

Durable Clothes Made of Waste



At last! The high cost of dressing is to be brought to its knees. It has been proven that new clothes can be made from the odds and ends of whatever you may have around the house. Such are the allegations of the Longwood War Relief Unit of Boston, which is busily engaged in making garments for refugees. More than 1,500 garments are made weekly and at the great cost of—nothing. Miss Bonnie Belle Smith, daughter of Mrs. Eugene Smith, secretary of the Longwood unit, is shown with some of the clothes she wears, all made from salvaged waste materials.

What Chevrons Mean

Guide to Different Stripes Worn on Soldiers' Sleeves

"You can't tell the players without a score card," the familiar cry at the baseball parks, could almost be applied to soldiers returning from France, according to army officers. To aid the public in determining a man's time in the war zone and the number of times wounded, the following has been prepared:

War Service Chevron—A "V"-shaped bar of gold lace, worn on lower part of left sleeve of all uniform coats, except fatigue coats, by officers, field clerks and enlisted men who have served six months in the war zone. This chevron is worn point down. An additional chevron is allowed for each six months service.

Wound Chevron—Also a "V"-shaped bar of gold lace, worn point down, on the right sleeve. Not more than one wound chevron can be worn if two or more wounds are sustained at the same time.

Silver Chevron—For officers, field clerks and enlisted men who served six months outside the theater of operations a silver chevron (worn the same as the gold chevron) is allowed. For each additional six months another chevron is worn.

Scarlet Chevron—Soldiers honorably discharged wear a scarlet chevron, point up, on the left sleeve above the elbow. These are in addition to the usual service stripes.

Service Stripe—Enlisted men who served three years will wear service stripe of the corps or department of service. The stripes are worn diagonally on both sleeves of the dress coat below elbow.

Sky-Blue Cloth Chevron—Service of less than six months in theater of war is indicated by a sky-blue cloth worn as the gold war service chevron.

Half-Inch Spider Is Victor Over Fish Two Inches Long

The amazing strength of spiders is shown in a number of instances. Thus we have an instance of a half-inch spider catching a two-inch fish. It was of the ground or wolf family. A scientist came upon it struggling with a fish on the edge of a little pool. Its claws were buried in the fish's tail; it had the tail out of the water, but the head still remained underneath. The spider struggled to pull the fish up the bank and the fish struggled desperately to pull the spider into the water. For ten minutes the scientist watched this silent and deadly fight. Then he hurried away for a bottle in which to put the combatants when he captured them. He was gone about half an hour, and on his return the end had come. The fish was dead and the spider was slowly dragging its victim away.

WISE AND OTHERWISE

When it comes to saving pennies a woman will save a dollar before a man has saved ten cents.

When you see a pretty maid in a home it's a sure sign that the head of the house is not henpecked.

Occasionally a barber combs a man's hair the way he combs himself, but a tonsorial artist never does.

A wise old tiller of the soil, speaking of the relative value of grains, says grains of common sense are the most valuable.

U. S. Forces 4,791,172 at End of War

Reserve of 2,340,000 Class I Men Waiting to Be Mobilized When Armistice Was Signed

The United States was ready to increase its fighting force to 7,131,172 men during 1919 if the war had continued, Provost Marshal General Crowder stated in his annual report to congress.

A reserve of 2,340,000 class 1 men was waiting to be mobilized when the armistice was signed, the report stated, the armed strength of the nation then being 4,791,172 men. When war was declared the armed strength was 378,619 men.

Two out of every three men in uniform were raised through the draft, Crowder stated, the total number inducted during the war being 2,810,296. Every one was taken from class 1.

Only 18 per cent of the men of military age, 18 to 45, were in the service, the report stated, while England contributed 62 per cent of her available fighters.

In all 24,234,021 men were registered by the great draft system for military service.

Seven per cent was the maximum percentage of men taken from any one industry.

The farmers were treated better than any other workers, 69 per cent of those registered being granted deferred classification. Comparatively few married men were taken, the records showing that 89 per cent of them were deferred.

Physically the nation is 70 per cent perfect, according to the draft examiners. This is the percentage of the men found fit. This does not include the limited service men or those whose defects could be remedied.

The highest percentages of physical fitness come from the middle West. Oklahoma led the nation with 82 per cent, closely followed by Arkansas, Kansas, Nebraska, Wyoming, Texas and North Dakota. Rhode Island and Arizona show the largest percentages of physically unfit, with Connecticut, Massachusetts, Vermont, New York and Washington close. Rhode Island had only 53 per cent fit and New York 60 per cent.

Liquor was the smallest factor in causing physical rejections, the percentage being only one-tenth of 1 per cent. Heart troubles, eyes, tuberculosis and mental defects brought the largest number of rejections, each claiming more than 19 per cent of the total disqualified. Flat feet took only 1.3 per cent.

Gen. Crowder's "work or fight" order forced 120,000 men either into the army or useful work and his drive on the slacker marriages added 123,000 men to class one. Eighteen thousand waiters alone changed their work, as did 17,000 clerical workers. More than 295,000 are still classed as deserters by the provost marshal general's office, having failed to answer calls or register. About 67,000 have been apprehended.

Eight thousand convicts or ex-prisoners were inducted and their records show they have made fine fighting men.

Gen. Crowder closes his report with a tribute to all who helped make the draft a success. The total cost of the draft was only \$16,000,000 and Gen. Crowder had \$38,000,000 in appropriations waiting to go back to the treasury. The per capita cost of the inductments was \$6.52, as compared with \$217 in the '60s. The cost of enlisting a volunteer was \$28.95 during the operation of the draft.

TIPS FOR THE POULTRY GROWER

That laying hens will increase their production if fed a properly proportioned ration has been demonstrated in Missouri this winter. And the ration costs no more than some of the carelessly compounded rations many flocks receive. Here is the ration expressed in quantities sufficient to feed 100 hens one day:

Scratch Feed—Ten pounds shelled corn or kafir and 5 pounds thrashed oats or barley. Feed in deep litter morning and evening.

Dry Mash—Three pounds bran or 3 pounds cornmeal, 3 pounds shorts or 3 pounds ground oats, and 1½ pounds beefscrap or 1 pound tankage. Three gallons of milk may be substituted for the beefscrap or tankage. Keep this mash before the birds at all times.

In addition to this feed, supply green feed in some form, plenty of fresh water and grit and shell.

The use of the foregoing ration has been advocated by the extension service of the University of Missouri college of agriculture.

Ten communities have reported results for 30 days which shows a percentage increase of 173. This means that all communities reporting are receiving a double return in number of eggs laid, and one community reports that the yield has been increased seven-fold. This is conclusive evidence that the ration is practical, and that a laying hen, well fed, will respond to good feed.

First Discovery of Gold in California Was in 1848

The first gold in California was discovered 71 years ago, on January 24, 1848, by James W. W. Marshall. He was a native of New Jersey who had gone West and settled on the site of Sacramento. Blasting away some rocks to make a foundation for a building, he observed grains of what seemed to be gold scattered about in the excavated earth. A test revealed that it really was the precious metal. Wild excitement followed the discovery, and the immortal rush of the "forty-niners" brought thousands of miners and adventurers to the golden state. Marshall, the discoverer, did not profit from his find and would have spent his last days in poverty except for a small pension granted him by the state of California.

Active Volcano.

The most active volcano in the world is Mt. Sangay. It is 17,196 feet high, situated on the eastern chain of the Andes, South America. It has been in constant eruption since 1728.

Tom the Talker

By JANE OSBORN

(Copyright, 1918, by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

Associates who underestimated the actual ability of Tom Brattle said that the only reason why he had forged ahead from the post of least of all office boys in the sales department of the Universal Chopping Bowl company to the post of head of that department was not because of any superior knowledge of the psychology of people who wanted to buy chopping bowls wholesale or because of any personal magnetism, but because his tongue wagged like a woman's. Tom Brattle had the knack of talking fast and furious, but then Tom was one son among five daughters in a family that consisted of five or six maiden aunts and a grandmother and great-aunt and—well, Tom had learned that the end the only thing was to talk fast and leave no chinks in the conversational structure. If he did some one else would get a wedge in. And Tom had also noticed in those days when he filled the ink wells and bought sandwiches from the delicatessen for the "boss," Mr. Dawson, on busy days, that the salesmen who got the largest orders for chopping bowls from customers who came into the office were those who kept the possible buyer from raising any objection to the brand of chopping bowls that the Universal put out.

The Universal sales department, like every other department in every other concern, felt the effect of the increased demand for women to take the place of enlisted men, and the only solution seemed to be, when matters were at their worst, to enlist recruits from the number of wives and sisters and relatives of the well-to-do members of the concern who could not normally be gainfully employed. Tom's sisters were employed and so were his aunts, but when he wanted to get a new girl for the switchboard in the sales department he made his wants known to the heads of the concern, and the very recently acquired wife of one of the sons of the president of the concern was suggested as a candidate. She had caught the fever of general usefulness, and having no business asset but a pleasing voice, had been promised the first vacancy as telephone operator—which happened to be in Tom's department.

And this suited Tom immensely. Because Tom had a theory that a telephone operator was one of the most important personalities about any office, especially a sales office. She did more talking than any of the other girls employed, and talking, in Tom's estimation, was an important thing. And the girls in his office had rather looked down upon the post of telephone operator. When the regular girl for that job was on vacations or off at lunch they handled the wires condescendingly. To them it was a matter of minor consequence. So when the daughter-in-law of the president of the concern was coming to manage the switchboard, Tom felt that this would put a new light on the job of switchboard operator. It would lend it tone and show the girls just how important it was.

Then the morning that the young Mrs. Dawson was coming, Mr. Dawson phoned in to say that Mrs. Dawson had backed out. She had found that it would interfere with her "at homes." She hadn't realized that she would have to be there every day, and so—

Then Tom began to talk, and he talked fast and furiously, even though he was talking to the son of the president, and having hung up the receiver he sent to an agency for a telephone operator of the best type. He offered to pay her more than even he felt telephone operators were worth, because he felt now that having assured the stenographers and other girls in the office that so important a personage as Mrs. Dawson was going to take the job, he could not retreat so far as to get the usual run of a half-hearted, listless girl for the work.

Tom seldom countenanced deception, but this time it was necessary; so when he found a nice-looking, young woman in businesslike apparel waiting to see him in the outer office, and she began by saying that she believed they wanted a telephone operator, Tom let her get no further, but told her on the spot, in an undertone, that she looked as if she would do, but that she would have to bluff it out as the daughter of the president and consent to be called Miss Dawson, and conduct herself as nearly as it was possible for her to do as the daughter of the president of a chopping bowl concern would conduct herself.

"But you see—" began the applicant.

"That is quite all right," Tom rattled on. "You're an intelligent young woman, and you can manage, and none of these girls know anything about the family of Mr. Dawson. So it is settled, and if you'll please take off your hat and coat at once, I'll have your name put on the payroll immediately."

"But I was going to say—"

"If you don't understand this board one of the girls will show you," Tom anticipated. "It isn't that they don't know how," he explained, "it's that they don't think it's worth while. That's why I wanted them to think that we had one of the Dawsons on the job. Tell them, if they ask, that Mrs. Dawson decided not to come, but

that you came instead." And Tom hurried back to his office, bent on talking a flowing line of enthusiasm concerning the merits of the Dawson chopping bowls into his dictaphone. No stenographer could keep up with him.

Now, temperamentally Tom was not a fast talker. It was an acquired habit, and his idea of a happy home to go to after working hours was a home where there were not five sisters and aunts and things, and where one could talk as slowly or as little as one chose. It was because he had so often thought how restful such a home would be that he began to think about matrimony, and with matrimony on his mind and so thoroughly delightful a young woman as the new telephone operator in one's office, no one with Tom's preference for round blue eyes and smooth brown hair and a gentle, persuasive feminine voice could long stay out of love. But though Tom could talk chopping bowls and other business matters fluently enough, when it came to telling this young lady of his state of mind and heart his lingual talents forsook him. But he went on dreaming and even priced household furniture and consulted a real estate agent or so regarding small apartments.

Sometimes he got some small consolation in telling other people what a wonderful telephone operator he had, and expounding his theory that it paid to have a really first-class girl on that end of the work. He even told the president's son, Mr. Dawson, of this theory.

"But you know," began Mr. Dawson, "that young woman didn't come from the agency; you see—"

"She didn't come from the agency?"

"No," said Dawson; "you didn't give me a chance to explain, and you didn't give her a chance, either. You see, Mrs. Dawson—"

Tom swallowed hard, and it seemed as if the sun went into a temporary eclipse. "I congratulate you on a rare treasure," he gulped. "She is wonderful."

"She has a high opinion of you, too," said Mr. Dawson, and somehow Tom thought this was an especially inappropriate remark. He didn't want to be thought well of by the woman he had loved in vain. He would rather have her detest him, now that he knew she was married.

"We'd like to have you come to dinner some time—make up a little family party," said young Dawson, and somehow the conversation closed here, and Tom went back to his office to talk chopping bowls to his dictaphone, but the words would not come. In fact for days and even weeks Tom lost his power of gab, and sales went down and business began to slump. He was working his ingenuity overtime trying to think of a way to get the charming Mrs. Dawson out of his office. Instead of seeming like a nice, straightforward, round, blue-eyed girl as she had seemed, she was a vampire in disguise to him now, and every time she beamed on him as he came and went, he imagined cruel thoughts lurking beneath the sweet charm of the smile.

"Billy wants me to get you to come home for dinner some time with us," she said to him one day. "You have been so cross lately I wouldn't ask you. Only we were such good friends to begin with before you knew I was a Dawson, and I don't approve of letting misunderstandings creep up between friends in that way."

And poor Tom accepted for dinner that very night and the blue-eyed young woman telephoned home to someone she named Nora—the cook, of course—that she would bring him home for dinner and please have mushrooms and beefsteak, for she had heard him say once that he liked them. When 5:30 came and it was time to go Tom waited for young Bill Dawson.

"Won't your husband call for us here?" he said, and then as the blue eyes drew up in a pucker of questioning—"Yes, Mr. Bill Dawson, your husband."

"Why, Bill's my brother," said the girl, and though it was late on a dull afternoon, the sun came out of a cloud and the whole world was suffused with happiness for Tom.

"You see, you didn't give me a chance to explain. Nora, Bill's wife, backed out, and I took the job instead. I came that day to ask if I'd do, but you didn't give me a chance to say a word." She looked him frankly out of those round eyes. "Tom, you've been so blue and miserable lately," and she actually took his hand in her two and he had to hold on to the desk with the other to keep from floating into the seventh heaven. "Tom, has it been because you thought I was married—has it been because you cared?"

And Tom, the man with the tongue that was hung in the middle, couldn't do more than gasp a meager "yes."

How It Came About.

"The worst winter I remember was when we were besieged," said the old soldier. "We had only one bite a day for two weeks and that was horse-flesh."

"I remember," said Pat O'Brien, his companion, "living for a month on one bite, and that was out of my leg."

"You old cannibal. Do you expect me to believe that?" roared the soldier.

"It's true, believe it or not," said Pat, calmly. "A dog took a bite out of my leg, and the insurance kept me like a lord for four weeks."

Shell-Shock Experts.

Sixty-five young women are graduates of the Training School for Psychiatric Social Work, Smith college, Northampton, Mass., and are styled "shell-shock experts." They will go immediately to clinics in New York, Boston and other cities to begin six months' practical work with nervous patients.

WITH THE SAGES

It is a proof of boorishness to confer a favor with a bad grace. How little does a smile cost!—Bruyere.

Without thought there can be nothing done that can be truly called a work.—T. A. Edison.

Ill fortune never crushed that man whom good fortune deceived not.—Ben Johnson.

We should be ashamed to think what we should be ashamed to do.—W. Pickford.