## JUST GOSSIP ABOUT PEOPLE

### Nancy Wynne Hears Report of Success of Cape May Lawn Party—Several Summer Engagements—Many Box Parties at Theatre Opening

bazaar that the people of Cape May gave for the benefit of the Church of the Advent. I told you all about it at the time, you remember. The committee in charge met on Monday at the home of Mrs. Horace Eugene Smith, in Cape May, and reports were read. Seven hundred and twenty-seven dollars were made and the committee is justly proud of it. The fund is to support the services of the church during the winter, as it is carried on entirely through the efforts of the summer people who go there and love it-most of whom are Philadelphians. Mrs. Smith was chairman of the committee. Others from this city helping her were Mrs. George K. Crozier, Mrs. L. Bert Eyster, Mrs. Arthington Gilpin, Mrs. Henry B. Patton, Mrs. Edward B. Sayen, Mrs. K. Ramsay Hill, Mrs. E. K. Sparks, Mrs. William D. Grange, Mrs. T. Mitchell Hastings, Mrs. Norman Grey and Mrs. W. Howard Pancoast. Mrs. James Nields, of Wilmington, was also interested in the affair. It will be a great pleasure to these people while they are here during the winter to know that the little white church with the old-fashioned windows and green shutters is having services just as it had all summer. when they were there.

THERE'S quite a good deal going on for midsummer in the way of engagements and marriages. Anne Meirs, you know, is going to be married on Monday to Captain Newbold, and Katherine Potter and Walter Avery are to be married on Saturday at Cape May. Huberta Earle will be matron of honor for her sister and the small reception afterward will be at her cottage. Mary Montgomery's engagement to Edward Biddle Halsey has been announced, and I wonder how long it will be before she sets the date? It certainly keeps one busy remembering just who each has become and whether she has "become it yet" or whether she is just engaged-or whether she isn't either, and you just suspect it.

WERE you at the opening, or rather reopening, of "Hearts of the World" at the Forrest on Monday night? It was quite an interesting audience. A lot of the navy people came from the navy yard and there were several box parties. Captain and Mrs. C. A. Carr had a large party. Among their guests I noticed Admiral Tappan, Medical Director Sheldon G. Evans and Mrs. Evans, Paymaster J. Martin and Mrs. Martin, Mrs. De Witt C. Webb, Commander and Mrs. Roscoe Conklin Davis. Mrs. Vroom, Mr. J. L. Richards, Captain and Mrs. Kaiser and Mr. C. R. Richards and several others.

Major and Mrs. Arthur Burneston Owens also entertained. You know their daughter, Emily Eleanor Owens, was married recently at the navy yard to Chandler Barnard. She was one of the party. Others were Major and Mrs. James J. Meade, Captain and Mrs. John Swift Norris, Captain and Mrs. Pierce and Dorothy Fuller, daughter of General and Mrs. Fuller. Mr. and Mrs. Frederick English were also there. Their guests were Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Lippincott, Mr. and Mrs. Edward Atlee and Mr. and Mrs. Wayne Robinson. Janet Middleton was in charge of the National Service League group which gave out the programs. Isabel Howell and Mrs. Frank Wall, first lieutenants, and Dorothy Hay, second lieutenant, were helping her. Others in the party were Mrs. Orlando Crease, Jr., Mrs. Raymond Wright, Ruth Parrott, Frances Gilkey. Ruth McGrath. Anna Kimball and Ruth Atkinson. Lieutenant and Mrs. D'Ippoli also entertained a party of six. Other officers were Lieutenant Caul and Lieutenant Kessler. Altogether quite a party for Philadelphia in

T HEAR that Fift Widener is making everybody jealous up in Newport on account of her rubber shark. She is the only person on Bailey's Beach who owns one, and she has it blown up like a rubber mattress and then "shoots the breakers" on it. It would be my idea of a wonderful time in this kind of weather, and up there it must be lots of fun. Fift is quite expert at playing with her shark and appears every day on the beach with her "pet."

GEORGE is fifteen and has just acquired long trousers. Billy and Jack, the twins, have great respect for their big brother and are always interested in everything he does. Some time before they got ready to go away this summer they became very much excited by the announcement that George was to learn to dance in order to take his part in the weekly dances at the seashore. Every night after dinner he retired to his own room, and from behind closed doors the twins were wont to hear the bumps and bangs of his practicing as he stumbled from the bed by way of the long rocker of the chair over to the window. This was continued for fully a month before the family left, and as the time approached the time spent in rehearsal, before the mirror, of course, was increased. Finally, just the night before the trunks were packed. George startled the family by remarking at the dinner table: "Dad, I simply must have a pair of white ducks for those dances. Why, I simply couldn't get out there on that floor unless I have them." Dad replied that he would see, which of course meant that he would buy. A few hours later as the twins were preparing for bed Billy was hear! to call across the room to Jack, "I wonder what George is going to do with the ducks?" And Jack, evidently with visions of the fine pond nack by the woods, responded, "Oh, I don't know; but do you uppose they'll be muscovy or canvas-NANCY WYNNE.

### Social Activities

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Cherry, of 325 Carpenter lane, Germantown, announce the enent of their daughter, Miss Esther y, to Mr. Andrew Jackson Sailer, S. A., now stationed at Camp Wadsworth,

Mrs. Joseph M. Gazzam and her daughter, Miss Olivia M. deB. Gazzam, of 265 South Ninsteenth street, are spending some time at Scottwood, Toledo, O.

KNOW you'll be interested, just as I ment of their daughter, Miss Aimee Marie Brignard, to Ensign James Martin Pratt. The marriage will take place at the home of the bride on Saturday, August 24, and will be very quiet, owing to the recent death of the bride's brother, Mr. Charles Edmond Brig-

Mrs. Roy C. Deal, of Norfolk, has been spending several days in this city as the guest of Miss Katherine Schlater, of 1318 Orthodox street, Frankford, on her way home after a visit of several weeks at Groton, Conn.

Mrs. Walter Russell Sparks and her young son, Walter Russell Sparks, Jr., of Wynne-wood road, Overbrook, are visiting Mrs. Sparks's mother, Mrs. Hildebrand Fitzger-ald, at her summer home, Squirrel's Nest, at Montrose, for this month.

Licutenant Henry E. Tisdale, U. S. R., who has been stationed at Camp Jackson, S. C., has been transferred to Fort Sill, Okla.. where he is taking special training in the artillery officers' training school.

Mrs. O. C. Stimpson, of 878 Wynnewood

road, Overbrook, has received word of the safe arrival overseas of her son, Mr. Clarence A. Stimpson, who is with the First Squadron, First Marine Aviation Force.

Mr. E. S. Pelling has returned to his home in Overbrook after a short visit to Pennsburg.

Mr. Bertram I. Samter, of Scranton, is vis-ting his grandmother, Mrs. D. Israel, of the Norfolk Apartments.

Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Theysen and their daughter, of Merion, have taken apartments in Atlantic City for the month of August.

## TWO WEDDINGS IN THE SAME FAMILY

### Miss Alice Coleman and Miss Virginia Coleman Marry in Same Church

The wedding of Miss Alice B. Coleman, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John H. Coleman, of 2212 North Twentieth street, and Mr. Joseph A. McKenna, of 2210 North Twentieth street, took place on Saturday afternoon in St. Elizabeth's Catholic Twenty-third and Berks streets, with the Rev. Pather Ring officiating. The bride wore her traveling suit of dark blue with a hat to match. She was attended by her Miss Clementine Coleman, as bride vho also wore a coat suit of blue. Michael O'Brien was the best man. Mr. Mc-Kenna and his bride left on an extended trip and will be at home in New York after

### BAILEY-COLEMAN

Another wedding in the Coleman family took place on Monday afternoon, when Miss Virginia L. Coleman, sister of Mrs. McKenna, was married to Lieutenant Edgar E. Bailey, bride wore a gown of blue georgette crepe with a hat to match and a corsage bouquet of orchids. Her sister, Miss Lily Coleman was her only attendant, and wore an after noon gown of blue georgette crepe with a large blue hat.

Lieutenant Frank Hirst, U. S. N., was the best man. Lieutenant Bailey and his bride

### FELS-MEDVENE

Miss Frances Medvene, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Peter Medvene, of 2421 North Thirty-third street, and Mr. Mitchell Fels, of 1507 North Eighth street, were married on Sunday evening at Mayer's Drawing Room, Broad street and Columbia avenue. The ceremony was performed at 6 o'clock by the Rey, Marvin Nathan, D. D., of the Beth Israel congregation. Mr. Aaron Fels gave Israel congregation. Mr. Aaron Feis gave the bride in marriage. She wore a white satin gown with a veil of lace and tulle caught with orange blossoms. A shower of Bride roses was carried. Mrs. Dorothy Karps, who was matron of honor, wore white georgette crepe and carried a shower of pink roses. Miss Esther Fels, Miss Bertha Fels, extern of the bride, and Miss Fels, sisters of the bride, and Miss Pauline Simon were bridesmaids. Their frocks were of pale blue crepe de chine, and they carried pale pink roses. Miss Molly Medvene, the little flower girl, wore a lingerie frock and carried a basket of plnk

Mr. Harry Karps was the best man, and the ushers were Mr. Harry Fels, Mr. Morris Simon and Mr. Abraham Berkowitz. The service was followed by a reception. Mr. Fels and his bride left for a trip through the Northeast and later will go to Atlantic They will be at home in Logan the





MISS ANNA KELLY

CORPORAL W. O. WEIMAR The marriage of Miss Kelly, of 2624 South Chadwick street, and Corporal South Chadwick street, and Corporal Weimar will take place this afternoon at 4 o'clock in St. Monica's Church, Seventeenth and Ritner streets. The ceremony will be performed by the Rev. Father King. Miss Agnes Rogen will be the bridesmaid, and the best man will be Mr. Richard Swift.

### EMERGENCY AID AIDE ENGAGED



MISS ESTHER B. CHERRY

Whose engagement to Mr. Andrew Jackson Sailer, U. S. A., of Camp Wadsworth, is announced today. Miss Cherry is a member of the Emergency Aid aides

# OH, MONEY! MONEY! Sy Eleanor H. Porter Author of "Pollyanna"

### THE STORY THUS FAR

Stanley G. Fuiron, multi-millionaire, is mas-quarading in Heliction as John Smith, genealogist, interested in data concerning the Blaistell familie. He is busy watching relatives he has suddenly made wearthy.

Mr. Smith boards at the house of Miss Magnie Duff, whose father married the mother of the Binistells, but who has inherited none of the Fuiton wealth. They have been attending a party given by Mrs. James Blaisdell.

CHAPTER XIII (Continued) DIVE minutes later he had found Miss Maggie, and was making his adieus. Miss Maggie, on the way home, was strangely silent.

"Well, that was some party," began Mr.
mith, after waiting for her to speak.
"It was, indeed."
"Quite a house!"
"Yes."

"Very pretty." "I'm glad at last to see that poor child nloving herself.

Mr. Smith frowned and stole a sidepossible? Could Miss Maggie be showing a possible? Could Miss Maggie be showing at last a tinge of envy and jealousy? It was to unlike her! And yet—
"Even Miss Flora seemed to be having a good time, in spite of that funereal black,"

"And I'm sure Mrs. James Blaisdell and Miss Berste were very radiant and shining "Oh, yes, they-shone." Mr Smith bit his lip and stole another

"Er-how did you enjoy it? Did you yo a good time?" idewise glance.

"Oh. yes, very" There was a brief silence. Mr. Smith drew a long breath and began again.
"I had no idea Mr. James Blaisdell was so fend of—er—books. I had quite a chat with him in his den."

No answer.
"He says Fred--" "Did you see that Gaylord girl?" Miss Margie was galvanized into sudden life. "He's perfectly betwitched with her. And

that ridiculant dress-and for a young on I wish Hattle would let those "Oh, well he'll be off to college next week."

"Yes, but who with? Her brother!and he's cores than she in if surthing Why, he was drunk tonicht, actually drunk, when he came! I don't want Fred with when he came! I don't want Fred with him. I don't want Fred with any of them." "No, I don't like their looks myself very well but—I fancy young Blaisfell has a pretty level head on him. His father

"He father worships him." interrupted Miss Maggie. "He worships all those chil-dren. But into Fred—into Fred he's pourdren. But into Fred—into Fred he's bout-ing his whole lost youth. You don't know. You don't understand, of course, Mr. Smith. You haven't known him all the way, as I have "Miss Margie's voice shook with smith four actions and states are states and states and states are states and states are states and states are states and states are great poems great novels. He was alway scribbling—something. I think he even tries sell his tings, in his teens; but, of ourse, nothing came of that—but rejec-

"At nineteen he entered college. He was going to work his way. Of course, we couldn't send him. But he was too frail. He couldn't stand the double task and he broke down completely. We sent him into the country to recuperate and there he met Hattle Snow, fell head over heels in love with her blue eyes and golden hair and married her on the spot. Of course, there was pathing to do then but to go to work, and Mr. Hammond took him into his real and insurance office. He's been there ever since, plodding, plodding, plodding, "By George!" murmured Mr. Smith, sym-

You can imagine there wasn't much time left for books. I think, when we first went there, he thought he was still going to write the great poem, the great play, the great novel, that was to bring him fame and money. But he soon learned better. Hattie had little patience with his scribbling, and had less with the constant necessity of scrimping and economizing. She was always ambitious to get ahead, and be someb and, of course, as the babies came and the expenses increased, the demand for more money became more and more insistent. But money became more and more insistent. But Jim. poor Jim! He never was a money-maker. He worked and worked hard, and then got a job for evenings and worked harder. But I don't believe he ever quite this money came—for Jim. And now, don't you see he's thrown his whole lost youth into Fred. And Fred.—" you see, he's thrown his into Fred. And Fred.—"Fred is going to make good. You see "Fred is going to make good. You see if he doesn't!"

"I hope he will. But—I wish those Gay-rds had been at the bottom of the Red as before they ever came to Hillerton," she

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## CHAPTER XIV

### TT WAS certainly a gay one-that holiday week. Beginning with the James Blais-

ells' housewarming, it was one continuous round of dances, dinners, sleightides and skating parties for Hillerton's young people, particularly for the Blaisdells, the Pennocks and the Gaylords

Mr. Smith, at Miss Maggie's, saw comparatively little of it all, though he had almost daily reports from Berny, Mellicent or Miss Flora, who came often to Miss Maggie's for a little chat. It was from Miss Flora that he learned the outcome of Mellicent's present to her mother. The reserve licent's present to her mother. The week was past, and Miss Flora had come down to Miss Maggle's for a little visit.

Mr. Smith still worked at the face in the corner of the living room, though the Duff-Biaisdell records were all long \*\*ro copied. He was at work now sorting and tabulating other Blaisdell records Mr. Smith seemed to find no end to the work that had to be done on his Blaisdell book

As Miss Flora entered the room (20 Freeted Mr. Smith cordially, and dropped into

well, they've gone at last," she penied. handing her furs to Miss Maggiet thought I'd come down and talk things over. No, don't go, Mr. Smith," she begged, as he made a move toward departure. come to say nothin' private; besides, you're just like one of the family, anyhow. Keep right on with your work, please." Thus entreated Mr Smith went back to his table, and Miss Flora settled herself

comfortably in Miss Maggie's easiest air. "So they're all gone," said Miss Maggie

cheerily. "Yes; an' it's time they did, to my way of thinkin'. Mercy me, what a week it has been! They hain't been still a minute, not one of 'em, except for a few hours' sleepoward mornin'."
"But what a good time they've had."

exulted Miss Maggie. "Yes. And didn't it do your soul good to a Millicert" But Jane—lane nearly had a was nothing but froth and filmsiness and vexation of spirit. That she knew it because she'd been all through it when she was young and she knew the yanity of it. And Melli cent—what do you suppose that child said?"
"I can't imagine," smiled Miss Maggie.
"She said she wanted to see the vanity

of it. too. Pretty cute of her. too, wasn't it? Still, it's just as well she's gone back to school, I think myself. She's been repressed and held back so long, that when she did let loose, it was just like cutting the nuckering string of a bunched-up ruffle—she flew in all directions, and there was no holding her back anywhere; and I suppose she has been a bit olish and extravagant in the things she's ked for. Poor dear, though, she did get one setback. "What do you mean?"

"Did she tell you about the present for

That she was going to get it-yes." Across the room Mr. Smith looked up sud-"Well, she got it." Miss Flora's thin lips

snapped grimly over the terse words, she had to take it back." "Take it back!" cried Miss Maggie. "Yes. And it was a beauty-one of them light purple stones with two pearls. Mellicent showed it to me—on the way home from the store, you know. And she was so pleased over it! 'Oh. I don't mind the saving all those years now.' she cried, 'when I see what a beautiful thing they've let me get for mother.' And she went off so happy she just

couldn't keep her feet from dancing."
"I can imagine it." nodded Miss Maggie. Well, in an hour she was back. But wha difference! All the light and happines and springipess were gone. She was almost crying. She still carried the little box in her hand. "I'm takin' it back," she choked. 'Mother doesn't like it.' 'Don't like that beautiful pin!' says I. 'What does she want?' "'Oh, yes, she liked the pin,' said Mellicent, all teary; 'she thinks it's beautiful. But she doesn't want anything. She says she never heard of such foolish goings-on-paying all that money for a silly, useless and I. I. Itald her?' was a present from me.

pin. I—I told her 't was a present from me but she made me take it back. I'm on my way now back to the store. I'm to get the money, if I can. If I can't. I'm to get a credit slip. Mother says we can take it up in forks and spoons and things we need —told her 't was a present, but—' She couldn't say another word, poor child. She just turned and almost ran from the room." "That was last night." She went away this morning, I suppose. I didn't see her again, so I don't know how she did come out

with the storeman. "Too bad-too bad!" sympathized Miss "Too bad—too bad." sympathized Miss Maggie (Over at the table Mr. Smith had fallen to writing furiously, with vicious little jabs of his pencil.) "But Jane never did believe in present-riving. They never gave presents to each other even at Christman. The always "sed it a foolish, wasteful prac-

# A complete new adventure each week, begin-

#### CHAPTER III From Me to You With Love The Story of the Belgian 44YOU come from Belgium—that's my home!" cried Billy Belgium to the

strange Pigeon.
"In Dinant 1 lived in the happy days before the war," answered the stranger.
"Dinant! I, too, am from Dinant." shouted
Billy, looking eagerly at the stranger. "I
seem to know you. Is it possible that you Blue Peter, leader of the Cathedral

(TO BE CONTINUED TOMORROW)

THE SOLDIER BIRDS

ADVENTURES"

"DREAMLAND

tice, and Mellicent was always so unhappy

Christmas morning!"
"I know it. And that's just what the trouble is. Don't you see? Jane never let 'em take even comfort, and now that they

can take some comfort, Jane's got so out of the habit, she don't know how to begin."
"Careful, careful, Flora!" laughed Miss Maggie. "I don't think you can say much

"Why. Maggie Duff, I'm taking comfort."

bridled Miss Flora. "Didn't I have chicken last week and turkey three weeks ago? And

do I ever skimp the butter or hunt for cake rules with one egg now? And ain't I going

to Niagara and have a phonograph and

move into a fine place as soon as my mourning is up? You walt and see!" "All right, I'll wait," laughed Miss Mag-

the house. He stopped and spoke. Said he

was going in now for real work—that he'd played long enough. He said he wouldn't be good for a row of pins if he had many

such weeks as this had been."
"I'm glad he realized it," observed Miss
Maggic grimly. "I suppose the Gaylord young

people went, too?"
"Hibbard did, but Pearl doesn't go till next

week. She isn't in the same school with Bess, you know. It's even grander than Bess's, they say. Hattle wants to get Bess into it

next year. Oh. I forgot; we've got to call her lizabeth now. Did you know that?" Miss Maggie shook her head.

are all out now, and that 'Elizabeth' is very stylish and good form, and the only proper

thing to call her. She says we must call he

shall forget—sometimes."
"I'm afraid—a good many of us will."

laughed Miss Maggie.

rriet, too I forgot that," And Benny Benjamin'?" smiled Miss

Well, we have. Hattle says nicknames

"Yes, looking fine as a fiddle, too, was sweeping off the steps when he went

gie. Then, a bit Fred go today?"

Then, a bit anxiously, she asked: "Did

Pigeons? The Steeple Pigeons stared in amazement as they heard this,

"I am Blue Peter," replied the stranger.
"And you—I know you, too. You are the boy they called Billy."

"Yes, I'm Billy. And, oh, I'm so glad to see you, Blue Peter," exclaimed Billy, his yes filling with tears. "How is home, our dear dear home? "Ruins! ruins, everywhere! Sad, sad

"Poor Belgium!" cried Billy.
"Poor Belgium, but brave Belgium. Prins, now, but some day victorious Beigium will rise again more beautiful than ever, safer than ever. The spirit of Belgium lives, purified and ennobled. Belgium lives, Billy, boy. That's the word I bring to you. "That word is good, Blue Peter—It makes

soul rejoice though my heart is sad But you-you are starving." admitted Blue Peter

am hungry." admitted Blue Peter oly. "That's why I came here, seeking humbly.

"We have nothing for you, people are so "We have nothing for you, people are so stingy," interrupted Airy Pouter. "But we always have something for a fighter," retorted Peggy. "I've sem Homer and Carrie Pigeon to my home for bread, and here they are. Eat all you wish, Blue Peter, ou have carned it."

Blue Peter needed no second invitation

He eagerly attacked the bread which Homer and Carrie Pigeon had brought, and every peck seemed to put new life and zest into him. The Steeple Pigeons were cooing aside him. The Steeple Pigeons were cooing aside among themselves. It was evident they were discussing the social standing of Blue Peter "Are you really a Belgian Cathedral Pigeon?" asked Airy Pouter.

"I am the leader of the clan."
"Then you are of the Pigeon nobility," said Airy Pouter, a tope of awe coming into his

"Why, of course" Then welcome to our steeple. We will be

giad to entertain you. Of course, here in America we have nothing so fine as you have Europe, but-Blue Peter interrupted Airy Pouter "I think America is spiendid And its sol-diers are among the finest on earth. That's why I have crossed the ocean to see the

why I have crossed the ocean to see the Pigeons here. I know they will want to fight with their wonderful American soldiers to make the world free. I am sure you will come to help us. How many will enlist?" will," promptly spoke up Bronze Beaut

"We have enlisted already," declared Car-rie and Homer Pigeon.

Alry Pouter and the other Steeple Pigeons were rather disturbed by this appeal of Blue

"Well, you see, we are pacifists," said Airy Pouter hesitatingly, "We are living so peace-

fully here in our steeple that it really isn' any of our business what is happening it Europe."
"So were we living peacefully in our Belgian steeples," declared Blue Peter. "And those steeples were much larger and much finer than this, the crowning glory of cathedrals it had taken centuries to build.

We were happy as the day is long. When the war came, we heard the cannon boom. the war came, we heard the cannon boom, but we fled to our steeples and said: 'We'll be safe here with our children. We'll keep out of the way until the war is over.'
"But the Germans overran happy, peace-ful Belgium. They turned their guns on our wonderful cathedrals. Our steeples were bat

tered into dust. Our babies wer Pigeons perished by hundreds. T murdered the men, the women, the Our babies were killed murdered the men, the women, the children who had fed us. They made us and our dear people homeless, desolate, hungry.

"We were pacifists, too, but when the destroyers came even we Birds saw that we must fight if we would saye ourselves and

regain peace and happiness. So we Pigeons of Belgium have joined King Albert's brave We are war messengers and doing our share to save the world from disaster Will you come to fight with us? Come now that you may win the war before it

your shores."
"But we are pacifists." weakly repeated Airy Pouter. "We are in no danger here."
"Sq-u-e-ak! Sq-u-e-ak!" came a threatening sound from a corner of the chamber. All urned that way, the Steeple Pigeons giving sharp cries of fear. There, crawling up through a hole in the floor, were three of the largest rats Peggy had ever seen. To her eyes, now that she was doll-size, they as big as tigers and even more flerce, was doll-size, they looked

(Tomorrow will be told how Billy Bel-gium tovcs Peggy from the Rate.)

## WHAT A CONGRESSMAN SEES

Semiweekly Letter Touching on the Washington Doings of Personalities Familiar to Philadelphians

By J. Hampton Moore

Washington, Aug. 14.

WHILE we are talking taxes and otherwise showing our patriotism in connection with the war it is interesting to note the Treasury reports with respect to ncomes

As is known, the bulk of the income taxes falls upon four States-Penn ylvania, New York, Mesachusetts and Illinois. Statistics recently prepared by one of the mathematical sharps of Washington show that of the aggregate internal revenue collections for 1918 the New England States paid per capita over \$43; the Middle Atlantic States. neluding New York, New Jersey and Pennsylvania, over \$70, and the five Northern States of Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Mich igan and Wisconsin, over \$44. The average for these fourteen States per capita was approximately \$53. All of the other thirty four States, including Alaska and Hawall contributed per capita over \$17. But these figures, showing where the burden of taxes falls, pale into insignificance com pared with the showing of occupations. 'Yes. And Jim 'James.' But I'm afraid I How do you account for the fact that

only a little over 1 per cent of all the laughed Miss Maggie.

"If all came from them Gaylords, I believe," sniffed Flora. "I don't think much of em; but Hattle seems to. I notice she don't put nothin' discouragin' in the way of young Gaylord and Bess. But he pays 'most as much attention to Mellicent, so far as I can see, whenever Carl Pennock will give him a shance. Did you ever see the beat of that hoy? It's the money, of course. I hope Mellicent 'il give him a good lesson, hefore he gets through with it. He deserves it, 'she ejaculated, as she picked up her fur neckpieve and fastened it with a jerk.

In the doorway she paused and glanced clergymen in the United States filed an income tax return? There were more than 118,000 of them, according to the census 1916, 1671 of them filed income tax returns in 1916. Was it due to small incomes or to oversight? Editors, reporters and authors, who have a great deal to say about taxes, numbered 28,750 in 1910. In 1910, 1671 of them filed income tax returns, a little over 612 per cent. Only and fastened it with a jerk

In the doorway she paused and glanced cautiously toward Mr. Smith. Mr. Smith, perceiving the glance, tried very hard to absorb himself in the rows of names and dates before him: but he could not help hearing Mise Flora's next words.

"Maggie hain't you changed your mind a 19 per cent of the lawyers of the United States made income tax returns, and less than I per cent of the actors, singers and musicians, and yet we hear a great deal about enormous incomes when we speak "Maggle, hain't you changed your mind a mite yet? Won't you let me give you some of my money? I'd so love to, dear!"
But Miss Maggle, with a violent shake of her head, almost pushed Miss Flora into the hall and shut the door firmly. of Charlie Chaplin, Mary Pickford and Decglas Fairbanks. Do these returns po and that the great mass of actors. singers and musicians carned less than \$2000 per annum in 1916? That would seem to be the answer to this remarkable showing of the Treasury Department.

We know that manufacturers, corpora tions and big interests everywhere are heavily taxed. What about the farmer's The Treasury reports that there were over 6,000,000 farmers in the United States in 1919, and yet only 14,407 made income tax returns for 1916. That is less than one quarter of 1 per cent of the total number of farmers in the country. Did so few of the farmers make less tunn \$2000 per annum, which was then the exemption, or is the Treasury Department failing to secure adequate returns?

While this query is being put an appeal comes in from Minneapolts in favor of \$2.50 wheat at Chicago, "This," the Minneapolis brethren say, "would increase the raw material cost of a barrel of flour \$1 over present figures. As we are now using about a barrel of flour a year per capita, the increase to a wage-earner with a family of four would mount to \$5 a year, or less than a cent and a quarter a day. There is no reason why the 'gutters should run with blood if this advance is made." And then the friend of the farmer, forgetting the patriotic side of the question for a moment, adds: "Unless an assurance of \$2.50 is given will there not be great reluctance on the part of the win ter wheat grower to take a chance on putting in a larve crop of wheat that might decline in selling value to a point far below cost of production?"

We are all striving to do our part to win this war, but a few of us apparently are paying the taxes.

THE President is taking a hand in the war revenue question. He has let it be known that he desires certain provisions in the bill. The question seems to be whether excess profit taxes shall be levied according to the Treasury notion or whether ideas which members of the Committee on Ways and Means have evolved shall prevail.

There is little of importance now transpiring in Washington that does not attract suggestions from the President. He seems to invite the co-operation of the political as well as the economic elements. In one instance his wishes were not wholly acceded to. The President desired the Senator from Tennessee, Mr. Shields, to vote for woman suffrage, and made it very embarrassing for the Senator in the midst of his campaign. The Senator, without saying much more to the President than that he would "give due consideration" to his suggestion, was fortunate enough to win out.

The letter which the President wrote to Senator David Baird, of New Jersey, was perhaps the most surprising of recent political movements. Baird, a Republican, ame to Washington under a gentlemen's agreement with Governor Edge, both of them asserting that they desired "to stand by the President for war purposes." Their attitude was in keeping with that of a congressional group who think there should be no criticism of the Administration while the war is on, even though extravagance, waste or graft should be developed in any of the bureaus or departments. Baird may not be a speech-making Senator, but his vote on suffrage is going to mean a great deal, and to have the President, whom he promised to support for the winning of the war, put the question up to him as a kind of war necessity, right in the midst of a ticklish political situation in New Jersey, would have been clever if intended for political purposes. The friends of the Administration insist that the letter was in good faith and without intent to embarrass the South Jersey leader.

WHY will a man mutilate a two-dollar bill? Former Congressman William H. Heald, of Delaware, says he has observed that a certain class of citizens have no respect whatever for a note of that denomination. Congressman Rodenberg,

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of Illinois, says he has seen men tear the note in half. Uncle Joe Cannon, who is about as well informed on all matters of mystery as he is on matters of legislation, says he has heard some rumors, but answers flatly, "I don't know-but they do

The colored waiter at the club, who knows about crap games and such, says he has heard about it, but "just suspects its superstition." The Treasury Department redeems a great many torn twodollar bills. Why do men tear them?

CONGRATULATIONS are due to those members of Congress who have been able to take advantage of the recess period. With Philadelphia breaking the heat record at 103, Washington has been running along on a more or less even keel for a week or so at 106. On the day of the suffrage ladies came down from Philadelphia and vicinity to join in a demonstration across from the White House, the summer heat had reached that stage which Uncle Joe Fordney, of Michigan, characterized as "14 degrees above Hades." The ladies who suffered arrest were dressed in white costumes and in a measure were prepared for Old Sol, but the policemen who were obliged to take them in under distressing circumstances were heavily

blue-coated as usual. Over in the Ways and Means Committee, where most of the work in Washington is being done just now, the scene was more exhausting, than animated. Chairman Kitchin, figuring as usual, was in his shirt sleeves and minus a collar. No man dared wear a coat and most of them followed the example of the chairman, hoping to get some results from the day's labors. It was solemnly proposed at one session that the entire committee take itself to Atlantic City, leaving it to Congressman Bacharach to secure suitable accommodations as near the salt water as possible. The hot weather undoubtedly retarded the efforts of the committee to raise the \$\$,000,000,000 demanded by the President. and occasional suggestions from the Treasury Department, or from business men complaining about rates, did not tend to reduce the temperature.

DOUBLE ITALIAN HOLIDAY Italians in Philadelphia are celebrating f Don John Bosco.

Don John Bosco, born August 16, 1815, at Becchi, Italy, of peasant stock, was a noted Italian educator and devoted his life to works among boys and young men. Tradition says when he was a child he fell sleep in the meadow and dreamed there ere children near him who were cursing and biaspheming. He was about to strike them, when a shining figure appeared and told him to cure these iniquities by charity and friendliness.

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