

AFRO-AMERICAN CULLINGS

The president's proclamation... speaking interest in the exposition at Richmond organized under the auspices of the Negro Historical and Industrial association...

The display at Richmond represented less than half a century of building along the lines of intelligent system and study. For not until a few years after the war closed did the Negro get fairly started on the road to individual effort and thrift...

The Negro is in America to stay. All the shallow outgivings of futile dreamers and selfish schemers about deportation have ceased. Neither the intelligent Negro nor the intelligent white man was misled...

Reference, of course, is to the Negro who respects himself and solicits by his conduct the respect of his white neighbors. When he does his duty by himself he does it by others; and here he sees himself able to command the sympathy and recognition of the highest official of the government...

Some idea of the abounding good will of the people of Alabama toward the Tuskegee Normal and Industrial Institute, located in the Black belt of Alabama, is found in the fact that each year finds large crowds of prominent white visitors from surrounding villages and the larger cities of the state attending the annual commencement exercises...

There were more than a hundred of these important business and professional men, with their families, and it was probably the first time in the history of the South that two such important white organizations have paid honor to a Negro institution by attending the commencement exercises in a body.

As has been often pointed out, every man has his little distinction. John Klopfer hasn't the back of his neck shaved in 30 years.

A record of Negro progress is given in the new Negro Year Book for 1914-15, a volume of over 400 pages. We learn here from the best of the figures of Dr. H. K. Carroll of the Federal Council of Churches and of the census bureau, that there are 38,300 Negro churches in the United States, with 4,250,000 members, and 1,740,000 Sunday school scholars...

The census bureau is about to issue a bulletin on Negroes. We are told it indicates that there has been an increased tendency among them toward home ownership, a marked increase in the percentage of school attendance, a pronounced decrease in the percentage of illiteracy, a decrease in the mortality rate, and an increase in the proportion of church attendance.

A boycott of French, English and Belgian goods is being proposed in the Vienna papers, and most of the foreign signs in front of the shops are being replaced by German inscriptions. A permanent purification of the language in this respect is being urged.

Arthur Wardwell of Skobogan, Me., is said to have the largest elm tree in the country. It measures 18 feet in circumference, more than 75 feet in height and the branches spread nearly 90 feet.

Probably the finest work of art ever exhibited in our town is the picture Jab Woodcock painted of the rubber plantation in Central America in which he holds stock.

In the absence of the usual sugar supply from Germany, the British board of trade is trying to foster the new industry in England.

Of the 1,000,000 men in the United States, more than 100,000 are in the military service.

The White House issued the following proclamation, signed by President Wilson, heartily commending the Negro National exposition held in Richmond. It follows:

By the President of the United States of America.

A PROCLAMATION. A national exposition in commemoration of the achievements of the Negro race during the last fifty years will be held in Richmond, Va., July 5 to 25, 1915. The occasion has been recognized as of national importance by congress through an appropriation of \$55,000 to aid in its promotion and consummation...

In witness whereof, I have hereunto set my hand and caused the seal of the United States to be affixed.

Done at the city of Washington this 1st day of July, in the year of our Lord one thousand nine hundred and fifteen, and of the Independence of the United States of America the one hundred and thirty-ninth.

WOODROW WILSON. Secretary of State.

A clinic for colored mothers was organized at the Children's Homeopathic hospital, Franklin and Thompson streets, Philadelphia, and the initial lecture was delivered by Mrs. Margaret Simon, the superintendent of social work at the hospital. So great has been the attendance at the weekly lectures for mothers on Friday afternoons that the hospital was obliged to establish two additional clinics—one on Wednesdays for the mothers of sick babies and the third for colored mothers and babies.

The attendance was larger than the nurses had provided for. Colored women from all parts of the city, and even from Chester, Camden, Haddonfield and other places, came and all had at least one baby; some of them as many as three. There was probably never a brighter lot of babies at the clinic, according to the attendant nurses, and certainly never a better-dressed set of infants. The interest of the mothers was so intent that the physicians regard this clinic as one of the most promising in the city.

Mrs. Simon gave the mothers an informal talk, telling them of the purposes of the clinic and the advantage to be derived from attending it regularly and following the instruction given for the care of the babies. She explained the fundamental care of the babies, giving them plenty of food, easily digested food, proper exercises and allowing them plenty of water, and warned the mothers against "dope" remedies.

Emancipation day was celebrated by the Negroes of Houston and Harris county Saturday, June 19, with a street parade of decorated floats and exercises and entertainment at Emancipation park. The celebration this year, in the opinion of those in charge, eclipsed those of former years. At a meeting Friday night a number of additional decorated floats were entered for the parade. A resolution in honor of Hubert, Miller, Martiner, Sweat, Crawford and Gilmore was read at the meeting.

The celebration lasted three days. A number of orations were delivered at the park and the Emancipation proclamation was read. The Los Angeles municipal markets, established last year, are said to have met the approval of householders to such an extent that 25,000 people on market days come with their own baskets to carry their purchases home.

Eph Wiley, who has followed the incidents of the war closely, says an ignorant man is one who gets his information from the news sent out of Petrograd. When writing, Confucius used a small brush, like a camel-hair brush, for a pen, and so did his ancestors for centuries before his time. The reed came into use for writing in the marshy countries of the Orient. It was hollow and cut in short lengths.

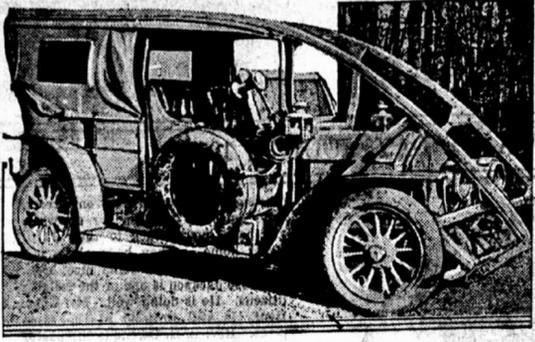
Greece is practically without home industries, says a consular report, and because of the outbreak of the war any first-class article of American manufacture could be sold there now if properly brought to the attention of the buyers.

Jamaica produces a great variety of hardwood trees. Lists of these trees, classified according to the suitability of the timbers (113 in all), have been printed in a bulletin issued by the department of agriculture.

"Bass" Hopswood is one of those who brooded upon the theory that unless one opens his mouth the people won't know he owns a car.

Artificial eyes were invented by a man in the sixteenth century.

CAR CUTS WIRE ENTANGLEMENTS



Barbed wire entanglements have no terror for French military autos. The French war office equipped many of the cars with sharp steel rails, which are able to cut through any wire obstructions that the enemy may place along the road.

AMERICAN BOY IN FOREIGN LEGION WRITES OF WAR

Takes Part in Terrific Fighting at La Targette, Near Souchez.

HIS COMPANY BADLY CUT UP Walks 18 Miles Every Night to Dig Trenches Only 250 Yards From the German Lines—Says War is Ainine Waste.

New York.—When Russell Kelly, twenty-two years old, son of a New York attorney and for a while a student at Virginia Military institute, got the war fever last fall he took a job on a cattle boat, worked his way to Bordeaux and enlisted in the famous French Foreign Legion.

In recent letters home he tells of taking part in terrific fighting at La Targette, near Souchez, and not far from the celebrated labyrinth. His company was badly cut up, but he escaped with a bad bruise on the forehead caused by the vacuum of a great shell which passed a few inches from his head. Under date of May 29, he writes:

"After our attack of May 9-10 we went to the rear, about ten miles from the front, and were reorganized. We needed it, as I understand more than half of the regiment were either killed or wounded. The general reviewed us and distributed five military medals. Captain Van Killed. 'The recruits came up from Valbonne and Lyon, so we are ready to go back. We have a new captain in place of the one who was killed. The one we lost was a very game man; he led us without a sword or any side arms, using only his swagger stick. Our new captain is a Swede. Many German prisoners have passed us lately; one day as many as 800 went by; they looked well. By a strange coincidence the same Bavarian troops who have faced us in Champagne are against us here, and yesterday we recognized among the prisoners a man who deserted from us in Champagne, I guess it is all over with him; it should be."

"You remember in my letter from Lyon I spoke about three brothers from Argentine, and how inseparable they were? Well, they are inseparable in death, as they were killed side by side.

No Convulsions. "After leaving, our trenches and crossing the Germans', which were battered to pieces by the bombardment, our first stop was in the shelter of a road. Here the good-looking Italian, the fellow who hit me with the brick in the scrap I wrote about, became reckless and tried to survey the landscape. He was killed instantly by a bullet through the heart. No convulsive tossing of the arms one reads about or sees in the movies; he just sank down and it was all over. Soon after we left this position, his chum, the other Italian, was shot through the leg. There was absolutely no ill-feeling between us on account of our scrap.

Regular Ty Cobb Slide. "We advance by sections. When the order comes we jump up and, carrying the sack as a shield, run about 100 feet, and talk about Ty Cobb sliding into second base. It isn't a circumstance to the way I hit the grit, and what a strain to the nerves, waiting for our turn to advance again, fellows all around being hit. In a couple of cases I have seen men lifted from the ground, so hard were they hit. One fellow very near me got hit and began to squeal. Almost immediately a second bullet hit him and he made for the rear on all fours, crying like a baby. "Field was full of such sights; but compared to the shells the bullets are nothing; give me most anything but an artillery bombardment. Shortly after we gained the crest of the hill their artillery came up and began firing on us; it was terrible. The way those shells would tear by and dig a hole five feet deep was enough for the most solid nerves. At nightfall we in-

GERMANY'S MACHINE GUNS

Kaiser's Army Had a Stock of Fifty Thousand of Them When the War Began. British Headquarters, France.—It is almost impossible to exaggerate the importance of the German strength in machine guns, which they use with the greatest skill and courage. They had a stock of 50,000 on hand at the beginning of the war, and have been keeping this supply replenished constantly from their arms factories.

A favorite trick is to leave a machine gun or two hidden in a cellar or similar place of concealment until the enemy's advance has swept by and then open fire on the rear. The post of the men serving the gun is, of course, hopeless, but they are fairly certain to sell their lives dearly, continuing to fire their gun to the last. As an instance of the deadly swiftness of machine-gun fire, it is stated that a man coming under the fire of one of these weapons and shot

trenched, but were on the watch all night. "The next day their artillery opened on us and their infantry started an attack, but we stood firm and smeared them."

German Trenches Well Built. In a letter dated June 10 he says: "The German trenches are built much better than ours. Some of the huts in which the men lived were 20 feet underground. They used a great number of dirt sacks. There must be a shortage of material in Germany as these sacks were made from everything, mostly from cheap, light calico, hardly strong enough to hold the earth."

"They had an extensive system of mines and we made the attack (May 9) just in time, as Pavelka and I investigated the saps with the aid of a candle. They were all loaded and wired ready to be set off. One had been exploded; the Germans, in digging, must have lost their bearings, because the hole was actually nearer their own line than ours. They used a tremendous charge and the explosion must have been terrific, for the result reminded me of the crater of a volcano. It was easily thirty feet deep. Stench was Horrible.

"Our bombardment of May 9 played havoc with the German trenches; a great number of the roofs on the huts had fallen during the cannonading, burying alive all the occupants. Around these places the stench was horrible. "All through these trenches was evidence of heavy losses on the part of the Germans; at intervals arms and legs protruded from the walls and floors, and in all it was a gruesome journey. As a result of May 9 our line is advanced about two miles, but the Germans hold a dangerous position on the side of a large hill and it will be hard work chasing them off."

"We have been out to dig trenches and, believe me, you sure do work. Imagine getting up and working on the ground about 250 yards from the German line, with them shooting all the time! You bet the men work with a will, and it does not take them very long to get a good trench dug. Walk Nine Miles to Work. "We walk about nine miles from this town to the first line, dig a trench and walk back. We leave at 6 p. m. and get back at 5 a. m. The idea of walking nine miles to work. "There is not much left of this regiment since May 9; the Italians have just been liberated to return to their own army. Our company at present has 55 men out of a full company of 150, but we expect to be filled up with men from Ballbonne and Lyon. "Well, this war is a great game. The next person who mentions the glories of war to you jump on him with both feet. Picture the charge with the band playing and the men singing—what tommyrot. In the first place the instruments never get near the actual fighting, and in the second place, the men don't care a hang for a song. Want War to End. "We have some fun with the boxing gloves, and it is surprising to know how many good boxers there are here. The other day two zonaves turned up; they weighed about 180 pounds each and were very good. One had boxed for the amateur championship of Tunisia. They would give many professional fighters a run for the money. "We are all in the best of health and getting plenty to eat. We are unanimous in wishing for the war to end soon. Take it from me, those who clamor for war the most in the States are those who know nothing about it. War is an ainine waste and I take my hat off to Wilson and his level-headedness."

NEW YORK'S OLDEST TWINS

Two Women Will Be Rocked in Cradle of Their Babyhood on Their Birthday. Middletown, N. Y.—Mrs. J. C. Barrett of Edmonston and Mrs. Nathan V. Brand of Leonardville, who claim the distinction of being the oldest twins in the state, expect soon to celebrate their eighty-sixth birthday together with some unusual features. The cradle in which they slept as children has been preserved, and it is planned that the twins shall be rocked in it in the presence of the guests.

Raises Her Kittens in a Tree. Rich Hill, Mo.—Frank Brown, who lives eight miles southwest of here, has an old mother cat who is raising a litter of kittens in the forks of a tree 15 feet from the ground.

ART GERMAN PRISON LUXURY

Captured Soldiers Allowed to Sketch, Says Embassy Report—Canadians in Modern Barracks. London.—The official press bureau issues a report of the visits of Doctor Ohnesorg and H. Rivington Pyne of the American embassy at Berlin to the German prison camps for officers at Heidelberg, Villingen and Isgolstadt and to the camps for other prisoners at Stuttgart, Ulm, Nuernberg and Wuerzburg.

The report states that Lieut. Ernest McLurg and the Second Canadians at Heidelberg are confined to modern barracks not previously occupied by Germans. The rooms are large and the food good. The German commandant at Villingen has inaugurated daily excursions of the imprisoned officers. Bodies of fifteen or twenty at a time walk through the surrounding country in charge of a noncommissioned officer and three or four guards. Those who are able to do sketching or painting are permitted to go alone or in smaller groups with a single guard. The report emphasizes the fact that the men are all badly in need of uniforms.

FINDS BURGLARS UNDER BED

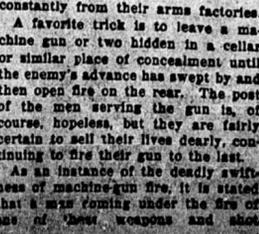
Policeman Makes Rich Haul After Jumping Through Skylight—Shot Fired at Officer. New York.—How Patrolman Thomas Weber, while off duty at night, came to pull five young men from under a bed on the top floor of the four-story white stone residence of Charles Muller, a stockbroker, at 474 West One Hundred and Forty-first street, is a simply told tale. Weber was in his home, 476 One Hundred and Forty-first street, when a neighbor told him another neighbor had seen a youth disappear through the coal hole in the sidewalk in front of the Muller home, the Mullers being in Asbury Park for the summer.

Weber went to the roof of the apartment house he lived in, and thence to the roof of the Muller home, in time not only to see the last of four young men drop through the Muller skylight, but also in time to be mistaken for a burglar by another neighbor. This neighbor fired one shot at Weber. Weber burst through the locked skylight and yanked five young men from beneath a bed. They were locked up charged with burglary.

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Couple Unable to Agree Upon Place of Residence and Divorce Follows. Chadron, O.—The echo of a want "ad" for a husband placed in a Cleveland paper early in 1911 was heard in common pleas court a few days ago, when Judge Terrence Reynolds granted Catherine Wilkes a divorce from William G. Wilkes. Wilkes answered the "ad," and nine days after their first meeting the couple were married in Cleveland, where he was a wire worker. Mrs. Wilkes claimed her husband liked the city and wouldn't stay with her on their Middlefield farm. Wilkes said he had \$4,100 when he married, that his wife took charge of his finances, and he hasn't anything but the interest in the farm.

TELLS OF WAR'S HORRORS



Through the head can be struck yet ten times more in the second or two that he takes to fall to the ground.

IMPROVE ON NATURE

Breeders Have Done Wonders With "Homing" Pigeons. For Many Years Efforts to Develop the Intellect of the Birds Have Been Made With a Success That is Remarkable.

Breeders of "homers" are altering the shape of the skull of this variety of pigeon with a view to improving the mentality of the bird. The homing pigeon hitherto has had a short, flat skull, sloping away behind. Now, as a result of selective breeding, it is acquiring an elongated cranium with a rounded dome. The improvement of its intelligence accomplished by this means is declared to be surprising. Its brain is bigger and has more room for thoughts. The "homer" is the only bird that is bred by man for the improvement of its mind. Other pigeons are propagated for color, plumage and incidental "points." Not so the homing variety. What is chiefly required of it is intelligence and memory—though, in addition, it must possess strength, endurance and swiftness of flight. It must have a big chest, with strong

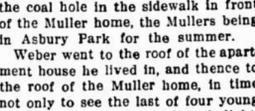
flight-muscles; also broad tail feathers, and long, broad wings. Yet another essential qualification is keen eyesight. Only a few years ago a homing flight of 500 miles in a day was thought phenomenal; today flights of 600 or even 800 miles in 24 hours are not very uncommon. In one recent instance a "homer" accomplished a flight of 1,300 miles—some days being required, however, to cover the distance. It should be understood that the pigeon flies only in the daytime, resting at night. But another important point to consider is that the bird, in flying, usually travels a far greater distance than the shortest route between the place of departure and its destination. It does much circling and makes wide detours, scanning the country over which it passes and looking for familiar landmarks to guide it. This is where memory—as well as eyesight—comes in. The bird does not find its home by "instinct," but by its remembrance of landmarks—rivers, towns and the general configuration of the terrain. The common pigeon has the impulse to fly home, but it cannot find its way thither from any great distance because it lacks the requisite intelligence and memory power. In the "homer" this impulse has been greatly strengthened through breeding—so much so, indeed, that it will leave nest and young to get back to the place where it belongs. A homing pigeon cannot be sent from its home to another place. It will fly home, and in no other direction. At first it is trained for short distances, in the neighborhood of its home. Then it is liberated at greater and increasing distances—25 miles away, 50 miles away, 100 miles away, and so on. But, for these performances, it is always shipped from home in the same direction. On a new route it would be lost. The carrier pigeon is misnamed; it is the "homer" that carries messages. The latter has been derived through the interbreeding of several different varieties, chief among which are the carrier, the dragon, the owl pigeon, and the swift smelter. The processes of evolution as modified by human control have had no more remarkable illustration than that afforded by the domesticated pigeons, all the varieties of which—fantails, pouters, tumblers and the rest—are descended from one original kind of bird, the "blue rock." But the "homer" is the only pigeon in which the special aim of breeders has been to develop the intellect.

PERISCOPE BELIEVED BROUGHT TO POINT OF PERFECTION.

Latest Instrument Enables Commander to Be Practically Sure That Ship He Would Destroy. Everybody knows the simple principle of the periscope, but few are aware of the minute refinements of the construction of the perfected instrument, its delicacy and importance. Down in the conning tower, in the semidarkness, with the throbbing of machinery and the hushed hum of the twilight water slipping past the lookout scuttles, the commander of the submarine has been carefully studying the course of his prey and making calculations as to its speed, carefully laying his own course in accordance. Now the time has come to take a chance, for soon the periscope splash will be observed, to result in a fusillade of projectiles, and a twisting, dodging course on the part of the cruiser, and the submarine would be baffled. The officer takes his final observation, lays his course, presses a button, and the circular-framed picture before him is extinguished. His previously calculated period of blind running expires. If his calculations have been correct, and the cruiser has not changed its course or speed he should be within torpedo range, with the tubes pointing toward the target. Is he?

The periscope is pointed carefully in the direction which should reveal the ship, pointed as carefully and accurately as a gun would be pointed. Everything is in readiness, the crew is standing by the torpedo tubes, and the second they receive their signal the great cigar-shaped missile will be on its way. The commander presses a button. The hydraulic power is released. As quickly as a rattlesnake strikes and withdraws, the periscope shoots up and down. For a fraction of an instant an overwhelmingly large vision of the enemy ship flashes up. His calculations have been correct, and with the speed of thought he reaches for the signal button which will send the "messenger of death" on its way. To take the lookout and the officers on the bridge of the cruiser observe the furrow which marks the approach of the torpedo through the water. The helm is thrown hard, but without avail. Before the ship answers the furrow has ended in a resounding thump against the hull, the explosion follows, and the work is done. With the old-style periscope this action would have been impossible, granting a sharp lookout had been kept on the cruiser, for the only way the captain of the submarine could have taken his observations would have been to bring his craft sufficiently "near the surface" to pass the rigid periscope out of the water, and withdraw it again by diving, a much slower process, and one which would have given time for the splash to be seen, in which case quick maneuvering by

Homing Pigeon House—This Type of Pigeon Loves Home—it is Upon the Strength of This Instinct That its Usefulness Always Rests.



fight-muscles; also broad tail feathers, and long, broad wings. Yet another essential qualification is keen eyesight. Only a few years ago a homing flight of 500 miles in a day was thought phenomenal; today flights of 600 or even 800 miles in 24 hours are not very uncommon. In one recent instance a "homer" accomplished a flight of 1,300 miles—some days being required, however, to cover the distance. It should be understood that the pigeon flies only in the daytime, resting at night. But another important point to consider is that the bird, in flying, usually travels a far greater distance than the shortest route between the place of departure and its destination. It does much circling and makes wide detours, scanning the country over which it passes and looking for familiar landmarks to guide it. This is where memory—as well as eyesight—comes in. The bird does not find its home by "instinct," but by its remembrance of landmarks—rivers, towns and the general configuration of the terrain. The common pigeon has the impulse to fly home, but it cannot find its way thither from any great distance because it lacks the requisite intelligence and memory power. In the "homer" this impulse has been greatly strengthened through breeding—so much so, indeed, that it will leave nest and young to get back to the place where it belongs. A homing pigeon cannot be sent from its home to another place. It will fly home, and in no other direction. At first it is trained for short distances, in the neighborhood of its home. Then it is liberated at greater and increasing distances—25 miles away, 50 miles away, 100 miles away, and so on. But, for these performances, it is always shipped from home in the same direction. On a new route it would be lost. The carrier pigeon is misnamed; it is the "homer" that carries messages. The latter has been derived through the interbreeding of several different varieties, chief among which are the carrier, the dragon, the owl pigeon, and the swift smelter. The processes of evolution as modified by human control have had no more remarkable illustration than that afforded by the domesticated pigeons, all the varieties of which—fantails, pouters, tumblers and the rest—are descended from one original kind of bird, the "blue rock." But the "homer" is the only pigeon in which the special aim of breeders has been to develop the intellect.

ANATOMY OF MODERN PERISCOPE.



The cruiser might have saved it, and a broadside directed toward the splash "destroyed" the submarine. The periscope is the invention of a Hollander, Telar van Elven, who in 1859 built a semisubmersible boat at Amsterdam. As his craft was intended to run low in the water, in the condition known as "awash," and the difficulty of observation, due to waves washing across the low conning tower some other method than the lookout scuttles was necessary. Van Elven rigged up a contrivance of inclined mirrors at each end of a long tube, the simplest form of periscope. His craft was not successful, but the instrument of observation was, and proved the forerunner of the complicated and delicate instrument in use today. Diverse Emotions. "I've bought an automobile." "Have you?" "Yes. Why don't you congratulate me?" "I'm waiting to hear what make it is, so I'll know whether to laugh or sympathize."

NEW RECOURSE.

"The mermen and mermaids have a new way of kidding one another just now." "What is it?" "When one of them strings the long bow, they advise him to go tell it to the submarines."

INOFFENSIVE.

"You can't stand on the step," warned the conductor, mindful of the safety first campaign. "It's all right; he ain't on the step," proclaimed another patron; "he's riding on my foot."

CONVINCING EXPERIENCE.

"Why is it that you are so resentful of the idea that imitation is the sincerest flattery?" "I once ate a toadstool and I assure you it was no compliment to a mushroom."

IN OLYMPUS.

Mercury—What's the row about the Vulcan's falling down like that? Hebe—Oh, he's objected to Jupiter's hanging his mother up, and the old man made a kick about it.

AS TIME ROLLS ON.

Miss Overton—Mrs. Newed thinks her husband is one man in a thousand. Mrs. Olden—Oh, yes; all brides think the same thing—but a year later the man in the case figures as one of the ciphers.

A CONTRADICTION.

"Here's a scientist says that the color of hair can't turn gray in a single night." "He's never seen Mayme's when she's forgotten to have her bottle refilled."

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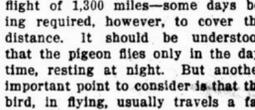


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Latest Instrument Enables Commander to Be Practically Sure That Ship He Would Destroy. Everybody knows the simple principle of the periscope, but few are aware of the minute refinements of the construction of the perfected instrument, its delicacy and importance. Down in the conning tower, in the semidarkness, with the throbbing of machinery and the hushed hum of the twilight water slipping past the lookout scuttles, the commander of the submarine has been carefully studying the course of his prey and making calculations as to its speed, carefully laying his own course in accordance. Now the time has come to take a chance, for soon the periscope splash will be observed, to result in a fusillade of projectiles, and a twisting, dodging course on the part of the cruiser, and the submarine would be baffled. The officer takes his final observation, lays his course, presses a button, and the circular-framed picture before him is extinguished. His previously calculated period of blind running expires. If his calculations have been correct, and the cruiser has not changed its course or speed he should be within torpedo range, with the tubes pointing toward the target. Is he?

ANATOMY OF MODERN PERISCOPE.



The cruiser might have saved it, and a broadside directed toward the splash "destroyed" the submarine. The periscope is the invention of a Hollander, Telar van Elven, who in 1859 built a semisubmersible boat at Amsterdam. As his craft was intended to run low in the water, in the condition known as "awash," and the difficulty of observation, due to waves washing across the low conning tower some other method than the lookout scuttles was necessary. Van Elven rigged up a contrivance of inclined mirrors at each end of a long tube, the simplest form of periscope. His craft was not successful, but the instrument of observation was, and proved the forerunner of the complicated and delicate instrument in use today. Diverse Emotions. "I've bought an automobile." "Have you?" "Yes. Why don't you congratulate me?" "I'm waiting to hear what make it is, so I'll know whether to laugh or sympathize."

NEW RECOURSE.

"The mermen and mermaids have a new way of kidding one another just now." "What is it?" "When one of them strings the long bow, they advise him to go tell it to the submarines."

INOFFENSIVE.

"You can't stand on the step," warned the conductor, mindful of the safety first campaign. "It's all right; he ain't on the step," proclaimed another patron; "he's riding on my foot."

CONVINCING EXPERIENCE.

"Why is it that you are so resentful of the idea that imitation is the sincerest flattery?" "I once ate a toadstool and I assure you it was no compliment to a mushroom."

IN OLYMPUS.

Mercury—What's the row about the Vulcan's falling down like that? Hebe—Oh, he's objected to Jupiter's hanging his mother up, and the old man made a kick about it.

AS TIME ROLLS ON.

Miss Overton—Mrs. Newed thinks her husband is one man in a thousand. Mrs. Olden—Oh, yes; all brides think the same thing—but a year later the man in the case figures as one of the ciphers.

A CONTRADICTION.

"Here's a scientist says that the color of hair can't turn gray in a single night." "He's never seen Mayme's when she's forgotten to have her bottle refilled."