

TALES FROM BIG CITIES

This City Is Solving Its Own Peace Problems

FLINT, MICH.—It is a self-evident truth that if every American community took care of its own problems the United States would have fewer national problems. Every community should be as nearly self-sufficient as possible.



Very few communities have made so much as a beginning. Even during the active food conservation hundreds and thousands of communities were sinning against its first principle—local consumption of local food products.

Flint has set out to solve the problem of re-establishing industry on a peace basis with energy that gives the experiment great interest. Without waiting for federal initiative and proceeding on the theory that the way to readjust is to readjust, the business men of Flint have taken concerted action both to prevent any disturbance of conditions of employment and to modify the inflation of the cost of living caused by the war. They have resolved to keep their employees at work at their old jobs with their old wages while at the same time seeking to effect substantial price reductions in the necessities of life.

They have had the price of milk reduced by one cent a quart by agreement, the price of shoes by 10 per cent and the price of coal by from 3 to 5 per cent, or to a figure below that fixed by the fuel administration. Landlords have voted a 15 per cent reduction of rentals for 90 days.

Is Flint to become an industrial Altruria? It has started what it hopes will become a "nation-wide movement to break the upward trend in prices throughout the world." Whether or not that broad ideal is realized, the city has attacked the problem of high prices and industrial unrest where it is logically open to attack. Curing local evils first by local means should best effect an improvement of general conditions.

Chicago "Kewpies" and Their "Bureau de Amour"

CHICAGO.—The police of the Windy City are taking on great airs these days. They claim they have something on every other police department in the United States. What is it? Well, it's a sort of "bureau de amour," as the police put it. And the detectives who are doing Cupid work don't know whether to blush or fight when addressed as "Kewpie."

The reason for this bureau is a letter from Marcel de Vermeuil, the acting French consul in Chicago, who asked Chief of Police John J. Garrity to investigate three young men, American soldiers in France, their families, their standing in the community, and so on. Object, matrimony.

The acting consul explained that the request for this information, following French customs, came to him from three countrywomen of his, who have accepted Chicago boys to be their husbands. Not wishing to take a pig in a poke, even if said pig appears to be a No. 1 in every respect, these young Frenchwomen have exercised native caution in finding out just who the boys are and all about their families.

Their names? Well, M. Vermeuil explained that the requests came to him in a confidential manner, that he did not wish to make the names public, but it was intimated that all three of the young men lived on the South side before they enlisted and sailed for La Belle Francaise.

"Diana of the Dunes" Weeps Over a Giant Friend

VALPARAISO, IND.—Paul Wilson, 6 feet 5 inches sans footwear, is awaiting trial in the Valparaiso jail on charges of housebreaking preferred by Henry W. Lehman of Evanston and C. H. Spring of Chicago, both of whom live betimes in the Indiana dunes, close to nature and to Alice Gray, better known as "Diana of the Dunes."

Diana slipped back to nature some time ago and supported herself vicariously as she disported in the sands. She eked out her uncertain larder by gifts of her neighbors, who included Lehman and Spring and "Fisherman" Johnson.

A little while ago Diana's neighbors began to miss butter, eggs, guns and blankets. After a rainy night in which a crate of eggs disappeared, Johnson followed tracks to Diana's shack. There he found Diana and a man whose head was up among the rafters. He was too big to be stopped and made off, notwithstanding Johnson's rifle.

"Fish" Johnson found City Marshal Pillaupough of Chesterton near by and a man hunt developed which led to Wilson's capture under a tree as he slept. He was taken to Chesterton and locked up.

Diana came and gazed through the bars at the being to whom she had given shelter. He hung his head and turned away. Diana came sorrowfully forth and wept.

"The man asked for shelter and I had no idea he was paying for it by robbing my neighbors," she said. "I took him in because he was cold and wet and hungry."

A notebook found on Wilson contained memoranda to the effect that he whipped Carl Morris twice and earned a draw from him once.

The dunes are the famous sand dunes of northwestern Indiana, along the shore at the head of Lake Michigan. Chicago hopes to establish the Dunes Natural park here. It is now a wilderness enjoyed by many Chicagoans.

It Just Happened; No Joker Could Be So Cruel

BROOKLYN.—Counselor George E. Brower occasionally indulges in a "friendly little game." George was sitting in the other evening for a short session and the kind dealer gave him three deuces. He drew two cards, and glancing casually took note of the fact that one of them was a two-spot. So he shut up his hands like a jackknife and tried to hide the fact that he had four of a kind. The center of the table began to look quite attractive after a few moments. Finally there were only Brower and one other in the competition. The other man paid for the privilege of seeing what George was holding so tenderly, and George, with a confident flourish, spread his five cards on the table.

They were all of the same denomination, the whole five of 'em, b'gosh, and everybody began to look askance at Brower.

He was right there with the alibi and the replevin and all the other legal defenses, but the jury did not seem to take much stock in his protestations.

A committee was appointed to investigate, and when the pack was counted it was found to consist of 56 cards, eight of which were two-spots.

Everybody in the room said "me-ow" in a loud vulgar way and the kitty opened her maw and swallowed up the makings of two theater tickets, two suppers and the price of a taxi in a twinkling.

George says he never did believe in a "deuce wild" game. Of course it just happened; no joker could be so cruel.

Wounded Yanks; Hospital; Plate Glass; Many Notes

NEW YORK.—In a big building at Sixth avenue and Eighteenth street there were 5,000 gloriously happy wounded Yankee soldiers. Wounds don't hurt so much, you know, when you're back so home town. The big department store, now converted into army debarcation hospital No. 3, is a half-way station between France and that well-remembered little town up in Vermont, or maybe in Iowa or Minnesota or Illinois.

Long before the visiting hours were over it could hold no more and the doors had to be closed. Hundreds of disappointed men and women and girls were forced to stand outside.

Then followed an odd scene. Pretty girls flattened their noses against the window glass and stared longingly at the battered heroes within. The battered heroes looked back just as longingly. One can't carry on much of a conversation through a half-inch plate glass window.

Notebooks and pencils made their appearance. "Write Walter O'Brien, and floor," appeared on a slip of paper pressed against the window pane. A husky doughboy in a bathrobe.

"Don't forget Oscar Vashow, third floor," wrote his neighbor. Much of heads by the pretty girls without.

The fifth floor facing Sixth avenue a Yank let down a rope to the street. He got many tugs on his line and pulled up cigarettes, candy and

American Women at Chateau Thierry

By E. Buckner Kirk



AT THE COUNTER OF THE AMERICAN RED CROSS CANTINEEN

AMERICAN women as well as American men were at Chateau-Thierry. To be sure, it was no longer the very front itself, but it was just at the back of the front and through it passed all day long supply trains and men moving up towards the trenches and men and empty supply trains coming back.

In 1914 an American woman, Frances Wilson Hurnd, watched hundreds upon hundreds of refugees stream along that road toward Paris.

Four years later a little group of American canteen workers were in Chateau-Thierry watching an ever-moving procession in the other direction. The town for the possession of which so many American lives had been laid down was safe at last; so safe that the ever-cautious authorities asked for women to run a Red Cross canteen there, and thus it came about that a little group of us were able to follow our own troops into the famous village.

We set up our kachki tent on the lawn of the chateau and from there we saw the whole panorama of war go by. It was a strange sight to women, an unendurable sight, if one could not feel that in some small human way one was of service. But our canteen, with its huge sign American Red Cross, drew troops from the road as a honey pot draws flies; and with the villagers who had come home, we were almost as popular as the fountain on the way. So we came to know that we were of use—a stimulus to that weary but indomitable fellow, the poilu; a kind of cross between diversion and oracle to the villagers; and, best of all, a bit of home to our own men.

"Gee," a young artilleryman said to me one day, "you're from home, aren't you? But I don't suppose you come from Indiana." For the first time in my life I would have gladly disowned my own state, if only I could have honestly told him that I came from Indiana.

From our duties at the marmites, cache or counter, we could look out upon the cross road and the fountain of the little village, two years ago unknown to most of us, now an unforgettable word in American history. For us who have been there, it is an even more unforgettable memory.

Martial Splendor Lacking. During the period of reconstruction, when we were at the village, a motley stream of soldiers passed over the dusty road every day. One man who visited our canteen, excited by the color and variety and gaiety of the passing show, likened it to P. T. Barnum's "greatest show on earth." But we women who saw it day by day, who in however slight a measure ministered to the bodily needs of hungry American boys, tired poilus in faded blue, slender, picturesque chasseurs Alpine, big black Senegalese, yellow Annamese of the salvage corps, beautiful bronze Moroccans with red fezzes, and an occasional group of grave young Anzacs, swearing, singing Tommies, or "hairy Jocks" with kilts awning and bonnets ailt, we who saw it all day and hour by hour, could see nothing of the circus about it. To be sure, the smooth road, winding into the little village between shattered trunks of once stately poplars, was often vividly alive with color and movement and comedy. But of martial splendor, in our old sense of the word, there was not a trace. No music but the grinding of hard-worn axes under grimly camouflaged field pieces, or the creak of dusty wagons piled

high with the paraphernalia of camp kitchens, or the screech of a motor horn or a madly whizzing motorcycle. Even when the road was clear of vehicles and long lines of soldiers moved over it to the front or clumped drearily back, there was no sound of compact, marching feet. "Route marching" was the way the Americans came, while the French poilus, with queer bundles strung about them at all sorts of unexpected places, seemed fairly to stroll along. But they were going up to the front, these men, and however they might feel about it, it was no circus for us.

Not that the outward appearance of the moving troops was depressing. Far from it. They went by, to quote Ian Hay, "scattering homely jests like hail." Some came singing and I shall never forget the first day that American boys came into the village. "The Americans are coming," sent us flying out of doors; and "les Americains" echoed the French about us. Around the bend of the road by the church they came. We could hear them sing before we could distinguish the words and then—"until my dreams all come true." It was "The Long, Long Trail," which brought back to some of us vividly the first summer of the war at home, when we had danced and played and said good-by to the music of that song.

Present From Headquarters. One morning I looked out from the canteen upon a new scene, a surprise. Several groups of very feeble old men and women were seated upon the lawn of the chateau. A canteener dashed in breathlessly at this moment. The old people, according to her hurried account, were a present to us from G. H. Q. They had been living up near the front and some action was planned that might prove dangerous to them. So the French authorities, with charming confidence, simply shipped them back to the American Red Cross canteen to be sheltered and fed for 24 hours, until they could be sent on by train to their final destination. The day before we had been eaten nearly out of house and home, by a number of hungry French infantrymen. Now, as our camion had not arrived, we were looking forward with dread to running short of rations for the afternoon contingent.

Every available canteener was rushed out into the byways and hedges, and in an incredibly short time the villagers had contributed enough from their own poor stores to give the old people a hearty meal. Pitiably dazed were these old folk. They had clung

to their homes through invasion and shell fire for three long hard winters; and now it seemed incredible that their own people could turn them out. C'est la guerre.

A house near the railroad station was procured for them and the next morning they were speeded on their way by a group of young American girls who rose early to see them comfortably off.

Attraction for Kiddies. The children of the neighborhood found the canteen a fascinating place. They were with us all day long, slipping in and out, being shoed out remorselessly when we were busy or very early in the morning little ten-year-old Pierre came up the drive with our milk pail. Then, after a cupful of hot chocolate and a hunk of bread, we watched him set off sturdily for home, eight long miles away. Pierre was always our first visitor, but before the day had ended, there were a score of others.

Not far from our canteen, the Smith college unit was doing its splendid work: The members of it dropped in on us occasionally, but we heard far more of their doings and sayings from the children. "The play teacher" was a special marvel and we watched with infinite pleasure her successful efforts to teach these small people, who had learned hard lessons in the school of war, the joy of play.

The doctor, too, was a source of endless comfort and amusement to the children. To hear them talk, you would gather that they preferred to be sick rather than well, in order to get her attention. Some of those under her care, made unheard of journeys to distant hospitals and dispensaries. After five whole weeks of absence, Andrea, the prettiest, frailest child in the village, returned from Doctor Baldwin's little Red Cross hospital at Nesle minus tonsils and adenoids and plus several pounds of soft pink flesh. She had been entirely revolutionized by that institution and started her mother by demanding to be bathed, bathed every day. When the much harassed woman came to us for advice, I am sure she went away marveling at the madness of Americans who believed in soap and water for babies, even in the winter time.

So from the canteen at Chateau-Thierry, our little group of American women were privileged to see war in all its aspects. Color and excitement, comedy and tragedy, all of life we watched as we worked.

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Completely Lost. A member of a stevedore company, after attempting vainly to hold converse with an Algerian, entered his barracks with this announcement: "Heh, you fellers. Outside Ah done got a nigger who doan know who he is or whah he's from. I done think I was loss in France, but dis boy done got sunk widout a trace."

When the inspection was over the man drew from his pocket a paper and handed it to his friend. "This is to be your assurance of my lasting friendship." The paper proved to be a deed for the property.

As He Saw It. Friend—So you've served four years in the navy, eh? Well, how does the old world look?

The Seaman—Darn wet!—Buffalo Express.

The Old Gardener

We were talking, as he instructed me in simple work about the garden. I narrated that a famous Japanese said this war was to be the destruction of European civilization. "It is the fulfillment of it," the gardener said. "It is the best it can do. I went ahead with the hoe. A golden age is coming," he rambled on, "but not yet. This war is a picnic compared with the times that lie ahead,

through which we must pass before the world accepts the lessons of the Master. There shall be lack of rainfall, food and coal, and every man's hand shall be raised against his brother." As I often do, I expressed a doubt whether our country could make the transfer to another age intelligently. "No nation," the gardener said, "is Christian enough to avoid the chaos that is to precede the better day. It is written." Then the gardener and I went on with hoe and spade, I wondering, he calm in the

Beautiful Friendship

There is nothing that can take the place of devoted, loyal friendship. Somehow it takes the chill out of the world by letting the sunshine into it. A few years ago a man of means remembered the friendship of a splendid man he had known from college days. Accordingly he called on his friend and took him to a house he had just purchased and was remodeling. He asked questions. Said he, "I

want to make this a model of comfort and convenience. How can I improve this to get the most out of it?" The friend knowing that money was no object suggested many things that would add to the comfort and some which would lessen the upkeep when the house was occupied. The man thanked him and they went away. After several months he called again. Said he, "I want you to go with me to the house we looked at. I want to know what you think of the job." The place was perfect. Every detail had re-

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A SMALL VISITOR FROM THE VILLAGE



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GIVE ATTENTION TO IMPLEMENTS

Overhaul Iron Boxes in Hubs of Wheels of Plows, Rakes and Similar Tools.

NEW ONE EASILY INSERTED

Where Axles Are Badly Worn on Under Side They May Be Reversed—Put Machines Under Cover to Protect From Weather

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture)

The high cost of farm machinery undoubtedly has resulted in the carrying over of a large amount of old equipment for use next spring. With the full work out of the way, attention should be given to the repair of all this equipment.

Inspect Iron Boxes. Special attention should be given to the iron boxes in the hubs in the iron wheels of plows, planters, cultivators, hay rakes and similar tools. These boxes are replaceable and can easily be removed by unscrewing the large nut on the outside of the wheel that holds these boxes in place. When this nut is removed a few taps of the hammer will usually drive the box out of the hub and a new one can easily be inserted. These boxes are numbered so that it is not a difficult matter to obtain duplicates from the local implement dealer. However, it may be necessary to order these from supply houses in distant cities, and it is advisable to attend to this matter at once, so that the new boxes can be put in the wheel before the tools are needed for next spring's work.

Repairing Axles. If the axles are badly worn on the under side, sometimes they can be reversed and turned upside down, or they can be replaced with new axles. Where this is impossible, they can oftentimes be repaired by using Babbitt metal.

After the implement has been thoroughly overhauled and repaired, it should be given a good coat of paint. If the old paint is gone or badly worn, it is advisable to apply a coat of linseed oil with a small amount of paint as the first coat over the woodwork. After this is thoroughly dried, a second coat can be applied over the entire machine. Mold boards and shares of

of their badge the four-leaf clover with four H's, one on each leaf, indicating the equal training of the head, hand, heart and health. The West Virginia sailor says this is just the kind of training which makes a good soldier or sailor. He says:

"Let us recall the training we were receiving from the agricultural clubs along four great paths: First, the head, which must of necessity be well filled with gray matter that will cause a recruit to be obedient and respect discipline; second, the hands, which are governed by the mind and do so much in military conflict; third, the heart, which must be clean and strong to make a soldier determined and unflinching; and, fourth, the health, which plays a very important part in making men efficient."

All of these are qualities which go to make up a good military man. Also, the writer pays tribute to the club members in his state who have been so busy helping in the great job of food production at a time when the farms of the country are short of labor.

"They have met the situation squarely," he writes, "and victory is ours, with them as a dominant factor in helping to secure it."

GREEN MANURE CROPS

The New Jersey experiment station calculates that two crops of green manure contain as much phosphoric acid and potash and nearly as much nitrogen as 20 tons of stable manure. Rye, soy beans and clovers are crops most often used. In the gardening section of the state rye is planted as a cover crop as soon as potatoes and early vegetables are out of the way. This is plowed under and takes the place of some of the barnyard manure that was formerly hauled.

UNITE IN THRESHING GRAIN

Splendid Example of Efficient Co-Operation Is Reported From Connecticut Community.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture)

The farm bureau in Columbia county, Connecticut, discovered through its agricultural survey last March that the spring planting of small grains would be greater than usual, but it was found also that the town of Columbia owned no threshing machine. At a meeting of farmers called by the county agent a committee was appointed to induce, if possible, a man to buy a threshing machine and do the work. A man was found. He bought a new machine and declared himself ready to begin. The farmers agreed to let him thresh all their grain at 7 cents a bushel, the farmers furnishing power. The machine followed an itinerary mapped out by the farmers' committee, instead of visiting farms at random, as has been the custom in that state. Grain was threshed much more quickly and at a cost much less than heretofore. This plan is thought to be a good example of efficient co-operation.

TO ARRANGE FARROWING PEN

It Should Be Dry, Well Ventilated and Free From Drafts—Guard Rail Saves Pigs.

The farrowing pen should be dry, well ventilated and free from drafts. It is a good plan to provide the pen with a guard-rail made of two by eight inch planks, fastened with their edges against the sides of the pen a little above the bed. These prevent the sow from laying against the partition and lessen the danger of injury to the little pigs, which often find the space under the guard a very convenient refuge.

BEST TO SAVE ALL MANURE

Small Farmer Just Starting in Live Stock Business Sometimes Overlooks Necessity.

The necessity for saving manure is sometimes forgotten by the small farmer who is just starting in the business of live stock production. Fertilizer is scarce, high in price, and hard to get for many reasons. Therefore, the more manure saved to apply to the land the less need for fertilizer.

CLEANING UP SWAMP LANDS

Undesirable Growth Should Be Burned When Ground Is Wet to Preserve Plant Food.

(From the United States Department of Agriculture)

Growth which is to be cleaned up on swamp land or any soil containing a large amount of organic matter should be burned when the ground is wet, to prevent the destruction of valuable plant food. When soils do not contain a large amount of organic matter and it is the intention to seed in the ashes immediately after the burning, too much emphasis cannot be placed upon the importance of getting a clean burn.

REPAIR OF MOWING MACHINES

Many Still Capable of Doing Several Years of Useful Work if Given Overhauling.

(From the United States Department of Agriculture)

Undoubtedly many mowing machines have been or are about to be scrapped, though still capable of doing several years of useful work if only a small percentage of their original cost were expended upon them for repairs. The proper time for overhauling these machines is during their period of inactivity and before the rush of spring work.

CLEARING LAND OF STUMPS

Much Easier to Remove Them When Pasture Has Been Maintained for Several Years.

Land is usually pastured several years after the small growth is disposed of before it is stumped. The land is kept in pasture for several years before any stumps are removed, many of the small stumps will rot by decay and the fibrous roots of the larger ones will have become so weakened by decay that it is much easier to remove them.

TRAINING IN BOYS' CLUBS IS FAVORED

Makes Most Desirable Kind of Military Service.

West Virginia Member Now in Navy Lays Stress on Fundamental Principles Upon Which Agricultural Clubs Are Based.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture)

The training boys get in the agricultural clubs conducted by the department of agriculture and the state agricultural colleges makes them the most desirable kind of men for military service, in the opinion of a former West Virginia club member now in the navy.

Writing to the states relations service, the former club member lays stress upon the fundamental principles upon which agricultural clubs are based. The boys' agricultural clubs have as a part



High School Boys at Wells, Minn., Surveying for Drain on School Farm.

of their badge the four-leaf clover with four H's, one on each leaf, indicating the equal training of the head, hand, heart and health. The West Virginia sailor says this is just the kind of training which makes a good soldier or sailor. He says:

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