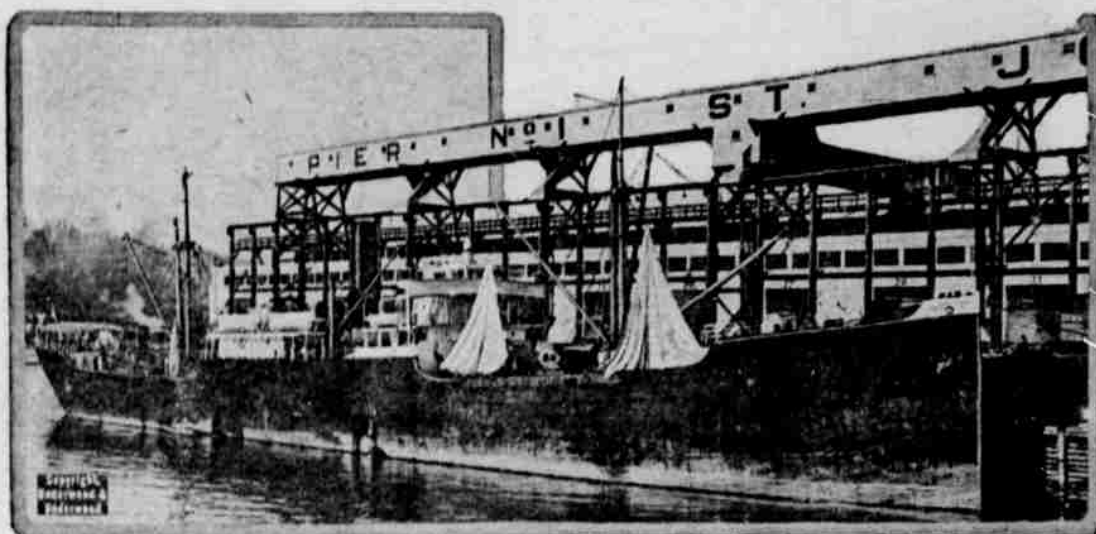


**FIGHTING THE HABIT OF USING BAD ENGLISH**



The teachers and pupils of one of the big schools of Portland, Ore., have adopted this novel method of warring on bad English with banners and demonstrations. It is especially effective with the children.

**PORTLAND READY FOR TRAFFIC TO AND FROM ORIENT**



At a cost of \$11,000,000 Portland, Ore., is building great docks for the handling of traffic to and from the Orient, and is carrying out other extensive port improvements. This is one of the units of the dock system.

**STATE TAKES BUNKER HILL MONUMENT**



After an inspection of the Bunker Hill monument by the state engineers, the commonwealth of Massachusetts has formally taken over the care of the monument from the Bunker Hill association. It was found that the monument was badly in need of repairs. The photograph shows the Massachusetts state flag being hoisted over the entrance to the monument.

**VIEWING NATION'S PRECIOUS DOCUMENTS**



Scene in the state department library, Washington, showing some of the thousands that have viewed the nation's most precious documents since they were opened to public inspection. The originals were shown of the Constitution of the United States, the treaty between the colonies and England, (1783) by which the United States gained its independence; the Declaration of Independence, Lincoln's emancipation proclamation, the Spanish-American war treaty, minutes of the continental congress, and the treaty between Washington and the Northwest Indian tribes.

**HERBERT HOOVER DECORATED**



Charles Evans Hughes, presenting to Herbert C. Hoover, at a meeting in Carnegie hall, New York, the Civic Forum medal of honor for distinguished public service.

**MISS BETTY BAKER DANCES**



Miss Betty Baker, daughter of Secretary of War and Mrs. Newton D. Baker, in the "dance of flowers," a part of the carnival and ball given by Washington society for the benefit of a local charity.

**What a Man Did**

By WILL T. AMES

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This is a story out of life—out of the life that is lived; that has its tragedy as well as its sunshine; that comes to the happy ending or to the sorrowful one as the case may be, and not as the narrator wills. If it is not just the kind of story you would wish it to be search through ancestries, analyze prenatal influences and place the blame where it belongs. Do not blame me.

June Phillips was the daughter of her mother, and she of her mother; and the mother's mother the daughter of still another like mother. And down that line of motherhood had run a streak of lightness, and no strain of eager willingness.

Easy, smiling, gay was June, beautiful with the beauty of great tawny eyes, dark lashes and hair with the glint of mellow sunlight in it. She was soft and warm and pouting. Endowed at once with the lavish lure of womanhood and with the pink and creamy freshness of her scant seventeen years, she drove John Halliday half mad.

John was twenty-three and might have been ten years more than that, by the settled, strong way of him. Instead of school he had chosen to take his education from an architect, after sixteen. Already he was a finished draughtsman and on his way to a place in his profession, under Holly, his watchful employer.

To June fluttered breathlessly on the margin of a never ending millennium of grown-up "good times," the attentions of the responsible, well-groomed young architect combined the virtues of a continual social triumph with limitless opportunity; for John delighted to take the girl about. A year of this and then, because John was insistent and the girl was the daughter of that particular race of mothers and possessed keen instinct for the easy road to easy circumstances, they were married.

Two years later John Halliday, knew, in the lottery that is marriage, what sort of prize he had drawn. What depth of stormy petulance hid beneath the winsome pouting, he could have told; but did not.

What greed for admiration, what implish thirst to dabble in the shallows along the shores of the sea of passion, what eternal restlessness and hunger for excitement lay behind the tawny eyes had been revealed to him in long months of disillusionment. But he was strong, and as patient as he was strong, and he bore with many things.

Then, coming home after a two weeks' business trip, he found her gone. She had left, the maid said, the day after his departure, only instructing the girl to remain and keep the house going till Mr. Halliday's return.

John maintained the home, until his lease expired, then sold the effects to a new tenant and went to live at a hotel. There were no babies. "God, I thank you," said John, "for that." When John Halliday was thirty-three his professional opportunity came. It took him to a great city and to a profitable partnership. Still young, enjoying reputation and established position, his earnings well in excess of his needs, life held much of promise for him.

Then it was that, walking home for exercise through a sparkling avenue in the orange sunshine of a late October afternoon, he met her—squarely face to face.

A single glance was sufficient to verify the conclusion John Halliday long ago had arrived at concerning his wife. Everything about her—in the character of her clothes, in the manner of her coiffure, in the degree in which she had insulted with pigment the God-given splendor of her eyes and skin, in her carriage, in the way she held her head—was the mark of the woman who has traded herself for the thing she calls "life;" and who is satisfied with the transaction and has no regrets.

She was quite unabashed. "Hello, John," she remarked, easily and with her ever ready smile. "Have you come to life enough to visit the city? You're looking so prosperous!" "So, if I may say so," replied John, "are you."

"Oh, I'm having a perfectly lovely time. There's no place like the big town, you know. You'll like it if you ever come here to live."

"I live here now."

"Really! Well, you might come and see me some time—if you like telephone ahead. The name is Spencer—Miss Spencer; Selkirk apartments Fifty-first street. Now I must run along—Good-by!"

With that she was gone; and John Halliday, unshaken, master of his own nerves, proceeded on his way. Unconvincing? Improbable? I think so myself. But, remember, I told you this was a story from real life.

It was a full week after that John was walking home again, had almost reached his own street, when there was a commotion of fire apparatus and a crowd running toward where the whole front of an apartment house on the cross street was belching smoke and curious black-red flame.

John followed the crowd, a swirl of wind blew the smoke away from

the main entrance and John saw the name "Selkirk." Something leaped up into his throat. Then at a window only a few floors up, John caught a glimpse of a face of the girl to whom, ten years ago, he had given all that a strong man can give—the whole of his heart.

There were ladders, of course, many of them, but there were many, many windows; the firemen were doing yeoman service, battling frantically and skillfully to save life—but there were so very many lives to save. There were ropes and a cordon of police.

Through these John Halliday tore and beat his way; into the burning building he struggled, leaving his coat in the hands of a detaining fireman. Past the useless, motionless elevators, through the blinding, stifling black smoke to the slippery stone stairs; up and up and up and up, gasping, tearing short intakes of air out of the solid smoke with whistling lungs; guessing with an architect's shrewd guess at the right door and hurling himself against it until it ripped from the hinges, John Halliday staggered across the room to where a film of belated daylight, shining wanly through the smudge, showed the window to be.

She was there; choking, gasping, her tawny eyes filled with such horror as only the eyes of such as she can know, the pigments making ghastly caricature of her white face.

It was a bad building, built in the bad days of Jerry construction, its vaunted fireproofing a grisly joke. It was going under them. The floor of the room was burning through. In a matter of seconds the end would come.

"June! June, dear! It is I, John. I have come to be with you June, at the end. You won't have to face it, girl, alone!"

And as he took her in his arms there was a great, awful rending sound—clouds of burning brands rushed roaring out of the white holes where the windows had been, and out in the street the heartsick multitude sobbed in the presence of a holocaust.

How could any one know what impulse took John Halliday to his wife's side there in the valley of the shadow? Again I must answer. This is a story of life. And I knew the man.

**CLIPPED LOCKS CALLED FOR**

Present Day Emphatically No Time for Anything Approaching Effeminacy in the Male.

A British brigadier general and former Etonian was recently invited to visit his old school and inspect the officers' training camp that institution maintains. The officer was delighted with the bearing of the 600 and more young officers of the future and praised them till their necks grew pink with suppressed pride, but—in concluding his remarks the general spoiled it all by the direct criticism—"Their hair was too long!"

It was wrong, he said, for a Briton to allow his hair to grow so long that he could not see to fight. General Cokern—that was his name—then went into detail and said he had seen a number of the college boxers in set-toes the previous evening and many of them appeared in the ring with long locks neatly plastered back from noble brows. After the first round, however, the spectacle was different, since the boys looked out as well as possible through a smoke barrage of dank, stringy locks that cut off their own view but did not in the least hinder the enemy's attack. "Cut 'em short, boys!" was his injunction.

Regardless of peace assurances from the League of Nations, Britain is determined not to sink back into military unpreparedness, and if the general's criticism may be taken in a wider sense the entire island must keep its locks close trimmed and not again be blinded by vanity and self-satisfaction to what is going on in neighboring countries.

Long hair may be esthetic and may prove attractive to the opposite sex through contrast, since the ladies themselves are going in for short hair and self-determination, but the time for luxury and long male locks has not yet come, even if there has been a momentary let-down of masculine morale following the cessation of actual hostilities.

We have seen as yet no symptoms of longhairedness among our own American youth, and trust we may not do so, especially since, although it is definitely over there, it is by no means done on this side of the Atlantic. The readjustment, unless all signs fail, is going to require quite as clear and close-cropped polls as did the conquest of the Hun.

On the other hand, it must be remembered that longhairedness is emblematic of anarchy and bolshevism and of those visionaries who out of their fringed locks see society as through a glass, darkly. Therefore it is doubly necessary for our young manhood to give its eyesight free play, safe upon the one side from the sleek tresses of the effete and upon the other from the matted mane of the murder lovers.—New Orleans Times-Picayune.

**Oyster Shell Roads.**

Two great oyster reefs in the Gulf of Mexico, one at Sabine, Tex., the other at the mouth of the Atchafalaya river on Point au Fer, La., are to be used for surfacing good roads. The reefs are valued at \$65,000,000. A Galveston man has been awarded a contract to remove 1,000,000 cubic feet of shells from the Point au Fer reef for use on the roads in that section of Louisiana.

**BOY SCOUTS**

(Conducted by National Council of the Boy Scouts of America.)

**SCOUTS EMBODY BEST IDEALS**

"During my four years in Germany," says James W. Gerard, former American ambassador, "I saw much of the child life of that country. The children were paraded through the streets singing their songs of hate. In the schools they were taught a deliberate perversion of history. For instance: The Fatherland did not wish to injure the Belgians, but the wicked Belgians promised to allow our troops to pass through their country and then attacked them."

How different are the methods that are used to bring out the best in the childhood of this, our own country! While the Germans had organizations which were intended to develop hatred and like passions in the hearts of the young, we have the Boy Scouts of America. This splendid organization well illustrates the difference in ideals between the two countries. In the Boy Scouts the boy subscribes to an oath to be true to himself and his country and to keep himself morally and physically fit at all times. He also pledges himself to "do a good turn daily."

The boy is taught woodcraft and many other useful things. He participates in big public functions and civic ceremonials. From the very first he is led into the higher citizenship.

**PRISONERS AID SCOUT PLAN.**

Through the gray of the granite walls that shut away the inmates of the Minnesota state prison from the rest of the world came this little story which shows that "stone walls do not a prison make nor iron bars a cage."

In the office of George D. Pratt, treasurer of the National Council, Boy Scouts of America, New York, a letter arrived from Stillwater—a letter containing \$28.50, "in payment of the following applications for associate membership in the National Council of the Boy Scouts of America."

Daniel Blue, Frank Meyers, Joseph Kelly, Charles Kramer, J. W. Schwartz, George Olson, Jacob Red Bird, N. A. Burke, August Ruther—all prisoners.

Far removed from the blue skies and running streams and long, winding roads that perhaps they themselves had trod in their boyhood, they looked back through the years, at the what-might-have-been, at the different lives they might have led had they been shown differently, and "came across" that other boys might have a fighting chance.

**SCOUTS URGE AMERICANIZATION.**

The executive board of the Boy Scouts of America has decided to strengthen its program for citizenship training in order that even a greater emphasis than before would be placed upon developing patriotism and Americanization.

It was also agreed that special effort would be made to develop a program for older boys, affording them an opportunity to "learn by doing," in preparing for citizenship responsibilities.

The executive board meeting was attended by Messrs. Walter W. Head, of Omaha; John M. Phillips, of Pittsburgh; George D. Porter, of Philadelphia; Alfred W. Dater, of Stamford; Hon. James J. Storrow, of Boston; Charles P. Neill and Colin H. Livingstone, of Washington, D. C.; Mr. Daniel Carter Beard, of Flushing; John Sherman Hoyt, George D. Pratt, Lieut. Col. Theodore Roosevelt, Jeremiah W. Jenks and James E. West, of New York City.

Mortimer L. Schiff was selected as the representative of the Boy Scouts of America on the International Scout committee.

**SPokane Scouts as Firemen.**

At a meeting of the fire prevention and fire insurance committee of the chamber of commerce in Spokane, Wash., it was decided to perfect a permanent organization to be known as the Spokane Scout Firemen.

The organization will consist of Boy Scouts who have passed certain examinations on fire prevention. Fire Chief A. L. Weeks will be ex-officio chief of the organization.

Deputy State Fire Marshal Groce stated at the meeting that he cited the boy scout fire organization as an example and incentive on his visit to other states and towns in the state. He had slides made of the Spokane scout fire exercises to induce other cities to follow Spokane's lead.

**BEST PAYING STOCK ON FARM**

Well-Bred Flock of Hens Given Good Care Will Make Most Profitable Returns.

It is quite impossible for farmers to know exactly what it costs per year to keep their flocks, but, considering how much they pick up that would otherwise be washed and the value of free range, there can be no doubt that no stock kept on the farm pays better than a well-bred and well-cared-for flock of hens.