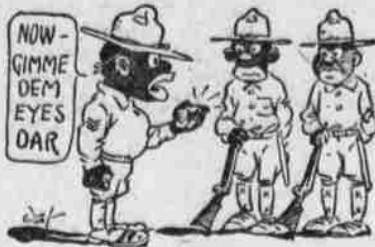


# STORIES OF AMERICAN CITIES

## Not Strictly Ethical, Perhaps, but He Got Results

CAMP WHEELER, MACON, GA.—A company of negro soldiers, called to the national army from south Georgia cotton fields, failed to grasp the technical military terms of the drillmaster after several days' discouraging work on the parade grounds, so into the breach sprang Sergt. Thomas Washington Jefferson, aspirant for an officer's commission.



"Gimme yo eyes, gimme yo eyes. All along de line dar, gimme yo eyes!" His voice pierced the chill air with keen-cut vibrations. In a flash the 250 darkies were alive to what was expected of them. A smile swept up and down the lines, then quickly melted into a look of stern immobility. They had come to immediate attention. None moved a muscle. Not an eyelash twitched; not a foot shifted. They appeared like soldiers of long experience, accustomed to rigid discipline. "Now all along de line dar, lift dem guns, lift dem guns," Sergt. T. W. J. threw his hand forward in another convincing half semicircle and snapped his fingers again and again.

Instantly every one of the Georgia cotton field patriots shouldered arms and eagerly awaited the next command. They were an ambitious lot; they were anxious to do their best for Uncle Sam.

"Now pint 'em! Make ready! Let 'em go! All along de line, dar, let 'em go!"

The rifle butts were pressed against the shoulders, aim was taken and the triggers snapped. The darkies worked in perfect unison.

"Drap dem guns, all along de line dar, drap dem guns!" Then after "order arms" had been properly executed: "Now, shift dem feet, shuffle dem brogans, right 'bout face!" And followed: "Gimme yo eyes, gimme yo eyes! Salute with dem guns, all along de line dar, salute with dem guns!" As Sergt. T. W. J. did the ivory bend and snapped his fingers with more electrifying force and speed his charge presented arms.

"Sergeant," said the drillmaster, congratulating Thomas Washington Jefferson. "It looks mighty as if your chances of winning chevrons are good. Your methods are not according to the letter of the military decalog, but they certainly attain the same prescribed results."

## Mr. Blue Crane and the Indigestible Bed Spring

SAN FRANCISCO.—Mr. Fletcher, who slew his wife and fled to the wilderness or somewhere, has come back, his penance apparently done. Such was the rumor that has stirred Golden Gate park, and it was confirmed by Sergeant McGee of the park police.



"Mr. Fletcher," he continued, "is the blue crane. Lord knows how many wives he had, whatever he swallowed he bolted, and that's why he was called Fletcher.

"Well, after murdering his last wife two years ago, he flew away to escape punishment or his accusing conscience. He came back only recently—another Mr. Fletcher. Instead of standing on one leg in the buffalo paddock as before, imitating a twig, and snapping up every gopher or field mouse which came his way, and then being a twig again, he now abstains from meat eating, only fish, as he might in Lent or in Advent.

"He came and settled in Slattery's pool, down by the race track; stood on one leg, as in the old days, but only dipping after fish and eels. Lots of things that are neither fish nor eels get into Slattery's pool. One of them was a bed spring.

"Mr. Fletcher dipped his beak on the bed spring and gave it his usual one gulp.

"Well, Mr. Fletcher is only a blue crane, and bed springs are bed springs. The bird may well thank his stars this night that our friend Kavanaugh, here, was just going by on his horse at the time. There was the crane fighting the bed spring in the middle of Slattery's pool, and the bed spring—half down the crane's neck—fighting Mr. Fletcher and refusing to budge one way or the other."

## His Conscientious Scruples Apparently Overcome

CLEVELAND.—It took A. E. Giblin, chief clerk of the district draft appeals board, about three minutes to overcome the conscientious scruples of a selective objector. A man about twenty-seven, weighing upward of 200 pounds and standing almost six feet, told Mr. Giblin he didn't believe in fighting—"It hurts my conscience," he explained.



"You don't want to fight, eh?" Giblin asked. "Don't tell me it's your conscience. It's your nerve. You're cowardly, that's all.

"You know what the Huns have done to the women of Belgium. You know what they'd do to your mother and sister if they got the opportunity. And still you don't want to fight. I'm ashamed of you!" By this time Giblin's visitor was all but frothing at the mouth. He had thrown his hat onto a chair and squared off for action. "Don't call me a coward," he yelled, making a lunge at Giblin. "You've gone too far now with your talk. I'll make you eat those words."

Giblin was accomplishing his purpose, and knew it.

"Just a minute," he said. "You suggested when you came in that Germany and the allies ought to arbitrate their difficulties. Let's arbitrate."

"Arbitrate, —!" shouted the visitor. "I'll make you fight."

Then Giblin laughed.

"I knew," he said. "If I got you mad enough you'd want to fight. That's the spirit. When you get to France and the Germans get you mad, you'll account for a dozen of 'em. Go on home now and get ready to join the colors."

And the conscientious objector of a few minutes before, now thoroughly angry, stamped out of Giblin's office.

## Uncle Now Hopes Community Has Not "Caught On"

CAMP PIKE, ARK.—"What you don't know won't hurt you," is a maxim which operates all right until the don't-know person runs into someone who does know and then complications ensue. An officer of a line organization here recently went home on leave. Among the members of his household is a dignified, benignant old uncle, who is universally honored and respected for his kindness and uprightness. Uncle, however, is addicted to the fresh-air calisthenics habit.

Every morning he goes out on the back porch and goes through a prescribed routine of arm movements. In civil life the nephew had never given uncle's habit much consideration, but since his admission into the military the officer watched him in increasing astonishment.

"Wait a minute, uncle," he said; "you musn't do that."

"Why not?" replied uncle. "I've been doing it every morning for the past 15 years."

"Then," said the horrified officer to his equally horrified relative, "every morning for the past 15 years you have been telling the entire neighborhood to go to —"

# What Well Dressed Women Will Wear



SUITS THAT LOOK LIKE SPRING.

Here is a group of suits for spring that even the unpracticed eye—at a glance—will perceive to be quite unlike the suits of yesterday. Their designers have wandered into green fields and pastures new, gathering ideas, and are displaying the results of their wanderings now in suits that have many interesting style features.

They appear to have centered attention on coats and to have agreed that skirts shall be plain, hang straight, or show a little narrowing toward the bottom, and reach at least to the shoe top.

In coats the most noticeable innovation is the uneven line at the bottom of the coat skirt. There is only an occasional coat that is even at the bottom edge, but this variety is good style always. Another new feature in coats is the fitted-in lines at the back, which are achieved by new methods of cutting and shaping, that almost vie with semifitted models in point of numbers. There are many coats that fall to close at the front, and some whose only closing point is at the waistline. These open models are worn with light waistcoats in some cases, or over blouses that are glimpsed to the waist.

At the left of the picture a very graceful and clever coat has pointed fronts and its skirt is set on to a styles. Assortments are so wide in suits that every woman may have the satisfaction of satisfying her own style and preferences when she makes a selection.

The dressy, separate silk skirt has made a history for itself that insures its welcome every season, but its great day is ushered in with spring. Its rival, the sports skirt, has promoted it; success for the separate skirt of silk is sure and deserved, and there is no end to the variety in silks and color combinations that make it a thing of beauty this spring.

Two or three shades of one color in stripes and plaids, or combinations of contrasting colors, or colors with cross-bars in black or white, in as many designs as we find in gingham, make the choice unlimited, but so far stripes have been developed into the most attractive of the new skirts.

The season is dominated by two styles, each with many variations. One is the skirt laid in plaits about the waistline and the other is the tunic skirt. The plaited skirt is not so new as the tunic, but it is too good looking, and may be fitted with too much good style for women to leave it out of their reckoning.

Tunics, like coats, are usually uneven in length. They are ingeniously



TUNIC SKIRT OF STRIPED SILK.

double-breasted body ending in a belt across the front. There is a little ripple in the skirt of the coat, which slopes upward from the front and across the back. Some models of this kind are very short at the back. The collar and cuffs are of satin with white polka dots and the skirt narrows toward the hem.

At the right of the picture the suit of serge maintains more mannish lines, but reverses the order of things shown in the other suit. Its coat slopes down in a curved line across the back, and is one of the longest models shown. It is worn over a low-cut vest of white wash satin and has a satin overcollar. The edges are bound with narrow silk braid and strips of this braid, with two bone buttons finish the cuff. The skirt is plain and hangs almost straight.

Little sketches elsewhere in the picture reveal the diversity of the new

Julie Bottenby

## Beecher Street

By R. RAY BAKER

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If Ethel Drayton had done some real reasoning instead of leaping at conclusions and acting on impulse, it is likely that her bark of romance, with Cliff Eldridge in command, would have sailed serenely down the river of agreeableness into the sea of matrimony without encountering a storm. On the other hand, that kind of journey would not have been real romance—it would have lacked zest—so perhaps it is just as well that Herman Hartell came over to Ethel's desk that dreary, rainy afternoon in April and unfolded the secret.

"I have something to say that is very disagreeable to me," began Hartell as he brushed a hand carelessly over his miniature moustache and looked down at Ethel's curly brown hair coiled on the back of her head in a business-like knob that served as a pencil holder. "Nevertheless," he went on, "I feel in duty bound to say it."

Ethel jerked a sheet of paper from her typewriter and turned her black eyes up at the head shipping clerk. The tiny, bristling ridge of hair on Hartell's upper lip forced a smile to her face, but this was dispelled when Hartell explained:

"It's about Clifford. You see, last night—"

While this conversation was taking place, the subject of the remarks sat on a high stool at the other side of the Lewis Wholesale Paper company's shipping office and poured over a file of orders. Out of a corner of his eye he saw the head shipping clerk approach the stenographer's desk, and he frowned.

Hartell leaned over Ethel's chair as he revealed the secret, and Cliff ruffled his flaxen hair with one hand and drummed on his desk with the other.

Half an hour later Cliff slipped from his stool and into his light overcoat. Carrying his hat, he approached Ethel, who was still busy at the typewriter. He passed and smiled pleasantly, but she continued rattling the keys.

"You needn't trouble yourself to wait for me," she informed him in icy tones without pausing in her work or looking up. "I'll be a little late, and Mr. Hartell has promised to see me home."

Cliff's smile vanished. Before he had a chance to reply, she had slipped a ring from a finger of her left hand and extended it toward him. She looked into his eyes with a stare encrusted with ice.

"I can't wear this any longer," she said, "after the way you have acted lately. I have heard that all men must sow wild oats, but I assure you that my man won't. If you must gamble and carouse, you can't expect to become my husband. I have learned all about your going to a saloon or gambling den on Beecher street almost every night, and that's enough for me. Good-night."

Cliff stumbled down the steps to the street and walked three blocks, heedless of the pouring rain, before he came to himself and found the ring clamped in his hand. Then he stopped dead still in the middle of a street crossing, undecided whether to leap in the river or go back and throw Herman Hartell from the roof of the six-story Lewis building. He decided to do neither; instead, he headed for Beecher street.

Ethel completed her work and was escorted to her rooming place by Hartell. At the door she took his hand and said earnestly:

"You don't know how I appreciate the revelation you have made to me. I know it must have been hard for you to come and tell me about seeing Clifford go into that terrible place so many times; and I am grateful."

"Don't mention it, please," protested Hartell, striving unsuccessfully to reach his moustache with his tongue. "I couldn't bear to see you throw yourself away on a worthless fellow. I save a good many blocks by cutting through Beecher street on the way home and that's how I happened to notice him there."

The next day Ethel failed to appear at the office, telephoning that she was suffering from a headache. The succeeding day was Sunday. The rain had ceased but the weather had turned chilly and the sun hid behind clouds. Ethel listened in vain for the doorbell or the telephone, hoping Cliff would appear as he had done each Sunday for more than a year. True, she had told him it was all over; nevertheless, she had expected him to come and make some kind of a protest and attempt an explanation. The morning passed very gloomily for her.

Early in the afternoon the landlady summoned her to the telephone, and Ethel tripped over a chair in her haste to answer the call.

"This is Mr. Hartell," said the voice on the wire. "Could I call on you this afternoon?"

"I'm sorry," she replied, "but I'm too ill to entertain." And she went back to her room to gaze thoughtfully at a picture of a flaxen-haired, smiling youth.

About five o'clock a delegation of three girls from her Sunday school class called on her.

"We were anxious to learn if you were ill," said one, "and if not we wanted you to go with us to visit a poor family that the class has decided to help."

Ethel took decided interest in the ex-

cursor when it was explained that the family lived on Beecher street.

They walked past the gloomy, rickety wooden dwellings, through throngs of dirty urchins who hooted and made faces at them, and finally came to a dingy opening that proved to be the entrance to a flight of stairs.

Up these steps the girls stumbled, their way lighted by only a few rays that sifted through the cracks in the flimsy outside wall. One of the party knocked at the door that confronted them at the top of the stairs.

Footsteps sounded on the floor, evidently those of a child. Some one fumbled at the knob and the door was swung open to reveal a chubby, round-faced boy of about four years.

A maimed, disreputable toy bear was suspended by its leg from one hand of the tot, who blinked curiously at his four visitors. The opening of the door permitted a warm, pungent odor to penetrate the hall and each of the girls involuntarily shuddered.

"Who is it?" called a voice from within—a weak, plaintive voice, that of a woman.

The tot, who was clothed in a nondescript suit of several materials and colors, turned and called:

"Tree girls."

"Come right in," answered the voice. "I am ill and cannot come to the door."

The girls entered and noticed that the pungent odor increased. The room was permeated with an unhealthful warmth, caused by keeping all the windows closed and thus conserving the heat radiated from the small wood stove.

The designs on the wall paper had all but become eradicated by accumulation of smoke, grease and dust. On one wall was a framed picture of a young man and woman, evidently a bridal couple. A row of picture post-cards was the only other decoration.

A table occupied the center of the room, and nearby were a three-legged stool and a dilapidated rocking chair. The floor was covered with a faded rag carpet.

"Here I am," called the woman, from the dingiest corner of the room. "Don't look around. I'm too ill to keep the place clean, and Jimmy here is too young."

The girls found her lying on a narrow bed, or rather, a bunk. She was frail and emaciated, but she carried a pleasant smile of greeting.

Jimmy hovered near, still clinging to the bear. Ethel, a lover of children, picked him up in her arms.

"My, my, what clothes!" she murmured to herself, but Jimmy overheard her.

"I'm gonna have new suit," he announced. "Man's gonna bring it."

"Who do you—" Ethel began, but at that moment Jimmy, hearing familiar sounds on the stairs, scrambled from her arms and dashed toward the door.

"He hears his man," explained the woman on the bed. "Nearly every night he brings us food, and sometimes candy or something to wear. He found Jimmy on the street one night and came home with him. Jimmy told me his man was going to bring him a new suit today."

The door was flung open and a young man entered, placed a bundle on the stool and gathered the little boy in his arms.

"My man," breathed Jimmy, hugging the newcomer, while Ethel started forward in amazement upon recognizing him.

"Cliff!" she cried.

Clifford Eldridge placed his human burden on the floor and stared in astonishment that equaled her own.

So it was decreed that a home of poverty should be the setting for a proud, sensitive, impulsive girl to ask forgiveness—and get it.

Let Children Pick Clothes.

Everyone remembers when he or she was a child how irritating it was to have our parents pick all our clothes without giving us any choice in the matter. In the Woman's Home Companion a writer says: "Now, what I am asking for the boys is this: Take your sons with you when you buy their clothing. Consult their tastes somewhat. Don't let them select anything ridiculous, but give them a choice of half a dozen sensible coats or hats or whatever it may be. Don't scold them too much if they come home with the straps on their bloomer trousers unhooked so their trouser legs are almost long. No doubt the captain of the baseball team and all the other fellows wear theirs that way. Or if your boy comes up the street with his cap over his right ear, while you are telling him that he looks 'just like a little street tough' remember it was the style that you, yourself followed last winter, and that 'what all the fellows do' means just as much to Johnny as Paris notes do to you."

Snakes.

An explanation of this hallucination is offered by the result of French experiments a few years ago. Sixteen alcoholic patients were examined with the ophthalmoscope, and it was found that the minute blood vessels in the retina of the eyes were congested. In this condition they appear black, and are projected into the field of vision, where their movements resemble the squirming of serpents.

Professional Dignities.

"Dishevel canal boat business is loomin' 'n' right important," remarked Mr. Erastus Pinkley. "I specks ders gotta be some 'scussion 'bout my employment."

"What's the matter with your job?" "It's all right, 'coppin' jes' dis. I don't want to be called 'a mule driver' no mo'. Hereafter I wants to be tuded to as 'a pilot.'"

# IMPROVED UNIFORM INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

(By E. O. SELLERS, Acting Director of the Sunday School Course of the Moody Bible Institute, Chicago.)

## LESSON FOR MARCH 24

### JESUS MINISTERING TO THE MULTITUDES.

LESSON TEXT—Mark 6:22-54. GOLDEN TEXT—The son of man came not to be ministered unto, but to minister, and to give his life a ransom for many.—Matt. 20:28. DEVOTIONAL READING—John 6:25-46. ADDITIONAL MATERIAL FOR TEACHERS—Exodus 16:14-18; Matt. 25:31-46; Luke 4:16-21; James 1:27; Rev. 3:1. PRIMARY TOPIC—Jesus a helper at all times. MEMORY VERSE—Be of good cheer; it is I, be not afraid.—Mark 6:50. INTERMEDIATE TOPIC—Helping the needy. SENIOR AND ADULT TOPIC—(7)

This parable marks the high level of the year of popularity in the life of our Lord. It is such an important miracle as to be the only one recorded by all four gospel writers. The returning disciples (v. 31) are urged by the Master to come with him into a desert place and rest also that he might comfort their hearts over the death of John the Baptist. "They had no leisure," Jesus knew the need and also the proper use of leisure, but the multitude would not grant him this but flocked to his retreat in the desert. They followed that they might listen to his gracious words, or behold some new wonder, but Jesus also saw and ministered, (v. 24). Carlyle said he saw in England "forty million people mostly in folk." Not so with Jesus; he saw and was moved, not with sarcasm, but with a compassion that took the form of teaching (v. 34). It is better to teach a man how to help himself than to help the man without the teaching. We also infer that the soul of a man is of more value than his body. It is not enough, however, to say "God bless you; be warmed and fed," when a man is hungry. Sympathy must issue in action.

A Great Task.

John tells us of the conversation with Phillip. Phillip lived in Bethsaida nearby, but to feed this multitude was too great a task, even with his knowledge and resources (John 6:5, 7). Yet we need not be surprised at Phillip's slowness of faith. Moses in a similar case was once nonplussed as to how to feed the thousands in the wilderness (see Numbers 11:21-33). The central fact concerns neither the need nor our poverty, but the absolute surrender of our all—however little—to God.

Another disciple, Andrew, who had brought his brother, Simon Peter, to the Savior, in his desperation found a boy whose mother had thoughtfully provided him with a lunch consisting of five barley biscuits and two small dried herrings (John 6:9). This is a great commentary on the tide of interest at this time—that even this hungry boy should have forgotten his lunch; the circumstances emphasized the helplessness of the disciples in order that Jesus might show his power. His command "Give ye them," (v. 37) teaches us that we are to give what we have, not to look to others, nor to do our charity by proxy (Pro. 11:24, 25). Again the Savior asks his disciples to seek (v. 38) as though he would teach them the boundless resources of his kingdom. Give what you have and he will bless and increase it to meet the needs of the multitude. The secret of success points to the moment when he took the loaves and looking up (to God who also saw their needs), he blessed it.

Living Bread.

This conversation process was a stinging rebuke to the orientals, and is being emphasized in these days of food conservation in connection with war needs. Too long we have been prodigal of God's marvelous bounties. God gives us that we may use; and we lose it unless it is shared. Jesus, the living bread, (John 6:48) will satisfy hunger and give life. As bread generates in the human body heat, energy, vitality and power, so he will feed the hungry souls of men. We have at hand the Word. It is for lack of it that men die in the deepest and truest sense of that Word. The poverty and perplexity of the disciples in the presence of similar great need, is being repeated over and over again, and yet how faithless it is! We have not enough to feed the multitude. Our few loaves of comfort, amusement, counsel, etc., will not sustain them in the present world's crisis; but when we break unto them the living bread, it meets the deep hunger of the human heart; and they will have enough and to spare if they will only eat it. In these days when the emphasis is being laid on material bread for the sustenance of the nation, there is great danger lest we forget the necessity of breaking the living bread to the starving multitudes of the world. We must maintain the supremacy of the spiritual, or lack the dynamic to provide the material.

How true the words of the late Dr. Maltbie Davenport Babcock:

Back of the loaf is the snowy flour, Back of the flour the mill; And back of the mill is the wheat, And the shower, and the sun, And the Father's will.

The problem which the disciples could not meet, Jesus discerned and solved. As they co-operated with him and gave of that which he had first blessed, each had a basketful to take away and thus was well repaid for sharing with the multitude.