

HAPPENINGS

in the
BIG CITIES

Difference in Business Ethics Caused Trouble

NEW YORK.—If the actions of two old clothes men are to be accepted, the first vital effect the world war had upon the United States is to produce an unheard of scarcity of second-hand garments. Both men made it clear recently after a wild forenoon that the bread lines of Germany are presently to be duplicated in this country by clothes lines, wash showers and other activities calculated to keep the wearers of second-hand clothing from open, to say nothing of nude, revolt.



All of these facts and about a carload of language was brought forth when a flat dweller in an uptown street heard the cry of "old clothes, cash," belted beneath his boudoir window and beckoned once, and a moment later there developed what sounded like the advance of a Roman mob on the floor below where the beckoner lived. Doors were opened, slammed and locked, windows raised and the roars of alarmed tenants presently brought the police.

They found the two old clothes men rolling over and over and hither and thither and elsewhere on the second floor. When separated they immediately accused each other of everything and made it clear that from henceforth until the day they roll into their mansions they will sue each other in every available American court on every possible charge attending the sale of old clothes and allied industries.

In the Harlem court each man insisted that the other had attempted to cut him out of business and that the flat dweller had never even considered the other when he beckoned. They declared that nowadays a suit of second-hand clothes is a clothing Kohlrund and that for another clothing dealer to crash into a house and steal a beckon is "positive the worst as can be in such business like this." Each insisted that he had bought nothing all day and had intended to break his luck not his head, upon entering the flat house. They sang foreign hymns while paying fines of \$2 each.

Proved Herself Worthy Member of the D. A. R.

KANSAS CITY.—The flag was a very old one and ragged and dirty. It had served its time and earned repose in the treasure chest of the police station No. 6. For flags may not be placed in waste boxes. Police station No. 6 is not at best ornamental, and the flag had worn itself out rippling patriotism in the breezes half under a viaduct at Twentieth street and Flora avenue. Undoubtedly, it would still be doing its soiled and pitiful best had it not won a champion. No knight in armor or soldier in khaki came to its rescue. But a bright-eyed lady stopped her car in front of the station. She walked bravely in and up to the police sergeant in charge.



"Are you the captain?" she inquired. Then, without waiting for an answer, she told her errand, the words tumbling over one another in the haste of her delivery.

"I am a member of the Daughters of the American Revolution. We protect flags. The one you have flying out there is in a condition that makes it a disgrace and a legal offense, for a federal law forbids any public office flying a flag that is either torn or soiled. Please take it down. It has been soiled and torn a long time."

The officer looked very much surprised. He gazed earnestly at the bright-eyed woman, exquisite in appearance and a little bit frightened.

Then he turned to a policeman seated in the office. "Go out there," he thundered, "and take down that flag."

The incident was closed. The lady departed. But the next morning, when she passed that way, taking her surgeon husband to St. Luke's hospital, a fine new flag was flying from station No. 6.

Doorkeeper Succumbed to High-Sounding Title

WASHINGTON.—At a night session upon Capitol Hill not long ago a large person from the West, with considerable nerve and no modesty, endeavored to get into one of the public galleries. Because of the fear on the part of a certain employee that he will be kidded to death by this narrative, let us not ask whether it was the house or senate gallery. However, the large person had a fine set of mustaches, upturned and diplomatic in their general aspect. With him trailed three women dressed to kill in the finest stuff you ever saw in all your life.



Well, all the galleries were filled, except the executive gallery and the diplomatic gallery. The large nervous person didn't think he could bluff his way into the president's own reservation, but he waited up to the diplomatic gallery, and it was just his luck that the regular veteran doorkeeper was not on the job at that moment.

The substitute, though, looked him over, and decided he must be something or other with all that mustache and that fleet of females.

"It is necessary to have your card, though," said the doorkeeper, "because I have to know who you are."

"I have no cards with me," responded Nervo. "But I am the Akkoond of Swat and these are three of my wives."

And with that the doors swung open and the quartet of four-flushers went in, sat down, gazed upon the session below and later retired.

The next day someone told the substitute doorkeeper that Nervo had put one over on him.

"Aw, shucks," replied the substitute, "that ain't nothing. Freaks like that butt in here every day."

Allege That "Millionaire Miser" Stole Potatoes

CHICAGO.—John H. Hewitt, known as "the millionaire miser of Rogers Park," appeared at the Sheffield avenue police station to face T. F. Regelin, who swore out a warrant for him on the charge of stealing potatoes from a garden plot cultivated by Regelin, George Smith and Matt Smith.

According to the complaint, the three obtained permission from James Carroll to use a patch of ground, 160 by 150 feet. All during the summer evenings they would spend their time in the potato field. Then came the fall with the new large potatoes.

The amateur gardeners noticed that for some time they found no potatoes in many hills, and they got the idea that someone was removing them to cover up all traces of the theft.

"I decided I'd find out," said Regelin. "So I lay down in the grass near the patch. Along comes Hewitt with a lard pail and a trowel and goes to digging. Then he'd fill up the hole and straighten the vines.

"I talked it over with my partners and we decided we had lost about \$30 worth, and if he (Hewitt) wouldn't come across we'd have him arrested. He refused, so we took him to the station."

Hewitt, who is eighty-four, was brought into court four years ago by his daughter, Mrs. Jessie M. Wynne, who tried to have him declared insane. He testified that he keeps a record of every cent he spends and that one year he lived on \$55.85.

SCRAPS

About 16,000 New Zealand farmers keep bees, their apiaries being subject to government inspection.

Glass paving blocks, used in an experimental way in a French city street, lasted less than two years.

A novel revolving tooth brush is driven by a water motor that can be connected to almost any faucet.

Japanese naval constructors have built a cantilever crane that can lift 200 tons 105 feet from its center.

Spiral grooves that are intended to return a wire that has slipped back into a central groove feature a California inventor's trolley wheel.

Operated by electricity obtained from a lighting circuit, a new machine wets, sweeps, scrubs and dries a floor over which it is propelled by human power.

To the chamber of commerce at Toronto falls the distinction of being the first chamber to be organized in Conchula since the beginning of the Mexican revolution.

NATIONAL CAPITAL AFFAIRS

Commandant Suddenly Deprived of Many Grades

WASHINGTON.—The spirit shown by the District selected men in their entertainments for Camp Meade is reflected in the doings and sayings of the boys at the big, dusty encampment at Admiral. You can't hold the District boys down, that's all there is to it. If you don't believe it—but you do believe it—listen here:



Major General Kuhn, in command of Camp Meade, is taking great personal interest in the men of the National army. While not relaxing the necessary formality which should exist in any well-regulated encampment, the commandant feels that the personal touch is necessary.

So he goes around and watches the "rookies" in their first lessons in military science. That is how he happened to come along where a company of Washington youths, fresh from the national capital, were being taught a few passes with a gun.

One young fellow was having a pretty hard time of it. Maybe he was clumsy and maybe he wasn't, but anyway, he just couldn't make that gun behave.

"Here, let me show you," said General Kuhn, kindly. In full uniform the commandant of the camp went through the movement, first slowly and then rapidly. He did it well, too, all the other officers agreed. It was quite a sight for the other officers to see the commander of them all instruct a simple "rookie."

All the officers begin to think about the great Napoleon and his kindly consideration of the soldiers he commanded, and to compare General Kuhn's actions with those of Napoleon. It was a great privilege for this young fellow from the city to receive personal instruction from the general of the whole works.

That was the way all the officers thought, as they watched the general hand the gun back to the "rookie" with a smile. The "rookie" from the District evidently felt a kindly feeling for this guy with some sort of shoulder straps.

"Thank you, sarg," grinned the "rookie," gratefully.

Kid Looked at Things From Business Standpoint

SHE was a survival of the epoch when a man could safely die in the assurance that his widow would wear bombazine and crinkly crepe. And on her face was the nervous exhilaration of one who only gets downtown once in so often, and therefore hungers to see all that is going on—and more.

Fate was in accommodating mood, and the widow one, standing on a curb, was reveling in the excitement of something which she couldn't make out, except that it was a crowd around a street car—and which she yearned to join, only she didn't, because of automobiles sizzling every which way at once. So she asked a man.

The man said he didn't know—same old trouble, he guessed. This was thrilling, but indefinite; so the widow watcher asked another man, who was crossing the asphalt from the scene of action. He didn't know, either. All he could make out was that there had been an explosion of some sort. Any disaster was liable to happen in these days, with spies snooping around.

This was worse and more of it, so the woman, scared to death and perfectly happy, kept on waiting and looking until she caught sight of a newsboy, who had squirmed out of the jam and was hopping curbside like a kangaroo. She had found her bureau of information.

She wanted to know if spies had done it, and what it was, and if anybody was killed. And the boy grinned contempt.

"Nothing but a gas leak in a manhole. An accidental spark set it afire—that's all."

"Well, I'm glad it wasn't true about them trying to bomb up the car full of people who weren't harming anybody."

"Betcher I'm not, then. If a car had blown up I'd be selling extras." Which shows up the wisdom of the man who got ahead with his maxim that everything in the world depends on the point of view.

Nurses Readily Answer Call of Their Country

AMERICAN nurses are rallying to the war call in huge numbers. The "Nurses' Register" is an old accommodation, but in Washington today there is the largest register of trained nurses that there has ever been in America.

In the office of Dr. Franklin K. Martin, head of the committee of medicine, of the council of national defense, there are the names of more than 20,000 American nurses who are ready to serve their country. These nurses will not be used behind the battle lines and in the base hospitals only, but they will be used in caring for the public health of America, while thousands of American physicians are at the front.

For the most part these nurses will be engaged in public hygiene work. War will make inroads on the physicians of the United States and public health must necessarily be maintained. It is the plan of the government to use trained nurses to care for public hygiene. Already a huge campaign of welfare work is being prepared for these public-spirited nurses. They will be assigned to districts, and there will be a trained eye watching the health of every American home while the men of the nation are "over there."

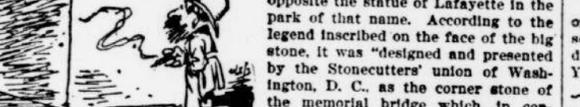
Many of the nurses will be sent to France, but this work is being cared for almost entirely by the office of the surgeon general. For foreign service female physicians are being chosen first, because of their ability not only to do nursing, but also to provide medical attention for the soldiers.

Hundreds of nurses now in training in city and private hospitals will be used in base hospitals.

New Place Must Be Found for Historic Stone

NOW that the government reservation at the northeast corner of Pennsylvania avenue and Madison place has been chosen by congress as the site of the United States treasury department annex, it will be necessary for the proper authorities to make suitable disposition of the massive block of stone which for 15 years past has occupied a prominent position on it just opposite the statue of Lafayette in the park of that name. According to the legend inscribed on the face of the big stone, it was "designed and presented by the Stonecutters' union of Washington, D. C., as the corner stone of the memorial bridge which, in connecting the nation's capital with Arlington, shall ever stand as a monument to American patriotism," and was "dedicated the 9th day of October, 1902, during the thirty-sixth annual encampment of the Grand Army of the Republic." Aside from its historical interest the stone is valuable because of its great size and perfect condition and its fine mathematical proportions.

In case congress ever makes provision for the long-desired memorial bridge the stone undoubtedly will be used for the purpose to which it was dedicated exactly 15 years ago. It is not yet settled what shall be done with it when work is begun on the foundations for the new treasury annex, but it is probable it will be transferred to Potomac park or some other public reservation, where it can be preserved until needed for the purpose to which it was dedicated.



Presented by the Stonecutters' Union GEE!

Some Postscripts

An Englishman has invented an alarm clock that awakens deaf persons by administering light blows with a paddle.

A long list of advantages are claimed for a new front drive automobile in which all the driving mechanism is mounted beneath the hood.

A locomotive sand box from which a stream of water carries the sand to the rails with a minimum of waste has been invented by a Frenchman.

The government of Argentina is fostering a more extensive development of that nation's oil fields and thereby increasing their production.

A couch equipped with mechanism that enables a person lying on it to stretch his own bones and muscles in an endeavor to add to his height has been invented.

A French physician has discovered a way to cure pulse beats sounds in the ears, which are due to defective blood circulation, with alternating electric currents.

ART and CAMOUFLAGE



An organization is being trained in the science of ambush at American University :: It is their business to hide guns and material of war from our enemies

Washington.—Of the novel units which are being organized for the first time in the military history of the United States, probably the company of "camoufleurs" now in training at Camp American University will create the greatest popular interest; partly because it is composed of the leading artists, sculptors and architects in the country, but more from the unique task which the "camoufleurs" have set themselves. Camouflage is not a new military term developed by the war. On the contrary, it is an old slang word of the French stage, intended to be descriptive of the makeup of the actors. In its military sense, in which it is now popularly known, the term refers to the art of so concealing or disguising an object that the enemy cannot recognize it for what it is. A peaceful rock is discovered when too late to be a death-dealing gun. A mound of earth heaped above a trench shows no sign of human occupancy, when the incautious enemy learns to his cost that the seeming mound was a row of invisible helmets with a rifleman behind each. A hedge conceals a regiment, and the onrushing German finds death lurking behind the cleverly contrived nest of shrubbery whose serene even his airplanes and his cameras had failed to reveal.

It is not surprising that the fascination of outwitting the enemy by means of brush, color and ingenious design should appeal to the artistic sense of our painters, sculptors and engineers. It was this appeal which caused Barry Faulkner, the artist, and Sherry E. Fry, the sculptor, on an evening some months ago, to call together in New York as many of their artist friends as they could assemble with the idea of organizing and offering to the government the services of the artists of America to aid the American troops in France to ambush the Germans. Camouflage, by the way, is only another name for ambush. It was first employed by the American Indian; perhaps not consciously, but with such instinctive naturalness, that the Indian of history always appears to have been merged with the rock and the forest in which he fought. Opinion is divided as to whether the Indian realized the effectiveness of his own scheme of costume colors. However that may be, ambush always has been more than half the art of the fighting Indian, and the modern camouflage was his natural resort. When the white man came with the shotgun the Indian at first had the advantage, for he so blended with the landscape that the superior marksman could not distinguish him, and the bow and arrow won many bloody triumphs over the gun. In the day of the short-range musket with which our early armies were equipped the necessity of concealment was as great as in the days of the pioneer, and the woodsman who fought in the Continental army and who picked off the British in 1812 had learned better than expose themselves to the enemy in red coats. Then came the long-range rifle, and the art of concealment and disguise became less serviceable. With the invention of the airplane, however, the need of ingenious devices for hiding troops and equipment from the enemy again became vital, and the French developed it until it ranks with the best of their military achievements.

It was knowledge of this need and of the new problems injected into the science of war by the airplane that drew these artists together in New York. Nineteen responded to the first

call and it was determined to start an organization of some kind and inquire of the government if the idea were worth developing. Fortunately about this time Gen. John J. Pershing went to France in command of the American expedition and it was not long before without inquiry of any kind from this side of the water, he began to cable back requests that a company of camoufleurs be sent to France. Thus with simultaneous enterprise and patriotism the commanding general was demanding and the American artists were organizing a branch of the service which appears destined to play an important part in the activities of the American troops on the battle front.

The company began to grow and is still growing. Everts Tracy, one of the leading architects of New York, had taken all the courses at Plattsburg and received a commission as major in the Officers Reserve Corps. He entered with enthusiasm into the idea of organizing the artists and became the moving spirit of the enterprise.

To make a long story short, a large company of artists, sculptors, architects, civil engineers and others who have won fame with brush and chisel—and many of them much money with their brains and skill—are now drilling and experimenting at Camp American University. They must be soldiers also, as well as artists, for no one who goes upon a foreign battlefield in the uniform of the United States is permitted to be there until he has learned how to take care of himself. The company is under the capable command of Capt. Martin Nixon-Miller, U. S. R., from whom they get daily a grueling course in military instruction.

A first lieutenant of the company is Homer Saint Gaudens, son of perhaps the greatest of American sculptors and himself a stage director of note, as witness his remarkable work with Maude Adams in the preparation and production of the wonderful effects and illusions in "Peter Pan" and "A Kiss for Cinderella." Second in command is Lieut. Wilfred S. Conrow, the landscape painter. Both are graduates of Plattsburg, and so far highly successful with the task they have in hand.

It might appear invidious to mention the distinguished professional men who compose this unusual company, but it seems appropriate to make special mention of Barry Faulkner, the New York artist, if only because he is a pupil of Abbott H. Thayer, the great figure painter, who early in life made a study of animals and discovered the law of the protective coloration of the animal kingdom. It was Thayer who first dared to differ with Darwin upon this subject, the British scientist having attributed the coloration to sex influence while Thayer, combining the faculty of visualizing and noting the actual aspect of things in their relation to one another with his knowledge of the animal world, proclaimed that nature's gift of color to her children of the forest enabled them to disappear quickly from the sight of their enemies. That the truth was stated by both writers now is generally acknowledged. Mr. Faulkner is a devoted disciple of his master, but in his most intimate studies with Mr. Thayer he could never have dreamed that the theory of an artist in relation to the dress of birds and animals would some day contribute to the success of American arms.

The company bristles with men of the highest standing in their profession. Fry is a pupil of MacMonnies, Lorado Taft and other distinguished sculptors and, like Faulkner and Harry Thresher, the painter, has taken the Prix du Rome. Among their comrades are Sutter, Tubesting, Dewar and Nell, the painters, Twigg Smith, who has been painting the exquisite scenes of the Hawaiian islands, has come back

and enlisted. Sanger, Hoyt, and Comstock are listed among the sculptors. All are young men who come from the best offices in the United States and many already have reputations for themselves. Leslie Thresher, who draws the striking illustrations for the Saturday Evening Post, is a rookie in the awkward ways of the camp every day, and while he is coming in so fast that Major Pershing had his hands full dealing with them. The spirit of the commandant an inspiration to the layman.

While the achievements of the French in camouflage are well known and the American organization in its infancy, it has been worth while to the men to know that General Pershing really is eager for their services. Their own peculiar line, and they are confident that the problems they will be called upon to solve are relatively simple. The art of concealing a most to four from the cameras of the enemy, for many an object which appears innocuous to the eye is ruthlessly exposed by the lens and the plate. Knowing this, the men are conducting a series of experiments in camouflage which are carefully being noted photographically. An artist green which would deceive a camera, at a few hundred yards might show black under the merciless gaze of the camera, and the artists already have mastered a secret of fooling the eye. They have invented a grass which will be turned out in quantities by a machine and used as a covering and have learned so to color it that it defies detection. One of their experiments was upon a humble tree which they so disguised that at a distance it was invisible. They have taken to the trenches, and almost discovered a method whereby a man equipped with a proper battery can be so concealed that a whole regiment might slowly arise from the places to fire without the enemy seeing a particle of change in the appearance of the background. The superb sharpshooters are one of the most formidable soldiers on the battle front, and forms are being devised which will be indistinguishable from tree or man. A fake road is being planned at the end of which will be planted dummy canons, while the real canons are concealed hundreds of yards away. One of the arts of camouflage is to make certain that the object to be concealed contains all the color values of its background, and the artists feel that if one color is omitted the object at once becomes very noticeable.

The men are working in cooperation with the Signal Corps of the army at Fort Myer, and their experiments will be tested out thoroughly with airplanes and cameras. It is not provided that the major part of the training will be undertaken in this country or that these professional men, however high their standing, can teach the French. It has been demonstrated already, however, in the month in training, that the company can acquire certain general principles which will prove useful in whatever work they may undertake in the future. The combination of artists and architects is a valuable one, for while the colorations of the group are necessary, the designs of the other are equally important. The men have no doubt, that the American camoufleurs will prove their utility on the battlefield and that their work will result in the saving of thousands of soldier lives. The finishing touches must be put on in France, but at Camp American University the groundwork is being laid for a service which is wholly unique in character and demanding as much of patriotism, self-sacrifice and daring as any that Americans on the European battlefield will perform.—Boston Transcript.

with a nice, bushing expression. "Why should you do such a thing for me?" "Tain't for you," the other said graciously; "it's for the lady. Maybe she won't have so much time to talk to you. Maybe she don't like to wait a minute. Sit down," and he reached for a strap with a subtle unconsciousness of his own chivalry.

In Khaki. "This is the day of the poor man." "In what way?" "He can go abroad next summer."

A Bacterial Sorrow. "What's the matter, little mischievous?" "I've inquired the typhoid germ." "I'm utterly discouraged." "Why?" "The anthrax bacillus." "Here I am employed in the military service of a great emperor. Even if I earn the cross, I'm not big enough to wear it."

At the End of the Summer. "Notin' makes th' summer roll by like a light suit on th' installation plan. If there's anything wassa's tick head it's a tickle aable."

Strike Copper in Argentina. "Meu drilling an artesian well in Argentina found rich deposits of copper at a depth of 100 feet."

At the Front. "Did you hear of the camouflage dodge practiced by Jerry on the enemy?" "No; what was it?" "He found a bottle of whisky concealed in some ruins and went into action disguised as a tank."

In Berlin. "Michaels—The American government detective system is some service. Kaiser (moody)—I must say that's no secret."

Chivalry in the Subway. "Man Surrendered Seat to Soldier, on Ground His Lady Friend May Not Have Him Long."

Good manners on the subway at any time are at their lowest ebb, which means that it requires the unusual to get a seat-warmer to relinquish his coveted place. The other day it must have been the unusual, reports a New York correspondent. She was a sweet, fluffy-haired creature, and she was accompanied by a tall, handsome officer in khaki. They had each reached for a strap but it was only a second later when a man dragged himself out of a seat with a groan and offered it to the young girl. She thanked him prettily, and her soldier escort also acknowledged his gratitude.

Then an anemic looking little man, who might have been a clothing worker, got out of his seat next the girl without warning, and waved the man in khaki into the place. "Why, I can't take your seat," protested the officer,

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