

News of the Week as Caught by the Camera for Readers of The Journal

HER MAJESTY'S FUND

By HARMONY WELLER.

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Elaine looked long and wistfully at the beautiful ring lying in the palm of her hand. She had promised faithfully that should anything happen to her soldier boy who had gone to the front she would take off his ring and dispose of it.

"It will only be a constant reminder of me," he told her at parting, "and if the battlefield claims me you will forget me the quicker without that ring."
And Elaine had wept, as nearly all of the women in England had wept, when the regiments had gone off with pipe and drum playing. Jimmy Thorpe belonged to the famous Black Watch.

Elaine found her home cheerless and decided upon a trip to New York. America at least was neutral, and there was little danger of bombs and spies to further the wreck of her already razed nerves.

Two days after Elaine had sailed for neutral lands Ethel Davis was walking down Oxford street. She stopped interestedly in front of a window that displayed an odd assortment of jewelry, embroidery, paintings, Indian relics and historical gems of all kinds. These were being sold for the queen's fund, and many a treasure had been sent when perhaps the sender had not even a shilling to offer.

Ethel gazed longingly at some of the jewelry. It was one of her hobbies to collect odd bits of adornment. She knew that she would be helping to augment the queen's fund should she see anything in that assortment that lured her into purchasing it.

When Ethel caught sight of the beautiful ring that formed an E, her own initial, she was lost. Never had she seen a ring so completely desirable as that one with her birthstone set in to form her letter. Opals and diamonds clustered with exquisite charm made a most lovely ring.

Ethel went into the shop. When she emerged her slim figure felt warm and very much delighted with itself. The new ring was wonderfully dainty on her hand and seemed made to adorn its new owner.

A few days later she motored down to Brighton. Ethel was in the habit of driving down in her luxurious car and taking wounded soldier boys for long, bracing drives.

The day that Jimmy Thorpe was lifted into the seat beside her was a most exciting one for Ethel. She gazed sorrowfully at the kiltie, who seemed to be all bandages, and tucked the rugs about him with her own slim hands.

"They are supposed to have done for me now," he confided, as they whirled away from the hospital. "I was reported as having been killed. My mother fainted when she found out I was still in the land of the living. Nice reception that, wasn't it?"

Ethel smiled as she listened to Jimmy's loquacious tongue that had sufficient of the Scotch in it to charm her American ear.

"My girl, too, believes me dead," he continued, "and I cannot communicate with her even now. Awful blow it will be to her."

Ethel realized suddenly what a really fearful blow it would be to any girl to lose a Jimmy Thorpe. She was so thoroughly annoyed at herself for blushing that she determined to put down her chiffon veil and hide herself away from his keen blue eyes. During the process of adjusting the veil those same eyes caught sight of the ring he had given Elaine and he drew a swift breath. He was indeed numbered among the ghosts.

"Tell me," he questioned quickly, "just how you came by that ring—it's the one I had made for my fiancée, Elaine Harris."

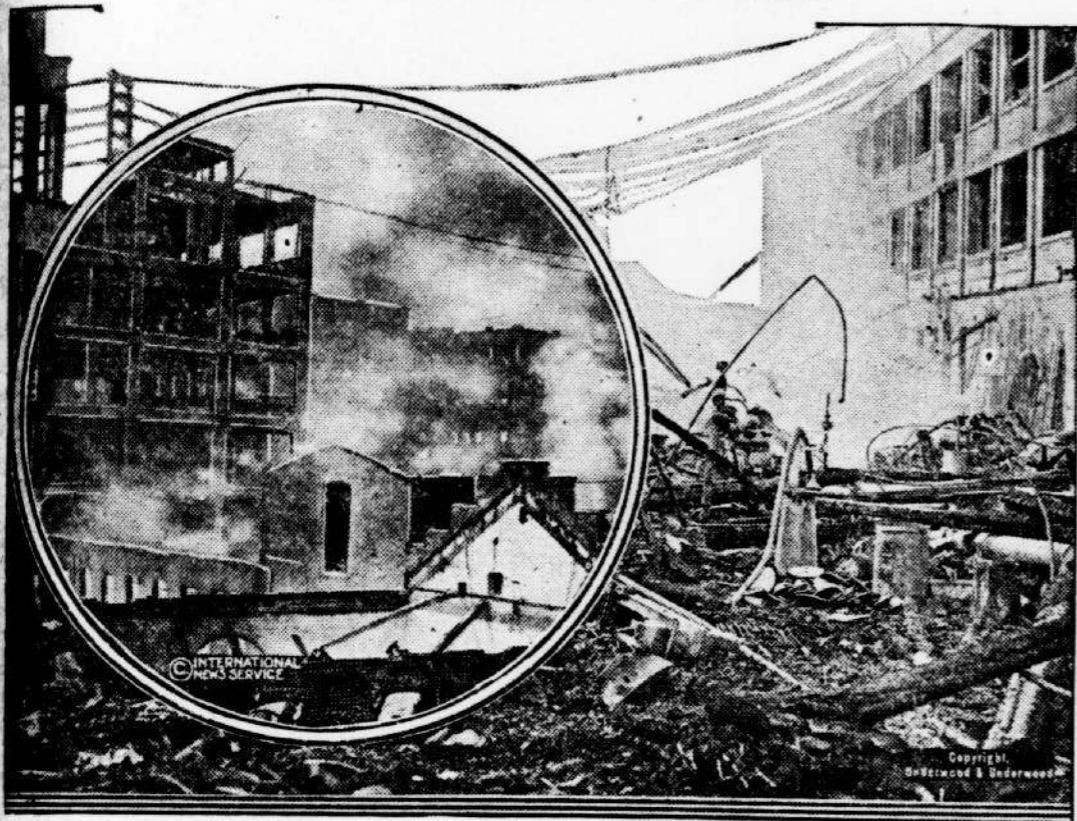
When Ethel had told him the whole story she flashed an indignant glance at Jimmy.

"I don't see how any girl could bring herself to give away a ring—under those circumstances!"

"She was only keeping her word to me," Jimmy said quietly.

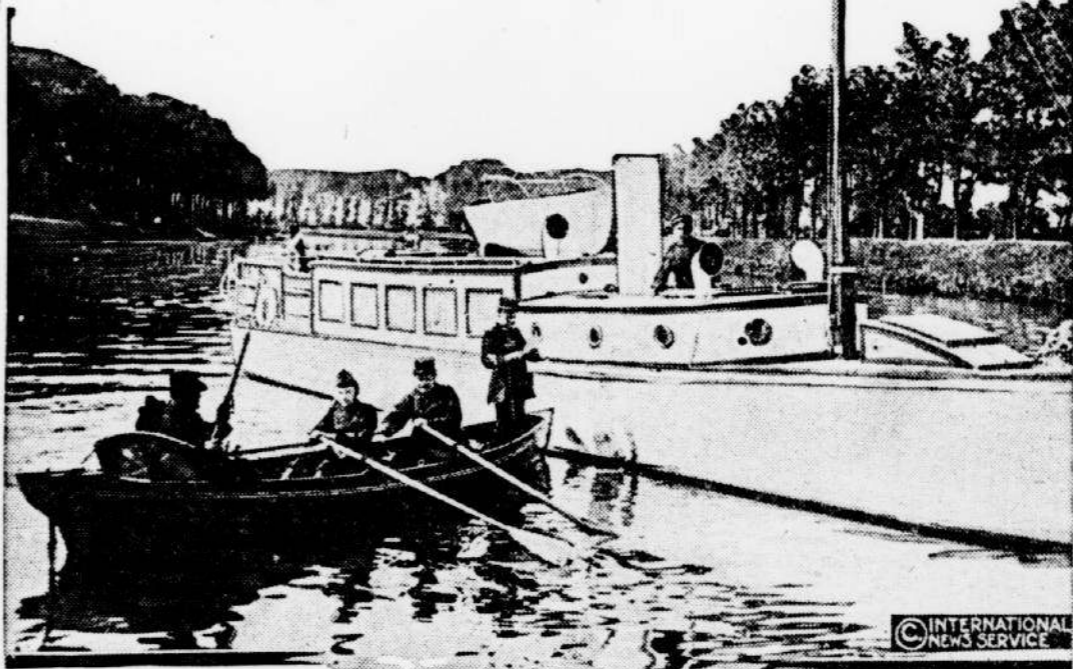
"You could not have made me promise," Ethel told him with laughter in her eyes, "because if I hadn't loved you I most certainly would have loved the ring. Strange that it should be my birthstone and initial—isn't it?"
"Not so very strange," Jimmy said, "when you think of the future—is it?"
"Perhaps not," she said.

FIRE DESTROYS GREAT EDISON PLANT



Photographs taken during the burning of the Edison company's big plant at West Orange, N. J. The property destroyed was valued at \$7,000,000.

GUARDING THE NEUTRALITY OF HOLLAND



At the frontier stations and along the Scheldt the Dutch authorities are exercising a very strict guard over all pedestrian, vehicular and boat traffic. Such scenes as here pictured are of everyday occurrence.

ISLE OF MARKEN FLOODED



The Isle of Marken, in the Zuider Zee, known to nearly every American tourist, is suffering from floods caused by the cutting of the dikes in Flanders. One of its streets is here shown, with natives rowing about in their gardens.

GERMAN WINTER HELMETS



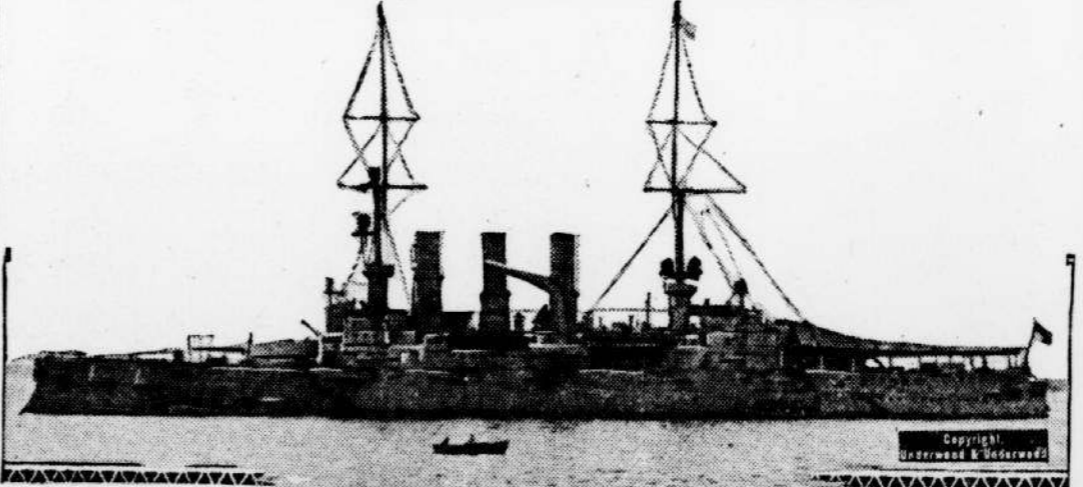
These are two types of knitted helmets adopted by the German army for the troops during the winter. Not only are they warm, but they also cover the metal helmets so their shining does not afford a mark for the enemy.

MAJ. DWIGHT E. AULTMAN



Major Aultman of the Sixth Field artillery of the United States army is one of the six officers who have been sent over to observe the operations of the armies in the European war. He graduated from West Point with the class of 1899.

GERMAN BATTLESHIP BREAKS THE BLOCKADE



The German battleship Von der Tann, which is said to have broken through the blockade established in the North sea by the British fleet, and started across the Atlantic to join the cruiser Karlsruhe.

HELPING THE BELGIANS



Miss Mary Canfield, a society girl of New York, wrapping up goods in "Little Belgium," a novelty shop established on Fifth avenue for the purpose of raising funds for the destitute Belgians.

FRITZ KREISLER



Fritz Kreisler, the famous violinist who served in the Austrian army early in the war and, having been wounded, has come to America.

Encouragement.

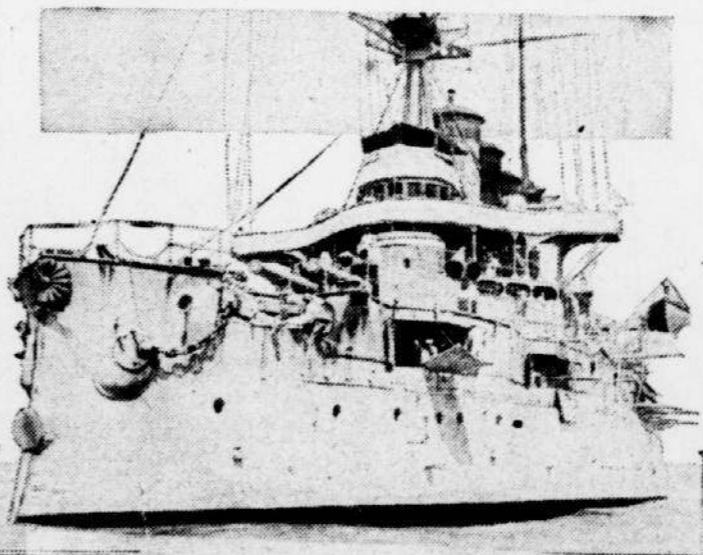
"I haven't had much chance to talk to my constituents."
"And you are worried?"
"I don't know whether to worry or not. I have just received a letter from a friend, who says my silence may be a great help to me."

GERMAN SYMPATHY FOR BELGIANS



Two little Belgian war waifs, orphaned and homeless, being fed by two sympathetic warriors of the German army at an outpost near Antwerp.

ONE OF JAPAN'S WARSHIPS



This is the Japanese battleship Hizen, one of the best in the Mikado's navy, which, with others, is searching for German cruisers that have been destroying merchant ships in the Pacific. The Hizen carries four 12-inch 12 six-inch guns, 20 three-pounders and six one-pounders, besides three torpedoes.

WITH THE GERMANS IN EAST PRUSSIA



German soldiers guarding an outpost in East Prussia, near the Russian border, passing away the time by studying war pictures. The lower photo shows a German supply column making its way to the base of supplies.

BEAUTIFUL CHURCH LAID IN RUINS



Exterior of the church at Ramscapele after the once beautiful edifice had been wrecked by the shells of the contending armies.

Academy of Birds.
On a little house in London appears the interesting sign, "Academy for Birds," and from the open windows in summer comes a most amazing volume of bird-song. The "professor" is not at all particular as to the breed or value of the pupils offered. Any song-bird is eligible; terms, 50 cents for the course. The "academy" guarantees that each pupil shall leave the establishment fully proficient to render three airs without omission and in correct time.

The method of instruction is very simple, and is said to be remarkably successful. There are three rooms, in each of which is a phonograph which plays a single air. A new bird has his cage hung in room No. 1 until he has learned to sing correctly the constantly-repeated air, and is then transferred to the second, and in time to the third room. The professors are hopeful that some day it may be possible to teach Strauss to a parrot or a Beethoven sonata to a starling.

Heredity and Color Blindness.
Color blindness is always inherited through the mother, and never through the father. There appears to be no instance in which a color-blind father has transmitted his defect to his children except in connection with a mother who was a transmitter.

Another Try.
Recruiting Officer—What's the good of coming here and saying seventeen years old! Go