

The Judge:- He Prefers to Be Half-Shot than All Shot — By M.B.



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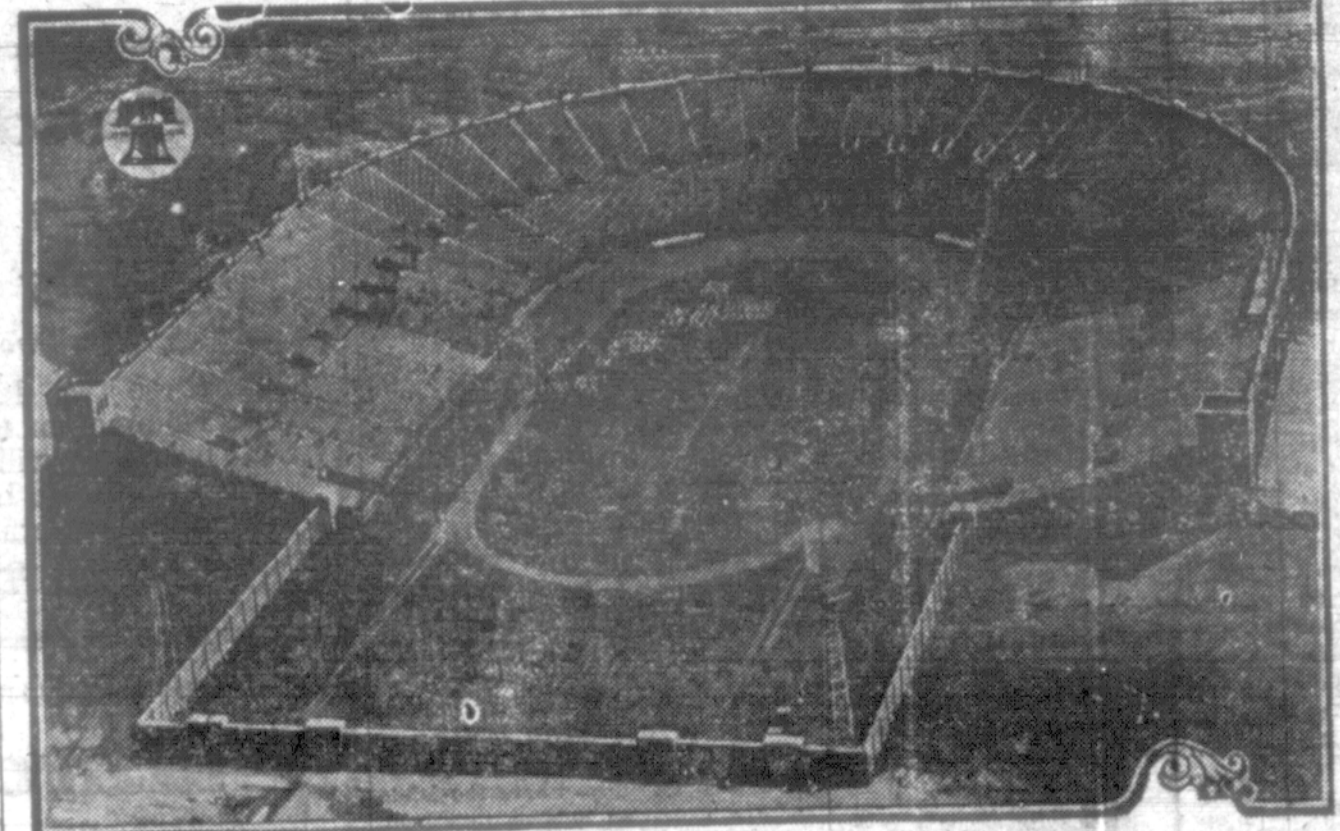
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GREAT SESQUI STADIUM OPENED AT PHILADELPHIA



The giant arena in the centre of the Sesqui-Centennial International Exposition site in Philadelphia was built in approximately 300 working days. It was completed and in use a month before the opening of the big exposition which celebrates the 150th anniversary of the signing of the Declaration of Independence. This photograph, made from the air, shows nearly 3,000 boys on the playing field, massed there for the dedicatory exercises on May 1 which formally opened the structure. In the stands are seated 10,000 persons watching the program. A group of 10,000 persons is a large crowd but they are only a "drop in the bucket" in the big Philadelphia stadium. The boys paraded onto the field to the accompaniment of fourteen bands and there went through their drills and athletic exercises for the benefit of city officials and parents.

In Memory Park

By DOROTHY DOUGLAS

Doreen looked wistfully at the lovely face reflected in her mirror and wished with all her faithful heart that she might be going to meet the sweetheart she had lost in the war. Instead she was going to Memory park to meet his spirit and join in the little kind of loving service that was held often in the small park that was a memorial to the men of the town who had found their great cross on the battlefield.

"Mother," she said as she drew on her gloves, "I can't understand why my trees won't grow. This makes the sixth I have planted in memory of Bob; and now it is dying. There's not another tree in the park that has been so unlucky."

"It certainly is strange, dear—I don't understand, either. You have put in fir, silver birch, and that lovely tulip tree—it isn't as if you hadn't tried all kinds. Perhaps—" but Mrs. Lorne refrained from expressing what was in her mind. She kissed her daughter with added warmth. "I do wish, dearie, you could love again—it will be so lonely for you."

But Doreen shook her head. "There never could be another man in my life, mother mine. I loved Bob with all my soul and body."

Doreen went along to Memory park, which was perhaps as lovely a memorial to heroes as any the world could show.

The mayor of the town and his wife had given the two acres in memory of their boy, others a fine hedge. There was nothing in the beautiful park that did not bear a small tablet and yet so inconspicuously done as to call for close inspection.

Doreen alone seemed to have failed. Each year at planting time she had put in a tree and each one had died, either slowly or at once.

"I will have to put in a carved stone bench," she told herself as she saw that her latest tree had browned and withered. She turned from the dying tree with tears in her eyes to meet Captain Dingle who had come to talk

with the group of townspeople gathered there. Every six months they held a little circle in the park in the artistic rustic pavilion which was dedicated to twin brothers who had fallen. And each time an ex-service man came to talk to them about the aftermath of war and the many interesting occupations and lives carrying on so bravely.

"Captain Dingle," said Doreen softly, "I suppose many of our boys are far better off having passed on than some of those who are trying to earn a living under stress of weakened nerves and maimed bodies."

"Very much better," he told her, and his eyes shadowed. "It took a deal of courage to face the guns, but it has taken a great deal more to face the world as it is and strive for a living. In England," he continued, "I met men who should be wearing the Victoria Cross and all other decorations for sheer pluck in fighting tragic odds. There is one American chap—I shall never forget him, who has been blinded. He was reported killed—and has let it go at that."

"That boy," said Captain Dingle, "was reported killed and all I could say to him, every persuasion known to mankind has failed to unseat his lips. In the set of his lips and the twinkle over his face—I know—well, Miss Lorne—I know that the light of the world has been taken from him—not the eyes—but," Captain Dingle faltered in trying to express himself to this beautiful girl.

"Captain Dingle," said Doreen breathlessly, "take me to the sandy-haired boy—he's my boy—my own Bob—I know it. Please take me to him."

The journey was arranged swiftly and Doreen arrived in London as if on the wings of dawn. She knew now why her trees would not grow. They were telling her that Bob was not dead.

Captain Dingle took her to the big workshop where the man who called himself John Wade was handling tools with an efficiency and surety that belied his sightless eyes. When the door opened he turned toward the sound and his tools dropped from him and he stood up.

"Doreen! Doreen!"

"Bobby—Bobby—oh, my precious," she dug across the room and into his

arms. A great sob shook her as his arms closed in a giant grip about her. His lips went down against her neck.

Captain Dingle closed the door softly behind him and choked down the great hard lump in his throat. As he went along the corridor he tried to whistle a tune.

And inside the room Doreen had slipped down on her knees and was clinging to the only man she would ever love.

"It's the only selfish thing you ever did to me, Bobby," she said, when she could summon a voice. "You're coming right back to America with me and you'll have to love me enough to make up for these six years that you have robbed me of—six long years that we might have had together."

The man, however, was not listening to the exact words his loved one was saying, but from his lips came a whisper of awe and intense gratitude. "The light that shineth in darkness—I thank Thee for this Thy greatest light."

AMERICAN YOUTH CANDIDATE



Miss Helen F. Dodge of Pennsylvania, holder of a Carnegie medal for heroism, has been nominated as a candidate for the American Youth Award established by the directors of the Sesqui-Centennial International Exposition, which is to be held in Philadelphia from June 1 to December 1 in celebration of 150 years of American Independence. Miss Dodge, the daughter of George H. Dodge of 5944 Walton avenue, Philadelphia, jumped into the Toms River at Ocean Gate, N. J., fully dressed, and, while having use of only one arm, saved the life of a drowning girl.

First 24 Hours of Life Baby's Hardest Time

By MARIE K. JOHNSON

Undernourishment is one of the most common of the causes of infant mortality, according to a survey recently undertaken in Chicago. Statistics show that of 4,522 babies under one year of age that died in 12 months, 988 died in the first 24 hours.

Eight hundred and seventy-six died in the first six days, exclusive of the first 24 hours, and 1,798 died from the seventh day to the sixth month. Eight hundred and sixty died in the last six months of the year. The survey indicated that a surprisingly large number of infants are artificially fed, which condition, doctors agree, had a marked bearing on their undernourished conditions. Naturally, no one food may prove satisfactory in every case, although the survey showed that evaporated milk in many cases had proved an excellent substitute for mother's milk. This may be explained by reason of the fact that evaporated milk is simply pure, concentrated cow's milk from which 80 per cent of the water has been removed. It contains practically every element necessary for good health and is consequently an excellent builder of bone and tissue.

Although authorities on health recommend evaporated milk as a baby food, like other substitutes for the natural supply, it should not be considered as a food complete in itself. Addition of orange or tomato juice, barley water or lime water is important in providing adequate diet for the infant.

For babies, milk of dependable purity is essential. Market milk will not keep for any length of time and is also liable to contamination, especially in hot weather, while evaporated milk, hermetically sealed in sterilized containers, remains as fresh and pure as on the day it was canned.

Sterility in evaporated milk, authorities agree, is one of the most important points in its favor. In processing, evaporated milk is subjected to 240 degrees heat for a half hour, thereby removing all possibility of bacterial life being present in the milk. Heat is the only preservative for this type of milk and the heat has the further beneficial effect of making the curds of milk more flocculent and easier to digest.

Conversation
The secret of being agreeable in conversation has been described as being honorable to the ideas of others. There are people who evidently only half listen to you because they are considering, even while you speak, with what fine words, what wealth of wit, they will reply, and they begin to speak almost before your sentence has died upon your lips. These people may be brilliant, witty, dazzling, but never can they be agreeable. You do not love to talk to them. You feel that they are impatient for their turn to come, and that they have no hospitality toward your thoughts, none of that gentle friendliness which asks your ideas and makes much of it.

Good Lesson
The teacher was giving the class a lecture on honesty. "Now, then," he said, pointing to a boy in the back row, "suppose a friend lent you his overcoat, and, putting it on, you found in one of the pockets a quarter which your friend had completely forgotten. You wouldn't keep that quarter, would you?"

"Certainly not," said the teacher.

"That's right," said the teacher.

"What would you do?"

"I would spend it."

Learning Improves Mind.
The mind of man is improved by learning and reflection, and is left farward by the pleasurable enjoyment of the eye and ear.

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Part of Japan Uninhabitable.
The total area of the Japanese archipelago is 148,750 square miles and the total area of the empire, with Korea and all other possessions, is 280,738 square miles, with a population of 50,745,000. The population of the Japanese possessions is more than 77,000,000. A considerable portion of Japan is uninhabitable, which accounts for some of the congestion in certain parts.

Reports show that the cost of living is on the down grade. Consumers hope the end is not yet.

After a man has been a mail train bandit long enough to become expert apparently he gets careless.

Russia is said to have a poets' union with 7,000 members. That explains what is the matter with Russia.



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ONE thousand and thirty of Chicago's 11,785 auto accidents last year, according to the Stewart-Warner Safety Council for the prevention of automobile accidents, occurred between five and six o'clock, just when congestion is at its worst in the home-going rush. Only 47 of these 1,000 accidents were fatal.

Four o'clock is the children's zero hour. Thirty-three of the 182 children killed by autos in Chicago last year came to grief at four o'clock, playing in the streets after school.

Seven to nine is the dangerous time for adult auto fatalities, according to Chicago's 1924 record. Eighty-six of 253 such deaths occurred around the theater-going hours.