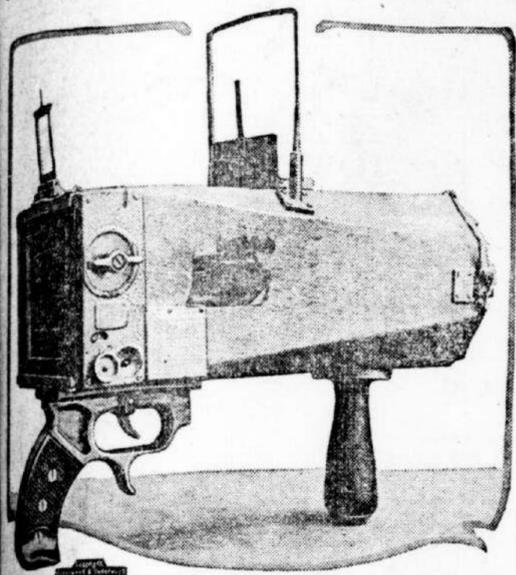


PISTOL CAMERA FOR AERONAUTICAL OBSERVERS



The difficulties experienced by airplane cameramen in making photographs of enemy movements below has brought about the invention of a new device, the pistol-camera, which greatly facilitates their work.

ALL BRITONS TO "DO THEIR BIT"

Government Begins Final "Comb Out" for Men to Swell Military Ranks.

WOMEN MUST DO SHARE

Those Unable to Fight Are Called for Other Necessary Service—Economy of Effort, Expense and Material Demanded.

London.—With 5,000,000 men in uniform, and with other millions, both men and women, engaged in occupations hardly less directly concerned with the war's prosecution, England is organizing one more "comb out" to find men for military service, and both men and women for other essential occupations.

Women's clothes are the grave of an enormous amount of human energy, as Mrs. Bowser said. "New hats alone absorb the work of millions of fingers, and the effect they may have that certainly does not include helping to beat the enemy."

"We are to make the great effort in our history, our imagination must be quickened to understand the effect of our smallest actions. Everywhere, especially every home, we are wasting something. I am sorry to say that we have great organizations which exist to encourage waste."

FOR UNIVERSAL DRILL

National Army at Camp Grant Favors Measure.

Washington, Ill.—The Eighty-sixth division of the National Army emphatically advocates universal military training for young men. By the "division" is meant not its officers but the enlisted men—its privates, sergeants, and corporals—men taken from the life in the last three months under the selective service act.

The first sergeants of 35 companies and batteries have polled their men on the question and have reported the results. "It is my wish that, standing in closest union, you should do my duty not only for your countrymen in a narrow sense, but also to the many thousands of countrymen in foreign lands. This means that I should be able to protect them if I were called upon to do so."

CONQUEST AND KULTUR

The German empire has become a world empire. Everywhere in distant quarters of the earth thousands of our countrymen are living. German soldiers, German industry, are going across the sea. The value of what Germany has upon the sea amounts to thousands of millions. It is your earnest duty, gentlemen, to help bind the greater German empire firmly to our ancestral home. It is my wish that, standing in closest union, you should do my duty not only for your countrymen in a narrow sense, but also to the many thousands of countrymen in foreign lands. This means that I should be able to protect them if I were called upon to do so."

The case is being laid before the British people now in the very simplest terms. Not only is everybody urged to eat the least possible amount of food necessary to maintain good physical condition but everybody is told that he must wear his clothes longer, must be satisfied with patched boots, must cut down his expenditures for every kind of luxury, for amusement.

But that is only the beginning. The hands that would have been occupied in making the new dress that my lady is not going to buy and that therefore will not be made; the fingers that would have employed themselves preparing the confection of a hat that is going to be forsworn; the skill and handicraft that would have found occupation producing suits of clothes that are not going to be bought or worn; all these must find employment of another kind; the employment at producing the things necessary, and absolutely necessary, to national life and national war.

Domestic Service a Problem. Particular attention is being given to the problems of domestic service, which represent immense wastes of human energy. Nowdays a woman is likely to lose her social standing if she advertises for a servant, especially if she mentions in the advertisement, as many English housewives do, that her establishment is based on the butler and three maids model, the butler, houseman and four maids model, or something of that sort. For her advertisement is likely to become the basis of derisive comment by folks who wonder why the butler is not in uniform and some of the maids at least in a munitions factory.

While the authorities who are hunting for man power and woman power insist that altogether too much of it is wasted in domestic service, householders declare that it is becoming practically impossible to get service at all. Moreover, it is likely to continue so for a long period, because women, young and old, who have tasted the satisfaction of that more independent existence that is vouchsafed to other workers are almost without exception determined that they will never go back into domestic service.

ASKS STATUES FOR LONDON

Harvard Professor Would Make Britons Familiar With Great Americans.

London.—A plea for the erection of more statues of great Americans in London was made here recently by Professor Sumichrast of Harvard, speaking before the American Luncheon club.

"We who have the chance," he said, "must do all in our power to make England better known to Americans and America and its people better known in England. Any misunderstanding that may exist between the two countries is purely the result of ignorance of one another. I would have statues of every great American set up in London, so that every Englishman as he walks through these streets may learn to know the features and story of Benjamin Franklin, George Washington, Abraham Lincoln and many others who stood up for liberty and made it possible for Great Britain, France and the United States to stand together today in the battle for humanity."

Old People Elope.

Minneapolis, Minn.—To escape what they characterized as "the small town gossip," Charles F. Mayo, seventy years old, and Mrs. Louise Young, fifty-eight years old, eloped from Nevada, Ia., and were married here.

The Alabama output of graphite during the present year will double that of the previous record.

HOW TO BUY POULTRY

Government Warns Against Ice-Packed Chickens.

Worth 10 to 13 Per Cent Per Pound Less Than Those Properly Handled.

Washington.—Paying the same price for wet-packed chickens as for dry-packed involves heavy money loss to the consumer, according to the dressed poultry specialists of the United States department of agriculture. Government experiments have shown that wet-packing a broiler and sending it to market on ice causes it to lose 13 per cent of its value and fowls lose about 10 per cent. If dry-packed broilers are worth 40 cents, wet-packed are worth more than 25 cents; if dry-packed fowls cost 30 cents, wet-packed one should not cost over 27 cents. A chicken thrown into ice water to

will never go back into domestic service.

Here is the formula for the mobilization of national man power and national financial resources: Discharge your servants and see that they get enlisted in national service. Save the money that you would have paid them in wages and buy war bonds. The government will pay that money to your former servants as wages for making munitions. The rest of the money that you save by reason of circumstances your domestic establishments will be deftly taken away from you by the government through its instrumentalities of taxation and used to maintain the armies in France and in almost all the other quarters of the world. Another energy that is being tapped is the great class of women who have never imagined that it was part of their life to engage in gainful occupation. There are fewer of them in England by a good many hundreds of thousands than there were before the war. But there are still many of them, and the effort is to enlist them for useful service.

Gold Nuggets Worth \$1,155. Coffee Creek, Cal.—Three gold nuggets, with a total valuation of \$1,155, were portions of a cleanup made recently by Patrick Holland in his placer mine near here. One of the nuggets was valued at \$600, another \$400 and the third \$155. These are the largest nuggets found in the county for several years. The remainder of the cleanup, which amounted to \$800, was in small gold, several pieces of which were valued at \$5 each.

HUMAN DOLL COSTUME



This great big human doll is most successful as an agency of gathering funds for relief organizations. The costume is most unique and attractive and will prove to be of the same good purpose everywhere if young ladies in the many cities will take to wearing it at the many bazaars throughout the United States to raise funds for the soldiers and for many other worthy purposes. The costume is made on full lines and is something on the style of a riding habit, except for the curiously shaped hat.

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Bowser's Remedies He Goes Back to the Old-Fashioned Ones

Mr. Bowser was pacing the sitting room and smoking his after-dinner cigar, when Mrs. Bowser, who was upstairs, heard him shout out: "By thunder, but how dare he!—how dare he!" "What is the matter?" she asked, as she came running down. "Why I found this bill on the mantel," he replied, as he waved it around. "Oh, the doctor's bill, eh? Yes, it came in the mail today, and, if you will draw a check for it, I will get it off the first thing in the morning. "Draw a check! Not on your life! How dare he do it! He has been called to this house twice during the last year, and yet he has the impudence to send in a bill for \$24! By the great horn spoon, but I will talk to that doctor in a way to make his head whirl!"



"How Dare He Do It?"

"His bill is for eight visits," replied Mrs. Bowser, "and he has surely made them. It's three dollars a visit, you know."

"Eight visits! Not by the bones of Columbus! Are you in cahoots with him to rob me?" "Let me see," said Mrs. Bowser, as she sat down. "You had him once, when you thought a bug had crawled into your ear, and you were going insane. It was only wax, and I could have syringed it out as well as he, but you were bound and determined to have the doctor over."

"I am not satisfied yet that it wasn't a bug as big as a peach stone!" growled Mr. Bowser. "And you had a pimple come on your cheek, and you were sure it was

swamp grass. It was pulled from some frog pond, and you can almost smell the frogs as you touch it to your nose. There is what seems to be a wild onion. It will probably make you go wild with joy when mixed with your summer drink. That's all, Mr. Bowser, and I advise you to pay that doctor bill and let the simple old remedy keep right on going out of fashion."

Mr. Bowser retied the package and was going down the hall for his hat, when Mrs. Bowser asked where he was going.

"I am going to the drug store to see if you have told me the truth," he warned, shaking his finger at her as a warning of what would happen if she had prevaricated. But she had not. The druggist corroborated with her in every particular, and as Mr. Bowser left the store he scattered his samples all over the sidewalk. He had nothing to say when he got home, but next morning he left the house a quarter of an hour ahead of time. He left his car at the market and began to look for his farmer friend. They got sight of each other, when yet a few yards apart. Mr. Bowser started for the farmer and the farmer started for home. The farmer was the best runner of the two, and he made good his escape. Just as Mr. Bowser had halted to turn back he encountered the family doctor.

"Bowser, I think my secretary sent you a little bill yesterday?" "Yes—ah—um! Yes, I got your little bill. It was a very moderate bill. I expected it would be double what it was. I will send you a check before tomorrow. Yes—ah—um! I got your little bill, and I hope you will come often this year."

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as this. He really did nothing after he got here and he will cut the bill in half or he may sue me.

Mrs. Bowser did not prolong the conversation. She thought Mr. Bowser would have forgotten all about it by morning. Morning came, but he had not forgotten it. He tramped around the market until he found a farmer and told him what he wanted. "You are on the right track, old man," was replied. "My family returned to the simple remedies of forty years ago some five years since, and none of us have had an ailment since that time. There are three country doctors within three miles of us and all of them are in a starving condition."

"And how much money do you want to gather those things and bring them in to my house?" asked Mr. Bowser. "Well," replied the son of toil, whose face wore the look of an innocent child, "you want the best, of course. I shall have to spend two days at least to get what you want, and I think five dollars will make things about right."

Mr. Bowser handed him the money and his address, and inside of three days he drove up to the Bowser residence and handed in a big bundle. Mrs. Bowser knew what the contents were, and she did not meddle with it. When Mr. Bowser came up to dinner and found that his simple remedies had arrived, he was in a great hurry to have his meal over with and make an examination. The bundle was opened, as soon as they reached the sitting room, and he replied to Mrs. Bowser:

"You may help me with these things, if you will. As a boy, living in the country, I knew all about herbs, roots and barks, but I am afraid I am a little rusty now."

"I think you can tell every one," replied Mrs. Bowser. "This bark is from a hemlock tree. It is used by tanners to tan their skins and hides. The farmer evidently thought your hide needed tanning a beautiful brown."

"The blamed fool!" growled Mr. Bowser. "And this root I am holding up is an old burdock root. See—it is about three feet long. I never yet heard that burdock root had a medicinal quality. Perhaps, however, a drink made of it will cure a frost bite."

"That farmer had an honest face, but, if he has put burdock in here, he is either a fool or a scoundrel!"

"And here is some slippery elm," continued Mrs. Bowser. "Some folk chew it instead of gum, but you can do as you like about it. And here is a bunch of smart weed. You could have gathered it yourself on any vacant lot. If you crush it up and rub the juice into your eyes, you will have a fine time of it. I don't think it ever cured anybody. And now we come to a bunch of catnip. If a baby has colic, catnip tea will ease it. Did you lead the doctor to think, Mr. Bowser, that you were subjected to colic?"

"I'll subject him to colic and more too when I get sight of him!" was the awful threat, as Mr. Bowser clenched his teeth and doubled up his fists.

"There are two or three things left," said Mrs. Bowser. "We have some mandrake root, which is almost a deadly poison, and we have a bunch of

STORIES of AMERICAN CITIES

Young Mother's Act of Desperation Proved Happy

KANSAS CITY.—When husband and father left them in their shabby room in a lodging house at Sixteenth street and Broadway to search for work, Mrs. Ruth Ray, 23 years old, and her five-year-old daughter were hungry. Neither had eaten for 24 hours. And under such circumstances a young mother may be pardoned for trying to break the law in an effort to get food—at least that's what some policemen think. By trying to cash a forged check, the mother secured a good dinner for herself and little girl and a job for her husband that considerably brightens her future.

The husband, Charles Ray, twenty-three years old, is an electrician. He lost his position in Springfield a few weeks ago and went to St. Joseph to hunt another. Failing there he came to Kansas City. He met with no success here and his money became exhausted. The room rent was due, but the husband had spent his last 15 cents for bread and milk the morning before. He put the landlady off until evening, hoping to find a job during the day.

When he had gone Mrs. Ray, to rest her mind from its worries, opened a magazine which a former occupant of the room had discarded. The first story she read told of a young woman in straits similar to her own, who had forged a check and had repaid the money thus fraudulently received when her circumstances bettered.

Mrs. Ray thought if a magazine heroine could do that, so could she. She made out a check for \$25, payable to herself, signing the name "Arthur Kelley."

The store employees suspected the check and called Detectives Ed Kitzer and Joseph Keshles, who took her to police headquarters. She told her story to Sergeant Michael Cassidy, and the detectives. The sergeant passed his cap among the policemen on headquarters duty and collected enough to fill a basket with steaming good things for a real dinner.

The husband appeared at six o'clock—still jobless. Sergeant Cassidy gave him a note to the terminal yard foreman, and his wife gave him the part of the dinner she had saved for him. The Jones Store company refused to prosecute and offered to help when it heard the story. The Provident association took charge of the family for the night. The husband was given a job by the Terminal company, and a new contribution from Sergeant Cassidy and the detectives paid the room rent for a week with a little left for groceries.

Child Wife Surely One of Youngest on Record

CINCINNATI.—Millie Grissman, or Mrs. Millie Pittto, said to be Ohio's youngest bride, stood on her marital dignity and protested against being removed to the detention home, 2905 Franklin avenue N. W. As a wife, she protested the law's right to treat her as a child merely because she had "played hooky" from school.

Millie and her mother insist the girl is "going on seventeen." The school census gives her age at ten. The juvenile court, which has records of the ages of the Grissman family, also says she is ten. Playmates of Millie at Case-Woodland school tell school authorities that the little bride said she is eleven. Truant officers, responsible for the order of the juvenile court sending her to the detention home, said she might be twelve. The Grissmans live at 2510 East Thirty-first street. Millie is a slender, diminutive child. She looks more than ten, but not sixteen.

Millie had absented herself from school for more than two weeks. When truant officers investigated they were informed that the child was married a few days ago in Akron.

Famous Old Burial Ground Now Belongs to Past

TOMBSTONE, ARIZ.—"Boot Hill," the burial ground for the men who died with their boots on when Tombstone was a lawless camp town, has been converted into a municipal waste heap and is now fast being covered with tin cans and waste. When Tombstone was a "Bad Man's Town," back in the eighties and nineties, Boot Hill was a busy burying ground. Dozens of men were buried there with the simple ceremonies of the times and no slab remains to mark their grave. Five men, who were hanged legally, and a good many more who were shuffled off less formally, are buried there in what used to be known as "Senfold Row."

There is nothing now on "Boot Hill" to recall the early days, but some of "the old timers" recall a notable or so who lies on "Boot Hill." "Bad Jess" Sprague, noted in the early Arizona days as a gambler and gun man, was buried there after his duel with an Easterner named Bastian. Sprague and Bastian played poker for high stakes and Bastian won. Sprague challenged Bastian to fight it out and the duel was staged in what was known as "The Red Owl saloon." Sprague was armed with two formidable-appearing six shooters; Bastian's weapon being an innocent-looking small-caliber. Sprague lost his nerve at the stranger's coolness, fired wide and was killed instantly by a bullet in his heart. It developed later that Sprague had wronged Bastian's sister and that Bastian had come West intent on getting Sprague.

Why Man Clings to Shanty in Squalid Street

DETROIT.—There is a Street. It ends in a row of brick factories. On one side of the Street at the end of the square there is a saloon. Across the intersecting thoroughfare there is a second saloon and diagonally across from the first there is a third. Next to the first saloon there is a one-story frame dwelling. The shutters on the windows are always closed.

Next door to the second saloon a shanty leans toward a two-story frame building. In the front part of this building there is a barber shop. In the rear a negro family lives. A blind negro beggar sits in front of the barber shop. He sells pencils and chewing gum. Certain men come to him and give him silver coins. He smiles and reaches in his pocket and gives them little paper packages. They contain cocaine. In the shanty there is a man and his seven children. He is a drunkard and works for a brewery. His children are fed by the saloonkeepers and a woman who stays in the house with the shutters. When his wife died his neighbor, a policeman, went in the shanty. The corpse lay near the front window. The man went up to the black casket and pinched the cheeks of his dead wife. "Martha, get up," he said. The youngest child began crying in a monotone. But the man loves the Street. He was born there.

Location of New York's Real Champagne Alley

NEW YORK.—That section of Broadway where the lobsterias and dancing cafes are located is frequently called Champagne alley, because so much bubble water is spilled there, but the name does not rightfully belong to the White Light district. There is a Champagne alley in this village, and it gets its name honestly and virtuously. It is located in Beaver, near Broad street, in what is known as the financial district. There is more champagne within 500 feet of Champagne alley than within any like space in America. Various of the establishments whose back or side windows overlook the classic alley are the headquarters of champagne concerns. The habits of Champagne alley are not gay and festive like those who tarry in the uptown vineyard which pre-empt the name; they are mostly messenger boys and brokers' clerks. And their chief pastime is rolling the bones. Champagne alley also enjoys the reputation of sheltering more fistie encounters than some of our best-regulated sporting clubs. If there is any ill feeling between the husky messengers in the financial district—and they are all huskies—the curb brokers and clerks plead with them not to be absurd and muss each other up at sight. It is much better to have their meeting in the alley before a select gathering, they are told, that will see that fair play is shown. After the battle has been fought there is a collection taken up for the scrappers. The big end of the purse goes to the winner and enough balm is given to the loser to help him forget his injured feelings, or possibly temporary damage to his feet.

