

**BLACK TOM EXPLOSION MAY BE REPEATED**



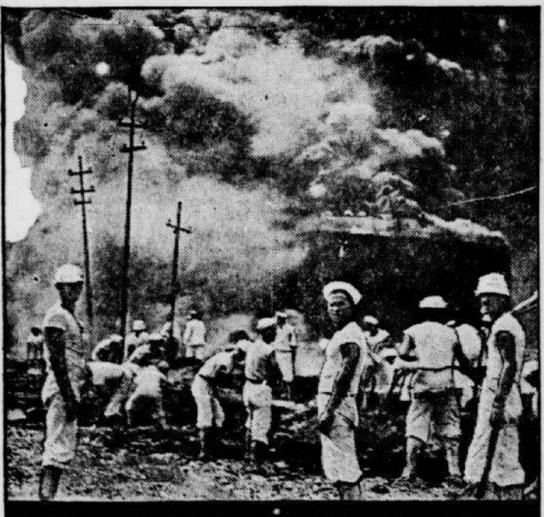
High explosives and munitions in large quantities are being handled in the same dangerous manner which led to the Black Tom explosion, according to a statement of the New York board of fire underwriters' bureau of surveys. "The situation is fully as dangerous at some points along the New Jersey waterfront as it was before the terrific Black Tom explosion on July 30," reads the statement. "Lighters or floats containing high explosives are handled and operated along waterfront property and piers with the same unlimited license as in the case of the cars." The photo shows an immense quantity of ammunition packed in cases on a lighter at one of the Delaware, Lackawanna and Western railroad piers in Jersey City.

**ESCAPING FROM TORPEDOED ARABIA**



One of the lifeboats of the torpedoed P. & O. liner Arabia full of passengers. In the center a nurse is seen quieting the more excited women. Inserted is a remarkable snapshot showing the Arabia making her final plunge into the waters of the Mediterranean. The commander of the German submarine that sank the vessel has reported that he thought she was an armed transport.

**AMERICAN JACKIES FIGHT MEXICAN FLAMES**



Scene during the burning of a great oil plant in Coahuila, Mexico. The crew of the U. S. S. Wheeling went to the rescue and did valuable work digging trenches and fighting the flames.

**INTERESTING ITEMS**

A Delmar (N. Y.) church provides ear trumpets for the use of deaf attendants.

Mexico has two official names, "Estados Unidos Mexicanos" and "Republica Mexicana."

A tiny electric lamp is mounted on the handle of a safety razor of English invention.

Spain has erected a new wireless station at Cape Juby, on the Atlantic coast of Africa.

Motor cars fitted with X-ray apparatus are used extensively by the French Red Cross society.

Flaked potatoes are used for human food and cattle fodder.

New York receives weekly from 125 to 175 carloads of chickens, averaging 30,000 pounds to the car.

Siam's rosewood forests have been heavily overexploited. The government is now protecting them.

Three thousand women spend their lives in driving and steering the canal boats in southern and midland England.

In Russia there are enough people to populate Great Britain, Germany and France, with a considerable number left.

Chile will send an official commission to the United States to make a thorough study of agriculture and industrial hydraulics.

A school for the practical education of hotel managers and other employees is to be established in Havre by the French ministry of commerce.

If cotton and linen are steeped in any saline solution, such as alum, ammonia, chloride or borax, they will become fireproof.

A canstrol factory has opened in Carmen, Colombia, and its first shipment of 10,000 pounds was bought by an American drug house. India formerly supplied this medicine.

What is said to be the first submarine boat was tested in the Plymouth harbor in 1774.

Cellulose is being recovered from asparagus waste by a process devised by a Hamburg chemist.

According to a German investigator, the artificial lakes that have been built in his country decrease the temperature and increase the number of foggy days.

A diaphragm and horn resembling a phonograph's have been invented to make telegraph relay instruments audible and save the use of additional sounders.

**BIRSKY and ZAPP**

By MONTAGUE GLASS

"I MET Sam Polosga in the subway this morning," Barnett Zapp, the water manufacturer, said, as with the aid of his thumb and a quart of gravy remained from his portion of potatoes and gravy, he demonstrated the capillary of a slice of rye bread.

"And how is the herring business?" Louis Birsky the real estate asked. "What do you mean—the herring business?" Zapp demanded. "The herring business is now a side issue for Sam. Him and J. Schlapp of Katzberg & Schlapp in the pants business has formed the Charoses Fillum Company and next week they are going to release their first fillum by the name 'The Fatal Murderer.'"

"The way it looks nowadays," Birsky said, "everybody has got two businesses—his regular business and the moving picture business."

"All except the feller in the cheap candy business," Zapp said. "There ain't nothing in the cheap candy business no more. Birsky, on account of a lady gives her six-year-old boy five cents he should buy himself a taffy on a stick, y'understand, he goes right away to a moving picture store and blows in the nickel to see 'Thou Shalt Not Covet Thy Neighbor's Wife,' a feature fillum in five reels."

"Not alone cheap candy," Birsky said, "but every business is feeling the effects of the moving picture business—a few businesses favorable, like the delicatessen and lunchroom business, which the nearest some married men has got to a home-cooked dinner since the moving pictures started is a half a pound of sliced bolony mit kettelfel salad. Then there is the spectacle business, which while in former times ladies whose husbands made from thirty dollars a week down used to get housemaid's knee from keeping the flat looking as neat as a pin, y'understand, they have now got to be fitted with glasses for eye strain from watching moving pictures every afternoon up to five minutes before six or five minutes before whatever time the husband comes home."

"Well, there's one business moving pictures ain't improved none," Birsky said, "and that's the regular theater business. Even on first nights nowadays the fifty-cent gallery and balcony is empty excepting the ushers and a couple of dozen reporters with false mustaches and smoked glasses which was barred out by the management for claiming that the Follies should ought to be a stag. The theater managers is kicking something terrible about the way the moving pictures is eating into their business, Zapp."

"Sure I know," Zapp said, "and they are their own worst competitors, Birsky. It's like if all the saloonkeepers would become temperance lecturers because they seen a chance to make a little money on the side and then complained there was no more profit in the liquor business, y'understand. Every theater manager has got also a chain of moving picture houses. They

and supposing, for instance, he's got a restaurant in it, y'understand, then every night that show plays in New York or Grand Forks or Sandusky or wherever it happens to be, they put on the stage a real restaurant, with coffee machines and gas griddles, and they broil right there in front of the audience every day steaks for ten or fifteen dollars, because Mr. Belasco is very artistic that way. If he puts on a restaurant, it's put on right; it don't make no difference what it costs; but you take a moving picture feller, and if he has got a fillum with a restaurant in it, all he does is to go to a restaurant and ask the feller that runs it he should allow for a five-dollar note the movie actors to carry on there, and pictures is taken of it with a camera. Then when you go to see the fillum, understand me, they flash on the screen:

**NED DISCOVERS HIS SISTER IN A FASHIONABLE BROADWAY RESTAURANT.**

and afterwards they show the fashionable Broadway restaurant, and on the wall is a sign:

**CHILI CON CARNE, 15c**

That's the difference between Mr. Belasco and moving picture fellers. What do they care about being artistic if it's going to cost an extra ten dollars, Zapp? All they want is to keep the expenses down."

"That's where you make a big mistake," Zapp declared. "Moving picture fellers is eaten up with expenses. For instance, the wages which moving picture fellers pays to their actors is something terrible. Five hundred a week is small already."

"Well, why not?" Birsky retorted. "Look what a moving picture actor is got to do to earn his money. We will say, for example, that he goes to work at nine o'clock. At half past nine he goes up to Central park and falls out of a otermobile running thirty miles an hour. The first time he falls out, maybe, the feller that works the camera wasn't looking, so he's got to fall out again. This time somebody moves the camera, so he falls out a third time, and one way or another they keep that actor falling out of an otermobile go-

ing thirty miles an hour from half past nine to lunch time. Supposing he does get five hundred dollars a week. Is that a life? I ask you."

"Just the same, it's a lot of money to pay," Zapp said, "and furthermore all the moving picture actors gets contracts for a year already."

"But what is such contracts worth?" Birsky asked. "If a moving picture feller wants to get rid of such a contract, all he has got to do is to get the party of the second part to play the Ned in a fillum where Ned escapes back from a cliff five hundred feet from the sheriff by leaping on horse-high, y'understand, and the widow can frame the contract and hang it in the front parlor as a souvenir of the two weeks when her husband used to make five hundred dollars a week."

Zapp sighed heavily.

"I got a designer which has me under a three years' contract since last Tuesday already," he said, "and if I could hire Maxine Elliott for a model and C. M. Schwab for a salesman, I couldn't get rid of that murderer's designs for the cost of the linings alone. There's big money in it for somebody who could persuade that swindler to play in a fillum where Ned gets locked in a burning ranch by the Mexican for a thousand dollars a week. I would pay two weeks' salary out of my own pocket, and if they ain't got a moving picture concern a house out in Borough Park which I got vacant on my hands since 1913."

"Maybe you think such a thing ain't possible that a waist designer should get a job as a moving picture actor?" Birsky said. "Believe me, Zapp, the last thing in the world which is necessary in the moving picture business is experience—in particular the actors and the people which writes the scenarios. You remember in the old days, Zapp, that everybody thought he could sell clothing. Well, nowadays every fool thinks he could be a moving picture actor, and most of them are. It's the same way with writing

the scenarios. Take any retail dry goods concern today, and everybody from the cash girls to the store superintendent is writing scenarios on the side. Also, Zapp, if you go into a street car and a fellow opposite you is talking to himself, y'understand, you might think he's a lunatic, Zapp, but as a matter of fact he ain't crazy by from three to ten dollars, on account I. Is doping out a scenario which he would sell for somewhere around that price to a moving picture concern. Furthermore, if you see a man stand still on the sidewalk and make marks on an old envelope with a pencil, that ain't no sign that he's trying to figure how it could be he is overdrawn at the bank two dollars and forty-five cents. No, Zapp, a feller could make a living nowadays collecting old envelopes and selling 'em to people to make memorandums of scenarios on."

"How do they do it?" Zapp exclaimed. "I could no more write a scenario and get away with it as a check for a million dollars."

"That's because you ain't never tried to write a scenario," Birsky said. "All you've got to do is to take a play like 'Hamlet,' for instance, and you call Hamlet Ned and the king Mexican Louis. Then you dictate the main points to a stenographer and send it to a moving picture concern which was formerly in the plumbing supply business or children's knee pants, and you're bound to get away with it, Zapp, because the only plays them fellers knows anything about is shows they used to take their customers to see, and if you are trying to sell a customer goods, you naturally don't take him to see 'Hamlet.' Am I right or wrong?"

"You don't take him to a moving picture, neither," Zapp said.

"I know you don't," Birsky replied. "Asking a customer to go to a theater and then taking him to a moving picture, Zapp, is the equivalent of inviting him to lunch and then blowing him at a drug store to an egg chocolate with malted milk."

"At that, there's lots of people makes a luncheon off of chocolate malted milk," Zapp said.

**LIKED "BIBLE GUY"**

MAN WHO CARRIED THE WORD POPULAR WITH SOLDIERS.

Boys in Blue Stationed Along the Rio Grande Unanimously of Opinion That Visitor Was Strictly All Right.

It was pretty close to taps when a small car puffed up to the little border station on the Rio Grande, satisfied the sentry and came inside the earthworks fortification. Its driver, a tall, ruddy-checked young man, who looked as though he might be fresh out of college, brought the mail—he'd succeeded in crossing a swollen creek in his car when the Mexican mail man didn't care to try it, and he brought also a carload of Bibles.

The soldiers in the border station called him "the Bible guy," and the opinion was expressed more than once that "the Bible guy was all right." There are a number of him on the Mexican border. They are representatives of the American Bible society, and their business is giving away Bibles and Testaments to the soldiers who are doing border patrol duty. This particular one had come east from El Paso, a matter of 450 miles, and did not expect to stop until he reached the Gulf. He found a considerable demand for his little olive-drab-bound Testaments and Bibles, as well as real friendliness for himself.

He was a modest young man, but he admitted that a good many interesting things happened to a fellow who carried the Word along the border. Sometimes one miscalculated or found the roads worse than he expected and had to camp out overnight—he carried a few provisions and a skillet always to be prepared for that emergency. And, of course, one did have to know how to pull an automobile out of a mud-hole by one-man power and quite a lot more outdoor things.

"Do the Mexicans ever bother you?" someone asked him.

The Bible guy laughed as though that were the best joke in the world.

"No, indeed," he said. "Why should they bother me? Besides, you know, I'm prepared for Mexicans as well as soldiers. I carry copies of the Bible in Spanish and find a lot of people who are glad to get them. And now—if you'll excuse me—I've got a lot to do to this car."

Whereupon the Bible guy, clad in brown overalls, disappeared under the mud-crusted machine. It shows how good a Christian he really is that in the half-hour he stayed there nobody heard him swear.—Kansas City Star.

**Dying Villages.**

It is the American village that most betrays the impulse of our civilization—a civilization that perpetually overreaches itself only to be obliged to surrender again and again to nature everything it has gained. How many thousands of villages, frost-bitten, palsied, full of the morbid, bloodless death-in-life—villages that have lost, if they ever possessed, the secret of self-perpetuation, lie scattered across the continent! Even in California I used to find them on long cross-country walks, villages often enough not half a century old, but in a state of essential decay. Communities that have come into being on the flood tide of an enterprise too rapidly worked out, they all signify some lost cause of a material kind that has left high and dry—like the neutral areas in an old painting where the colors, incompletely mixed and of perishable quality, have evaporated with time.—Van Wyck Brooks, in Seven Arts.

**Map Has Colored Roads.**

South Carolina is one of the states which have marked the poles and signboards along the main roads by colored bands indicating the various routes of which the roads form parts. There are nine of these through routes in all, crossing the state in every direction. In order to make it as easy as possible for the traveler to follow any of them, the state commissioner of agriculture, commerce and industries has issued a map of South Carolina in which the routes are indicated by the same colors used in the wayside marking. This is carrying the idea of marking roads of maximum convenience further than has been done by many other states, and is particularly interesting because South Carolina has no state highway department.

**Bicycle Balancer.**

An apparatus has been invented by Eugene Tourtier of Paris, France, which gives bicycles, motorcycles and every other similar vehicle a vertical equilibrium regardless of whether or not the road is level. It is merely necessary to support the machine in an upright position by operating a lever attached to the handlebar, according to the Popular Science Monthly.

The lever can be operated while the bicycle is moving, making it possible for a rider to remain in his seat as the wheel comes to a stop and to start again without dismounting. The steel rod supports are strong enough to sustain a combined weight of 800 pounds. Bicycles fitted with the balancer have been used by the Swiss police for some time.

**A Voice from the Dead.**

"For those who despair," is the touching heading appearing in Le Figaro of Paris, over a short item of news to the following effect: A French soldier from whom not a word had been heard by his relatives from September 3, 1914, has written at last from a German prison camp near Paderborn, Germany, announcing that he is well. Until now, he states, it had been impossible for him to communicate with home, but "the situation has changed." "I am enduring my captivity under good conditions," he adds.

**Good Reason Why.**

This country has nearly three times as many telephones as Europe, but we need them. We're not too mad to talk to one another in this country.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

**NEWEST THING IN AUTOS**



This is the monauto, a low-seated vehicle so simple that girls can use it for shopping or going to school and so small that no garage is needed. It weighs only 50 pounds. It has been tested by the government and may be placed on our battleships for landing parties.

**TWO TEXARKANA SENATORS**



Since Senator William Kirby (left) and Senator Morris Sheppard were already good friends before Senator Kirby was elected they had no objection to posing for this photograph together. They have a unique distinction in that they live in the same town but three blocks from each other, yet represent different states in the senate. One is from Texarkana, Tex., and the other is from Texarkana, Ark. Senator Kirby, the Arkansan, has just been seated.

**Got the Information.**

"Now, my lad," said the police officer, investigating a case of missing checks at the big commercial office, "I believe you're here first of a morning?"

"Yes, sir."

"And who's here next—Mr. Spidings or his partner?"

"Sometimes one, sometimes the other."

"Well, on what day would Mr. Spidings be likely to get here first?"

"Can't quite say. At first he was always last, but later he began to be early, till at last he was first, though before he had always been behind. He was soon late again, however, though lately he's been a bit sooner. Just now he's as much behind as before, but I expect he'll be getting early sooner or later."

"Oh, quite so! That's all I wanted to know."

**Soldier's Plea for Tobacco.**

M. Lapeau, Second battalion, Third company, of the Belgian army, has written the head of a cigar company of Duluth, Minn., to send him "some of your celebrated smokes, in order to make my lonely moments a little merrier. You will understand the reason which prompted me to write to you in such an insolent manner and I trust you will excuse me therefor, when I tell you that I have spent some time in the states before going to war. I thank you a thousand times before hand for your good heartedness."



"If You See a Man Stand Still on the Sidewalk and Make Marks."

are killing the hen that laid the golden eggs."

"That's all right, too," Birsky retorted, "but compared with the golden eggs which moving pictures is laying the old-time theater was a rooster, Zapp. And not only is the moving picture feller making big money, but they ain't got to invest not near as much capital as a regular theater manager. Take this here Belasco, for instance, which he specializes on real-estate shows with telephone switchboards, restaurants and doctors' offices."

**Classified.**

A young woman called at the Boston post office and inquired if there was a letter for her. "Business or love letter?" jokingly inquired the clerk. "Business," was the hesitating reply, accompanied by a deep blush. As there was no such letter to be found, the young lady took her departure. She came back, however, after a little while, and said, in faltering tones, "Please, would you mind looking among the love letters?"—Woman's Journal.

**Hope for Poor Writers.**

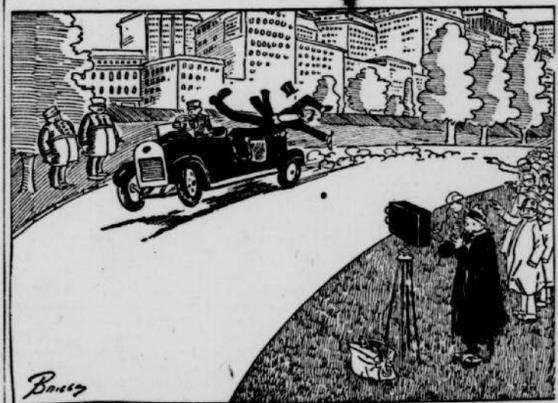
Motion pictures are being employed for the purpose of making a scientific study of the various movements in writing with a view to ascertaining how poor writers can best be taught to improve. Motion pictures have been taken of children of two groups: Good writers and poor writers. These pictures have been thrown on the screen for the purpose of analyzing the kinds of movements which characterize good as distinguished from poor writers. The investigators are not yet ready to make final deductions as to what the films reveal, but they are of the opinion that differences in rhythm of action and in the co-ordination of certain strokes are among the characteristics which will form a basis for judging good and bad movements. The advantage of the films is that they can be stopped at any point for detailed examination and comparison, of course, they can be repeated any number of times.

**Why a Ship Floats.**

No ship should stay on top of the water unless that part of it beneath the surface displaced as much water as the ship weighed. If the volume of water so displaced was lighter than the ship, the latter would sink. It is a principle of nature that lighter things pass above those of greater weight.

**Treatment of House Plants.**

Earth for window boxes or potted plants should be heated in the oven before using and will save much worry regarding little bugs and worms. Spraying plants with a syringe and a soda of naphtha soap will destroy plant lice and spiders.



"Maybe the Feller That Works the Camera Wasn't Looking."

"They're welcome, for all of me," Birsky said, "but so long as I've got the price I would stick to soup, meat, dessert and coffee, and I'm the same way about going to a show. When I go broke, I'll be a moving picture fan too, Zapp, but as it stands, when I feel like taking in a theater I want to see a show which was written by an author, not a truck driver. Also I like to hear an actor as well as see him, Zapp."

"Me too," Zapp agreed, "and if he's got other talents besides falling out of an otermobile going thirty miles an hour, Birsky, so much the better." (Copyright, New York Tribune.)

**To Help Rapid Transit.**

The blasting off of a 15-foot layer of rock from the top of Coenties reef in East river, New York, just east of the lower end of Manhattan, and, at the same time, the boring of two tunnels under this reef, constitute a dual engineering undertaking now in progress that is calling for unusual precautions and skillful procedure, says Popular Mechanics Magazine. The tunnel will serve as a new rapid-transit link between Manhattan and Brooklyn. The cost of cutting down the reef is being borne by the federal government and New York city. At mean low tide the reef has been 25 feet below the surface, a distance that is not regarded as safe for some heavily laden boats. The new depth of 40 feet will be more sufficient, it is believed. The tunneling, which could not well be delayed until after the channel was deepened, is progressing ahead of and faster than the river-bottom excavating, which is proceeding at right angles to the tunnels.

**Two of a Kind.**

Bachelor (sadly)—"I dreamed last night that I was married. The alarm clock woke me." Benedict (more sadly)—"I dreamed last night that I was single. The twins woke me."—Buffalo News.

**He Had Them.**

There were three brothers at the place where we spent our vacation this year. They were playing with a stout string one day, the two older boys pulling against the youngest boy. They were pulling around a tree stump and didn't see little Bill when he put the string in his mouth and held it with his teeth, and naturally but fatally they kept on pulling. In a moment they heard a terrible yell, and ran to find Bill with blood-stained hand and mouth and the news they'd pulled his teeth out.

They all went solemnly to their mother, who pulled little Bill into her arms and wept over him. "Oh, Bill, you've lost your teeth and you'll have to wait until you're a man to have others."

"No, I won't, mamma," Bill said, and stopped crying long enough to unclasp his little blood-spattered fist. "I didn't lose them. Here they are."—Chicago Tribune.

The Chilean government has postponed conversion of its paper currency to gold until January, 1914.