

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

## TOM, DICK AND HARRY

By LOUISE OLIVER.

Monsieur Beaucaire!  
Probably it was the nickname by which her intimates referred to her frayed friend that appealed to Lily's contrariness (or pity) to the extent that she always stanchly stood up for him.

They called him that because he was a mystery. Not only was his immaculate linen fringed and his one suit and topcoat visibly mended, but he had presented a card bearing the remarkable name of Stuart-Remark Dryton Senny to the family the day he brought Lily home after a fall on the ice.

"Some day he'll come in gold buckles and ermine, and flap his feathered hat at the rest of us fellows," teased Tom Ferrine, "and say, 'Here, you little shrimps and tadpoles, all of you must scoot now. I'm the Knight of Ump-de-Ump, the Prince of So-So, and also Lord Helpus. Git! The fair Lillian is mine!'"

Lily's sister laughed. "I don't believe he would talk that much in a year. When he comes Lillian has to get out all her overtures, etudes and nocturnes and play for him all evening. He just sits and cats her up with his eyes."

"I think you are all hateful. He is smart and well educated, and it's a shame to make fun of him because he is poor."

When Lily and Tom were alone the subject was dropped.

"Lily, I want to talk to you seriously." It had come. The corners of her mouth went up for an instant. Then she lowered them hastily and looked thoughtful.

"Seriously?"  
"Yes, Lily. It's time we had an understanding. Don't put me off any longer. I just can't stand it."

Lily puckered her brows. "I can't tell you today, Tom. I must have a while to think."

That night much the same conversation took place with Dick Ingraham. Dick promised to wait.

Then came Harry, who also agreed to wait. It was really time she decided on which one of the three it was to be. She liked them all. Did she love one of them enough to marry him? There were times she was sure it was each in turn. They were all dear boys.

But there was something—she could not tell just what it was. In the last few weeks it had seemed harder than ever to make up her mind. It must be either Tom, Dick, Harry, or— She flushed and looked into her startled eyes in the mirror.

The next day Lily crushed her hand. It was all very terrible and she had to have anesthetics and doctors and a trained nurse. When she began to realize what had happened her room was full of flowers and the nurse presented the envelopes that had come in the boxes.

One by one Lily read the letters with a puzzled frown. From what she could gather, Tom, Dick and Harry were withdrawing their proposals for the present. They all had the continued-in-our-next-tone.

Monsieur Beaucaire had sent flowers, too, and a note.

"Dear Miss Lillian: Please accept this little token of my sympathy. There is something of the greatest importance that I would like to tell you as soon as you can see me. I hope that you will soon cease to suffer. Yours faithfully, Stuart Senny."

Lillian was astonished. The little token was three dozen American Beauties with stems as tall as she was. Then the nurse handed her the morning paper, which gave an exaggerated account of her accident, adding that amputation had been necessary.

Her face flamed. Immediately she understood the willing releases that had been extended to her.

But instantly came a softer flush and the snap died out of her eyes. The other! Here was real sympathy, and he had loved her music. Now that she was facing bare facts, it came to her that he must have loved her, loved her for her music. Would he care for her now?

The next day came more flowers from Stuart, but none from the trio. Indeed, as Lily convalesced she saw Tom, Dick and Harry from her window enjoying the society of other girls.

She was very much relieved. Then one day she came downstairs and received Stuart, her much-banded arm and hand in a sling.

It was afternoon and he appeared perfectly at home in a frock coat and gray trousers. She thought instantly of Tom's remark of buckles and feathers. It had come true.

Then he told her that he had given up his struggle in the world of invention. "My older brother died in England and I must go to take his place," he said. "It is my duty. Will you go with me as my wife, Lily? I love you."

"But my hand?"  
"It breaks my heart for you, and there will be no more music. But why should it make a difference? I love you just the same."

Lily's eyes shone. "Yes, there will be music some day. The papers made a dreadful mistake. There is nothing the matter with my hand that cannot be mended. And I—"

"You—"  
"I love you, too."  
(Copyright, 1915, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

One Thing It Might Say.  
"So Miss Banger played for you! She claims that she can make the piano speak."

"Well, I'll bet if it spoke it would say: 'Woman, you have played me false.'"—Musical Courier.

Responsibility Met.

"Hundreds of germs can sit on a pin point."

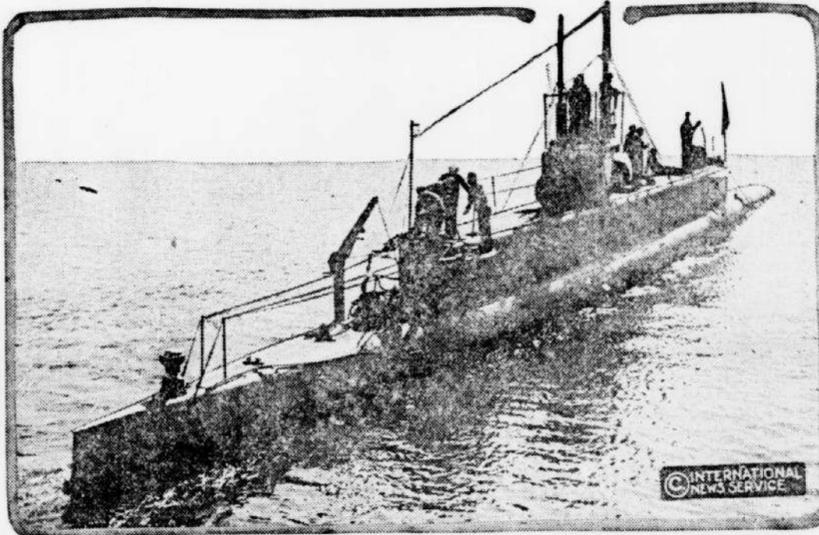
"Well," answered Mrs. Lackaday, "I've tried to do my duty as a mother. Many's the time I have warned my children not to swallow pins."

### AMERICAN TROOPS FIGHTING IN HAITI



Bluejackets from the United States ship Washington are here shown ashore near Port-au-Prince, Haiti, attacking a party of rebels in the bush. The American forces have now about restored order in the black republic.

### ONE OF UNCLE SAM'S GOOD SUBMARINES



This photograph, taken during the submarine maneuvers at Newport, shows the United States submarine G-1 as the sailors were clearing her deck preparatory to submerging.

### CZAR OF BULGARIA AND HIS GENERALS



Ferdinand, czar of Bulgaria (in the right foreground), and the leading generals of the army with which he is attacking Serbia.

### MARTIAL MUSIC UNDER DIFFICULTIES



A highly interesting and unusual picture just from the Argonne district. The crown prince has been making attacks along this front in which poison gas was extensively used. Entire regiments go about constantly masked against the deadly fumes, and when during a lull in the fighting the regimental band got together for rehearsal in the ruins of a village they presented this grotesque scene.

### LORD AND LADY ABERDEEN IN AMERICA



The marquis and marchioness of Aberdeen are now making a tour of the United States and Canada for the purpose of attending various meetings and of delivering lectures on social topics. Lord Aberdeen, who has twice been viceroy of Ireland, was made a marquis last January. The marchioness is president of the International Council of Women.

### NEW BRITISH GAS HELMET



This is the latest gas helmet issued to the British troops for protection in the trenches against the deadly fumes from German gas bombs.

### Activities of Women.

The women conductors on the Glasgow tram cars wear green straw hats and black watch tartan skirts.

Thirty-five per cent of the women in New York, Pennsylvania, New Jersey and Massachusetts have to work for a living outside the home.

The threatened grand jury investigation of the juvenile court in Chicago is said to be a direct attack on Miss Mary Bartelme, assistant judge of the court.

The majority of the boatmen in Wales having gone to war, their places have been taken by women, who take people out for a sail or a row in the same safe way as the men did.

Women munition workers in the Vickers factory in England are earning from \$4 to \$5 per week of six shifts of 54 hours. They wear overalls of butcher blue, caps to match, leather gloves and strong boots. They all live together in a house close to the factory.

### Our Friend, the Doctor.

A doctor is a member of the greatest and most beneficent and unselfish of all the learned professions. We jest at the doctors in our hours of health, but when disease seizes upon the strength of manhood, when even the mighty Caesar cries like a sick child, when the hour of pain is upon us, then, in the hushed chamber and by the lonely lamp of the watcher, we invoke the merciful ministrations of the doctor, and with willing feet he comes through the storm and darkness, and with skill and patience and courage he battles with disease and beats back death from the house of life.

### ANOTHER INTERNATIONAL MARRIAGE



Lieut. John H. Towers, U. S. N., assistant naval attache to the United States embassy in London, and Miss Lily N. Carstairs, daughter of Charles S. Carstairs of Mayfair, whose engagement has been announced.

### GENERAL ARLABOSSE



General Arlabosse, one of the French commanders, standing in front of his "mansion" in the French lines in eastern France.

### Right Way to Drop a Hook.

One of the most common faults of amateurs in the realm of seamanship is to let go the anchor while the vessel is still going ahead, says Outing. This is not only sloppy and unseamanlike, but it is very likely to involve one in "cutties" later on, because when the vessel settles back over her "hook" she is apt to catch a turn of the anchor-rope around a fluke or arm and then the anchor will drag under at the least provocation. The proper method of coming to anchor is to round up to the wind or tide (according to which is the controlling force), bring the vessel to a stop, and even have slight sternway on her before singing out "Let go!" Then the anchor will go down fair and its chain or rope will tail out straight as the vessel swings off before the wind or tide.

### French Traces in Hungary.

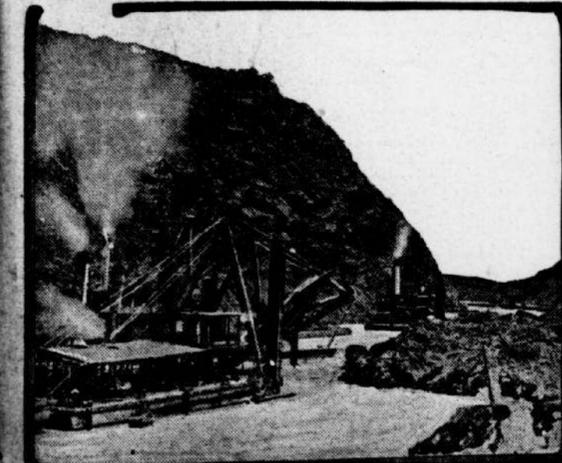
The Banat is a province of southern Hungary that forms part of "Unredeemed Roumania." But there are bits of it that are not in the least Roumanian in character—particularly certain bits with neat little farms and poplar-lined roads and trim villages nestling round pretty Gothic churches. Both villages and villagers have French names, often distorted almost out of recognition, and a few old folks still have a dim memory of the French language, which was the current speech in these villages sixty years ago, but has since been stamped out of existence by the Magyars.

### AMERICAN OFFICERS IN HAITI



These officers of the American forces now occupying Haiti are stationed at Jacmel. Left to right, they are: Captain Green, Lieut. John Quincy Adams and Lieutenant Miller.

### PANAMA CANAL BLOCKED BY SLIDES



This photograph shows dredges working on the latest slides that have blocked the Panama canal just north of Gold hill. Slides occurred on both banks and the land pushed up formed an island in the center of the channel. The canal may not be opened again to traffic before the end of the year.