield avenue, West Philadelphia, phoned that no city collector ever visits his block and that private collectors come when they want to. Here is another letter:

Gentlemen:

Reading in your valuable paper of Nelly's Alley, would like you to look at Watts street, between Cumberland and Boston avenue. It is used for a dump, horse stable, etc. The ashes are two or three feet above the curb line and no drainage whatever. They claim this is a private street, but I see no reason in the world why it should be kept in so filthy a condition.

By giving this your attention you will greatly oblige
A NEIGHBOR

Mrs. E. H. Wilson, 5314 Webster street, West Philadelphia, phoned that trash had not been collected from her yard for a week. Both the ashman and the trashman refused to take it. This week she hailed a trashman and offered him five cents if he would remove the basket of trash. Although not a college graduate, he seemed to understand the offer and graciously condescended to remove the basket. Now Mrs. Wilson is wondering if next week she will have to raise the bribe to ten cents.

Two complaints have also been received for the Board of Health:

Dear Sir:

In today's EVENING LEDGER I notice a number of alleys to be repaved by the Housing Division of the Board of Health. I hope they will have it done better than the alley in the rear of the Sharswood School, at Second and Wolf streets, running from Wolf to Ritner. The cement is broken, there are lots of holes full of water and the top is very rough.

It was paved in April by order of the Board of Health. The owners received the bill about a month ago. A number of them complained to the Board of Health about it, but as yet nothing has been done. If in the vicinity look it over and compare it with the paving in the schoolyard. The children that frequent the playground in the schoolyard use the alley. The garbage collector visits us about once a week. Sometimes not so often.
A TENANT.

Have a Nelly's Alley in our neighborhood—South Alter street. Will you please look after it. Water in the cellar, 2944 Alter street.
S. P. MONTIEN.

WOODSIDE'S POPULARITY CONTINUES UNABATED

With nearly all of the old attractions which were destroyed in the fire rebuilt or replaced with new amusements, Woodside Park is again drawing big summer crowds.

The famous Imperial Band, under the leadership of Giuseppe Rodia, which has been at the park two weeks, will continue to be the principal musical attraction during the coming week. Miss Edith M. Ellison, the soprano soloist, will also remain with the band next week. She will render a selection of popular numbers by request of patrons of the park, and instrumental solos will be another feature of the band's program.

Next Friday night will mark the opening of the regular weekly fireworks display, which has become a Woodside institution. The displays will be held each Friday night until the end of the season.

Municipal Band concert at Fifty-second and Brown streets, 8 o'clock. Free.

Fairmount Park Band will play at Belmont Mansion, 8 o'clock. Free.

Philadelphia Band will play on City Hall Plaza at 8 o'clock. Free.

Energetic Band will give concert at Hunting Park. Free.

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