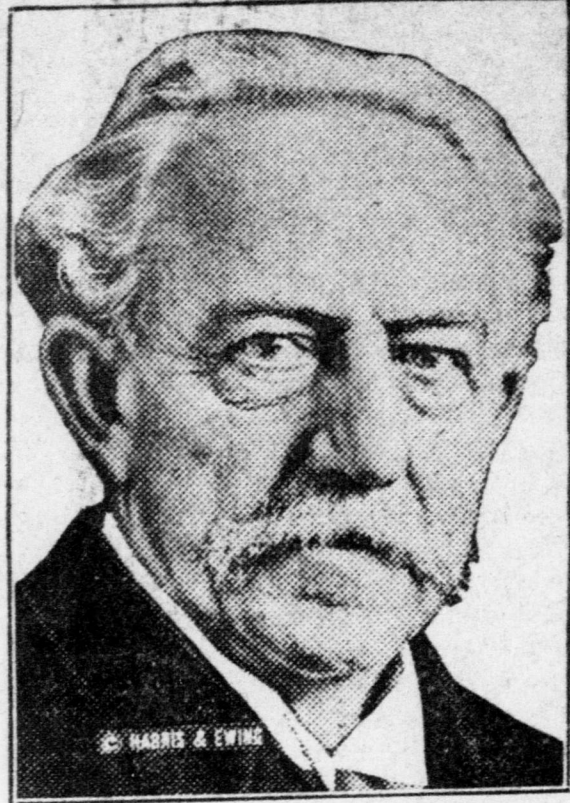


OUT-OF-ORDINARY PEOPLE

DOCTOR JORDAN, PEACE ADVOCATE



Among the peace advocates of the United States, place in the front rank must be accorded Dr. David Starr Jordan, chancellor of Leland Stanford University, because of his consistency and persistency. Everywhere and at all times he spreads the doctrine of universal peace and disarmament. No sooner did Representative Gardner and others begin their campaign for more adequate national defenses than Doctor Jordan sprang into the arena and hurled East on a lecture tour. Japan, he declares, is financially unable to carry on a war against us, and by the time the present war is over, lasting international peace will have been assured by the pacifist movement.

"Politicians start all this war scare and war talk," he says. "They do it to bring themselves into the limelight. Every naval officer knows that the outlay of millions for armaments is not for efficiency, but waste. Soldiers are police. They only become soldiers when they are above the law, when martial law is proclaimed. This nation has not one thing in a million to do but sit tight."

"We should not tolerate any trade against the so-called inefficiency of the army or the navy, and we should protest against an agitation for more armament at a time when the nations of the earth are crumbling each other because simply of their perfect equipment."

SIAMESE PRINCE VISITS US

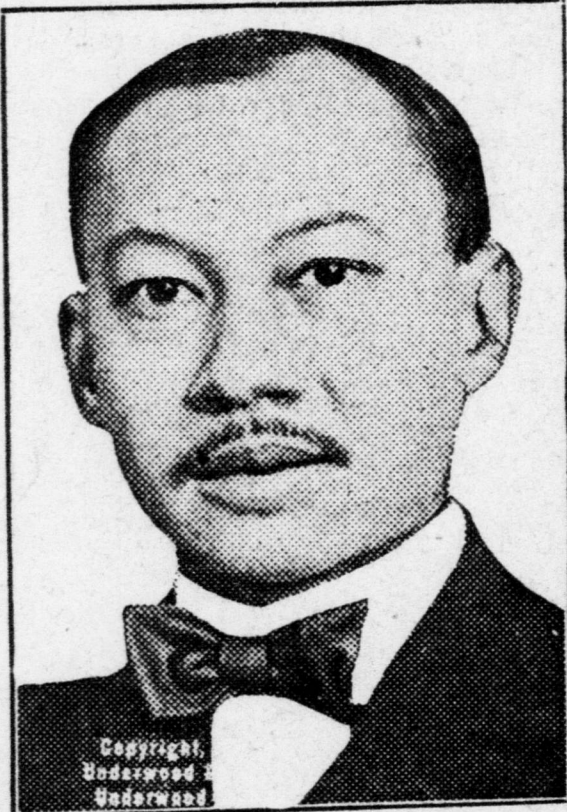
Prince Kampengphet, brother of the king of Siam, fell ill and the court physician prescribed a tour of the world. Consequently the United States has been having the honor of entertaining that royal personage, together with the princess and Capt. S. Yoo, military aide. Landing in New York with 25 trunks and two Siamese dachshunds, the party visited the chief cities of the country and then crossed the continent for a somewhat prolonged stay in the Yellowstone National park and the Yosemite valley.

"The princess and I plan to cover the entire world on our tour before returning to Siam next February," said the prince. "We have been traveling over a year now and have covered most of central Europe. From this country we will go to Japan and China."

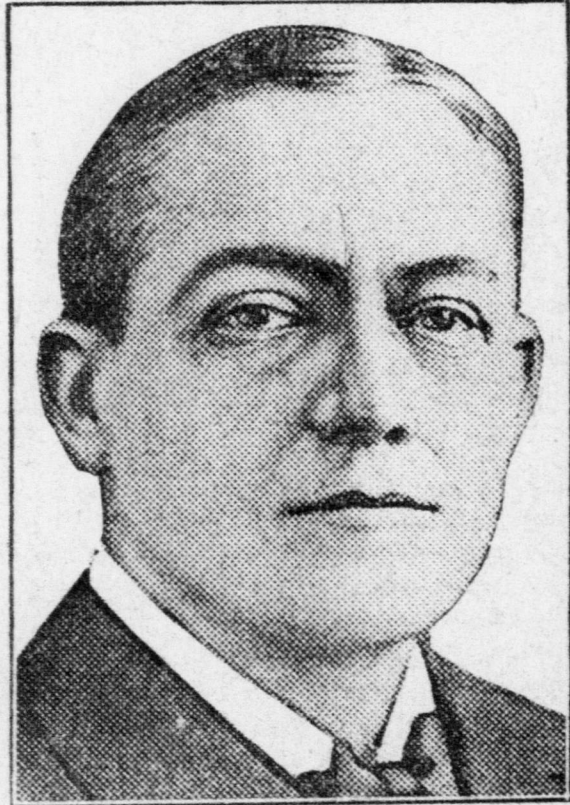
"This trip is much more wonderful for the princess than for me, because I spent ten years on the continent, after I finished my course at Cambridge. The princess, however, has never been far away from Siam."

Though the prince is not much more than five feet tall, several years' service in the Siamese army has given him a military bearing. His manner resembles the English far more than it does the Oriental. On each arm he wore a heavy gold bracelet, one of them bearing a watch. His fingers were well supplied with rings.

While he was talking with the reporters the princess sat huddled up in a big chair, with her big, soft brown eyes directed constantly at her lord and master. At a generous estimate she is about four feet tall.



MEANS TO LIVE TO BE 120



Prof. Frederick Starr of the University of Chicago, a scientist with a score of foreign decorations, is certain he will live to be one hundred and twenty years old. He said so recently on his arrival in Los Angeles, where he spent the first vacation he has had in 30 years. Professor Starr is fifty-six years old.

"Another man who feels sure of great longevity," said Professor Starr, "is Count Okuma, premier of Japan. The count is absolutely certain he will reach one hundred and twenty-five years."

"The count and I are old friends," said the professor. "He seems just as sure that he is going to beat me by five years as he is that he is alive today. We have agreed that, if he is still alive when I reach one hundred and twenty years, he gets a present. If I am still alive when he gets to be one hundred and twenty-five years, I get a present. How's that for a wager?"

Professor Starr said the secret of a long life is always to smile, never to get angry, and to keep working all the time.

"The history of man through all the ages," he said, "shows that those of the sunny temperament have the longer life."

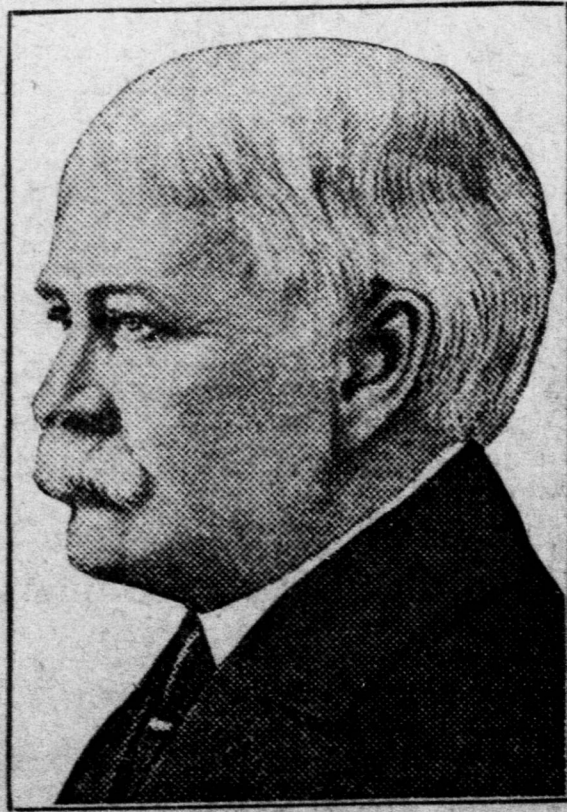
DOCTOR MUNROE, EXPLOSIVE EXPERT

When dispatches came from the war zone telling of the wonderful lethal gases thrown off by the exploding turpentine shells and of how those gases destroy instantly all life over a considerable area, the Washington correspondents turned at once to Dr. Charles Edward Munroe, who pronounced the stories to be "bunk."

What Doctor Munroe has to say about explosives is interesting always. He knows his subject. He is, perhaps, Uncle Sam's most distinguished expert on explosives. Now sixty-five years old, from his youth he has experimented with and investigated materials that explode. His publications on the subject, totaling some one hundred volumes, are standard.

Hereditarily and environment made Doctor Munroe a student, for he was born at Cambridge, Mass., of a scholarly family. He was, of course, educated at Harvard, from which institution he was graduated with the degree of bachelor of science in 1871. For three years he was an assistant professor of chemistry at Harvard. Chemistry is a broad field and he acquired a familiarity with every portion of it, but especially was he attracted by that portion in which he later specialized. The things that "went off" had a fascination for him.

Then for 12 years he was professor of chemistry at Annapolis, and since 1886 he has been in the employ of the government at Washington.



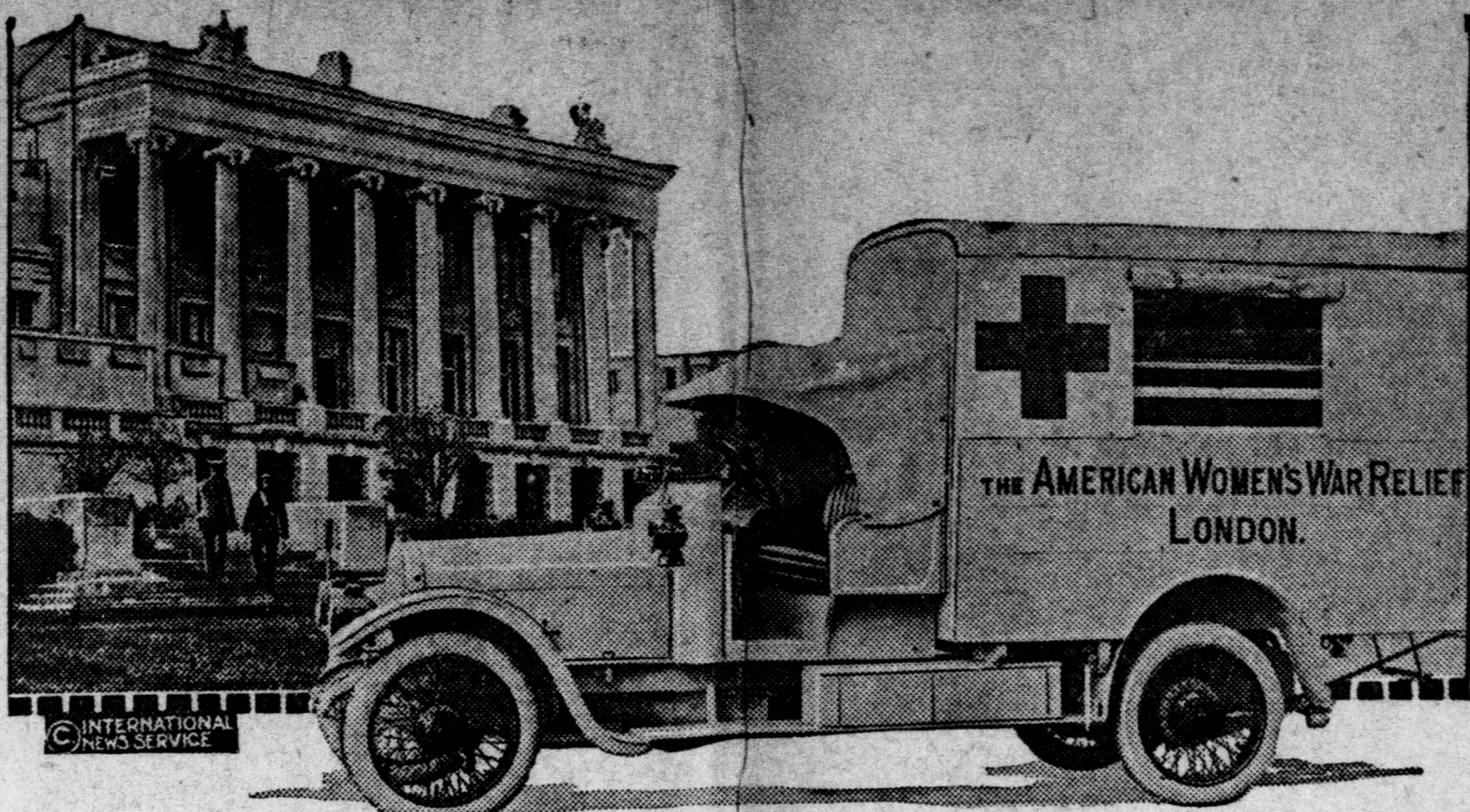
A Personal Matter. "I cannot bear the autumn," said the temperamental person. "When the leaves begin to fall my heart is filled with gloom."

"Autumn depresses me, too, but strictly from a selfish point of view," said the practical person.

"How is that?"

"I begin to speculate how long I'll have to shiver before his majesty, the janitor, turns on the steam."

AMERICAN HELP FOR WOUNDED BRITISH



Six motor ambulances like the one in this photograph have been given to the British war office by the American Women's War Relief fund. With their fittings they cost about \$20,000. At the left is Oldway house, the residence of Paris E. Singer in Devonshire, transformed into the American Red Cross hospital.

GERMANY USES STAGE TRICK TO SWELL PROCESSION OF PRISONERS

In Order to Give Air of Verisimilitude to Tales of Foe's Regiments Annihilated, Trainloads of Captives Are Sent Through Same Town Many Times—Belgian Trooper Becomes Peeved at Twelfth Trip Through Aix-la-Chapelle.

London.—It is a relief to extract a little humor out of this tragic war. French and English alike are wondering, and laughing not a little, at the tremendous number of prisoners which the Germans, according to their own reports, are capturing, both east and west. If they had taken as many prisoners as they say they have they would have no enemy to fight. But the explanation is simple enough. Take but one instance.

A Swiss who was at Aix-la-Chapelle at the beginning of this month, and who is now at Basle, writes:

"The German government is very ingenious in its efforts to keep up the spirits of the population. It reports the annihilation of regiment after regiment daily, and in order to foster the delusion it has to produce formidable convoys of French, British and Belgian prisoners. Aix-la-Chapelle is the spectacular spot chosen. It is the busiest railway station in the German empire just now. The German general staff sends long train loads of prisoners through this junction going east every day. You can imagine how impressive it is. You can also imagine how industriously the newspaper correspondents record the incident in their dispatches to Berlin, not forgetting the downcast demeanor of the captives and the cheers of the German populace."

"The crowds are unaware that these trains are switched onto a loop line at night, and return in triumph the next day. The other morning a Dutchman was watching one of them go slowly by. He saw a Belgian soldier excitedly gesticulating at an open carriage window. He was shouting: 'This is the twelfth time we have come through this station.'"

Fight for Pig Under Fire. "Very little scares us nowadays," writes an artilleryman from the Woivre. "The Germans are in the woods and are as reluctant as carrion crows to leave. Last night we heard heavy footsteps, an odd noise like 'atapoum, patapoum.' Was it a batch of German deserters coming to us, or outposts returning with some warning? I peered into the darkness, and within a few feet of my head was a fat pig. He was more frightened than I, and decamped. We followed, and in five minutes Mr. Cochon was tied to the wheel of an ammunition cart. He grunted all night long."

Germans Without Humor. Describing the conditions surrounding the British army, a lieutenant in the Royal Army Medical corps, writing home, says:

"In front of us are the German trenches, only a hundred yards away. A bobbing head, a shaking fist, an occasional spade wave, bespeak the presence of our foe. Yesterday one of our merry men fixed up a target. On white paper he drew a bull's-eye with a charred stick, tied it on a cardboard box, placed it in front of the trench and with flag behind recorded the misses of our friend Fritz. I feel sure that if in those trenches we had a more humorous foe instead of the phlegmatic Teuton we might pass away many of the weary hours of watching in friendly joke. But we are up against a wary foe. There is no leisure, for barbed wire, artfully contrived hoops and loopholes forever claim the attention of our brave men."



New York society girls serving behind the counter in "Little Belgium," the novelty shop established in New York for the purpose of raising money for the relief of destitute Belgians.

BRITISH PAID BY FRANCE

Republic Bears Cost of Auxiliary Troops Even to the Provisioning.

Berlin.—The Berliner Tageblatt publishes an account of a wounded German officer upon his return from France, in which he says:

"The French government bears the cost of paying the British auxiliary troops, each man getting four francs (80 cents) for each day on which no

fighting takes place, while on 'battle days' each man gets eight francs (\$1.60) per day. Besides, the entire British force now on French soil is provisioned at the expense of the French government."

Cut Out Football. London.—Because football playing in England interferes with recruiting and distracts attention from the war, London newspaper proprietors have agreed to print nothing but the results of matches.

Youth Leads Charge. London.—Private Preston, eighteen, and known as the "baby" of a Manchester regiment, led the charge of his company against the Germans after all the officers had been killed.

Wholesale Dismissal of German Waiters Did Not Help British Brethren. London.—According to the Central Unemployed Body for London the wholesale dismissal during the last month of German and Austrian waiters has not helped the English waiter. The vacated places have been filled by Italians, Frenchmen and Dutchmen. The explanation is that waiting on

tables is not a business which the Englishman adopts very rapidly and that the vast army of waiters, who usually, at this time go to the South of France and Italy, find no market for their services in these countries and are eager for work in London.

Death of the Gallant Lancer. And here is one about a gallant Irishman with some pathos in it:

"One afternoon when I was riding from the transport to the battalion I met a lancer going the same road. We were chums at Aldershot a couple of years ago. I met his wife when he brought her to the married quarters, a bonnie bride. He was a squat little Irishman with a pair of lively eyes that spoke the language of all tongues. He had fought at Mons and been right through the campaign, and as we rode together through the town we talked over past and present. As we passed a butcher's shop a pretty girl came to the door and gave him 'Bonjour,' with a charming smile. Against regulations he doffed his cap and made her a sweeping bow. Their eyes met—it was a mere passing salute, but one could see he had passed that way before. He turned to me with a light laugh. 'We are all single at the seaside.'"

"Two days afterward I made the same journey on foot. Just at that same shop door I met a stretcher-bearer's friend was lying on it—shrapnel through the chest. As I spoke to the stretcher-bearer the girl came to the door. Her grief was passionate. I doubt if the wounded man was conscious of her tears. Later in the day I called at the field hospital. He was dead. A woman in Ireland is teaching his little one to pray for his soul. A girl in France is putting flowers on his grave."

A FRENCH BOMB-PROOF

One of the bomb-proofs in the advanced trenches on the eastern frontier.

QUEEN'S MAIL IS CENSORED

Letters From Her Son, Prince of Wales, Read by Officials of the War Office.

London.—The prince of Wales, during his first week at the front, sent two long letters to his mother relating his experiences and observations. Both letters were opened by the censor and officially passed in the same manner as those of the ordinary soldier.

They Got no Milk. Paris.—A cow strayed between French and German trenches, which were only 100 yards apart, and both sides agreed that whoever hit a horn first would be privileged to milk Bossy without molestation. The first shot came from the German lines and killed the cow.

Cheese the Chief Export. Berne, Switzerland, exports a much higher value in Swiss cheese than in Swiss watches.

NEWS and GOSSIP of WASHINGTON

Small Dog Bars Dignitaries From White House

WASHINGTON.—Miss Bones, the cousin of the president, had released her small, shaggy, little dog, with hair hanging in his eyes, but with a proud and important swagger, befitting his position. He was cavorting about the north door of the White House and slipped out into the open, when the guards of the executive mansion were otherwise engaged.

Thus it happened that two officials, walking arm in arm up the White House driveway, unmindful of anything except the heavy importance of the national business on hand, were suddenly surprised by something or other that flew into their path, and made it impossible for them to go any farther.

"That dog," observed one man to the other, as they went on their way to the executive offices, "that dog has the largest bark for the smallest dog, that I ever saw. We couldn't have been more effectively stopped if the president had let a mastiff out on us!"

"I never liked any kind of a dog," observed the other, "of any size whatever!"

For the small dog barked and barked, and ran at them, and flew around them, and showed his teeth, which are small and sharp, and very white. The two men stood still, and looked at the dog, and each inquired of the other if he minded having his trousers torn or his ankles bitten, and the small dog had all but exhausted himself in his enthusiasm as the nation's safeguard, when a large policeman took him by the nape of the neck, and dropped him inside the White House door.

How Uncle Sam Sets Drinking Water Standard

NOW that Uncle Sam, through the United States public health service, has set a standard of purity for all drinking water furnished on common carriers entering into interstate traffic, many inquiries have begun to pour into Surgeon General Rupert Blue's office about the manner and method used by the government's chemists and physicians in setting this new water standard.

Just how this standard is reached was described in nontechnical and understandable English by an officer of the public health service, as follows:

About fifteen drops of water are taken from the sample in the laboratory, and this small quantity of water is spread upon the surface of a thin film of agar, a sort of gelatin, poured into a flat glass dish, after the dish and all instruments used, including the agar, have been thoroughly sterilized to kill such germs as are ordinarily present. This dish of gelatin, or culture media, as it is termed, containing the water, is placed in an incubator and kept at a temperature of 98.6 degrees Fahrenheit for 24 hours.

After this period has elapsed, the plate is taken out and very small spots are noticed dotted over its surface. Each one of these spots represents a colony of germs which has developed; each colony from a separate germ contained in the original sample of water. The colonies are counted by means of a disk ruled into squares, which fits under the thin glass dish. If the number of colonies found in the amount of water planted on the agar (15 drops) exceeds one hundred, the water is to be rejected as unsatisfactory. Any count less than 100 colonies per plate is considered a safe limit of permissible bacteriological impurity.

There are other tests to which the water is subjected, using larger quantities and different materials as culture media.



American Mule Still Holds His Own in Our Army

THE American army mule need have no fear for his laurels because of the great part gasoline motors have played in transportation problems of European armies in the present war. Until American roads generally are brought up to the high standard of the roads of Germany, France, Belgium and other European countries, the army mule will determine, through his capacity for hauling, the limitation of operations for American military forces.

Only one branch of the United States army is giving serious attention to motor traction. In the quartermaster's department experiments are being made, particularly along the Texas border, with handling supplies in motor trucks. Motor trucks are in general use, of course, about army posts and wherever good roads are available; but when maneuvers take the columns into the field and the sandy or muddy country roads, where mere wheel tracks across the country are the only highways, the six-mule team is still master of the transportation situation.

A few years ago it was determined to experiment with motor transportation as a means to increase the radius of field artillery. General Crozier, chief of the army ordnance bureau, designed a motor battery wagon, which was tried out in maneuvers. It proved a flat failure, for it was so heavy that it broke through bridges, sunk to the hubs in soft roads and generally hampered the battery to which it was attached. The experiment was abandoned and the ordnance bureau is now content to await the results of the experiments of the quartermaster's department in self-propelled army transportation units. Mules and horses are good enough for American artillerymen as yet.

Albino Sparrow Returns to the National Capital

THE albino sparrow that has for a number of years made its home in some cranny in a building on the east side of Eleventh street between the Avenue and E street, has returned to its accustomed haunts, after an absence of several months. Many persons who had become familiar with this "off color" and oddly marked member of the sparrow tribe by reason of seeing him flitting about in the street or flying up to the nest the bird has successfully hidden for years, had begun to think the little albino had passed to the happy hunting grounds, or had changed its abiding place. The return of the bird to its usual haunts a few days ago, however, indicates that it was merely away on a vacation.

Many persons, seeing the albino sparrow, have believed it was a stray canary, or at least a cross between a regular sparrow and a canary. Such, however, is not the case. The bird is a real albino, although it has some dark feathers in its wings and tail. The body plumage and most of the wing and tail feathers are white—that is, as white as the feathers of a bird that lives the life of an English sparrow can be.

Those who have noticed the albino sparrow year after year as it busied itself hustling for a living about the block on Eleventh street declare the bird must be at least twelve years old. Whether this is true or not, it would be difficult to determine. At any rate, the bird has haunted that particular block for at least seven years.

Styles Return. "Why, grandma; I didn't know you went in for the latest styles." "What do you mean, child?" "This basque." "Laws, child, I had that basque made in 1885."

Remunerative Faultfinding. "The speaker at our suburban club is going to treat of roads in the abstract."

"I should think that more of a concrete subject."

One Blessing at Least. Fond Mother (proudly)—An' do ye no think 'e looks like 'is father?

Sympathetic Neighbor (cheerfully)—An' never ye mind that, Mrs. McCarthy, so long as 'e's 'ealthy.—Harvard Lampoon.

