JUST GOSSIP ABOUT PEOPLE

Society Industriously Knitting, Canning, Preserving and Going Away—Nancy Wynne Makes Many Remarks About Many Doings

WITH the exception of quiet Red Cross work and the planting and hoeing of gardens, summer silence and inertia have set in for town and the suburbs. Of course, in Newport, Bar Harbor, Narragansett Pier, Tuxedo, Lenox, Southampton and other fashionable and gay resorts there is always "something doing," but at home it is a clear case of do nothing in the social way. But it is by no means a case of do nothing in the active way for good. Gracious, I sometimes wonder how in the world women are built, that they never grow tired; and do you know, it is a strange thing, in all this war activity one seldom meets the nervous invalid any more.

She has no time to be nervous, for no one has any time to pay attention to her nerves, and when there is no one to pay attention, what is the use of getting worked up over nothing? So inadvertently she turns to helping others and suddenly, a few months later, awakens to the fact that she no longer has "nerves."

The Radnor branch of the Navy League is made up of a number of most energetic women and has been much complimented on its rapid growth. An enrollment and wool station has been established at the Downingtown Tea Room and a similar station is soon to be opened in Bryn Mawr. An anonymous friend has offered the Bryn Mawr branch $500 if it can raise a corresponding $500, so you may guess the members are all working as hard as possible to that end.

SPEAKING of the Main Line and persons out that way, I am glad to be able to tell you that Margaret McCabe has entirely recovered from her severe attack of pneumonia, and with her parents and sisters has moved to their cottage in Cape May. The McCabes live in Wayne during the winter and always summer at the little Jersey coast resort. I do not know of any more popular girls than Alice, Mary and Margaret. And incidentally, I do not think I have ever met one of them without her knitting bag and yarn and knitting needles flying fast as lightning. Usually one or two of the sisters may be seen under a tent on the beach surrounded by every male creature to be found in Cape May, and that simply because the male creatures cannot keep away, for they certainly are attractive and have a decided amount of that superlative feminine virtue called charm.

JANE has been wearing her hair with a straight bang for the ten years of her wee life, and even though foreheads came into fashion more than a year or two ago, she still continues to do so. But at last she has arrived at the age when the childish chubbiness begins to go and she will soon be long and thin and awkward—if Jane can ever be awkward, she is so dainty and graceful now. However, anxious Mother, anticipating the day some six or seven years off when the black hair will be up, knows that bangs will probably be out then, as now and for these many years, for grown-ups, so she told Jane she must submit to having the thick bang trained back. Any of us who have gone through it know that awful transition stage of combs and ribbons holding down the refractory hairs which escape, and the general result of a wisp going back and one remaining forward until the hair grows long enough to meet the main long hair of the head. Sometimes it takes two or three years.

Jane was puzzled, for when she raised the shaggy bang she saw that the sunburn did not extend up under it, and after much perplexed thought she remarked: "But, mamma, my forehead's all white; it's never been used."

THE women of Chestnut Hill have put their heads together again and again, with the result that some big plan to help humanity has been launched, and now it's Mrs. Clarence Zantzinger and Mrs. Joe Wear who have succeeded in raising a considerable amount of money to carry on successfully a series of holidays just full of good, wholesome, healthy amusements for the sailors and marines stationed at our navy yard. These parties will be given on Sunday afternoons and the Houston estate has given the use of the baseball diamond and the swimming pool at the Chestnut Hill Academy. Supper will be served on the lawn at the Philadelphia Cricket Club, and the tennis courts also have been reserved for the exclusive use of the guests.

After all, it's not such a wonderful thing we are all doing, is it? These men are giving gladly of their strength, in fact, their very lives, in order to save this country and its women and children from disaster. We owe them something pretty nice, I think, and these good women have some nobly to the fore.

Mrs. Zantzinger, you remember, was Margaret Buckley, the youngest daughter of the late Mr. Edward Buckley, a sister of Dan and half-sister of Miss Mary and Miss Kate Buckley. Mrs. Wear, who was Adaline Potter, made her debut the same year that Mrs. Zantzinger came out. After she married Mr. Wear they lived in the West, but returned East about three years ago and have been living in Chestnut Hill. She is a sister of Bessie Potter, who married Billie Goodman.

Of course, they have a number of other women associated with them, but the wee bird who told me about it said that Mrs. Zantzinger and Mrs. Wear were the prime movers. Mrs. Howard Seaver is in it, too. Her husband, you remember, has gone with the Base Hospital No. 10, which was among the very first to go to the other side after war was declared. They are now "somewhere in France" taking care of the wounded and dying. No. 10 was the unit from the Pennsylvania Hospital, with Dr. Richard Harte at the head and so many of our well-known surgeons and medical men in line. They are working back of the English lines in Belgium, I hear, but nothing is certain; even their own families do not know just where they are.

MR. AND MRS. BENJAMIN FRANKLIN JAMES, 3d, and Mrs. James's sons, Major and Minor Clark, have closed their house in Wayne and have gone to Cape May to stay until the end of September. It would not seem natural down

Photo by Gilbert & Bacon.

MISS MAUD SCOTT

Miss Scott is the daughter of Mrs. Lewis Taws Scott, of Germantown. Her engagement to Mr. George Baker Newton, Jr., of Hartford, Conn., is announced today by her mother.

there if Mrs. Clark did not appear every summer, for, as one might say, she has gone there "since the year one."

She was Mary Colahan, a daughter of John Barrie Colahan and sister of Kathryn, Barrie and Arthur Colahan. She first married Percy Clark, and several years after his death married Mr. James and has lived at Wayne during the winter months.

ONE no sooner announces an engagement these days than a wedding follows right on the wing, so to speak, and here we have Carol Harriman and Penn Smith, Jr., married today at noon at Arden, N. Y. Their engagement was only announced about three weeks ago, then Carol came on to Bryn Mawr and stayed with Mrs. Aleck Brown for a week and the rumor was that the marriage would be very soon. And here it is taking place today.

Kitty Smith, Buzzy's sister, was maid of honor, and Harry Tucker was the best man. Plunkett Stewart, Antelo Devereux, Victor Mather and Roland Harriman were ushers. One wonders if the bridal party wore riding clothes, for seldom have I heard of such an entirely horsey set in one bridal party. The marriage was very quiet, only the two families and a very few friends being present, and a small breakfast followed the ceremony.

The young couple made up their minds to be married today very soon after the announcement, and as a matter of fact Buzzy gave a bachelor dinner here at the Ritz on Friday night. They are going to California for their wedding trip.

Buzzy has been engaged in business in New York for the last year and they may live there, but I do not think there is anything settled definitely about it.

THE Home Defense Guard of Chestnut Hill has a close second in the Girls' Scout organization, headed by Gwen Martin and Dorothy Disston. The drills are all over for this season, but meetings and work will begin again in dead earnest in the fall.

Thursday afternoons will find a group of youngsters gathered on the lawns of the Disston place, where "Column right" and "Left oblique" (with the accent on the "i," if you please) are well-known and perfectly understood commands.

Of course, nearly everybody in St. Martins is a Girl Scout, and among those I can remember are Charlotte Cheston, Polly Savage, Grace Savage, Katherine Porter, Peggy Ferguson, Miriam Faries, Marianna Bonnell, Josephine Crisfield, Nancy Barclay, Caroline Remak, Betty Purviance, Polly Foltz, Margaret Paul, Annette Wright, Caroline Graham, Mary Geary, Virginia Carpenter, Elizabeth Morgan, Mary Bartow, Mary Hebard and Elizabeth Bartow, and there are lots of others I cannot just recall this minute.

GERTRUDE HECKSCHER has been visiting up in Lenox, Mass., and was expected home yesterday. She and her mother, Mrs. Maurice Heckscher, who live at 1606 Locust street in the winter, are occupying Rosegarland, the John Sinnotts' pretty place in Villanova, this year. The Sinnotts built this house four or five years ago, but only lived in it one summer. Mrs. Sinnott, who was Mary Luce of California, likes to spend her summers near her old home, so their country place is leased every summer.

The Ned Crozers had it for two seasons and entertained extensively while living there. Mrs. John Sinnott and her two children left their apartments at the Rittenhouse last week for California.

NANCY WYNNE.

CHESTNUT HILL LEAGUE BRANCH OPENS TODAY

Classes in Canning Vegetables and Preserving Fruits Are Held

The formal opening of the Chestnut Hill branch of the National League for Women's Service will take place today at the headquarters, 8411 Germantown avenue.

A class in canning vegetables and preserving fruit will be started also a class in surgical dressings will be in progress. All women of Chestnut Hill and vicinity are urged to come and learn thoroughly all there is to know about one or more of the branches of women's service. Among those most interested in this new organization are Mrs. E. Walter Clark, Mrs. George Woodward, Mrs. Bruce Ford, Mrs. Frederick Landstreet, Mrs. E. N. Wright, Jr., and Mrs. Franklin B. Edmunds.

LANSDOWNE RED CROSS MOVES HEADQUARTERS

Though Many Workers Have Gone Away, Others Fill Their Places

The Lansdowne branch of the Red Cross has moved its headquarters from North Lansdowne avenue to the big roomy house on the southeast corner of Baltimore and Wycombe avenues that has such a cozy look with all its shady trees. The members are delighted with the new place, for, besides being larger, it is more centrally located. Then, too, as one wee miss expressed it, "Though there isn't any more furniture, it doesn't look so bare as the other house."

Although some of the women who have been so interested in rolling bandages have gone away for the summer, there always seem to be new ones to step in and help. Truly the work is growing greater and greater! The final report of the amount that Lansdowne contributed to the Red Cross fund is registered as $10,250 on the big clock over Jessup's store that one of the Fackler boys made.

The ten women who compose the Lansdowne unit of the Pennsylvania Railroad Woman's Division for War Relief have done splendidly, and accomplished an almost incredible amount of work. With Mrs. Charles A. Bonsal, of East Greenwood avenue, as their leader, the small unit has made, during the last four months, 924 dressings and a great many fracture pillows. The women interested in this special branch are Mrs. Bonsal, chairman; Mrs. George Adams, Mrs. R. H. M. Stuart, Mrs. Charles Le Fevre, Mrs. Jane Jones, Mrs. Eden B. Hunt, Mrs. George Allen (the Allens are now at Cape Cod for the summer), Mrs. Louise Nathans, Mrs. William Reese and Mrs. I. Elkins Nathans, of Brooklyn.

Yesterday afternoon the women of the Twentieth Century Club heard an interesting and helpful lecture on the subject of canning and preserving. Every Tuesday and Friday energetic housewives meet in the club's big kitchen, and can or preserve such fruits and vegetables as are in season (and there are plenty for them now). This week Mrs. John Jackson, Mrs. Eugene Greiner and Mrs. E. J. Decker will form the purchasing committee for this "food conservation." The committee of workers will include Mrs. W. Frank English, Mrs. Henry T. Kent, Mrs. Grant, Mrs. Paul Lachenmeyer and Mrs. Caspar Pennock.

Listen, all ye dog-lovers (and especially those who "simply adore" wrinkled-nosed bull pups) to this lively little tale. It happened that a certain lady in South Lansdowne was going to leave with her two small children to spend the summer in New England. She was the proud owner of a perfectly huge bulldog, and as said dog wasn't fond of traveling, my lady had decided to "put him out to board" over on Wycombe avenue. So, looking very dainty in a bright satin skirt, she started out, leading the fierce young giant by a perfectly harmless leash. On the way she was joined by another lady who is not a dog-lover, and soon the beast was tugging so hard and pulling poor Mrs. ——— along so fast that every one was quite out of breath and the nondog-lover refused to walk a step further. So they hastened into a grocery store, where an obliging clerk held the animal till the two women had found a taxi. Perhaps it had better be said that the "taxi" was a Ford, and consequently with such a strenuous companion they had some difficulty before they finally started. It was a wild ride, for Sir Dog assumed the dimensions of an elephant, and occupied the whole floor of the car, now and then planting a heavy paw on the feet of the nondog-lover and hopelessly mussing the gay skirt of his pretty owner.

At last they reached their destination, only to find that the man who had promised to keep the animal had gone away for the evening. So, sadly and fearfully, the two allowed themselves to be tugged out to the waiting Ford, and once more started on an endless ride to the house of the man's son. Arrived there, they implored him to take the dog. But no, he could not, he said. Wouldn't they take him over to father's? Father wasn't home, they wailed, and the prospect of having to take the dog home again was too much for the dog's owner, so desperately she told the man he would have to take him. Well at last he consented, and our two sorely tried friends heaved a weary sigh of relief as they rode off in their "taxi,"—waving a joyful good-by to the dog they left behind them.

ASTOR IN FOREIGN WATERS

Millionaire Naval Reserve Ensign With American Patrol Abroad

NEW YORK, July 11.—Vincent Astor, an ensign in the naval reserve, is now serving with the American naval patrol in British and French waters, his friends learned today. Astor gave his steam yacht Noma to the Government for war service. Mrs. Astor and Miss Ethel Harriman recently arrived in Paris to engage in war relief work.

WED QUIETLY TODAY

Only members of the two families and a few intimate friends attended the wedding today at noon of Miss Carol Averell Harriman, daughter of the late E. H. Harriman, of New York, and R. Penn Smith, Jr., of Philadelphia. The ceremony was performed in St. John's Episcopal Church, Arden, N. Y.

MISS INQUISITIVE

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Grocer—Yes, ma'am, its the war that's made the eggs so high.
Elsie—But, mother, how do the chickens know it's war?

THE DAY OF WRATH

A STORY OF 1914

By Louis Tracy

CHAPTER X—(Continued)

THE stretcher was taken into the villa of a well-to-do resident; and, it being still broad daylight, Joos asked to be directed to the house of Monsieur Alphonse Stauwaert. The miller was acquainted with the topography of the town, but the Stauwaert family had moved recently to a new abode.

"Barely 200 meters, tout droit," he was told.

They had gone part of the way when a troop of Uhlans came at the gallop along the Namur road. The soldiers advanced in a pack, and were evidently in a hurry. Madame Joos was seated in the low-built, flat cart, drawn by two strong dogs, which had brought her from Verviers. Maertz was leading the animals. The other four were disposed on both sides of the cart. At the moment no other person was nearer than some thirty yards ahead. Three men were standing there in the roadway, and they moved closer to the houses on the left. Maertz, too, pulled his team on to the pavement on the same side.

The Uhlans came on. Suddenly, without the slightest provocation, their leader swerved his horse and cut down one of the men, who dropped with a shriek of mingled fear and agony.

Retribution came swiftly, because the charger slipped in some rounded cobbles, crossed its forelegs and turned a complete somersault.

The rider, a burly noncommissioned officer, pitched clean on his head, and either fractured his skull or broke his neck, perhaps achieving both laudable results, while his blood-stained saber, clattered on the stones at Dalroy's feet. The nearest Uhlans drove their lances through the other two civilians, who were already running for their lives. In order to avoid the plunging horse and their fallen leader, the two ruffians reined on to the pavement. They swung their weapons, evidently meaning to transfix some of the six persons clustered around the cart. The women screamed shrilly. Leontine cowered near the wall; Joos, valiant soul in an aged body, put himself in front of his wife; Maertz, hauling at a shield for Leontine, while Dalroy, conscious that Irene was close behind, picked up the unteroffizier's sword.

Much to the surprise of the trooper, who selected this tall peasant as an easy prey, he parried the lance thrust in such wise that the blade entered the horse's off foreleg and brought the animal down. At the same instant Maertz ducked and dodged a wild lunge which missed because the Uhlan was trying to avoid crashing into the cart. But the vengeful steel found another victim. By mischance it transfixed Madame Joos, while the horse's shoulder caught Dalroy a glancing blow in the back and sent him sprawling.

Some of the troopers, seeing two of their men prone, were pulling up when a gruff voice cried, "Achtung! We'll clear out these swine later!"

Irene, who saw all that had passed with an extraordinary vividness, was the only one who understood why the order which undoubtedly saved five lives was given. A stout staff officer, wearing a blue uniform with red facings, rode with the Uhlans, and she was certain that he was in a state of abject terror. His funk was probably explained by an irregular volley lower down the street, though, in the event, the shooting proved to be that of his own men. Two miles away, at Solayn, these same Uhlans had been badly bitten by a Belgian patrol, and the fat man, prospecting the Namur road with a cavalry escort, wanted no more unpleasant surprises that evening. Ostensibly, of course, he was anxious to report to a brigade headquarters at Huy. At any rate, the Uhlans swept on.

They were gone when Dalroy regained his feet. A riderless horse was clattering after them; another with a broken leg was vainly trying to rise. Close at hand lay two Uhlans, one dead and one insensible. Joos and Leontine were bending over the dying woman in the cart, making frantic efforts to stanch the blood welling forth from mouth and breast. The lance had pierced her lungs, but she was conscious for a minute or so, and actually smiled the farewell she could not utter.

Maertz was swearing horribly, with the incoherence of a man just aroused from drunken sleep. Irene moved a few steps to meet Dalroy. Her face was marble white, her eyes strangely dilated.

"Are you hurt?" she asked.

"No. And you?"

"Untouched, thanks to you. But those brutes have killed poor Madame Joos!"

The wounded Uhlan was stretched between them. He stirred convulsively and groaned. Dalroy looked at the sword which he still held. He resisted a great temptation and sprang over the prostrate body. He was about to say something when a ghastly object staggered past. It was the man who received the saber cut, which had gashed his shoulder deeply.

"Oh, mon Dieu!" he screamed. "Oh, mon Dieu!"

He may have been making for some burrow. They never knew. He wailed that frenzied appeal as he shambled on—always the same words. He could think of nothing else but the last cry of despairing humanity to the All-Powerful.

Owing to the blight of the cavalry, Dalroy imagined that some body of Allied troops, Belgian or French, was advancing from Namur, so he did not obey his first impulse, which was to enter the nearest house and endeavor to get away through the gardens or other inclosures in the rear.

He glanced at the hapless body on the cart, and saw by the eyes that life had departed. Leontine was sobbing pitifully. Maertz, having recovered his senses, was striving to calm her. But Joos remained silent; he held his wife's limp hand, and it was as though he awaited some reassuring clasp which should tell him that she still lived.

Dalroy had no words to console the bereaved old man. He turned aside, and a mist obscured his vision for a little while. Then he heard the wounded German hiccoughing, and he looked again at the sword, because this was the assassin who had foully murdered a gentle, kind-hearted and inoffensive woman. But he could not demean himself by becoming an executioner. Richly as the criminal deserved to be sent with his victim to the bar of Eternal Justice, the Englishman decided to leave him to the avengers coming through the town.

The shooting drew nearer. A number of women and children, with a few men, appeared. They were running and screaming. The first batch fled past; but an elderly dame, spent with even a brief flurry, halted a few seconds when she saw the group near the dog team.

"Henri Joos!" she gasped. "And Leontine! What, in Heaven's name, are you doing here?"

It was Madame Stauwaert, the Andenne cousin with whom they hoped to find sanctuary.

The miller gazed at her in a curiously abstracted way. "Is that you, Margot?" he said.

"We were coming to you. But they have wounded Lise. See! Here she is!"

Madame Stauwaert looked at the corpse as though she did not understand at first. Then she burst out hysterically, "She's dead, Henri! They've killed her! They're killing all of us! They pulled Alphonse out of the house and stabbed him with a bayonet. They're firing through the openings into the cellars and into the ground-floor rooms of every house. If they see a face at a bedroom window they shoot. Two Germans, so drunk that they could hardly stand, shot at me as I ran. Ah, dear God!"

She swayed and sank in a faint. The flying crowd increased in numbers. Some one shouted, "Fools! Be off, for your lives! Make for the quarries."

Dalroy decided to take this unknown friend's advice. The terrified people of Andenne had, at least, some definite goal in view, whereas he had none. He lifted Madame Stauwaert and placed her beside the dead body on the cart.

"Come," he said to Maertz, "get the dogs into a trot—Leontine, look after your father and don't lose sight of us!"

He grasped Irene by the arm. The tiny vehicle was flat and narrow, and he was so intent on preventing the unconscious woman from falling off into the road that he did not miss Joos and his daughter until Irene called on Maertz to stop. "Where are the others?" she cried. "We must not desert them."

In the midst of a scattered mob came the laggards. Joos was not hurrying at all. He was smiling horribly. In his hand he held a large pocket-knife open. "It was all I had," he explained calmly. "But Margot said Lise was dead, so it did his business."

"I'm glad," said Dalroy. "It was your privilege. But you must run now, for Leontine's sake, as she will not leave you, and the Germans may be on us at any moment."

Luckily, the stream of people swerved into a byroad; the "quarries" of which some man had spoken opened up in the hillside close at hand. On top were woods, and a cart-track led that way at a sharp gradient. Dalroy assisted the dogs by pushing the cart, and they reached the summit. Pausing there, while Irene and the weeping Leontine endeavored to revive Madame Stauwaert, to whom they must look for some sort of guidance as to their next move, he went to the lip of the excavation, and surveyed the scene.

Dusk was creeping over the picturesque valley, but the light still sufficed to reveal distances. The railway station, with all the houses in the vicinity, was on fire. Nearly every dwelling along the Namur road was ablaze; while the trim little farms which rise, one above the other, on the terraced heights of the right bank of the Meuse seemed to have burst into flame spontaneously.

Seilles, too, on the opposite bank, was undergoing the same process of wanton destruction; but, a puzzling thing, rifles and machine-guns were busy on both sides of the river, and the flashes showed that a sharp engagement was taking place.

A man, carrying a child in his arms, who had come with them, was standing at Dalroy's elbow. He appeared self-possessed enough, so the Englishman sought information.

"Are those Belgian troops in Seilles?" he inquired.

The man snorted. "Belgians? No! They retreated to Namur this morning. That is a Bavarian regiment shooting at Brandenburgers in Andenne. They are all mad drunk, officers and men. They've been here since eleven o'clock, first Uhlans, then infantry. The burgomaster met them fairly, not a shot was fired, and we thought we were over the worst. Then, as you see, hell broke loose!"

Such was the refuge Andenne provided on Monday, 20th August. Hell—by order!

CHAPTER XI

A Tramp Across Belgium

THE stranger, a Monsier Jules Pochard, proved a most useful friend. In the first instance, he was a cool-headed person who did not allow imagination to run riot. "No," he said, when questioned as to the chance of reaching Namur by a forced march along country lanes, "every road in that section of the province is closed by cavalry patrols. You cannot avoid them, monsieur. Come with me to Huy, and you'll be reasonably safe."

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(CONTINUED TOMORROW)

EX-EVENING LEDGER MAN RESCUES DROWNING WOMEN

Martin J. B. McDonagh and Companion Dive Ten Feet and Save Sisters

Martin J. B. McDonagh, sports editor of the Troy Record and former sports editor of the EVENING LEDGER, is a hero as a result of his participation in the rescue of two women at Pleasantville Beach, on the upper Hudson.

Mrs. Muriel McCleary, of Waterford, N. Y., although unable to swim, went beyond the safety lines and sank in ten feet of water. Her sister, Miss Helen McCleary, of New York city, tried vainly to save her. The women were locked in each other's arms when McDonagh and W. K. Parker, of 864 Third avenue, Lansingburgh, who had been in the water and were chatting on the bank, heard their cries. McDonagh and Parker plunged into the water as the women sank. By deep diving the rescuers found the women, who were unconscious. A crowd of watchers cheered as the men rose, each with one of the women in his arms. Miss and Mrs. McCleary were resuscitated and rowed across the river in a skiff. On July 12, 1914, McDonough rescued Miss Elsie Young from drowning at Tolchester Beach, Md.

FARMER SMITH'S COLUMN

GOING TO WAR

Dear Children—So many of you have written to ask IF I AM GOING TO WAR, that I must tell you a secret. I am past the mark by a good many years. I was born right after the great, big Civil War and was no youngster when the Spanish-American War was upon us.

It is kind of you to ask—it is kinder to hope that I am not going—on your part. BUT I think there is going to be more work right among the children than there is among the men at the front.

England had a sad time with the children when their fathers went to war, but I have hopes that we will profit by what we have learned from them. For nearly two years I have pounded away at KEEPING THE CHILDREN BUSY. You see now why I did so.

YOU and YOU and YOU, my dear children, must fill up the ranks when we are gone.

I don't mind fighting. I have faced old Mister Death too many times to fear HIM. I poked the nurse in the nose the day I was born (so they tell me), and I have been fighting ever since.

And so, I'm going to fight FOR YOU—bless your hearts! and if they want me at the front, HERE I AM.

Will you miss me?

Your loving editor,

FARMER SMITH.

STRANGE ADVENTURES OF BILLY BUMPUS

IN THE GUARDHOUSE

By Farmer Smith

"This is a very interesting life," said Billy Bumpus to himself as the artilleryman led him off to the guardhouse. "I wonder what will happen next?"

Billy had been in the hospital on account of the wound in his tail, which had bothered him somewhat. Sambo, the colored cook, had mistaken him for a burglar and shot him.

"I wonder what I am being put in the guardhouse for, eating a rubber blanket or upsetting that nurse?" Billy could not help wondering as he was led through the cannon and cross the parade ground toward the guardhouse—a place he was not familiar with.

The strange part of it was that the house was full at the time Billy was taken there, and there was nothing for the guard to do but put the goat in a room with a soldier to look after him. Not only was the man locked up, but he was handcuffed as well.

"Get in there, you goat!" shouted the soldier, as he thrust Billy behind the open door and closed it with a bang.

Billy was tired from his walk, he was also weak from the loss of blood, and he was glad to lay down and take a rest, paying little or no attention to the things which were going on around him.

By and by the man who was in the room with Billy came over and patted Billy's head.

Sniff.

Sniff.

SNIFF!

"I smell steel," said Bily to himself and, sure enough, right in front of him, he saw the handcuffs on the soldier.

It was just a minute before Billy began to eat those handcuffs—and they did taste good! "You are a great goat," said the man, when he noticed that Billy was making him free. "I guess I will let you eat those just enough to let me free and then——"

But by this time Billy had eaten his companion free, and the man made him stop, for it would not do to be discovered with the handcuffs gone. Every time some one came the soldier would put the handcuffs back on his wrists, so that the guard would not notice that he was free.

There was not much to eat in the guardhouse, for only a little bread and water were put under the door through a little hole. The soldier ate the bread and drank the water, while Billy devoured the tin plate the bread had been on and also the pan which had held the water.

"It's hard lines, old top," said the soldier to Billy. "I don't think much of this being locked up, but it gives one time to think. I haven't done much thinking before."

"I wonder what that nice man had done to be shut up in this place?" thought Billy.

It was growing late by this time, and the lights were winking and blinking on the parade ground. Since Billy had been in the artillery he had not seen very much of camp life, for it was not like the infantry. He thought of this and then got up and looked out of the window. "I smell iron," he exclaimed.

There was nothing for him to do but eat the iron bars out of the window.

"Thank you," said the soldier when he discovered what had been done, but he did not wait to say more. Out the window he went and Billy after him. There was a shot and then another. The sound of men's voices greeted Billy as he started to run.

Then he thought of how he had been wounded before, and so he stopped and listened.

TENNIS A FAVORITE OUTDOOR SPORT

The Tuesday tennis tournament still continues in favor with the girls at the Germantown Cricket Club, which event is followed by tea in the ladies' clubhouse. Among the regular players are Mrs. Harry Valentine, Mrs. C. B. Grace, Mrs. Billy Newhall, Miss Margaret Tattersfield, Miss Hazel Coffin and Mrs. Mervyn Graham.

Interesting letters are being received by Mrs. William B. Gurley, of Harvey street, Germantown, from her son, the Rev. Richard Gurley, who has gone to France with the Pennsylvania Hospital Unit No. 10. Mr. Gurley, who has been curate at Christ Church in Germantown for the last two years, is particularly fitted for ambulance work and the alleviation of the sufferings of those in battle. Mr. Gurley's trip over was a thrilling one, and it is with great interest that his friends await news of active service. Meanwhile, Mr. Emerson Gurley, a brother, is stationed in Cape May with the naval coast reserve.

MATRIMONIAL EVENTS SCHEDULED FOR FUTURE

August Bride Is Entertained by Various Friends—Newlyweds' Summer Plans

The wedding of Miss Bertye Ethyl Winslow, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William A. Winslow, of 1321 West Erie avenue, and Mr. Todd Barton, of New York, has been planned for the end of August. Both the bride-to-be and Mr. Barton are being extensively entertained at house parties. This week Miss Ella Virginia Mallon will be the hostess at her Ocean City cottage. Next week an automobile trip to the Delaware Water Gap has been arranged, when the additional members of the party will be Mr. and Mrs. Charles Gringard and Mr. Allan Schackelton.

Bridegrooms and brides are returning from their honeymoon trips, and either going away for the remainder of the season or else receiving at their new homes. Mr. and Mrs. Morris I. Davidson, who are in the Adirondacks, will leave shortly for Atlantic City, where they will remain until September. The bride was Miss Marian Oppenheimer, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Sigmund Oppenheimer, of Johnstown, Pa.

Mr. and Mrs. William Hartley, the latter was Miss Frances M. Gelbey, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Gelbey, are receiving at their home in Churchville, Pa. Mr. and Mrs. Eugene C. Lewis are at home in New Vienna, O. Mrs. Lewis, who was an early June bride, was Miss Irene Blackburn, of New Vienna, the charming guest of Mrs. Charles S. Reyburn, of 2105 West Venango street, during the spring. Mr. and Mrs. A. Herman Woldow have left the coast of Maine for a trip to the Thousand Islands and the Great Lakes. They will spend the late summer and early autumn in Atlantic City. The bride will be remembered as Miss Florence Lavin, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles M. Lavin, of 2310 Green street. Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Biehl are receiving on Mondays at 1637 Diamond street. Mrs. Biehl is a charming hostess and hails from San Francisco, Cal., being Miss Isabelle De Meyer, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Gabriel H. De Meyer.

WOMEN TEACHERS FOR GREATER WORK IN WAR

National Education Association, at Portland, Ore., Receives Greeting From Poincare

PORTLAND, Ore., July 11.—Women held the center of the stage at the National Education Association convention here. All the addresses were made by prominent women educators, who told the assembled delegates they must work for victory in the war.

"The test of our citizenship has come," said Josephine Cormiss Preston, State superintendent of public instruction of Washington. "We represent the army of women educators who are next to the home in the training of the youth of the land. A great world of humanity needs us."

Julia C. Lathrop, chief of the children's bureau of the Department of Labor of Washington, in an address, held that children's labor laws should not be modified despite the war. "Teachers must combat efforts to tamper with the rights of children," she said.

Greetings from President Poincaire, of France, to the educators were read today. They were conveyed in a message from Dr John H. Finley, State commissioner of education of New York, who has just returned from France.

From all indications the race for the presidency of the association has narrowed to three—Mary C. C. Bradford, State superintendent of public instruction of Colorado; Miss Preston and Miss C. Williams, superintendent of schools of Shelby County, Tenn.

JOHN WANAMAKER MARKS SEVENTY-NINTH BIRTHDAY

Merchant and Publicist, Busy at His Desk, Receives Congratulations

John Wanamaker is celebrating his seventy-ninth birthday anniversary today in the usual manner of a hard day's work at his desk.

Nine o'clock found him at his offices in the Wanamaker store, and a few minutes later a long line of departmental chiefs from the store passed by his desk offering their congratulations. His office was filled with flowers and he was deluged with telegrams and letters of congratulations from his many business associates and friends, both here and abroad.

The Municipal Band plays at Richmond and Ash streets. Free.

The Fairmount Park Band plays at Belmont Mansion. Free.

The Philadelphia Band plays at City Hall Plaza. Free.

New Century Club gives entertainment for enlisted men, New Century Club. Free.

N. Kensington Business Men's Association, McPherson Park Library Building. Free.

The Stanley CONTINUOUS 11:15 A. M. to 11:15 P. M.
MARKET Above 16TH
MARY PICKFORD
In a Particularly Timely Production
"THE LITTLE AMERICAN"
COMING—EARLY IN SEPTEMBER—GOLDWYN PICTURES—THIS MEANS—MAE MARSH, MAXINE ELLIOTT, MADGE KENNEDY

PALACE 1214 MARKET STREET 10 A. M. to 11:15 P. M. Prices, 10c, 20c.
THE TALK OF THE TOWN
"ON TRIAL"
Adapted from the Biggest Hit in Years.

ARCADIA CHESTNUT Below 16TH 10:15 A. M., 12, 2, 3:45, 5:45, 7:45 & 9:45 P. M.
TODAY—LAST TIMES
CHARLES RAY
in "THAT BOY FROM DOWN YONDER"
THURSDAY, FRIDAY, SATURDAY, MAE MURRAY in "AT FIRST SIGHT"

REGENT MARKET Below 17TH 11 A. M. to 11:15 P. M. Daily, 10c; Evgs., 15
VIOLA DANA "ALADDIN'S OTHER LAMP"

VICTORIA MARKET Above 9TH 9 A. M. to 11:15 P. M. PRICES 10c, 20c.
DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS
IN HIS LATEST
"WILD AND WOOLLY"

GLOBE Theatre MARKET & JUNIPER STS. VAUDEVILLE—Continuous 10c, 15c, 25c, 35c 11 A. M. to 11 P. M.
"Sunnyside of Broadway"
THE MONARCH COMEDY FOUR

CROSS KEYS DAILY 2:30 EVENINGS 7 & 9
Jos. Watson's Miniature Revue

B. F. KEITH'S THEATRE Chestnut and 12th Sts.
SUMMER ENGAGEMENT EXTRAORDINARY
NORA BAYES
GREATEST TRIUMPH OF HER CAREER
Bankoff & Girard; Clayton & Drexel; Cole, Davis & Dorothy; Dunn & Lathem; Orpheus; Relay at 7; 2:15 & 8:15. Popular Prices.
KEITH'S