

STORIES from the BIG CITIES

Laboratory for Free Use of Men With Ideas

NEW YORK—A laboratory in which indigent inventors can work out their ideas is one of the features of the new home of the American Museum of Safety, on West Twenty-fourth street.



The laboratory is intended, primarily, for the evolution of safety devices, but it is understood that the work of the inventors will not be restricted.

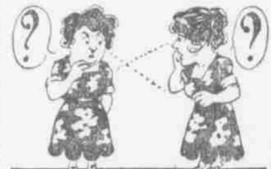
The American Museum of Safety was organized and is maintained for the prevention of accidents, the elimination or lessening of occupational diseases, and the promotion of industrial welfare through health, efficiency and cooperation.

A trained staff of investigators supplies information to members and to the public, and within the past two years two state museums have been founded with the cooperation of the American Museum of Safety.

Such an institution as the American Museum of Safety is not coercive but suggestive. The law says that dangerous parts of machines must be protected. The museum, through its jury of experts, tries to place on view every known safety device, so that the employer may select the one best adapted to his particular needs.

Topeka Society Women Got "Exclusive" Dresses

TOPEKA—Some days ago a prepossessing young woman came to town and began paying visits to the best houses in Topeka. She called upon the society women only and presented to each a Japanese crepe silk dress pattern, a beautiful piece of goods, all hand embroidered and handsomely decorated.



It certainly was beautiful, it was exclusive and such a bargain! The young woman promised not to sell another to any woman in the city. Could any woman resist a combination like that? Can a duck stay away from the water? But why ask foolish questions?

One Saturday night there was a big wedding in Topeka and the women who had bought the beautiful Japanese crepe gown, but who hadn't discovered that everyone else had bought the same pattern, were each separately and distinctly shocked to see another woman wearing the very gown each of these women expected to wear at a party a few days later.

Syracuse Man Finds Sunflowers a Paying Crop

SYRACUSE, N. Y.—E. K. Barlow, a resident of Syracuse, may yet go down to fame as the originator of a new crop in this country. Last year he raised a few sunflowers and saved the seeds. He was astonished at the number of seeds one sunflower produced, and it started him thinking.

The sunflower has generally been regarded as simply an ornament, but it appears that it has real utilitarian value. Mr. Barlow says that calculating on the basis of the performance of his plant, the production of one acre of 7,000 hills would total 3,500 pounds of seed, equivalent to 100 pounds of oil (53 1/3 gallons), 2,800 pounds of oil cake, 15 tons of stalk, producing 600 gallons of alcohol, "leaving over 13 tons of residue, value and use not yet determined."

The sunflower is a hardy and prolific plant. It will grow in almost any soil and needs no coddling. It would seem, therefore, of considerable value as a crop on land that was of little value for other crops.

Chicago Park Squirrels "Pinch" Greek's Peanuts

CHICAGO—Morris Sperekas, owner of a confectionery stand, worked late Saturday night, but he arose early Sunday to catch the Jackson park train. In the afternoon he sat near his peanut stand. He blinked at the bright sun above his head and was soon lost in day dreams of his native village on the Aegean sea.



Across the street in Jackson park were three hungry squirrels. They evinced much interest in the peanuts owned by Sperekas.

When they saw the proprietor droop his head and heard strange noises issue from his nose, they were convinced that an excellent Sunday dinner awaited them.

One, more daring than his companions, hopped anxiously across the street car tracks and jumped on the glass cover of the peanut roaster. Finding no source of entry it made further explorations.

Near by it found a box of bags filled with peanuts. It seized one and struggled across the street into the park.

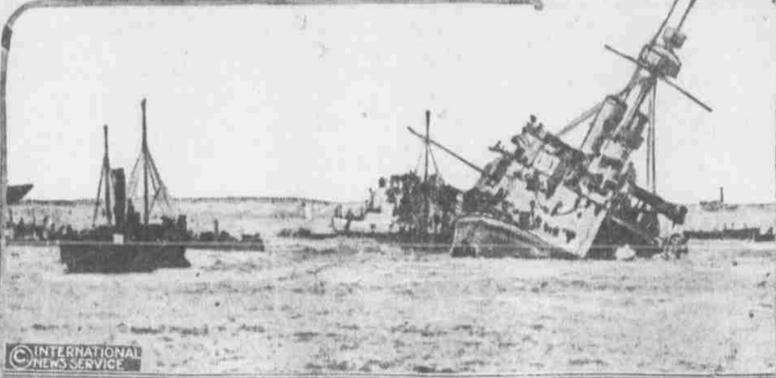
A crowd of picnicers gathered in the meantime. Soon after it returned to the peanut stand. It seized another bag. It had crossed the street half way when it was met by two other squirrels who volunteered assistance.

Then somebody in the crowd broke into a laugh. Sperekas awoke with a start. He glanced about, yawning. Then his eyes lighted on the peanut bag and the three squirrels in the middle of the street.

"Blankety-blank Turks," shouted the peanut merchant as he threw a brick.

Cause and Effect. Stage Manager—What's the cause of the commotion? Serio Comic—You know that juggler who catches things on a fork in his mouth? "Certainly." "Well, someone just threw him an egg."—Youngtown Telegram.

SINKING OF BRITISH BATTLESHIP MAJESTIC



The sinking British battleship Majestic was shown in the Dardanelles three minutes after she was struck by a German torpedo. Her torpedo acts are out and the crew are scrambling down the slides. "As soon as she was torpedoed," wrote a French observer, "she heeled over in an alarming fashion until she had a list of about 45 degrees. Everything on deck fell or slid with a tremendous din. But there was not a single instant of panic. Four minutes after the explosion the Majestic turned completely over and went down."

BAND WIPED OUT LEADING CHARGE

French Composer Tells of Musicians Playing Till All But One Fall.

WROTE MARCH IN TRENCHES

Camille Decreus, French Composer, Describes Death of Collignon—Tells of Life in Trenches With French Soldiers.

New York—Having served as a volunteer in the army until incapacitated through rheumatism brought about his honorable discharge, Camille Decreus, a well-known French composer and pianist, who two years ago made a tour of this country with Ysaye, the violinist, has just arrived here, and is a guest of ex-Senator William A. Clark at the latter's country place near Greenwich, Conn.

M. Decreus was a member of the same regiment with Collignon, former prefect, general secretary to the president of the republic, and councillor of the state, who at the age of fifty-eight enlisted, insisted upon remaining a private, and whose memory is now perpetuated at every roll call of the gallant Forty-sixth Regiment of Infantry, as in that of La Tour d'Auvergne, first grenadier of the republic.

M. Decreus knew Collignon, and after the latter's death, in the intervals of duty, he composed the funeral march which was a feature of the memorial service held at Fontainebleau recently, and which M. Decreus had arranged.

"I was at Juvisy with my friend Tourret when the war broke out, and we had been guests of Senator Clark at his chateau at Ivry, at Pettibourg, near by," said M. Decreus. "I had never been in the army. When my class was first called to the colors I was rejected because of failure to pass the physical examination. But when our country was threatened, my friend Tourret and I, unlike many French artists and musicians who flocked to this country, and who have, I fear, created an impression in America that a Frenchman following such a profession places it above patriotism and military service, felt we owed something to France, and volunteered. They rejected Tourret, but they took me.

Describes Life in Trenches. "In two days we were at Solsona, and immediately we were sent to the trenches. That was in August. Now at that point I must confess that life in the trenches was not very exciting. Since September both sides have held about the same positions, with the exception of the incident in January, when the river rose, carried off a bridge and left part of our force on its farther side. The Germans immediately attacked and forced the French back over to the main body.

"It should be explained that one reason for the apparent inactivity at Solsona was the fact that in their march on Paris German engineers had taken the precaution to prepare trenches in the quaries, situated on a high plateau. Granite trenches are something whose taking would require the sacrifice of a tremendous number of men. The French generals, following Joffre's policy of saving his soldiers and wearing out the enemy by nibbling, think that in time they will be able to surround the plateau.

"Most of the while in the trenches in those days it was a case of making the time pass. We played cards to the accomplishment of shells screaming overhead or tearing up the earth in the trench. Whenever the explosion would bury some of our soldiers we would dig them out again and resume our occupations, the effort being always to keep in good humor. We became hardened to the visits of the shells and used to crack jokes and make wagers about where they would land. In fact, at one point we were so near the German trenches that we used to crack jokes with the Germans.

BOY WORKS UP A ROMANCE

California Young Man Shoots His Hat Full of Holes for Love of Girl.

Willits, Cal.—Riva Lawrenson, a young man employed on the Silveria ranch near Sherwood, confessed to Deputy Sheriff Ed Brown that he had shot a hole in his hat and mutilated himself with the idea of spreading a story that would attach suspicion to a rival for the hand of a young girl of the neighborhood.

The inhabitants of the section have been mystified for the past week by vague rumors of assaults and hold-ups, and the confession of Lawrenson clears the mystery.

In the meantime his hated rival is calling on the girl and the sympathy sought by Lawrenson has turned to ridicule. He was given a severe lecture and allowed to go under promise to behave in the future. Success comes to the man who does not fear failure.

CAUSED GREAT WORLD WAR

This is the first photograph received in this country of Wogo Tankositch, the man who hatched the plot for the assassination of the crown prince of Austria and his wife, the de nouement of which precipitated the present world war in Europe. Austria named Tankositch in her ultimatum to Serbia, and peremptorily demanded his extradition to face a trial on the charge of murder—it was this ultimatum that Serbia acceded to in all its clauses except the trial of Serbian officers in Austria, among whom Tankositch was the most prominent, a point of national sovereignty which Serbia asked to have settled at The Hague. Austria refused this proffer and declared war. Tankositch is now a major in the Serbian army.

Another Freak Abroad. Lyerly, Ga.—Mrs. W. H. Napier of Harrisburg has a week-old white Indian Runner duckling that is a freak of new order, having three feet perfectly developed. This oddity is lively and hearty, growing right along with its two-footed kin.

Redding, Cal.—For the fifth time the lumbering town of Lamoine has lost its postmistress by matrimony. It is a position that has always been filled by a woman.

Safe Behind a Stone. "I cannot tell you how long I lay there, but when I discovered I was still alive I began to drag myself away by the elbows, and finally found myself in a trench again. My comrades did not recognize me. Exhaustion and rheumatism, the latter acquired through lying there wallowing my way back in the mud, invalidated me back to the depot for a fortnight's rest. "Then they gave me a job as distributor of munitions, food, clothing and other things meant for the men in the front line. These things were unloaded at a certain distance back. In that capacity I went to the Argonne, and was at the battle of Vauquois, at the end of February. I had come to know Collignon very well. I know that Collignon was repeatedly offered a commission, but he wanted to carry the colors of the regiment. He was a splendid figure, with his white beard, and the rosette of the Legion of Honor on his breast. He could not wear the military shoes and most of the time he went barefooted. Later he wore sandals. It was at Vauquois that he was killed. Our men had sought shelter in the cellars of ruined houses in the village. In a heavy rain of bullets from machine guns, Collignon rushed out from such a shelter to rescue a comrade who had fallen wounded. A shell burst near him and killed him. "He was buried at the front, and it was not until after my reformation, or honorable discharge, that the memorial service took place at Fontainebleau. I had composed my 'March Funere' between trips from the depot to the front trenches. "It was at Vauquois that happened an incident that I suppose stands alone in this war, the charge of a regimental band at the head of troops. Nowadays the bands are usually kept at the rear. But a critical moment came. Our men had three times attacked the Germans, and thrice had been repulsed. The colonel felt that a time for supreme effort had arrived. He summoned the leader of the band. "Put your men at the head of the regiment, strike up the 'Marseillaise,' and lead them to victory," he commanded. "The bandmaster saluted. He called his musicians and told them what was expected. Then the forty of them took their positions. Our line was reformed. The bandmaster waved his baton. "Alors, enfants de la Patrie! rang out, and the men took up the song. France was calling upon them to do or die. The band started out on the double-quick, as if on rapid parade. The Germans must have rubbed their eyes. No musician carried a weapon. But they were carrying the 'Marseillaise' against the foe. Then came the continuous rattle of the machine guns. The band marched on, their ranks thinning at every step. The leader went down. The cornetists followed him. The drummers and their instruments collapsed in the same volley. In less than five minutes every man of the forty was lying upon the ground, killed or wounded, that is, with one exception. That was a trombone player. Instrument Shot Away. "His whole instrument was shot away except the mouthpiece and the slide, to which his fingers were fastened. He did not know it. He still blew, and worked the slide. It was only a ghostly 'Marseillaise' he was playing, but the spirits of his dead comrades played with him, and with that fragment of a trombone he led the way to victory. The trench

FOUND AFTER FOUR YEARS

Missing Japanese Stowaway Is Discovered as Cook on an American Barkentine.

Port Townsend.—Genjiro Suzuki, a Japanese stowaway, who arrived at Smith Cove on the Sado Maru four years ago and escaped from that vessel by jumping overboard and swimming ashore, was taken into custody a few days ago by United States Immigration Inspector H. A. Myers and will be deported.



After escaping Suzuki worked in logging camps and single mills. Last August he stowed as cook in the American barkentine Koko Head at Port Angeles. Upon the arrival of the Koko Head here and while checking the crew he was recognized by Inspector Myers.

NEWS and GOSSIP of WASHINGTON

Aunty Has Absolute Faith in President Wilson

WASHINGTON—There may be those who criticize the president in the matter of the controversy between the United States and Germany, but one old colored woman of Washington plus her faith to President Wilson, because "he was raised right." In Augusta, Ga., she knew the president when he was a boy, and her Sunday school teacher was young Woodrow Wilson's mother.



"They tell me dat Mistah Bryan is de one in de right," she said to her employer the other morning. "Well, he's ag'in drinkin', an' so is I. But I jes' tell 'em dey ain' no 'casion to tell me dat Mistah Wilson done anything mean, 'cause I jes' natchelly knows dat ain' de trufe."

"He warn't raised no sech er way. I knowed him when he 'uz a boy," she went on, "an' his mothah she done taught me in de Sunday schools. Tassah, he 'uz sho'ly raised right, en' all his folks is dat kind—jes' all good Presb'rytians. I knowed 'em, en' I know dey is to be trusted fer some en' fer goodness. I knowed dat fer mysef."

"'Tis goin' up ter de White House soon's I kin en' make mysef' knowed to de president. 'Tis jes' goin' to say ter him w'en I sees him. 'Mistah President Wilson, heah's one fer sho'ly w'at ain' goin' ter b'leve nothin' ag'in you all, sub, 'cause I knows fer mysef' dat it ain't true. 'Tain' no use er talkin', dey's de Lawd's own people, and de president is goin' ter do de Lawd's w'uk.' "No, ain' nobody need ter tell me nuffin' 'bout Mistah Wilson. De president he's clean, soul an' body, 'cause he 'uz raised jes' dat er way. He ain't goin' ter do nuffin' mean er low ter nobody. He's jes' natchelly Lawd's own chile, en' he er goin' ter lead up de nation in de way er righteousness. Ain' 't' yer his ma done teached me in de Sunday school?"

Uncle Sam Produces Only Truly Accurate Maps

A manufacturing enterprise that is open to all comers—the making and publishing of maps—Uncle Sam, through his geological survey, competes with such success that he is pretty generally recognized to be the only producer of truly accurate maps in the country. As a natural result, he practically monopolizes the business in so far as it relates to land areas within his own national boundaries.



The government maps are bought in large quantities by dealers every year, and, being resold in shops, find their way into the hands of thousands of citizens who seldom realize that they are purchasing a government-made article. But so firmly has the government established itself as a map maker in the minds of persons who know the fundamentals of good maps that the geological survey product is specified in many of the calls for bids on big map orders.

Altogether, over half a million maps and map folios are distributed each year by the geological survey, the majority of them being sold approximately at cost and the remainder being given away. This business is growing constantly, and its educational value in one field alone is indicated by the estimate of officials of the survey that fully 20 per cent of the maps distributed find their way into the educational institutions of the country. In addition the majority of the maps used in school geographies are compiled by commercial publishers from maps made by the survey.

The usefulness of the geological survey as a maker of topographic maps to the various branches of the government and to the public is practically unlimited. Of great value in connection with boundary matters to the state department and in connection with delivery routes to the post office department, scrupulously accurate maps are obviously indispensable to the war department and to the marine corps of the navy in working out the national defense.

Thirty Cents Puzzles Secretary of the Treasury

A COMMUNICATION addressed to "Mr. and Mrs. W. S. McAdoo, Secretary and Treasurer, United States Mint, Federal and Penn Streets, Washington, D. C., Care of Postmaster," has been delivered to the secretary of the treasury as the official of the government most nearly answering to the name, titles and address given. But there is a mystery regarding the address written upon this post card that makes Secretary McAdoo doubtful if it is indeed meant for him; yet there are other references that appear to make it certain that the writer was addressing himself to him. "Have received the money 30c O. K. & very much obliged for kind favors. May send more next when I have some."

What 30 cents? Secretary McAdoo is not conscious of having parted with six jitties to a correspondent who can be identified as the writer of the post card. And who is to send more next time? Is it a suggestion that Secretary McAdoo increase his remittances? Or is there a prospect of his receiving a rebate and an offset on the 30 cents alleged to have been forwarded?

"Did you name the baby boy after me, W. C. or C. W. McAdoo?" is a question asked. Now, as the correspondent signs initials to his note, one of which is "C," it is not quite obvious what he means, especially as the newcomer in the McAdoo household is a wee young lady and has been given the name of Ellen Wilson McAdoo.

The post card, on the reverse, bears a colored print of a Christian Science church. Under it is written in ink, "Put in picture album for safe-keeping."

Duplicate of Solomon's Temple in Washington

WHAT is considered one of the most beautiful and artistic buildings in Washington, "the city beautiful," is nearing completion. It is the new Scottish Rite Temple on Sixteenth street, one of Washington's finest residential streets. It has been in course of construction more than four years and will cost about \$1,750,000, including the property, when completed. Every effort is being made to have it finished so that it can be dedicated in October of this year during the meeting of the supreme council of the Scottish Rite.



The new structure is said to be the only exact duplicate of King Solomon's temple that has ever been built. The building proper is of Indiana limestone, while the steps, an important feature, are of Milford (Mass.) granite. The steps leading to the main entrance are 200 feet in length, larger than those of the capitol, and said to be the largest in the city. There are many special features of this remarkable building, not the least being the library, containing the most complete collection of Masonic literature in the world.

Another of the special features of this structure are the two great sphinxes, which will guard the main door. They will cost \$18,000. The blocks of stone from which they are being carved are said to be the largest ever quarried in this country. They come from Bedford, Ind.

Old Gazetteer of Indian Territory. The geological survey has on hand some extra copies of a 1905 Gazetteer of Indian Territory which will doubtless be of interest to many of the older inhabitants of the present state as indicating the remarkable growth of the country in the past ten years. A copy will be sent free on application to the Director, U. S. Geological Survey, Washington, D. C.

The Unlucky Number. "What are you here for, and why, my misguided friend?" queried one of those sympathetic prison uplift advocates recently. "Well, you see, mum, I'd the victim of the unlucky number 13." "My, how novel and superstitious! Tell me all about it—that number 13." "Yes, mum, twelve jurors and one judge."—New York Times.