

Gales of GOTHAM and other CITIES

How to Show the Sights of New York in One Day

NEW YORK.—How to show New York in a day is a problem which has confronted many a resident of the city when his country cousins have appeared unexpectedly "for a visit," but in reality to see the metropolis. After many years' experience one man has solved the riddle and now when his third cousin comes to town he transforms himself into the manager of a personally conducted tour and in that way wins not only a profusion of thanks, but fervid invitations to spend all of next summer at his guests' homes in the country. Resolving himself into a guide of czarlike authority, the city cousin takes his party down to the Battery to the Aquarium. After viewing the best collection of fishes in the United States, the guide leads the way to a boat landing a few paces away and the party spends an hour crossing to Bedloe's island, climbing part of the way up the interior of the Liberty statue, and returning to Manhattan he proceeds up Whitehall street to the new customhouse and Bowling Green park. Where now stands a statue of the one-legged Peter there stood in Revolutionary days that leaden counterfeits of King George III, which, as every school book says, was turned into bullets and sent hurtling after the fleeing redcoats.

Turning east a block to Broad street, the guide points out the remodeled Frances tavern, where General Washington bade a tearful farewell to his officers. Going north to Wall street, the party views the United States sub-treasury, the stock exchange, Trinity church, and at the same time sees some of the tallest skyscrapers. Then the guide leads the party northward in Center street to "Little Italy," Chinatown and the Bowery. Turning eastward they proceed through the streets congested with folk speaking alien tongues. After viewing the celebrated push-cart markets in the gutters of Hester street, they turn westward to Washington square, where they board a bus that carries them along "Millionaire row" on Fifth avenue, turning off at Fifty-seventh street to Riverside drive and Grant's tomb.

Men of Sacramento Organize a Barefoot League

SACRAMENTO, CAL.—Harkening back to the days when man roamed carelessly across green pastures, unshackled by costly footwear, when cool, solid comfort met the naked foot at every step, and when corns and bunions were unheard of, four prominent Sacramentoans have formed what is known as the Sacramento Barefoot League.

There are four charter members of the league, and they are Dr. Robert E. Smith, James McCollough, L. O. Lamry and Steve Downey.

The league was organized in quite an unintentional way. Which of the four was the originator is not known. But it is intimated that Doctor Smith, for several years advocate of the Coastless Summer League for Men, had something to do with it.

The requirements of the league are these: No member must be too modest to display his bare feet. He must be without pedal covering in attending meetings. He must be willing to do, and enjoy, walking on his lawn before the assembled multitude, including his wife, unshod.

He must be willing to step into his neighbor's house in his bare feet and walk across his neighbor's hardwood floors as nonchalantly as though he were Pithecanthropus in the jungles.

Several meetings of the league have been held at the homes of the charter members. The meetings are preceded by a walk upon the lawn of the host. As the evening becomes cool the members retire to the host's drawing room and are entertained with phonograph selections.

Despite serious objection to the league on the part of the better halves in some of the homes, the organization has grown and is now reaching out for congenial spirits.

"Keep cool and comfortable and cure your corns" is the slogan of the league.

Mississippi Slights Memphis But Eats a Park

MEMPHIS, TENN.—A great bar of mud and sand, half a mile long and an eighth of a mile wide, has formed along the Mississippi river front, preventing steamboats landing at the Memphis levee. Thousands of dollars are being expended to remove the obstruction to navigation.

For six months there has been a race between the dredgeboats pumping out the sand and the current of the river, which has been throwing the sand and mud toward the shore. The current won, but the government engineers have worked out a plan whereby a channel will be cut to let the current of the river flow against the mud bar from another point, eventually cutting it away and restoring navigation.

Twenty years ago there was 90 feet of water where the mud bank now extends four or five feet above the surface of the water. The channel has veered off from Memphis, swinging to the Arkansas shore, where it runs swift and deep. It will probably cost the government a half a million dollars to induce the channel to swing back to the Tennessee side.

A little farther down the river the channel has set hard against the Tennessee shore and is eating its way into beautiful Riverside park, a large tract of land owned by the city. Already at some places the bank has been washed away and the highly improved driveway has fallen into the water.

When the channel of the Mississippi decides to make a change, nothing, apparently can stop it. It will begin eating into the soft earthen banks and such obstructions as trees of giant proportions do not stand in its way. At some points the river has carried away a quarter of a mile of land in a single high-water period and steamboats run where only a few months before fields of corn and cotton grew.

Gotham's Cold Storage Eggs Must Be So Stamped

NEW YORK.—"Cold storage" will be the appertizing words that will confront you most of the time when you order "three soft boiled" for breakfast. "Cold storage" will mingle with your omelet; the shells from which emerge your scrambled eggs will have been stamped "cold storage."

There are only 650,000,000 eggs in cold storage in New York and thereabouts. Doubtless they are good eggs, but it is extremely impolite to ask a cold storage egg its age. So John J. Dillon, state commissioner of foods and markets, ruled recently that every such egg must have stamped on it the words "cold storage."

The truly important question is "Who, in obedience to Commissioner Dillon's order, will stamp the eggs?" Commission merchants who deal in eggs insist that the retailers, the little dairymen and delicatessen dealers must identify every one of the 650,000,000 eggs that come out of cold storage to the consumer.

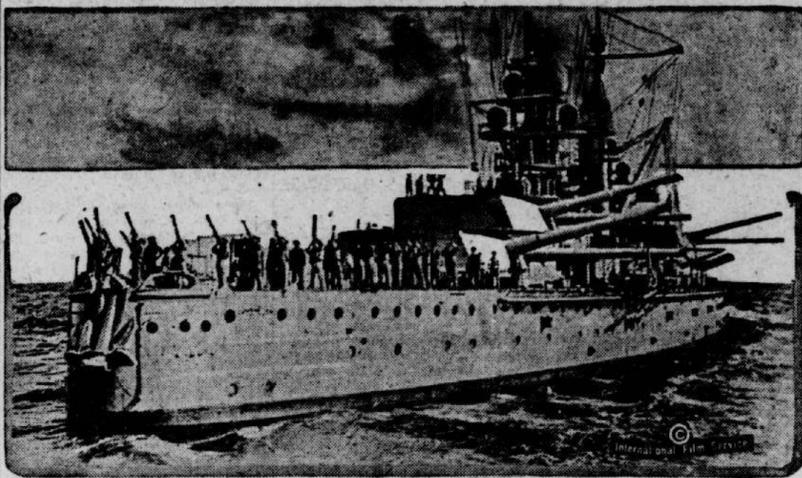
Perhaps the families of the delicatessen dealers and the growers would find great happiness and enjoyment in imprinting "cold storage" on all such eggs. Besides, the practice would teach the younger members of the family delicacy of touch. The imprint must be made gently, very gently. Otherwise there would be need—in the case of some eggs, or in some cases of eggs—of gas masks, and gas masks are expensive. They are in much demand "somewhere" in every country that is fighting in Europe. The manufacturers of gas masks are making as much money as the capable and industrious hens are earning for—not the farmers—but the commission merchants and the retailers.

TORPEDO BOATS AND DESTROYERS.
A torpedo boat is a small, swift steam vessel fitted with apparatus for the firing of torpedoes. A torpedo-boat destroyer—usually called a destroyer—is a high-speed war craft of the torpedo-boat class, originally designed to destroy torpedo boats, but now used as a torpedo boat of greater efficiency. In displacement, destroyers range from 300 to 1,800 tons, with a speed of 25 to 36 knots. The work of destruction consists in running down hostile vessels and torpedoing them, or in disposing of them in any way possible.

More good men can be made by the right kind of tuition between five and twenty years of age than can be produced by a thousand years of legislative acts.

Every man has a scheme that won't work; and it generally concerns his personal behavior.

GERMAN SAILORS FIRING AT AEROPLANES



Sailors on the German battleship Prinz Regent Luitpold firing at hostile aeroplanes with rifles.

WOUNDED BRITISH AND GERMANS GOOD MIXERS



While these wounded British and German soldiers are waiting for the ambulance to carry them to the hospital they are having a good-natured chat.

JUDGE W. L. CHAMBERS



Judge William L. Chambers, chairman of the board of mediation and conciliation, has been acting as a go-between for President Wilson, the railway employees and the railway executives in the strike situation. His position, with reference to the strike negotiations, has been similar to that of Col. E. M. House in Democratic politics. He went from one to the other of the triangle, bearing informal messages to each.

The Black Man's Burden.

The late Booker T. Washington used to tell this story: He said in one of the black counties of southern Mississippi a meeting was held in the city hall at the county seat for the purpose of organizing a movement to encourage the emigration from the North of desirable skilled labor. As one of the promoters of the plan was leaving the building after the gathering had adjourned, he was halted by an aged darky of his acquaintance.

"Kunnel," inquired the old man, "what you-all been doin' in thar to-night?"

"We're trying to work up a scheme to bring more white people down here," explained the gentleman. "What do you think of the idea, Uncle Zach?"

"Wl, boss," said Zach, "dey's already mo' white folks in dis country now dan us niggers kin support."—Sunday Magazine.

New Needs.

"Do you suppose they'll send a minister to meet the commercial Zepplin that's coming over?"

"Why should they send a minister?"

"Won't it need a sky pilot?"

A Bit Slow.

"How are the incubators getting along?" asked a friend of his neighbor who had recently bought some. "Why, all right, I suppose; but although I have had them for two weeks now, not one of the four has laid an egg yet."—Ladies' Home Journal.

Deep Dent.

Briggs—"That was a great dance. I hope I made an impression on that girl." Griggs—"I guess you did. She has been limping ever since."—Christian Register.

LLOYD-GEORGE REVIEWING CANADIANS



David Lloyd-George attended his first review as secretary of war when, with Gen. Sir Sam Hughes, he inspected a Canadian division at Bramshott. After the review Lloyd-George addressed the officers and paid high tribute to Canada's hold in the war. Photograph shows Lloyd-George, hat raised, and Sir Sam Hughes watching the march past.

PALACE SERBIANS HOPE TO REOCCUPY



This is the royal palace at Belgrade which the Serbians now hope will be again occupied by the royal family when the Teutons and Bulgarians are driven out of the country.

Discouragement.

"I'm goin' to run for office," exclaimed Farmer Cortmoussell. "Or if I can't get nominated for sheriff or something, I'll take the stump for some one who kin."

"What's the trouble?" inquired the neighbor.

"I can't get my family nor the hired help to pay attention to anything I say. I want to get out and try my luck with a strange crowd."

Frank Opinion.

"Have you formed an opinion in this case?"

"Yes, sir."

"To what effect?"

"That the lady defendant isn't very good looking."

"Talesman excused."

Complimenting Papa.

Little Harry had been given a pop gun on his birthday and within an hour he had broken it. After trying in vain to mend it he called his father, who soon repaired the damage. "Papa," said Harry, "you are smarter than you look."

Philosophical.

There is some help for all the defects of fortune; for if a man cannot attain to the length of his wishes, he may have his remedy by cutting them shorter.—Covley.

Question of Physical Labor.

"Do you think Bacon wrote the Shakespeare plays?"

"What difference does it make who wrote them?"

"A great deal. If I've got to go through my library and paste in Bacon's name wherever Shakespeare's appears, I want to know about it early so that I can begin."

Played With Fire.

"She talked to him just to let him know she wasn't afraid of old bachelors."

"Yes."

"And he talked to her just to let her know that he wasn't afraid of widows."

"Well?"

"Oh, they're married now."

Daily Thought.

Whatever may happen to thee it was prepared for thee from all eternity, and the complication of causes was from eternity spinning the thread not only of thy being, but of all that is incident to it.—Marcus Aurelius.

Limited Ambition.

Woman (to new chauffeur)—"Do you know how to run a lawn mower?" Chauffeur—"No, ma'am, I don't. My education has been limited to cars, biplanes and submarines."—Boston Globe.

IN THE LIMELIGHT

ALEXANDRA STILL POPULAR



Queen Alexandra still remains the most popular member of the royal family of England, and scarcely a day passes that she does not make at least one public appearance at some benefit for war veterans. Although she will celebrate her seventy-third birthday next December, Alexandra takes the utmost pride in her personal appearance, and at a distance she gives more the impression of being unaffected by time than does Queen Mary.

Nobody thinks of calling the widow queen the "queen mother" or the "dowager queen." She objects to being designated by either of these titles in print, yet no familiar use of them by the press would lead her friends to adopt them in speaking of her. They don't fit. She doesn't take life so seriously as Queen Mary, does not and never has attempted to interfere in politics, and devotes herself now, as always, with studious care to the art of being agreeable and useful to charity and other good work.

The London public has been treated to so many "flag days" on behalf of war charities that national enthusiasm in support of street solicitations has cooled out and there was considerable misgiving when the date arrived for the annual "Alexandra day," upon which pretty women annually appear in the London streets and sell roses for the purpose of raising money for the hospitals in which Queen Alexandra is interested. Yet this year "Alexandra day" was more successful than it has ever been. Millions of roses were sold and a large sum was turned over to the fund.

CANNON HAS PLENTY OF "PEP"

Although he has passed the four-score mark, "Uncle Joe" Cannon was able to convince younger and more active members of the house recently that he still retains lots of "the old pep."

He was in his seat in the house despite the blistering temperature and his return from a trip to the North Carolina sounds that used up most of his colleagues.

Uncle Joe made the trip up the Dismal Swamp feeder to Lake Drummond, hoofing it through the deep underbrush of that weird region like a Boy Scout on a hike.

After the party came out of the swamp the prowess of the veteran legislator was again put to the test. The party reached Elizabeth City, N. C., but in order to complete the inspection of the so-called North Carolina cut in time, was obliged to press on to Albermarle sound and there anchor over night. There were four good berths on the boat, but there were ten men in the party. Everyone of the ten insisted "Uncle Joe" should take the stateroom.

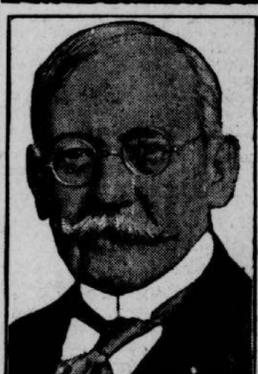
"What?" said the venerable former speaker, "with the Stars and Stripes aglow and this North Carolina breeze a-blowing. Some of you younger fellows take the stateroom. I sleep on deck."

And, wrapping himself in an army blanket, he picked out a place on the planks, gazed up at the sky and was soon fast asleep.

In the morning he wanted to take a bath in the Sound, but the boat was already homeward bound.



FLANNAGAN AT THE BALL GAME



W. W. Flannagan, banker of almost world-wide fame, and just at present secretary of the rural credits commission, never saw a professional baseball game until one day recently, when he went with Daniel O'Connell to the American league park in Washington. Even at that he didn't seem to take a serious view of the situation, for when the seventh inning came and the crowd stood up in obedience to the old tradition which brings luck to the home team at that juncture, Mr. Flannagan started home.

"Where are you going?" asked Mr. O'Connell.

"Why, isn't the game over? Everyone is getting up."

Dan pulled him back into the seat. In the ninth inning the teams were tied and Mr. Flannagan began to grow excited, which shows he is a real American, after all. After this perhaps he'll be a regular fan.

Mr. Flannagan, who is a resident of New Jersey, served as secretary of the joint committee of congress on rural credits and so naturally fell into his present berth when the farm loan law was passed and the commission was appointed.

DOCTOR SUN AGAIN A POWER

The return to China of Dr. Sun Yat Sen, first provisional president of the Chinese republic, announced in the United States by his official representative, is an event of international importance. Sun Yat Sen has been in exile in Japan, driven out of the country in the summer of 1913 by Yuan Shi Kai after the latter had been made president of China to succeed Sun Yat Sen.

A man of high education, which he obtained in the United States and England, he spent 20 years in exile from his native country organizing the revolutionary movement against the Chinese monarchy and the Manchus.

Sun Yat Sen and Yuan Shi Kai were at first on cordial terms. In the summer of 1913 Sun Yat Sen fled to Japan, having been denounced by Yuan Shi Kai as a traitor and a swindler and an agent of the Japanese government. The great powers of Europe having a finger in the pie of China's government, the United States and Japan have all of them had so much to do with Sun Yat Sen during the last 25 years that it is a question of importance to discover which foreign power he will favor at Peking.

Sun Yat Sen can claim to be an American under a ruling made in 1904 by the department of commerce and labor at Washington, which stated that Dr. Sun Yat Sen had been born in the Hawaiian Islands and came under the provisions of the act of 1900 which bestowed American citizenship upon all citizens of this territory.

GIRL IN WIRES RESCUES KITTEN.

Daring death by electrocution in a network of high-voltage wires, Miss Gertrude Hemingway, a pretty Venice girl, rescued a tiny kitten by climbing a 50-foot telegraph pole. The kitten had been perched on the pole for two days when Miss Hemingway performed the rescue. Miss Hemingway lives on Washington boulevard and said that she could not find a man brave enough to scale the pole.—Los Angeles Times.

If, before moving into a new neighborhood, you wish to know the number of children there, empty a load of sand somewhere close to the curbstone.

What profiteth it a man to sleep with his bedroom window open or closed if he have no control over the windows in the street car?

Iowa has rejected the proposed amendment to grant suffrage to women.

