

TO AID THEIR MEN

British Women Disregard Former High Social Positions.

Female Population May Be Found Any Place Doing Such Work as Will Help the Cause.

"By Jove, I never felt more like an ass in my life, old chap." It was an old British colonel speaking. He had just returned from a government mission to the colonies, and seated before a great open fire of his London club, he was relating to a crotchety some of his experiences while away. "It was while I was in Sidney. Knew a chap out there and thought I'd drop in on him. Walked up to the house and rang the bell. Deucedly pretty maid answered, and, by Jove, so strong was the force of habit, don't you know, I up and kissed her before I realized she was my own niece."

And don't think for a minute that the old colonel's experience was unique, except in a few minor details. Others may not have developed such osculatory habits, but many an officer has come back from the front and found his women folk working as domestics in London. The pretty young woman one sees polishing the woodwork of the hospital waiting room or busily dusting the furniture of the club parlor may be a duchess or countess or the daughter of a millionaire wine merchant. There's no telling these days, and the English public is so accustomed to being waited upon by its gentlewomen that it has come to accept it as a matter of course.

Not so with the Sammy, though. Says an exchange. He'd be the first to resent the charge of being undemocratic, but still the thought of being served by one of the "400" is almost too much for him. He was a pretty fresh young man when he first hit England. He had a reputation for breeziness to uphold, and by the spike of Heine's hat, he was going to live up to it. But when he learned that the young woman servant was the daughter of one of the peers of the realm he wilted.

For one may find the English gentleman any place and doing any kind of menial labor. She isn't the petted and pampered hothouse product popular novelists would have you believe her once to have been. Instead, she's a mighty sensible, industrious, patriotic person. Her brothers and sweethearts are "out there," doing their bit and she is "carrying on" back home. It's no longer a novel sight to see her manipulating the intricate machinery of the mungions plant or skillfully guiding a taxi through the fog-shrouded streets of London. In a white uniform she wears the red cross in the hospitals of France and her native island. And now she is playing the dust cloth and the mop, washing dishes, answering doors and doing the thousand and one other things that have to be done.

Nothing is too menial for her to attempt if it adds to the comfort of the men who have given their all for Britannia. There's Lady Evelyn King, eldest daughter of the earl and countess of Lovelace, who is a housemaid at a Weymouth hospital. She was a debutante just a few years ago and at the time she was presented to King George she was expected to become one of the leaders of London society. She is tall, with dark brown hair and eyes of the same hue, and is considered one of the most beautiful women in London. When war was declared she was rapidly fulfilling the predictions made for her popularity at the time of her coming out. But now she is a servant in one of the many hospitals in England.

Plume Hunters.

Florida once upon a time was alive with wild birds, says the Florida Times Union. According to William T. Honaday, author of American Natural History, no other state in America, except possibly California, ever possessed a bird fauna quite comparable with Florida. Florida bird life was one of the wonders of America. But the gunners began to shoot and shoot.

The plume hunters have practically exterminated the roseate spoonbill, the flamingo, the scarlet ibis, and the Carolina parakeet, and the limpkin and ivory-billed woodpecker have about disappeared, largely in the interest of the millinery business to ornament fashionable hats. The robin and other song and insect-eating birds are fast going. Unless a stand is taken by well enforced laws the wild bird life of the state will eventually disappear and the multiplicity of insects must imperil or destroy agricultural interests.

Legless Mountain Climber.

Snow-capped Mt. Hood, a difficult, exhausting climb for the seasoned sportsman, has been scaled by a legless newboy. A few weeks ago, accompanied by two guides, a forest ranger, and his wife, the newboy's determination won out, according to Popular Mechanics Magazine. Part of the trip was made on horseback, but when the steep grades were encountered it was every man for himself. The newboy was equipped with an improvised sled and blocks studded with heavy spikes. These implements, however, proved more of a hindrance than help and were discarded. Raising himself on his abnormally strong arms he flung his body up the incline several feet at a time and often made better progress than others of the party.

CHESTER'S PLAGUE OF CATS

Felines Set Ancient City on the River Dee in an Uproar, Following Call for Rat Killers.

About fourteen miles from Liverpool on the River Dee stands the city of Chester, which was founded by the Romans. It is surrounded by a high wall of old masonry, and contains the celebrated "Rows of Chester," which are arched passageways higher than the street, through which the sidewalks run. There are also many other peculiar features in this sleepy, antique and very interesting city.

One of the historic legends of old Chester is an amusing story relating to cats. Mary Hall Leonard writes in Our Dumb Animals:

When Napoleon was defeated by the English at Waterloo, in 1815, he was sentenced to exile at the island of St. Helena, where he finally died, May 15, 1821. Just before the ex-emperor and his escort were embarked at Plymouth—so the story runs—a curious hand-bill was circulated up and down the old Rows of Chester. It stated, in effect, that the island of St. Helena had been found to be dreadfully infested with rats; that his majesty's ministers had determined that it should be forthwith cleared of these obnoxious animals; and that an agent had been appointed to purchase such cats and kittens as could be secured for this purpose. All citizens who had cats that they were willing to sell were invited to bring them to the market place, where the purchase would be made.

At the time appointed the staid old town of Chester presented a curious appearance. The streets were filled with a hurrying crowd carrying cats or baskets from which issued fearful noises. As the crowd grew denser and the people jostled against each other the cat exchange grew louder. And as the people themselves grew excited by the din, they also grew quarrelsome. At last they dropped their burdens in the effort to extricate themselves and an indiscriminate scrimmage was the result.

Then the boys of Chester, who were as fond of amusement as American boys would be, opened the sacks and baskets, and several thousand of frightened and angry cats rushed squalling and scratching through the streets of the city. The excited citizens opened their windows to see what was the matter, and in rushed the cats, breaking china, overturning furniture and making a general uproar.

Then the people, roused to vengeance, joined in a defensive warfare against the disturbing felines, and in the morning the bodies of some hundreds of cats were floating down the river.

Why Cobb Is in Demand.

Irving Cobb is back in New York from his Ossining—near Sing Sing prison—farm for the winter speaking season in New York. Cobb has on an average of fifty invitations a week to be the chief speaker at dull banquets. He settles on about two.

It is said that these constant requests are what drove him to leave his Riverside Drive apartment for the country. At a luncheon recently he told of a laborer on a railroad disputing the right of way with a limited. As Cobb expressed it he was a "total loss."

A claim agent scurried to the widow and pressed five \$100 bills in her hands and had her sign on the dotted lines. The next week she blossomed out in gay widow weeds and met a friend:

"Many so shorley must be lonesome with Jim gone."

"Indeed I is."

"Gwine to get hitched again."

"I dunno. Railroad men don't have much time for co'tin and I don't want no other kind of a man."

Sixteen New American Cities.

Some idea of the vast extent of the work involved in building cantonments for the new national army is given in the following paragraph from Edward Hungerford's "The Camps of the First Half Million." In Everybody's:

"Sixteen new cities for America! Sixteen cities, each of the size of Easton, Pa., or Elmira, N. Y., or Kalamazoo, Mich.; each built to a definite and fairly common plan, and all completed within from 100 to 120 days. Here, then, was some slight measure of the problem. To measure it in still another way, consider the building of a community of wood eagle in population to Cleveland or Pittsburgh or St. Louis; then the division of that great town into sixteen separate communities or cantonments—an average of one for each three states—and spread all the way across the face of the land from the commonwealth of Massachusetts to the state of Washington."

Oldest European Royalty.

Though the late Emperor Francis Joseph was the oldest reigning sovereign in Europe, he was not the oldest royalty, says London Tit-Bits. The Empress Eugenie is four years older, while the Dowager Grand Duchess of Mecklenburg-Strelitz, the grandmother of the grand duke, is eight years older. Thus the last surviving grandchild of George III was the oldest royalty in Europe. The elder sister of the late Duke of Cambridge, and consequently the aunt of Queen Mary of England, it was June 28, 1943, that her marriage took place at Buckingham palace. She received an annuity of \$15,000 a year from the British exchequer, which, being paid since for the period of seventy-three years, would amount to the tidy sum of \$1,095,000. But when the war broke out it was announced that the annuity, as the lady was living in Germany, would be stopped.

NORTH POLE FEAST

Starving Men of Kane's Arctic Expedition Dined on Seal.

Members of Party Trembling With Anxiety When True Aim of Rifleman Ended the Crisis.

Some one has estimated that in the century-long effort to reach the North pole 400 lives and 200 ships were lost. One of the earlier expeditions was the one led by Doctor Kane in 1853, consisting of 19 men. The account of their hardships as told in "The Siege and Conquest of the North Pole," by George Bryce, is almost incredible, relates the Youth's Companion. Scurvy and the bitter cold made the sunless arctic winter of 140 days a continuous and horrible nightmare.

Their brig, Advance, was frozen into the great ice pack, which even the returning sun of summer could not loosen. With scanty supplies they were compelled to spend a second dreary winter in the arctic, during which several of the party succumbed to sickness and exposure. In June, when their provisions were virtually gone, a narrow channel opened, and the survivors, manning two small boats, fought their way southward. Starvation quickly weakened their efforts, but at that desperate crisis they sighted food—a seal. Doctor Kane thus describes the incident:

"It was an ursuk, and so large that I at first mistook it for a walrus. Trembling with anxiety, we prepared to crawl down upon it. We stationed Peterson, with the large English rifle, in the bow, and drew stockings over the oars as mufflers. As we neared the animal, our excitement became so intense that the men could hardly keep stroke. I had a set of signals for such occasions that spared us the use of the voice; and when we were about 300 yards off, the bars were taken in, and we moved in dead silence with a single scull astern."

"The seal was asleep, for it reared its head when we were almost within rifle shot, and to this day I can remember the hard, careworn, almost despairing expression of the men's thin faces as they saw it move; their lives depended on its capture."

"I depressed my hand nervously as a signal for Peterson to fire. The boat, noiselessly sagging ahead, seemed to me within certain range. Looking at Peterson, I saw that the poor fellow was paralyzed by his anxiety; he was trying vainly to obtain a rest for his gun against the cutwater of the boat. The seal rose on its fore flippers, gazing at us for a moment with frightened curiosity, and coiled itself for a plunge. At that instant, simultaneously with the crack of the rifle it relaxed its length on the ice, and at the very brink of the water fell helpless to one side."

"With a wild yell the men urged both boats upon the fies. A crowd of hands seized the seal and bore it up to safer ice. The men seemed half crazy. I had not realized how much we were reduced by absolute famine. They ran over the ice crying and laughing and brandishing their knives. It was not five minutes before every man was sucking his bloody fingers or mouthing long strips of raw blubber."

"Not an ounce of the seal was lost. The intestines found their way into the soup kettles; the cartilaginous parts of the fore flippers were cut off and passed around to be chewed upon; and even the liver, warm and raw as it was, bade fair to be eaten before it had seen the pot. That night, on the large halting-foe, to which, in contempt of the dangers of drifting, we happy men had hauled our boats, two entire planks were devoted to a grand cooking fire, and we enjoyed a rare and savage feast."

Art and Science.

In a recent number of the Bookman William Lyon Phelps thus sets forth the advantage a work of art possesses over a scientific book: "A great work of art is never old-fashioned; because it expresses in final form some truth about human nature, and human nature never changes. In comparison with its primal elements, the mountains are ephemeral. A drama dealing with the impalpable human soul is more likely to stay true than a treatise on geology. This is the notable advantage works of art have over works of science, the advantage of being and remaining true. No matter how important the contribution of scientific books, they are alloyed with inevitable error, and after the death of their authors must be constantly revised by lesser men, improved by smaller minds, whereas the masterpieces of poetry, drama and fiction can not be revised because they are always true. The latest edition of a work of science is the most valuable; and in literature, the earliest."

Praying Soldier Rewarded.

Saying one's prayers at night hurts no one, but it makes a person of strong character to perform that act of piety on some occasions, relates a writer in the Pathfinder. Of such stuff is one of the young soldiers at Camp Meade, Maryland. Every night he knelt and prayed and every night did other soldiers in nearby camps openly ridicule and jeer him. The captain of the company overheard the scoffers one night and administered to them a lecture that they aren't likely to forget. A few days later the young man who was not afraid to stand up for his convictions was made sergeant of the company.

NO NEW COAT FOR BINDLE

Moths Play Leading Role in Seasonable Tragedy, All in Favor of the Lucky Wife.

"I wonder whether I must wear that last winter's coat again this season," mused Bindle as he dragged the trunk out of the closet and into the light of day.

"I am afraid you will!" exclaimed Mrs. Bindle. "That's a perfectly good coat. I don't remember seeing you in one that looked nicer on you. It always had such stylish lines. It made you look so boyish, don't you know?" "No, I don't know," replied Bindle sadly. "I had my eye on one of those new fashioned military effects—with the belt attached and all that."

"Why, my dear!" said Mrs. Bindle, "a man in civil life has no excuse for trying to look like a drum major. If he wants a military cut, there is just one place to do it."

"I get you!" said Bindle. "And if I have to wear that last year's overcoat again, I'd just as soon join the army—a whole lot sooner."

Bindle raised the lid of the trunk and fell back in astonishment.

"Look! Wife, come quick!" he shouted. "Ah, here is some of your efficiency for you. Gaze downward at this thriving moth village in our little trunk of winter things. How did this happen?"

"Don't know. Can't see how a moth got in—the trunk was locked."

"One of 'em had a key, I suppose," said Bindle. "Didn't I tell you last fall to put some tobacco in the trunk for the moths?"

"Yes, dear, but I wasn't sure of the kind of tobacco they liked. You didn't say whether smoking or chewing."

"There you are," said Bindle, bringing forth a near-seal coat of his wife's from the depths. "Your best garment shot full of holes. I figured that coat would last you for the next seven years. That's what you said when you bought it."

"But there is a new style on the market this year! I'm just as well pleased that the moths made merry with this one. I really want a coat of the new aviator model."

Each time that Bindle came up for air he brought something else that the moths had feasted on. Mrs. Bindle's two winter suits were peek-a-boos. Her sweater jackets and sport coats were reduced to skeletonized form. The last thing to come out of the ill-fated trunk was Bindle's last winter's overcoat. He held it up—perfect!

"Thank goodness for that!" cried Mrs. Bindle. "I'm so glad it was my things those awful moths ate instead of yours, Meredith. I'll have to get an entire new outfit and you, lucky boy, can wear that coat another season."—Chicago News.

Youngsters Love Soldiers.

The old saying that "all the world loves a lover" might be changed these military days to "every kid loves a soldier," or his uniform, at least. Just watch the little boys and girls as a soldier passes. Those admiring glances would not be bestowed on a "slacker." Here are two cases in point, cites the Indianapolis News:

"I jus' lov on soders," said three-year-old Charles Ulrich, son of Fred Ulrich, Big Four agent at Shelbyville, as he entwined his arms about the neck of Sergeant Ross Reed, of Greensburg. Reed, with several Decatur county soldiers from Camp Taylor, were on the way to Greensburg, by way of Shelbyville, and the sergeant after buying a ticket had leaned up against the railing of the ticket office when the three-year-old hugged him.

A second illustration occurred when Sergeant Reed reached Greensburg on the way to his parents' home. He was confronted by a tiny soldierly figure that saluted with all the grace and courtesy of a trained soldier. The sergeant exchanged the salute, and then learned the tribute had been paid by six-year-old Henry Jerman, son of Prof. E. J. Jerman, superintendent of Greensburg's city schools.

Why They Stopped.

One morning recently the children of the Indianapolis Orphans' home were assembled in the auditorium. They were patriotic and started to sing "The Finest Flag That Flies." Their leader and pianist had them sing the first verse. They did that so well she asked for the second stanza. They started. Suddenly every child stopped—not a sound escaped their lips. The leader, very much surprised and chagrined at the sudden, unexpected silence, said, "What is the matter?"

In one accord they replied, "We can't sing that next line."

She looked at the words and the next line read, "Dear old Germany." "Certainly not," she told them, "we will leave that entire stanza out." She had not thought of finding anything like that in an American flag song. It had been written before the world war.—Indianapolis News.

Get Oil From Grain.

A discovery by Germans is that for extracting oil in quantity from grain. By a process resembling degerminating, a small germ resembling a hen's egg in composition, designed for the nutriment of the young plant, is extracted. Distilled, this germ yields a very good table oil, and at the same time a raw ingredient for margarine and an aluminous powder, which latter contains three and one-half times the nourishment of meat. Twenty grammes are equal to one egg, and already it has been put to use as an egg substitute. All large mills in Germany have introduced degermination, and the germs are being turned into oil, and albumin powder.

BIG AIR DRAGONS

Craft of the Future Will Be Armored Dreadnaughts.

Winged Fighters Promise to Be Developed Much the Same as That of Naval Construction.

The fighting airplanes of the future will grow larger and larger. They will soon become the dreadnaught of the air. The development, writes a Washington correspondent, will be much the same as that of naval construction. This is the prediction of a government expert. It is based on the brief report from London telling of the construction by Germany of metal-inclosed battleplanes, which Germany is building to meet Americans in the air.

"From the outset I have been convinced that the United States should devote much of its genius and constructive ability to the development of a powerful fighting airplane," he said. "Germany may be building a sort of aerial armor-clad, but the Kaiser will have no monopoly in this respect."

"My judgment is that development of an effective fighting force in the air will follow much the same line as naval construction. In modern navies, in fact, in all navies of history, the heavy ship of the line, which could take and give the most punishment was the backbone of the fleet. This will be true of the airplane flotilla of the future."

All of the allied nations now are building much heavier battleplanes. This tendency will increase. At all times there must be light and exceptionally fast scout machines, just as we must have scout cruisers also. Large and speedy battle cruisers also may be a development of the immediate future, but the slower and more stable machine with a real punch, the airplane that can give and receive a maximum of punishment and still remain aloft must be the backbone of the aerial fighting forces of the future."

The most powerful airplanes which have been seen in this country are the Caproni biplanes and triplanes at the Langley flying field, Newport News, Va. The big Handley Page battle planes turned out by Great Britain also have great carrying power and are capable of a large measure of destructive work. It is predicted that these powerful flying machines will soon give place to planes of far greater capacity and capable of withstanding a veritable broadside in a sky battle.

The new American Liberty motor continues to meet every test to which it is subjected.

Poetry a Requisite.

"If poetry could be in an instant swept not merely out of print, but out of language and tradition, there would be babel indeed, writes Brian Hooker in the Century Magazine. We should go about isolated each one from each by a chaos of misunderstanding, with no more communication than we could improvise out of intellectual terms. We could suggest nothing, connect nothing, say nothing but what we could define. The practical reality of that loss one may measure by our proverbial ignorance of certain savages and oriental races whose poetry is alien to our own. Nor is that all; for poetry is not alone our common repository of past experience, but to a degree far greater than we realize our source of present action. There is no need more than to remind any observer of human nature that mankind acts rather upon passion than upon conviction. Brutus demonstrated his point in prose; it was a poetic appeal that made the stones of Rome to rise and mutiny. We define and determine and decide, and still do nothing, but when we begin to feel, something is done."

Tommy's "Manx" Shirt.

A pretty V. A. D. nurse who officiates in the linen closet of one of London's big military hospitals, according to a correspondent, relates this enlivening tale:

A few days ago—fresh raiment was served out to a number of newly arrived Tommies who were in need of it. Suddenly one of the men said: "Say, nurse, what do they call cats that haven't any tails?"

"Why, those are Manx cats," replied the unsuspecting nurse.

"Well, then," said the Tommy, "you've given me a Manx shirt."

Girls As Army Dentists.

Should the Preparedness League of American Dentists accept the offer of services from seventy-five young women students of Columbia university, says the New York Herald. Army recruits soon may have their teeth looked over by young women dentists.

The young women, having completed the course in oral hygiene at Columbia, are fully qualified dental hygienists and each has a license to practice this brand new profession. The young women want to clean the teeth of the soldiers before they go to camp.

As the Tanks Appear.

Imagine a big mechanism that seems to have a malign life of its own, transcending human management. Impervious to human attack, imagine a giant caterpillar the size of a small house, a caterpillar whose skin is steel and whose eyes are death and spouting cannon. Imagine this monster crawling down upon you, immune from everything but the rare direct hit of a big shell; able to climb, delighting to amble into and out of holes, implacable, relentless, fatal—such is a British war tank.—Exchange.

POSTAL SERVICE IS BETTER

Improvement Throughout the Country in Conduct of Business Is Noted by the Department.

Officials of the post office department claim that it has been proved that the service rendered to the people of the country at post offices has been greatly improved, notes a Washington correspondent, and they substantiate this claim by the diminishing number of complaints that are received and by expressions of approval in the press and elsewhere. In the department, it is also pointed out, correspondence with postmasters is conducted with more facility and expedition than formerly, and the reports of post office inspectors, as well as statements furnished by the auditor of the department indicate that the ability of postmasters to conduct their post offices satisfactorily to the public and to the department is greater than it has been at any time in the past.

The increased efficiency of postmasters has been due, it is asserted, not only to the care exercised in their selection, but also to the kind and amount of service required of them. No postmaster has been permitted to regard his position as a sinecure, but all postmasters have been required to devote not less than eight hours of the day to their official duties and to assume the active direction of the postal operations committed to their charge. Wide discretion has been granted postmasters in the arrangement and adjustment of their facilities to meet local needs and demands for service, but complete subordination and co-operation has been required with respect to the important general policies of the department and the specific directions issued for standardizing the methods of work and organization in post offices. The department has not hesitated to remove such postmasters as have failed, after appointment, to measure up to the required standard of efficiency and performance.

It is stated that practically all postmasters of the fourth class now serving have been appointed as a result of competitive civil service tests. The service in small communities throughout the country has been benefited by the impartial selection of the most competent persons available to serve as postmasters, and by the appointment of those persons in accordance with procedure which makes the civil service status of each unquestionable.

Girl's Hat Halts Traffic.

Old Boreas is no respecter of persons, especially near the tall buildings. Besides showing the male portion all the latest designs in hosiery, he not infrequently steals the crown covering of some fair one who is negotiating a crossing. That is what he did recently, but at the same time there was an exhibition of chivalry, which showed that it was not buried under knight-hood passed away. At one of the Broadway corners, notes a New York correspondent, where traffic is exceptionally heavy, a gust of wind caught in a young lady who was crossing the street and caused it to roll merrily past a car and close to the hoofs of a passing team, before the warning hand of the big bluecoat guardian had been raised all traffic was voluntarily halted and he was given opportunity to rescue the undamaged piece of millinery and return it to its embarrassed but grateful owner. A wave of the cop's arm and every vehicle continued its journey, which had been momentarily halted by the girl's mishap. All of which proves that the days of chivalry are still with us.

Allies Cheerfully Furnished.

There are tricks even in the sailor boy's trade. Consider the one of this young man whose war vessel is anchored somewhere near New York. He came into a hotel in West Forty-second street one night at 3 o'clock, writes a New York correspondent, the clerk pushed the register around and the seaman signed his name. He did not speak. He took his room key and went to his room. Next morning at 11 o'clock he came downstairs in a rage. To the clerk he told the story of having left a call for 5 o'clock, and of not having been called. Then to the manager he rushed. "I have not been called by your clerk, and I am six hours late reporting at my post of duty. It is the fault of the hotel and I demand a written letter from you, the manager, to the commander of my ship, saying the blame is yours, that I was not called when I should have been." The manager didn't even smile. He knew the sailor's game, and hurriedly dashed off a letter, assuming all blame for the young patriot's failure to arrive at his post on time.

The Sound of Guns.

Conflicting statements have been made from time to time as to the distance at which the guns can be heard. On a still night, when an easterly breeze is prevailing I have heard the dull thud quite distinctly in South London, observes a writer in the London Chronicle. It is this disquieting sound, not less than the din of an occasional air raid, which gives Londoners an idea how near the conflict really is. Now records are being prepared which show the extent of the distance at which the guns are heard. Scientists at University college declare they can be distinguished at a range of 200 miles. This would include places like Warwick, Hull, Cromer, Brighton and Weymouth. Sound travels at a rate of about 1,000 feet a second, so that the sound of the guns in Flanders reaches London about twelve and a half minutes after the explosions occur.