

WASHINGTON CITY SIDELIGHTS

Outdoor Church Services Popular at Capital

WASHINGTON.—Washington's latest churchgoing is out of doors. At fresco vespers on the ellipse back of the White House grounds were held last Sunday at five and will occur regularly until October. The district war camp community service is in charge and the navy band provides the music. Clergymen from all denominations make addresses, while the congregation, drawn from every state and all ages and conditions of war workers, constitutes the choir.



These outdoor services offer many amusing incidents. Prayerful posture with bended head disappears when the birdmen cut capers in the sky directly over the preacher. The drone of the biplane drowns the minister's voice, and whispers of "Look, oh, look! a nose dive—now he's righted himself"—interfere with the domine's exhortations.

The religious character of these Sunday afternoons was repeatedly stressed by the earnest young man in charge, probably because the social and sentimental side stuck out so prominently. Pretty heads resting on manly shoulders, furtive handclaps—notes thrown from a group of sailors to a bunch of giggling girls—spurs entangled with fluffy petticoats—with the big congregation sitting around on the grass, it's natural enough that picnic manners displace proper church behavior.

Washington is a city crowded with unattached males and females, boys training at the navy yard or at Camp Meigs and Washington university—girls from every city and hamlet. They are the nicest, cleanest, happiest young people in the world, a slice of young America which is neither the upper nor the lower crust, but they're lonesome and bored in their few leisure moments and want to play together.

How the "Boys" Outwitted the Commanding Officer

A TROOP train stopped at Laurel, Md., one morning not so long ago. On that train were hundreds of Washington boys. The commanding officer, fearing that his train would be besieged by thousands of relatives if they stopped in Union station, had the train go through to Laurel, and there rest.



It was an all-day wait, too. The boys felt pretty much cut up about being deprived of the opportunity of seeing their folks, but, of course, they said nothing.

They just did something. Nobody can get ahead of American soldiers—not even the commanding officer!

The major or colonel, or whatever rank he was, I have forgotten, was the national capital put in appearance.

"Just chance," thought the commanding officer.

Then relatives began to stream into Laurel from Washington by the score, in flocks, in droves. They came in automobiles, buggies, wagons and on foot. They came all afternoon. The boys and their folks had a great time.

I'll bet to this day the commanding officer doesn't know how the men worked it. But here is the way it was done:

Two of the men decided they were going to see their relatives. Once they had determined that much, the rest was easy.

They hopped a freight back to Washington.

When they hit Union station they made for the telephone, called up their own people and told them that the train would be at Laurel all day, and instructed them to notify friends. Then they tackled the telephones again. Between them they called up the relatives of nearly every man on the train and told them where they could see their boy on his way to France.

Then they hopped another freight back to Laurel.

No wonder the Yanks are going through to Berlin!

Ride on Drawspan Recommended as Novel Thrill

YOU may have taken rides in airplanes, tanks, battleships, automobiles, Y choo-choos, etc., but unless you have swung around on Capt. Robert L. Tillert's "craft" you have missed a mild thrill. Tillert's "craft" is the drawspan of the Highway bridge. He is the senior operator and vessels which have to wait for the draw have to wait on Tillert. He doesn't keep them waiting very long.



There is a tremendous toot, a great grinding and the draw begins to operate. You are standing talking to the captain, when you feel the iron bar against which you were easily leaning begin to revolve. It revolves calmly, pleasantly, brushing you aside, as it were. But when you feel it revolving you jump as if you were shot, and nearly fall out the window into the river. Captain Tillert gesticulates at you, waving one arm. The draw is now well out over the river.

"What does he mean?" you wonder, looking wildly about. "Does he want me to jump out the window?"

The captain keeps on waving his arm at you.

You step to the door and look out. You see the great gap in the bridge, and on the other side the gates down and a policeman holding back automobiles.

Then it dawns upon you that the captain is merely trying to get you to a point of vantage, where you may watch the operation of the draw. So you stand at attention, while the great span screeches, the tug goes through and the span slides back into the bridge once more.

It's a novel five-minute ride.

Women Passengers Had Misjudged the Fat Man

THE car came to a sudden stop with the grinding that means the wheels have slipped the track. The motorman jumped out. The conductor and man passengers followed suit, and every last woman poked her head out of the window on the trouble side.

Only one passenger kept his place. He was a fat man with two chins and the symptoms of a third. He just sat there and smiled complacently as if the only thought he had in this world was of the good breakfast he had eaten and the good dinner that was to come.

You will have your thoughts! And if you are a woman you are bound to put them in words, which accounts for one market-basket lady saying to her companion of the shopping bag:

"I'd like to have an even dozen husbands like that—with one over for good measure."

"One would be an overdose for me. But that fellow's no marryin' man! He's too set on his own good times to tie himself down to any one woman. Bet he's a fast fyer, all right."

But he wasn't a fast fyer, for just then a husky black man came to the fat passenger put an arm around him, lifted him up, gave him a crutch and half carried him from the car. And the fat passenger accepted his own helplessness with the docility of a good, but not overbright child.

We are all right, women dear, take us by and large, but—

When we stop our criticizing of people and things we know nothing about this world will be wearing wings.

Resources of the Jordan Valley



Lake of Galilee at Magdala.

THE district of Palestine which contains the greatest possibility of rapid development under a settled government is the basin of the Jordan. Here, in this great and unique chasm and its tributary valleys, we have abundant water, a rich alluvial soil, and a semi-tropical climate, a combination which under scientific direction should produce astonishing results. For centuries the resources of this region have been neglected, writes Dr. E. W. G. Masterman in the Sphere.

In the north, the fertile plain of the Huleh, traversed by the four tributary streams of the Jordan, is capable with little engineering of receiving irrigation in every part. In some districts, at the head of the valley where this has been done, very striking results have been obtained. In this district "red" rice is now cultivated. At the further end of the plain lies the marsh and shallow lake of El Huleh. Here probably a good deal of land might be recovered for cultivation by drainage. This was done to some extent a few years ago by deepening the bed of the Jordan a mile or two below the lake, and much marsh land was recovered. To the south and west of the Huleh are splendid corn lands, hence the lake's second name, Baheret el Khait, the "Lake of the Wheat."

In the Huleh valley or a whole, rice, maize, hemp, and probably cotton could all be profitably cultivated, while other parts might be planted with poplars for timber, and with apricot and peach orchards, as is done with similar lands around Damascus.

The district of rocky, volcanic hills slopes between the Huleh and the Lake of Galilee is scarcely likely to afford scope for irrigation, but in the great descent of the Jordan, 680 feet in nine miles, there exists an economical source of power sufficient to produce, if properly utilized, all the electrical energy needed for public and private use for many miles around.

To the north of the Lake of Galilee lie the two fertile and easily irrigated plains, El Batrahah—the Jordan delta—and El Ghuweir, or Gennesaret. Of this latter Josephus writes: "Extending along the Lake of Gennesaret, and bearing also its name, lies a tract of country admirable both for its natural properties and its beauty. Such is the fertility of the soil that it rejects no plant, and accordingly all are here cultivated by the husbandmen; for so genial is the air that it suits every variety. The walnut, which delights beyond other trees in a wintry climate, grows here luxuriantly, together with the palm, which is nourished by the heat; and near to these are figs and olives, to which a milder climate is assigned."

Fish Supply of Gennesaret. Gennesaret is watered by several streams, some of which in the deep valleys through which they emerge support groves of lemons, oranges, and other trees. They also supply a number of mills. With a proper scheme the abundant water reaching this plain might be distributed to every part, and the district be thus restored to a condition at least as fruitful as that described by Josephus as existing in Roman times. Jewish colonists have already in parts of the district greatly added to its productiveness. All along the northern shore, where some of the springs feeding the lake are warm, the fishing is especially good; but, indeed, the waters of the Huleh, of the Lake of Galilee, and of the Jordan itself abound in fish of which the larger varieties are all wholesome and palatable. The fishing industry has not yet been exploited for the benefit of the public.

Debonching upon the lake from both east and west are several valleys which in their lower reaches contain streams that can be utilized for irrigation, and in their higher parts in many

instances contain rapidly descending torrents, even in some places waterfalls, suitable for supplying mechanical power. The greatest of these is the Yarmuk valley, up which the Haifa railway ascends toward Damascus. This is the Hetromax of the Greeks, and here shortly before the valley opens into the main Jordan valley there is a group of hot sulphurous springs, amid which lie the ruins of the baths and theater of the Greek settlement of Amatha, a health resort for the great city, Gadara, whose abundant ruins crown the mountains immediately to the south. These sulphur springs, as well as those south of Tiberias, also developed in Roman times, and of the ancient Callirhoë springs, visited by the dying Herod the Great in hope of cure, in the Wady Zerka Maan, are all undoubtedly valuable assets to the land and should be properly developed. They have, even under the primitive conditions obtaining today, proved of benefit to rheumatic affections, and are visited by the natives at certain seasons. The water of some of these springs reaches a temperature—Independent of the season—of 143 degrees Fahrenheit, but all gradations of heat down to the merely pleasantly warm occur.

Immediately south of the Lake of Galilee is a fairly level plain—once the bottom of the great lake which then filled this valley—which is a good corn land, while nearer the Jordan some of the lower ground can be easily irrigated. How far the whole 60 miles of the Jordan valley between the two lakes is capable of complete irrigation is a question for experts; but I gather from the views of an expert from India who visited Palestine when I was there, that water can be distributed over the greater part. It will need, however, a big scheme, which must deal with the valley as a whole. Certain spots are naturally well provided with springs and streams, and have in the past been very well watered, notably the district around Beisan and the Vale of Jezreel to its west, the Wady Fara, running from Nabhus to the Jordan, the eastern side of the Jordan around the Wady Zerka (the Jabok), and the Jericho district, watered at present in a very incomplete way, from Ain es Sultan (Elisha's fountain) and Ain Duk.

Water Supply in Roman Times.

In the Roman era the Jericho plain was also watered from the Wady Kelt by a series of aqueducts, the ruins of which exist today, and the whole neighborhood must for miles around have been a mass of gardens, orchards, cornfields, and palm groves. In Crusading times sugar was cultivated here, and some ruins are now known as Tawahin es Sukkar, the sugar mills. Even today there are extensive fruit gardens of oranges, lemons, bananas, and dates, and a great deal of wheat and barley is grown on irrigated land in this neighborhood. In the various parts of the Jordan valley may be successfully grown, besides wheat, barley, and maize, dates, bananas, grapes, figs, oranges, lemons, apricots, vegetables, and in all probability rice, cotton, and sugar.

As the northern shore of the Dead sea is approached the soil becomes increasingly impregnated with salt, and only supports tamarisks, reeds, and other salt-loving plants. The sea is itself a vast storehouse of salt, particularly at Jebel Usdum, where there is a solid mass of crystallized salt rising 100 feet to 150 feet above the Dead sea, of unknown width, and running for seven miles along the shore.

Suited Him, All Right.

The Domine—"I'm glad to see you realize what our country is fighting for. This war will make the world a better place to live in." Betchure life it will, boss. De wimmin are beginning to do all de work."—Life.

War Demand for Shoddy.

The process of reclaiming wool from all sorts of rags has become a task of increasing magnitude since the placing of the government's big orders for army clothing, special machinery being employed to reduce the rags to shreds, wash them, separate the wool from the cotton, etc. Cloth experts claim this reworked wool, or shoddy, is suitable for use in overcoats, because a warmer, more closely woven fabric can be produced, if used in the proper proportion with virgin wool, says

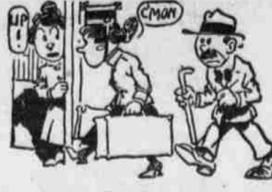
Paper From Fibrous Plant.

England has been manufacturing paper from alfa, a fibrous plant growing in northern Africa, since 1862. This paper is of excellent quality, snowy white and has been extensively used in England in the printing of books and magazines.

STORIES OF AMERICAN CITIES

Official Sanction Given to the Girl "Bellhop"

LOS ANGELES.—Enter the girl bellhop as a war measure. Any day now we may see her at her post in some hotel filling the place of a young man needed by the work-or-fight order of Provost Marshal General Crowder. She is considered perfectly proper by the government and in line for honors along with the farmerette, the woman bus driver and the female elevator boy. It was announced at a meeting of the Southern California Hotel Men's association by Robert M. Shearer, who represented the city draft boards and gave an interpretation of the new ruling.



That the "hopperettes," as they may come to be called, are to be protected from possible affronts by male guests of the hoteliers was his further statement. It will be a duty of the proprietors to see that their charges are treated with all proper respect.

As a bellhop, woman is permissible, but as a night clerk, never, stated Mr. Shearer. Wherever she is efficient as a day clerk or accountant, she is to be welcomed, for then a mere man may be put to "work" provided, of course, he is not of draft age. But even though male clerks are considered "essentials" by the government, not so with the myriads of hatrack men, waiters, porters telephone boys, and underclerks that are to be found in every first-class hostelry. Their positions are considered of the "casual" variety which almost any girl can fill.

Even the alien enemy gets a chance, it was said. He is considered "permissible" although hardly "advisable" in a hotel, Mr. Shearer remarked. That is, provided he keeps his mouth shut and his hands busy at productive industry.

The jazzy "artists" of the cabaret have been declared as not necessary to the winning of the war, the draft board representative averred, and are to be hauled out of office along with some "ham" actors and the film super.

"To the trenches with 'em," he said. "May their sweet voices lull Fritz to sleep." And perhaps they will!

Ownership of Dog Might Have Puzzled Solomon

BROOKLYN.—After a collie dog answered to every name everybody in the court hurled at him, Magistrate Gelsmar announced that if he lives to the overripe age of one thousand years he will never again try to decide the ownership of a dog. No, sir; not even if he knows the dog's owner intimately and had been in the habit of meeting them taking each other out for an airing three times a day.

Mrs. Sally Knappenberger of 4522 Third avenue and Mrs. Jane Green of 127 Thirty-second street, Brooklyn, each claimed the collie.

"His name is Rover, your honor," explained Mrs. Knappenberger. "He was like one of the family until—"

"He is one of my family," Mrs. Green cut in, emphasizing the verb. "His name is Laddie. The idea of calling my pet such a common name as Rover!"

Magistrate Gelsmar told the women to take positions in different parts of the courtroom. He directed one of the attendants to take the dog to the door of the room and release him. Mrs. Knappenberger hugged the animal when he trotted to her side.

"Try it again," ordered the court.

The second time the dog galloped up to where Mrs. Green was sitting. At Magistrate Gelsmar's order the women changed places and the dog trotted to each alternately.

"Here, Jack!" said a policeman. The dog nearly knocked him over answering the call.

The dog answered to Bouncer, Lizzie, Jake, Marmaduke, Rex, Molly, Sylvester, Topsy and Henry in turn.

"Here, George!" yelled a lawyer. The collie leaped over chairs to answer that one.

"I give it up," said Magistrate Gelsmar. "When a dog has as many aliases as that it's time to call for help. You two women had better go to a civil court."

Decision May Cause Diminution of "Joy Riding"

NEW YORK.—Walking, a method of locomotion that went out of style with the advent of the flivver, is due for a grand revival. A Brooklyn court has decided that an automobile owner is responsible for injuries suffered by friends who happen to be in his automobile just before it hits a tree or tries to dispute the right of way with a train.

Thousands upon thousands of persons who spend Sunday helping some friendly car owner gasoline himself into bankruptcy and the rest of the week talking others what a rotten car he has, will now have to stand around and roast him as he starts out unaccompanied, all alone by himself.

With that decision staring him in the face, even the owner who likes to take an audience along to listen to his garage patter will hesitate before loading his chariot with potential lawsuits. In the Bronx and other sections where it is a common thing to see three or four adults and five or six children stuffed into a half-portion car, the decision will cause acute distress.

The woman who sued out riding with a neighbor. The neighbor was jolly well hitting it up along a smooth road. In the offing a big motortruck was in charge of a fellow with nothing on his mind but his hat.

There was a grinding of brakes and then the crash, and the woman who sued found herself hanging by a perfectly good skirt to the limb of a perfectly good tree, and to say that it spoiled her outing is putting it mildly. She was awarded \$4,000.

The owner of the car took her to a hospital and paid for the amnesia and all that sort of thing, but the law held that in this age of radical reform in the relations of mankind there was nothing to do but assess damages.

Took His Freedom Just a Little Too Literally

CHICAGO.—Marguerite Krohn was perfectly willing to give her husband to the United States, but to another woman, never. So read what happened to Henry E. because he took too much for granted. Henry's patriotic spirit waxed wroth at the ruthless U-boats, according to Marguerite. He wanted to join the navy and help drive Von Tirpitz and his crew off the high seas.

Being self-reliant as well as patriotic, Marguerite gave her consent, with no little pride in her husband's desire to fight for his country, telling him that she could support their little daughter while he was at war. So Henry went on his way.

But Henry neglected to write from the naval station, where she thought the war was over, and she thought her suspicions bore fruit when she met Henry, in civilian togs, parading a South Chicago thoroughfare, and on his arm was a beautiful blonde.

To her protests, Marguerite told the police, Henry replied that when she said she could get along without him, he took unto himself another wife who wouldn't be so independent. She went to Crown Point and found recorded there, she told the police, the marriage of Henry to Christina Smith of Chicago.

Judge Prindville granted the usual warrant for Henry's arrest. He'll "tell it to the judge" later.

REVERTED TO TYPE

Ferret's Night Off an Orgy of Slaughter.

Little Killer Left Thick Trail of Dead Which He Had Destroyed for the Pure Joy of Slaying, and Went Home.

His mother was a ferret, lean, yellow and pink eyed and a she devil to boot, says a writer in London Answers.

His father was worse, a wild polecat of the mountains, and a worse devil than ever.

But he, the cherub, was so soft and furry and fat and creamy, and, though he had got pink eyes, there seemed to be nothing else of his mother and father about him. He never bit, he never spat, and he never used bad language, and he lived upon bread and milk, like a gentleman.

So he was till the spring broke.

It was their own fault, the ferreters. They took him out rabbiting, as usual. They put a collar with a bell on round his neck, as usual, and a long, long string on the collar, as usual, and they turned him into a rabbit warren, as usual. And he sneezed three times, as usual, and he walked docilely down the first rabbit hole he came to, as usual, to turn out the rabbits from their burrows, as usual, that the sportsmen outside might shoot them as they bolted.

So far, until he got into the middle of the mazes of tunnels, the inky darkness, and the stuffy heat, full of the smell of castor oil—don't know why, by the way—and he could hear the drumming of rabbits' feet feeling before his ghostly, terrible self, everything happened as usual. Then nothing did.

He was pulled up with a jerk that nearly choked him. He tried going forward, but it was all no good. He had only a yard of play either way. His line was entangled in a root.

The hours passed, and the ferreters, after trying every device known to man to get him out, gave it up and went home. The cherub did not give it up. He worried slowly, and he chafed, he pulled, and he tugged, he backed, and he sweated, and he sneezed, and finally his collar came undone or broke.

The cherub sneezed three times, and walked three yards. Then he realized he was free. It was the first time in all his life he had been free, and it acted upon him. In that second his mother, plus his father, got to work in his own body, and he began.

It was really very clean killing. Fifteen rabbits done to death, each with a single, clean fang stroke behind the ears—was not so bad for one small ferret. But he improved, for he slew 20 in the next hour—leaving every carcass untouched where it lay—and, getting thirsty, came above ground for water. The water he did not find, but discovered fowls in a fowlhouse instead, and, as I said, being thirsty, drank blood. There were no live fowls in that hen roost when he left. He visited the hutches of the Belgian hares, which he slew, and the pigeon cote, where he got more blood.

After that he returned a mile across country, killing three partridges on the way; drank at the dog's trough—biting the dog badly in the process—walked into his own hutch and was found curled up, calmly asleep, among the hay next morning.

Rabbit Meat for Wartime Food.

Wartime conservation of beef and pork has enabled a Kansan to develop a rather extraordinary business in the marketing of wild rabbits, both jacks and cottontails. A rabbit-packing plant has been established and is now shipping frozen bunnies by the tens of thousands.

A recent contract called for 480,000 pounds of jackrabbit meat. The jacks average four pounds each when dressed. This means that approximately 120,000 rabbits were required to fill the order.

The fur is disposed of at a handsome profit. It is used in the manufacture of high-grade felt, such as enters into the making of men's hats.

All waste products are converted into fertilizer. The industry also aids the country of a crop-destroying pest.—Popular Mechanics Magazine.

Teaching the Boys to Sing.

A distinguished young musician recently joined the English army for the purpose of teaching the boys to sing. Attached to the royal air force, he has been commissioned to train the men at the various centers in choral singing, thus dispensing with the necessity for bands. The effect upon the spirits, the morale and the discipline of the men has been excellent. They have developed a keen interest in singing, and many of them have been found, to their own surprise, to possess excellent voices. In view of the success of the movement, it will probably be extended to other branches of the army, especially where the formation of a band is out of the question.

Improves Revolver.

By providing the ordinary revolver with a circular cartridge frame or clip, Joseph H. Wesson of Springfield, Mass., has given the older weapon all the convenient features of the newer automatic weapon; that is, the rapidity of fire and quick reload. His clip, holding five or six cartridges in position, serves to push them into place in the revolver barrel at one operation, instead of individual loading, as is usually the case.