

IN THE CITIES

Chicagoan Who Always Goes to Church Barefoot

CHICAGO—It has become quite an event to the residents of Desley court when Frank Schmalt attends church of a Sunday morning. Children pause on the sidewalk to watch him go by and the gossips of the court run to their windows with as much interest as if a parade were passing.



In reality Schmalt resembles a cross between a G. A. R. procession and a Russian dancer. His chest is covered from shoulder padding to waistband with medals, and Schmalt's ten twinkling toes—not always twinkling—sprawl on the cement walks as he hurries along with athletic stride.

It is Schmalt's theory that shoes are as much out of place to the churchman as slippers are in a Hindu temple. The medals he bestows upon himself, and neighbors have noticed that a new one would appear particularly after an extremely cold and inclement Sunday.

But Schmalt's barefooted philosophy ran amuck when he tried to compel the eight little Schmalts to follow in his footsteps and save the family's Sunday shoe bills.

Mrs. Verona Schmalt, who does not care how often her husband frosts his feet or awards himself a medal if his passion leads that way, objected strenuously to the children being sent barefooted to church. If she yielded on this point she did not know but she might be the next whose footwear would be forbidden.

"You know I don't mind his bare feet so much now that I've got used to them," she said, "nor do the medals worry me any more. He believes the medals are a sign he's a good church member. But he seems to think the children—small ones and all—should do the same thing and in all kinds of weather. They'll catch their death of colds and besides if they take up this medal business the medal bills will be enormous."

"As it is, he doesn't give me and the girls enough to wear. He treats us all like dogs on week days, and I'm just about sick as a result of his carryings on."

So Mrs. Schmalt complained to the superintendent of the social service department of the county court and Frank was persuaded to be reasonable.

Alfalfa Solves the Weed Problem for Wichita

WICHITA, KAN.—When, a year ago, Wichita officials found that weeds were going to take possession of a vacant plot as well as neglected city lots, a plan was evolved by which it could be averted. A man was engaged to prepare the lots for alfalfa at a cost of 50 cents to the owner, to plow, harrow and keep mowed the crops, and the weeds were obliterated in every instance. Many Wichita lots that otherwise would have been rank with unwelcome verdure, were turned into a profitable small hay meadow.

The fifty cents that the city collected from the land owners was given to the man who prepared the land and he was well recompensed. The alfalfa thus raised was utilized in many ways by the owners and it made itself more than pay for its raising. Weeds were unknown in Wichita last year where the owners of property bargained with the alfalfa man. And there was the fragrant odor from the growing alfalfa.



This year, while Wichita city officials named no official alfalfa sower, the man who last year did the work has put in many alfalfa crops of small size and the weeds have been choked off as a result. The first cutting gave Wichita the odor of a great big hay field. It is estimated that more than two thousand tons of alfalfa were cut from the numerous small plots in Wichita and as the price is high it represented a goodly sum. In many cases men who raise home-grown alfalfa feed the crop to the cow or horses and chickens. Hundreds of small transfer men who have a horse and a cow have found growing alfalfa on a small scale very profitable.

Teaching New Boys the Language of Wall Street

NEW YORK.—Going to work in Wall street these days is just like going to school again for a hundred or so of the latest additions to the army of clerks and runners in the various brokerage houses on "the street." Wall street speaks a language all its own.



That fact made no trouble a year ago, for then everyone had been on the job long enough to know that when a hoarse-voiced, wild-eyed lunatic yelled "How's Mop?" all he wanted to know was the latest ticket quotation on the stock of the Missouri Pacific railroad.

But when the war came many Wall street employees found themselves out of jobs, and found work elsewhere. Then the exchange reopened, and the brokers hastily employed new boys as runners and clerks. There was no trouble in finding them, but when the broker asked about the condition of "Mop" they were likely to bring back a report that "it was dry as sticks, and that fool porter wasn't around at all."

And when the broker's partner wanted to know "where's Katy now?" more than one of the newly enlisted boys was heard to answer "hanged if I know," instead of giving the proper stock quotation on the Missouri, Kansas and Texas stock.

To overcome the difficulty new employees have been required to report an hour earlier than is customary and go through a course of instruction at the hands of some one of the older employees who was held over during the hard times period.

Detroit Has a Divorce Case in Sign Language

DETROIT, MICH.—Working his fingers and facial expressions almost unceasingly, Muirville P. Wilson, a deaf mute, told Judge Mandell how his wife, who also is a mute, scolded and otherwise abused him. The story was told through a deaf interpreter, and at its conclusion, Judge Mandell sighed, remarked, "We all have troubles of our own," and signed a decree of divorce.



Another witness, also a deaf-mute, told of things coming under his observation, and none of his testimony was objected to as being merely hearsay. Clerk Thomas Fraser administered the oath in his loudest tones to the deaf interpreter, who in turn worded it on his fingers to the witnesses. Asked to give his address, the complainant rapidly spelled and gestured something with his right hand. The interpreter, with a quizzical look on his face, turned to the judge and remarked, "Funny, but I never heard of that street," and the judge smiled and said he did not either.

At one time the complainant seemed to be telling a long story, and Attorney Loree, fearing that the patience of the court would be exhausted, walked up close to the interpreter and thundered, "Don't lead that witness into any long-winded conversations," and the court smiled again.

When the witness told how his wife threw a bottle at his head every body ducked.

ACTS OF EXTRA SESSION;

Fontenot Measures and Convention Call Most Important of List.

Baton Rouge—

Thirty-six acts result from the special session. The most important of these are the Fontenot anti-trust bills, the constitutional convention call, and the appropriation bill. The acts follow in part:

No. 1—By Leon R. Smith, Senate concurrent resolution endorsing the course of President Wilson and his administration with reference to the European war.

No. 2—By Charles A. Byrne, Appropriating \$10,000 to pay the expenses of the special session.

No. 4—By A. E. Barrow, Senate concurrent resolution petitioning for clemency for Leo Frank.

No. 6—By Simon Leopold, House concurrent resolution authorizing levee boards to spend not more than \$1,000 per year to send delegates to levee conventions, etc.

No. 8—By T. L. Dowling, An act to define and prohibit blind tigers.

No. 9—By John Dymond, Senate concurrent resolution memorializing Congress for legislation and appropriations for flood prevention.

No. 10—By L. Austin Fontenot, An act regulating the business of refining sugar.

No. 11—By L. Austin Fontenot, An act to protect trade and commerce against monopolies.

No. 12—By L. Austin Fontenot, An act authorizing special procedures for the enforcement of the anti-trust laws of the state.

No. 13—By Fred J. Heintz, An act amending the New Basin Canal acts to authorize the Board of Control of the canal to regulate tolls and operate charge accounts.

No. 15—By John C. Davey, an act creating a civil service board for applicants for executive positions in the warehouses and similar utilities operated by the Dock Board.

No. 16—By Charles Loebe, substitute for a bill by John C. Davey, an act to authorize issuance of bills of lading by common carriers against merchandise in state-controlled warehouses.

No. 17—By Jas. F. Fortier, House concurrent resolution petitioning Louisiana's congressmen and senators to take up with the State Department the matters of citizenship of children born in his country of foreign parentage.

No. 19—H. H. Jordan, an act creating a Rural Banking and Credit Commission.

No. 20—R. B. Butler, an act prohibiting corporations from contributing to campaign funds.

No. 21—By Leon Locke, an act improving oil leases by the governor.

No. 22—By Ferd C. Claiborne, an act authorizing banks to discount time drafts.

No. 23—By R. B. Butler, substitute for a bill by Leon Locke, an act restricting the shipment of liquor into dry territory.

No. 24—By J. E. McClanahan, an act to transfer the property of the Pine Grove Academy to the Caldwell Parish School Board.

No. 25—By L. D. Beale, chairman of Senate Judiciary Committee B, a report on the evidence in the suspension of A. J. Hammons, clerk of court of Union parish, and ratifying same.

No. 26—By John Dymond, Senate concurrent resolution memorializing Congress to pass the Williams-Clark bill relative to flood prevention.

No. 27—By Bertrand Well, an act providing additional means for paving in towns of over 1,000 and incorporated parish seats.

No. 28—By Sigur Martin, an act appropriating \$70,000 to defray the expenses of the Constitutional Convention.

No. 29—By Simon Leopold, substitute for bill by R. B. Butler, an act prohibiting issuance of injunctions against lessees of state oil, gas and mineral lands and providing for sequestration of the proceeds pending judicial determination.

No. 30—By L. Austin Fontenot, an act authorizing the governor to lease state mineral lands.

No. 32—By Leon Locke, House concurrent resolution pledging the support of the General Assembly to the program of the Conference on Rural Progress with reference to agricultural education.

No. 33—By E. Sundberry, an act providing for a Constitutional Convention.

No. 34—By Leon Locke, an act appropriating \$1,320,000 for the general expenses of the state.

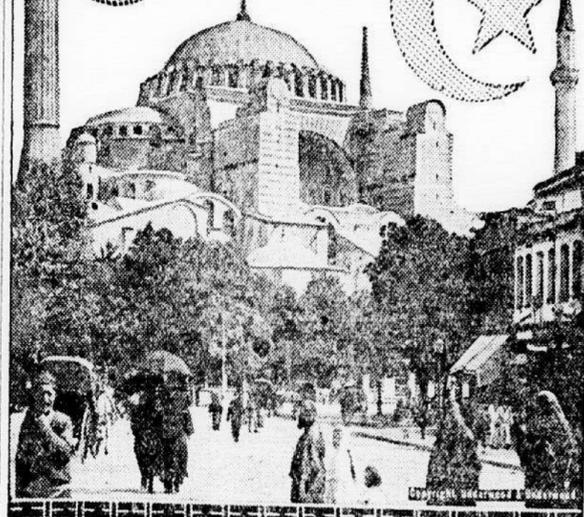
No. 35—By Bertrand Well, an act authorizing cities and parishes to pledge not more than two and one-half mills of their general revenues for not more than 25 years to fund floating indebtedness.

No. 36—By A. F. Darrow, Senate concurrent resolution endorsing Dr. Oscar Dowling's stand against patent medicines.

Wanted to Be Hospitable.

When I went to Paris, said Gen. Horace Porter, I told my friends that any of them who got within a mile of the embassy must come to see me. The latchstring, I told them, was out; there was always a spare seat in my pew at church. The latchstring was often pulled; the seat in church remained vacant. One of my friends who visited me stopped his subscription to the Christian Observer. He said he didn't want any observers while he was in Paris.

MOSQUE of SANTA SOPHIA



SANTA SOPHIA

WHATEVER may be the fate of Constantinople as a result of the war, there is no one who does not fervently hope that the mosque of

Santa Sophia, the ecclesiastical gem of the Turkish capital, will be spared. It is to the Greek church what the site of the Temple at Jerusalem is to the Jew and, except for its possession by a strange religion, what St. Peter's is to the Catholic. The repossession of Santa Sophia represents the goal of Russia's ambitions during several centuries. Concerning this great church edifice a writer for the National Geographic society says:

Christianity has been productive of many wonderful places of worship, of temples richer in treasure and more beautiful in workmanship than those which have grown out of any other religion. Byzantine and Gothic architecture received their highest expression in sacred buildings, so much so in the case of Gothic that the lay mind confuses that architectural type with pictures of the wonderful cathedrals of France and Germany. Christian temples are among the most wonderful architectural accomplishments of all times, and by far and away their most resplendent example is Santa Sophia, the oldest, the most magnificent, the most costly and the most interesting of all Christian churches.

Santa Sophia has become an inspiration to all of Greek Orthodox belief who are fighting in the present battles of Europe. As St. Peter's is the mother-church for all the Catholic world, so Santa Sophia is the mother-church of all of Greek faith. One is the metropolitan of the East, the other of the West, and both are the grandest examples of architectural splendor within their faiths. Both are churches that cost almost fabulous sums in the building, and Santa Sophia cost almost twice as much as St. Peter's, or more than any temple since history began for the Christian world.

Built at Enormous Cost.

It is estimated that Santa Sophia, including the values of ground, material, labor, ornaments and church utensils, cost about \$64,000,000, while the common estimate of the cost of St. Peter's, the chief present splendor of the Eternal City, is placed at \$48,000,000. No other temple has ever approached Santa Sophia in the variety and preciousness of its marbles and in its prodigious employment of silver, gold and precious stones.

The first church constructed upon the site of Santa Sophia was built at the direction of the first Christian emperor, Constantine, in 325. Work on the great pile of the present venerable cathedral was begun by Justinian

in 533. Ten thousand workmen were employed until its completion, and the wealth of the whole empire was put to the severest test to furnish the steady golden stream which flowed and flowed for the carrying out of the ideas. Schools were stopped, it is said, that the salaries of the teachers might be diverted to Santa Sophia's benefit, and the lead pipes of Constantinople were melted down in order to make sheeting for its roofs.

Great Work Done Speedily.

Europe, Asia and Africa contributed of their resources and of their historic marble columns and panels that the great cathedral might be unsurpassed among the glories of earth. Some say that the great work was finished in the marvelously short time of ten years, others are positive, even, that it was ready in six years. However this may be, it required 120 years to build St. Peter's at Rome; 35 years to build St. Paul's in London; 500 years to build the Milan cathedral, and 615 years to build the Cathedral of Cologne. There are millions of the Greek Orthodox faith who are looking confidently forward to the day when Santa Sophia will again be the principal cathedral of their worship.

A bewildering wealth of legends clusters around the old cathedral, now defaced and mutilated as a Turkish mosque, and these legends throw a veil of the supernatural around it. One legend, which the Greeks like to remember, is that of the bishop who was celebrating mass as the wild Turkish hordes under Mohammed II, conqueror of Constantinople, broke into the church, and who escaped their fanatic wrath by walking into a niche made by the opening wall which again closed behind him. This priest is waiting in the wall for the day when Santa Sophia once more comes under Christian power, when he will leave his place of refuge and continue, in celebration of the end of Turkish rule, the service in which he was interrupted 500 years before.

70,000 Victims of Drug Habit.

According to a recent estimate of the United States public health service, the number of persons in this country who are victims of the drug habit is about 70,000, and the number of doses of narcotic drugs consumed by them annually is about \$50,000,000. This estimate is based on figures collected in the state of Tennessee, where under a recently enacted antinarcotic law 1,403 permits were issued in six months to persons petitioning for the privilege of using narcotic drugs, and the consumption of such drugs amounted to 8,498,200 average doses.



INTERIOR OF THE MOSQUE

A SUBSTITUTE CHAPERON

By FANNY KENDERDINE.

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A bellboy had just brought the telegram to Mrs. Ramsey. She regarded it with vexed resignation.

"Girls," she said, addressing her pretty daughters, "you must go home with me. Mrs. Kittredge wires me that she will be in Boston on the 20th—tomorrow—to make me the long-promised visit. I must be there to greet her." Her tone was final.

"But, mother," objected Katharine, "why can't you write Mrs. Kittredge and tell her to visit us here in New York? We can have heaps more fun."

"There is no reason why we should not remain until after the Peasley concert—" began Rosalind, but the look on her mother's face checked her words.

"Unchaperoned?" asked Mrs. Ramsey, in horror.

"Find us a chaperon for the remainder of the week, and then we'll come home and help entertain Mrs. Kittredge," urged Katharine.

"There's no one in town of whom I would ask such a favor, but there is my cousin, Algernon Mudge—"

Algernon Mudge! Visions of his portrait in an obscure corner of the library at home assailed the mental vision of the girls. Cousin Algernon Mudge was small and pale and very learned looking. His little moonlike face was almost obscured by a pair of huge tortoise-shell rimmed spectacles.

Surely one would be safe with Algernon Mudge, their mother's second cousin.

When they reached their sitting-room after their mother had gone, they were confronted by a servant bearing the card of Mr. Algernon Mudge.

All this for the benefit of a little, near-sighted student!

"Come!" said Katharine, and they went down to the red parlor where the visitor awaited them.

But the only occupant of the red parlor was a tall, big-framed young man, smartly arrayed in most fleckless clothes.

The young man bowed profoundly.

"I am here," he said pleasantly.

"You—you are mistaken," said Rosalind haughtily. "We are looking for our cousin, Mr. Mudge."

"I am Algernon Mudge," insisted the youth, placing a card on the table. "My father is laid up with an attack of rheumatic gout and he sent me—as a sort of substitute chaperon. I—hope you don't mind."

Katharine looked appealingly at her elder sister.

"We didn't know that Cousin Algernon had a son," confessed Rosalind. "We thought he was a childless widower. But we are glad to see you, Cousin Algernon; but we were surprised."

"No wonder," said Algernon, shaking hands vigorously. "Expecting a neat little chaperon like dad, and finding me!"

"I'm sorry, but I'm afraid you won't do," sighed Rosalind.

"Oh, bother!" said young Algernon. "Let me take you about a bit. How long have you been here?"

"Arrived last night," announced Rosalind, tragically.

"Say, that's bad luck, isn't it? Ever been here before?"

"No; we live in Boston, and it hasn't seemed—seemed necessary," went on Rosalind. "But now we are here there are so many things we wanted to see; just common everyday 'sights' that you will laugh at."

The girls went away with Algernon Mudge and from the moment they mounted to the roof of a Fifth avenue bus until hours afterward they were set down at the Mudge home in Washington square, they forgot everything save that they were seeing things about which they had read and talked for years.

And Algernon Mudge, senior, sort of balanced matters by proving to be exactly as they had pictured him—save that he was the most charming and delightful of hosts.

"I didn't want to disappoint your mother, my dears," he said patting their hands; "so I just sent my big boy along. Algie works too hard anyway. A little play will do no harm."

After dinner Jack Kenyon, a friend of Algie, dropped in and Cousin Algernon insisted upon music. And the next day there were four who set forth upon adventure in Manhattan.

It was a double wedding the following October.

After Katharine and Algie and Rosalind and Jack had left the house, Mrs. Ramsey looked at Cousin Algernon Mudge, who beamed back at her through his goggles.

"I—I'm afraid you're an irresponsible chaperon," sighed Mrs. Ramsey. "Through you I've lost both my girls!"

Cousin Algernon squeezed her hand gently.

"A reliable chaperon usually arranges a desirable marriage," he hinted, "and, remember, Sally, that I am alone, too—and, well—if we had met years ago we would have been sweethearts. What do you think—eh?"

Mrs. Ramsey blushed.

"I don't know, Cousin Algernon—but they say—it's never too late—"

But Algernon Mudge did not wait for her to complete the sentence.