BOOKS

By Joseph Macqueen.

Germany as It Is Today, by Cyril Brown. $1.35. George H. Doran Co., New York City.

Our author, who is staff correspondent "at the front" for the New York World newspaper, does not say exactly how long he has been in Germany.

But after a careful reading of his book one has to admit that Mr. Brown has had exceptional advantages in gathering information—and secret information—as to what is going on inside Germany in this present war time. He makes an attractive study of economic, social and financial conditions in Germany, and wastes no words in calling names, but gets down to facts. He presents a balance of assets and liabilities in German affairs in 1918, and an analysis of conditions of food, labor, crime, finance, transportation, etc.

In the concrete, however, Mr. Brown does not think that Germany will be starved into surrender—Germany will only be humbled and made reasonable by a military defeat.

"Food shortage is an infallible barometer for gauging German morale, which, though fundamentally unshaken, nevertheless has its mercurial ups and downs. German morale varies inversely as the square of the food pressure; food scantiness is the decisive reason for the intense peace yearnings of the German people; their hunger for peace being, at bottom, nothing but a keen appetite for more and better food. The one positive war aim of the overwhelming majority of the Germans today is 'peace and food' regardless of annexations."

It is shown that Germany's railroad rolling stock is bad and is going from bad to worse. The soldiers get the best of everything, especially as to food, "and nothing of direct or indirect military necessity is permitted to run down to the point of jeopardizing military interest.

"It is certain that Germany can hold out, as far as the food supply is concerned, until the new harvest of 1918, but beyond this point no reasonable German is prophesying, though it seems reasonably certain that a total or even partial crop failure this year would prove fatal."

Food shortage is affecting the health of the German population. "Though the normally healthy still manage to stand up under the war diet, the ravages of death and disease among the aged and the young, the weak and the invalid, and those predisposed to sickness, have increased to startling proportions. The decrease in Germany's birth rate is even greater than the increase in the death rate, and is, in the estimation of some scientists, very largely due to malnutrition, and, more specifically, the fat shortage."

Poor fat and milk in Germany are noted. Only in the houses of the wealthy is food plentiful. Food substitutes are universal. Coffees and teas in Germany are "only memories."

"Virtually all German hogs have died for the fatherland—the resultant pork has been confiscated for the army, and until such time as Germany's stock of pigs can be built up again, pork has vanished from the menus of the masses."

The German egg supply "has broken down completely." "Such chickens as still live are not laying."

There is lots of money in Germany—but it is in paper. The savings banks are swamped with new accounts from those engaged in war industries—but these deposits are in paper, or promises to pay, some time.

German people are getting bad cases of "nerves." Berlin people are so nervous and quarrelsome that the only known cure is "more food mixed with the hope of peace."

The Eclipse of Russia, by E. J. Dillon, Ph. D. George H. Doran Co., New York City.

In the opinion of the London Nation newspaper, Dr. Dillon "is probably unequaled among men of British birth as a recognized authority on Russian affairs."

Dr. Dillon went to Russia as a young man, and after graduating in a Russian University, became successively a professor in Kieff and a responsible newspaper man in Petrograd. Throughout the later years of a long career he was the friend, adviser and journalistic agent of Count Witte. He knew everyone in Petrograd, and played the curiously complicated part of a journalist who sought at the same time to influence British and Russian opinion. His standpoint is not that of the foreign observer who retains a certain detachment, however intimate his associations may be. It is that of a man who played a part in Russian politics, and attached himself as an active worker to a particular tendency and group in Russian affairs.

The book throws new light on many historical events which preceded, and to a considerable extent led up to, the war with Germany, and the Russian revolution. Especially interesting to the present-day reader and to the future historian of current events will be the disclosures, for the most part narrated in Count Witte's own words, of the secret diplomacy which went on between the Kaiser and Nicholas II. This all worked up to the treaty of Bjorke, binding Russia and Germany together in a defensive alliance, and pledging the former to take the necessary steps to make France acquainted with the instrument, and to suggest that "she should participate in it as an ally." The main facts about this compact and how it came to be signed have already been made public, but Dr. Dillon is able to fill in many important details to complete the picture.

Of Nicholas II, the last Emperor of Russia, our author draws this severe, illumining word picture:

How superficial was the attention paid by the Tsar to legislative work may be gathered from the following farcical quid pro quo which took place when Witte was Minister of Finances: A bill was introduced in the Council of Empire to indemnify landed proprietors in the Baltic Provinces for the losses they had incurred through the government monopoly of alcohol. Witte held that the payment of a sum of several millions should be spread over a number of years; the majority maintained that it ought to be effected at once. The Ministry first informed the Tsar of this divergence, and the Tsar promised to ratify the views of the minority.

The Minister then wrote a letter to the Secretary of the Council, Fishve, telling him that the Emperor had promised to acquiesce in the decision of the minority as soon as the documents were placed before him. Fishve freely communicated this announcement to all the members, whereupon many officials, seeing that opposition would be fruitless, changed their views or their votes so that the minority unexpectedly became the majority.

In the course of time the documents were laid before the Tsar, who remembered only that he had pledged himself to Witte to reject the proposal of the majority. Accordingly, without reading the papers or taking further thought, he redeemed his promise, and the wrong bill became law.

While it would be a great exaggeration to saddle Nicholas II with the sole responsibility for the dissolution of the regime and the ruin of Russia, it is fair to say that no man contributed so materially to bring them about as this shallow, weak-willed, shifty creature.

It was impossible to trust him either to redeem his word, to stand by the Minister who acted on it, or even to refrain from intriguing against his own responsible agents for the purpose of undoing the work which he and they had undertaken and achieved conjointly. In affairs of state, as in private life, faithlessness was the trait that vitiated his best actions and aggravated his worst.

As the crowned head of a parliamentary state like Belgium or Italy, Nicholas II might have had his defects neutralized. But alone to preside over the destinies of a mighty empire was impossible without revealing the fact that he was among the least fitted men in his dominions. What made matters worse was his complete unconsciousness of his unfitness. That it was which engendered the danger that always hung over Russia at home and over Russia's peaceful neighbors abroad. Deep-rooted faith in his own ability, which increased immeasurably towards the close of his reign, prompted him to shun the very few men whose statesmanship might have shielded his people from the worst consequences of his faults and moved him to choose officials or rank outsiders whose only qualification was their willingness to serve as passive tools in his unsteady hands. . . .

Unsteady, self-complacent, callous, fickle, polished, the Tsar changed his favorites and his principles with his fitful moods, lacked moral courage, intrigued against his chosen counsellors, mistook his own interests for those of the nation, and imagined himself the autocrat of a hundred and eighty millions.

"ALL FALSE PRETENTIONS FALL AS DO FLOWERS—NOR CAN ANYTHING FEIGNED BE LASTING."
—CICERO.

Staff Sgt. Reginald Grant, Author of "S. O. S. Stand To!"

Posthumous Poems of Algernon Charles Swinburne, and edited by Edward Gosse and Thomas James Wise. $1.50. John Lane Co., New York City.

A most curious and valuable volume. It seems that the greater part of the poems published in this book of 194 pages were hidden in Swinburne's house at "The Pines" during the poet's lifetime. All round Swinburne's sitting-room there were discovered after his death unsightly rolls of parcels tied up in old newspapers, some of them looking as though they had not been opened for half a century. It appears that Swinburne was in the habit of allowing miscellaneous material to gather on his table until the moment came when he could bear the pressure of it no longer. He would then gather everything up, tie the whole in the current newspaper of the day and then place it on a shelf, where it never was again disturbed. Through a great part of his life he seems to have carried out this curious plan.

It took a long time to sort out the contents of these packages. At last the editors satisfied themselves that no more early poetry of a nature fitted for publication would turn up, so they began to arrange the discovered pieces which are now at last given to the public. These poems belong to the whole range of Swinburne's career as an author; the earliest was composed in 1857, the latest is dated 1907, and accordingly they cover, in their rapid and fluctuating passage, exactly half a century.

Life in a Tank, by Richard Haigh, M. C. $1.25. Illustrated. Houghton-Mifflin Co., Boston.

Who has not heard of and wondered at the British fighting tank?

Here is the first book to be written exclusively about these battle-tanks, and the first story by a tank commander. It has wonderfully compelling power as a recital, and its modest tone in relating achievement is noted with great pleasure.

The book, of course, is English, but its message is international.

Captain Haigh entered Sandhurst in 1914, having already chosen the army as his profession, but the war cut short his training and early in 1915 he went to the front with an infantry regiment, the Royal Berkshires. He fought with them until he was wounded at Loos. After his recovery he rejoined his regiment and was again wounded at the Somme, where he was recommended for, and later received, the Military Cross. Shortly after his second convalescence he joined the heavy branch Machine Gun Corps, which later came to be known as the Tank Corps. He was a tank commander and went into action with his tank in some of the fiercest fighting of the war at Arras and Ypres. Last Winter he was recalled and sent with the Britannia to tour this country in the interests of the British recruiting mission.

The Mental Survey, by Rudolf Pinter. $2. D. Appleton & Co., New York City.

Our author is professor of psychology in Ohio State University, and his learned and informing book presents a new study; a method of mental tests for group purposes, in order to measure roughly the intelligence of large groups of children. He says the work began owing to the practical problem of finding the number of feeble-minded ones in a school or institution.

It is stated that the material required for the survey tests is the standard material supplied by the C. H. Stoelting Company, of Chicago.

The Sub, by "Taffrail." Illustrated. $1.35. George H. Doran Co., New York City.

Readers have been waiting for such a book as this for a long time. It is a most readable and lively novel of life in the British navy, and some of it in war time.

The hero is David Munro, who at first is a cadet at Osborne, then a midshipman—or a "snottie"—and ultimately sub-lieutenant.

There are 318 pages in the novel, and on page 174 it is intimated that war had broken out. Sub-Lieutenant Munro was ordered to report to a destroyer, and the action has a decided bang afterward. The sea fights of the Blight and Dagger Bank are described vividly. The best descriptive work in the novel is the sinking of the German warship Bleucher.

Bird Woman, by James Willard Schultz. $1.50. Houghton-Mifflin Co., Boston.

Here we have a book of decided historical interest, and especially to readers of the Pacific Northwest.

The heroine, Sacajawea, or Bird Woman, was the brave and resourceful Indian woman who guided Lewis and Clark across the Rocky Mountains and accompanied their expedition to the Pacific Coast.

Mr. Schultz (Ap-i-kun-i, of Los Angeles, Cal.) heard Sacajawea's story from an old trapper and an Indian woman who in turn heard it from the lips of Sacajawea herself.

The tale is a romantic, stirring one and will be enjoyed by young and old.

The Art of Aubrey Beardsley, by Arthur Symonds. 60 cents. Boni & Liveright, Inc., New York City.

Readers of art subjects remember Aubrey Beardsley as one of the queerest, most striking of English artists of the latter-day erratic age.

Beardsley died a young man, having succeeded wonderfully well as a pianist, author, critic and artist.

This little book gives a kind appreciation of Beardsley, with specimens of his art, particularly his queer faces, which look as if they had come from ancient Babylon or Egypt.

In the National Army Hopper, by Draftee No. 357. J. B. Lippincott Co., Philadelphia.

Parents and guardians who have young men inducted or about to be inducted into the National Army, will welcome this little book of 54 pages. It consists of a series of letters from a "rookie," to the folks at home, describing just what happened to him when he arrived at the military cantonment, and afterward.

In the Midst of Life, by Ambrose Bierce. $1.50. Boni & Liveright, New York City.

Ambrose Bierce—who, by the way, has disappeared lately and has not left any address—is master of the short story. In these stories of his he is sardonic, leering, dramatic. Some of his stories are charged with the shiver and power of a dynamo.

In the present volume there are 16 stories of soldiers and 11 of civilians.

S. O. S., Stand To! by Staff Sergeant Reginald Grant. $1.50. D. Appleton & Co., New York City.

This readable and entertaining Canadian novel of the war in France was reviewed in The Oregonian of June 30.

SIMPLE FROCKS AND PICTURE HATS REPLACE MORE STRIKING COSTUMES OF PAST SEASONS

Many of Mid-Summer Gowns for Girlhood Have Elbow or Three-Quarter Sleeves Cut Rather Wide at the Edge and Finished With Turned-Back Cuffs—Organdy Hats Win Admiration.

PERHAPS because the recent Winter was so bitterly cold, women have turned with more than ordinary enthusiasm to a sheerest wearables to be had this Summer. Frocks are of organdy, of chiffon, of gauzy voile and tulle is everywhere, lending its exquisite grace and suggestion of unsubstantialness to the midsummer picture. And truly, womankind should make the most of this Summer's fashions; it does not seem possible that such quantities of lovely, sheer gowns, sheer hats, sheer sashes and the like will ever be worn again at one time. At any rate they have not been thus worn in years and years.

As the season progresses there are more and more outdoor affairs that call for fetching costumes. Every town throughout the length and breadth of the land is holding its fetes, its lawn parties, its athletic meets, with admission receipts turned over to some particular war charity. Horse shows, dog shows, tennis matches, golf tournaments, bridge games—all contribute to the needs of the allies or the destitute folk of devastated lands. And these affairs, taking place on wide green lawns under spreading trees, or on broad verandas overlooking some lovely landscape make unequaled opportunity for the display of dainty Summer costume. A white frock is never so effective when seen against a green, outdoor background, and when the background includes roses, honeysuckled archways, vistas of garden and the like, women garbed in sheer Summer attire are at their loveliest.

Crossbarred Lawn a Wartime Simplicity.

Fresh little dresses of crossbarred muslin are appearing in company, with picture hats and stunning parasols, and one wonders why woman in other Summer seasons spent so much time and money trying to be elaborate in raiment—these sweetly simple frocks are so extremely fetching. The sheer, crossbarred fabric is tucked and made into narrow, hand-hemmed ruffles, and sometimes a sash of the material has frilled, tab-shaped ends. Usually these cool little white frocks have elbow sleeves, unlike the gingham morning dresses that have invariably long, close sleeves finished with crisp cuffs. White machine embroidery is finding a place in Summer attire, too. Many very charming frocks made of fine white embroidery flouncing in combination with plain, sheer batiste or organdy, are noted. Even when quite a handsome quality of embroidery is used such a frock is not unduly costly and —when embroidery of this sort is fashionable, as it is now—the effect is charming.

Cream Hats Trimmed in White.

The latest color scheme in millinery —judging from clothes worn at June outdoor affairs—is cream and white. Leghorns and rough natural straws are faced with cream mousseline and white flowers are flattened against the crown. These flowers are in all sizes, from pansies to peonies; three peonies will trim a crown very nicely, but two dozen pansies will be required to get the effect. Several leghorns have been trimmed with white gardenias, a touch of black velvet ribbon giving a smart, effective note of contrast. Veils play an important part in Summer outdoor fashions. It is always apt to be breezy and when it is breezy one feels so much more comfortable in a veil! The new veils grow sheerer and sheerer of mesh; some of them have two kinds of mesh, the heavier pattern coming across the lower part of the face, below the eyes. Chenille dotted veils are worn with sport hats, veils with delicate trailing hand-wrought patterns are preferred with more dressy headgear. Some women are wearing, instead of veils, swathings of tulle that come from the back of the hat and twist about the throat. These tulle scarfs keep the hair from flying loose at the sides yet leave the face uncovered, and the soft folds of tulle under the chin are enchantingly becoming. Even a plain woman, with clouds of tulle twisted around her throat takes on a suggestion of beauty, of mystery, of feminine fascination.

Sport Clothes Mingle With Formal Garb.

At the outdoor athletic meets one spies specially interesting raiment, for here sport togs mingle with sheer white dresses and formal afternoon costumes of chiffon and foulard. One may wear anything she chooses (except an evening gown) to a race meet or a tennis tournament, and likely to be among those present are severe tailored suits, the filmiest organdies, elegant creations of georgette and silk elegantly accompanied by appropriate headgear, footwear and glovewear—to say nothing of parasol, and gay and inconsequent sport clothes that insist upon being informal. The newest sport coat is a silk slipon sweater, made like the silk sweaters worn at Nice earlier in the season. The lines are somewhat like a middy blouse, the hip fitting closely so that the slipon blouses a little above. Lemon-yellow is a favored shade and there are slipons of gorgeous cherry color that have tam hats to match. These silk jersey tams are worn a little over one ear, like the hats of the famous Blue Devils of France.

Jersey Sport Frocks Trimmed With Lace.

Another echo of Nice is the frock of wool jersey with heavy cream Italian lace. A model by Chanel, worn last week at a notable outdoor war relief affair, was of rose-colored jersey with panels of heavy lace in exactly the rose tone of the material. The lines of the frock were straight and long and most distinguished. A black straw hat, black stockings and patent leather pumps gave smart contrast. Another frock of white wool jersey has a tunic made of panels of cream Point de Venise. A deep hem of the lace edges the skirt, and there is a little eton coat, sleeveless of the lace, worn over a blouse of white chiffon. This eton coat is at the front only, the back of the costume shows a panel of white jersey from neck to belt and again from belt to edge of tunic.

Very charming also are frocks of white silk mull tucked in groups of tiny pintucks all the way up the skirt. The sash is pintucked at both edges and the pointed ends are gathered into white silk tassels. Deep hems with tucks above, finish the neck opening and three-quarter sleeves. Nothing could be simpler, but what could be lovelier—for a midsummer afternoon.

Again Old Erin Wins.

An unmistakable son of Erin entered a crowded streetcar, with a short-stemmed pipe in the corner of his mouth.

The conductor eyed him with great disfavor for several moments, and then, seeing that Pat exhibited no apparent tendency to correct the error of his way, strode into the car, tapped the offender on the shoulder, and spoke as follows:

"Don't you know that you can't smoke in this car?"

"I'm not smoking," came the reply.

"You are," retorted the representative of the railway company.

"I'm not," said Pat.

"Well," demanded the irate official sarcastically, "you've got your pipe in your mouth, haven't you?"

"I have," replied Pat calmly, "and I've got me feet in me shoes, too, but I'm not walking, am I?"—Everybody's Magazine.

They Saw the Joke.

At a political meeting the speaker made a jest, and finding that his audience had missed the point, he said playfully:

"I had hoped that you would laugh at that."

Then from a remote corner of the hall, a plaintive voice broke the silence: "I laughed, Mister."

Then everybody did.—Everybody's Magazine.

Business Is Business.

A plumber and a painter were working in the same house. The painter arrived late and the plumber said to him:

"You're late this morning."

"Yes," said the painter, "I had to stop and have my hair cut."

"You didn't do it on your employer's time, did you?" said the plumber.

"Sure, I did, said the painter: "It grew on his time."—Everybody's Magazine.

UNITED STATES MARINES PLAY IMPORTANT PART IN STRUGGLE FOR WORLD DEMOCRACY

Soldiers of the Sea Are Everywhere in the Great World War—That Is Everywhere Where American Forces Are to Be Found—Yankee Flyers Win Applause Abroad.

Left to Right—General Peyton C. March, Secretary of War Baker And Gen. Enoch H. Crowder

Underwood & Underwood N.Y.

Underwood & Underwood N.Y.

Lieut. John MacArthur

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W. H. Workman

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Brigade Commander Doyer of United States Marines.

"SOLDIERS of the Sea," the United States Marines are everywhere in the great world war—that is, everywhere that fighting men of our forces are to be found. In the front-line trenches officers of the Marine Corps look after the men of their commands with the zeal that has made them famed. Brigade Commander Doyer is a familiar figure to the boys overseas in a certain sector of the front lines, where he is often seen on trips of inspection.

* * *

Lieutenant John MacArthur, a former resident of Wilmington, Del., although flying at the battlefront in France for only one month, was mentioned in General Pershing's official communique to Washington recently as having brought down a German plane, vanquishing the enemy, who perished when his machine was wrecked. MacArthur is a Yale graduate and a former electrical engineer with the Dupont Powder Company. He mastered the art of flying at Fort Worth, Tex., under officers of the Royal Flying Corps, and was one of a picked squadron which went to France in February under the command of Major Hartley.

* * *

H. W. Workman, an American, has amplified a proposal recently made to the War Department and Aircraft Board to build 10,000 airplanes by April 1, fly them across to Europe, drop explosives on German territory and win the war within a short time. From his statement is quoted: "Twenty thousand pilots could easily be trained by May 1, 1919, to fly the Atlantic. All we need are 4000 in December and 4000 each month thereafter, with those who have already been trained. I understand that there are 45,000 applications to the Army and Navy authorities to join the flying forces."

* * *

About 750,000 youths who have reached the age of 21 since the last call in 1917 were affected by the drawing of numbers at Washington, D. C., for the second call of the National Army. General Peyton C. March, chief of staff of the Army; Secretary of War Newton Baker and Major-General Enoch H. Crowder, Provost Marshal, participated in the drawing, each selecting one capsule from the glass bowl that contained the numbers of men in the draft.

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Commander Luigi Rizzo, of Italian Navy.

* * *

Italy has a mighty hunter, a young sailor who pursues neither men nor animals, nor yet submarines, but dreadnaughts. Already he has four in his bag, and two of them certainly will never furrow the Adriatic Sea again. He is Commander Luigi Rizzo, knight of the military Order of Savoy. On the night of June 10 two Austrian battleships stole from the great Austrian base at Pola, surrounded by a wheeling fleet of ten destroyers. Pola had become unsafe as a refuge for battleships because of the exploit of Captain Pellegrini, Rizzo's only rival, who worked his way into the harbor and put one of the best of the enemy ships out of commission. So this particular squadron sought to sneak down the Dalmatian coast and get into the harbor of Cattaro behind the maze of islands that protects the entrance. But it just happened that Rizzo, with two little torpedo-boats, was cruising through the morning mist of the lower coast. When Rizzo glimpsed the Austrian ships looming up vague and gray he ordered full power ahead, darted through a gap in the shielding line of destroyers, slammed a torpedo home against the side of the 20,000-ton Szent Istvan, saw it sinking, launched another torpedo at the following dreadnaught, watched a huge column of spray shoot up as the ship keeled over badly damaged, and then, in the confusion, slipped away scot-free with both his boats.

Of course Rizzo was promoted and decorated for this romantic enterprise. But he has been collecting medals for his bravery ever since Italy entered the war and now has the most complete assortment of anyone in the country. Rizzo is a Sicilian. He was born at Milazzo only 32 years ago, and with his first breath drew in the salt smell of the spindrift. Like many Sicilians, he comes of a family of sailors, and so, when only a lad, fell naturally into the sea service, joining the merchant marine. He fared far, at one time operating a Roumanian steamer on the Danube and the Black Sea, and had many adventures which developed that sudden sureness and reckless caution which war has focused into such high lights. His companions soon learned to know him as calm, silent, brave and energetic.

IN PORTLAND'S CHURCHES

(Concluded From Page 10.)

Process of Refining Christian Character." This is the third of a series of sermons the pastor is now preaching on the operation of the holy spirit, and is one of the most important of the series. The pastor will also occupy the pulpit in the evening. The Young People's Meeting will be conducted at 7 o'clock. Donald L. MacPhee will sing.

* * *

The quarterly rally of the Baptist Young People's Union, Willamette District, will be held at the East Side Baptist Church Friday, July 19, in the evening. Dr. James Asa White, general secretary of the Baptist Young People's Union, will be the principal speaker of the convention, which will include the delegates from the various societies along the Columbia River from The Dalles to Astoria. Dr. White will occupy the pulpit of some of the Portland Baptist churches during his visit to Portland.

Highland Congregational to Observe Bastile Day.

"Liberty, Equality and Fraternity" Subject of Morning Service.

THE 14th of July, marking the beginning of the French revolution, the sermon at the Highland Congregational Church this morning, by the Rev. Edward Constant, will deal with "The Fraternization of America and France." This subject will be dealt with from the Christian and humanitarian viewpoint, furnishing lessons and encouragement for the work in which our nation is engaged today to make real for the world the political idea of "liberty, equality and fraternity."

The evening topic will be "With Jesus at the Lake Side."

* * *

At Woodlawn Christian Church, Seventh and Liberty streets, Rev. Joseph D. Boyd will speak today at 11 A. M. on "Parabolic Teaching Concerning the Kingdom of Heaven," and at 8 P. M. on "The Test of Christianity."

* * *

"The Watchword of the Hour" will be the theme of a sermon this morning at 11 o'clock, by Rev. William G. Eliot, Jr., at the Church of Our Father, Broadway and Yamhill. The monthly Patriotic Sunday will be observed today instead of last Sunday, when the pastor was visiting sawmills and spruce camps in Tillamook and Clatsop counties. The names represented on the Church of Our Father service flag will be read, including the new names added during the past month. The solo will be sung by Mrs. Mitylene Fraker Stites.

* * *

The New Civilization Church will have regular Sunday evening services at 8 o'clock, 401-2 Central building, Tenth and Alder streets. The subject will be "Man and Modern Miracles." Wednesday at 8 P. M. the subject will be "The Healing Power in Suggestion." Dr. Beth Northington will speak.

* * *

Rev. Henry G. Hanson, pastor of the Fourth Presbyterian Church, at First and Gibbs streets, announces the following programme for today: 10:30 A. M., sermon, "Faith and Reason"; 12, Sunday school; 8 P. M., sermon, "The Marred Girdle."

* * *

The Rev. A. Krause will speak at St. Paul's Lutheran Church, East Twelfth and Clinton streets, today at 10:30 A. M. and 8 P. M. Sunday school will be held at 9:30 A. M.

YOUTH SAVED BY CRIPPLE

Rescuer Plunges in Water While Able Men Stand By.

NEW YORK, July 1.—John Sherlock is 15 years old and for most of that time one of his legs has been so badly crippled as to be almost wholly useless. But he forgot his affliction one afternoon recently when, as he walked along the bank of the Morris Canal, in Newark, he heard a cry for help and noticed that a group of men on the towpath as well as several boy swimmers in the water made no effort to go to the assistance of another youth whose head was just disappearing beneath the surface of the water.

Disregarding his own safety, the cripple slid down the embankment to the towpath. Then he hobbled to the water's edge and dropped overboard without waiting to remove any of his clothing. With a few strong strokes he reached the drowning boy, grasped him and struck out for shore. The drowning youngster tried to fight his rescuer off, but Sherlock twisted the other's arms into a position that made further resistance impossible and handed his burden up to the men on shore. It required half an hour to restore the youth to consciousness. Then he said he was Julius Friedman, 15, of 293 West Kinney street, Newark.

SOLDIERS SAFE AS BABIES

Death Rate of Men in Trenches Less Than in America.

WASHINGTON, July 1.—It is safer to be a soldier in the trenches than a baby in a cradle, according to figures quoted by the women's auxiliary committee, Minnesota Commission of Public Safety, Council of National Defense. "While the death rate of men in the trenches is about 2 per cent per annum the death rate of babies under 1 year in Minnesota is 7 per cent," says a recent report from the committee. "Thus it will be seen that it is safer to be a fighting man at the front than to be a young baby."

Hospital Name Changed.

NEWARK, N. J., July 1.—The board of directors of the German Hospital in Newark decided recently to change the name of the institution to the Newark Memorial Hospital. The shift will be made as soon as the necessary legal steps can be taken.

War Garden on Roof.

KERITON, O., July 1.—George H. Smith, a manufacturer, has a war garden on the roof of his three-story building. Earth was carried up by elevator and now a generous crop of vegetables is growing there.