

# STORIES of AMERICAN CITIES

## Why Akron Police Sergeant Is Somewhat Peeved

**A**KRON.—Being naturally good natured and easy going, Police Sergeant F. B. McAllister seldom harbors a grudge against anyone. But there's a limit to all things. The sergeant was made the victim of a practical joke by someone and he is angered. McAllister was sitting down at police headquarters taking a little rest after a long rush of sending the police emergency after Thanksgiving eve celebrations, when suddenly the telephone jangled. As McAllister answered it, someone informed him there was a big murder in one of the downtown hotels.

"They're trying to cover it up," the voice continued. "You better get men down there to see what's going on." The informer spoke in such a truthful voice that the sergeant was convinced. Sending out a general call for policemen to hurry to the hotel, McAllister slipped into his coat and, leaving the office in the hands of an assistant, hurried to join them. As he rushed there he saw policemen coming from all directions, breathless from the pace they had been traveling.

"Surround the hotel here," McAllister hoarsely whispered to them. "There's a murder there and they're trying to sneak the body out without anyone seeing." A cordon was quickly drawn. From all sides the policemen quickly closed in. Finally, with a rush, they entered the hotel, from the rear and front doors simultaneously.

"Where's the body?" they demanded.

"Body?" the clerk repeated, eyes blinking in astonishment, "what body?" Finally, after close questioning, the story came out. A drunken man had been taken from the hotel an hour or so before who could hardly walk. Two men carried him to the open air, where he quickly revived and staggered away. Sheepishly the policemen filed out, Sergeant McAllister saying things under his breath.

## Now Nobody Whispers "Bath" in Cop's Presence

**C**HICAGO.—A while back a pickpocket nicked a watch off of Detective Sergeant Vincent Skiba of the South Chicago police station on board of a street car. That isn't nothing. Listen. Yesterday Vince was to church with his missus and afterwards they went home, and Vince says:

"I guess I'll take a bath," he says and he took his clothes off of him and turned on the water. But he didn't take no bath because when he stuck his finger in the water it was too cold to take a bath in, the lucky stiff.

Then his missus said she had to go back to the church for the main services and Vince says: "All right, that's right in my kitchen. I'll go over to the station and take me a shower bath."

So he went over to the station and upstairs into the squad room and took his clothes off from him once more and laid them down somewhere.

Pretty soon, down in the front office, Desk Sergeant Berry heard the blamdest yell in his life and he reached for his smoke wagon and looked up the stairway. There was Vince, and he certainly should be ashamed of himself. He looked like he was just out of everything, including hopes.

"What's a biting of you?" says Berry.

"Somebody's pinched my clothes," says Vince.

So Berry he sent the patrol wagon to get some more clothes from Vince's house so as Vince wouldn't shame the whole police force, but when the wagon got there the missus was still in church and so Vince had to set like a dying gladiator on a radiator with a telephone directory between him and the radiator, else he would of been corrugated with a tin roof, until the missus fetched him some clothes. Pretty hard luck, hey?

## Sudden Check to Adventurer's Stormy Career

**B**ROOKLYN.—It would seem to the normal citizen that any fairly youngish man who had found time to serve dik dik chops, hippopotamus tenderloin and springbok tail soup at a Beta Theta Pi spread in Manhattan, and further had served as a Boer spy in the South African war, had been sentenced to a 21-year term by the British in consequence when caught, had escaped and gone straight into service in the Russian-Japanese war, later followed Roosevelt into South America to take movies of the colonel, had stayed behind until injured in a fight with Indians on the Bolivia frontier, had weathered a storm of brickbats aimed at him during the street railway strikes in Jamaica in 1912, had—

Well, it would seem to normal man that such a soldier of fortune could get all mixed up with a Brooklyn warehouse without fear of serious consequences. Nevertheless, the charge laid against Captain Duquesne by the police is that he presented a false claim for \$33,000 on a fire insurance policy. The captain's claim, the police say, was that a lot of movie films of South American scenes, in which he was interested, were destroyed by a fire in the Brooklyn warehouse on December 6 a year ago.

Disloyalty Sharply Scored by Los Angeles Justice

**L**OS ANGELES.—Denouncing the three pacifists—Rev. Floyd Hardin, Rev. L. Robert Whitaker and Harold Storey—Judge Thomas P. White sentenced them to jail and added a \$1,200 fine to each sentence. The men were convicted on three counts each. On the first two counts they were sentenced to six months in jail each, and on the third to 90 days each, the sentences to run concurrently. Fifteen days was allowed them in which to appeal to the Supreme court for a new trial, and bail was fixed at \$2,500 each. The courtroom was placed under guard of police officers while Judge White handed down his decision. Eighty G. A. R. veterans crowded the courtroom, while the crowd overflowed to the sidewalks.

Addressing the defendants, Judge White said: "You cast aspersions upon the president of the United States, viciously expressing opposition to the draft law, and gave comfort to the enemy. I have no hesitation in saying to you that the doctrine you have been preaching would gratify the Germans, but American patriotism is on guard."

"We, the people of Los Angeles, will tolerate no disloyalty to the government."

Flaming-Headed Office Boys in Lively Demand

**N**EW YORK.—There is a superstition in New York office buildings that the red-headed office boy is the most intelligent of all the bean-shooting pests. A boy who has a red head and a face sprinkled with freckles is always sure to land a job telling callers that the boss is out or in—depending upon the caliber of the caller.

It seems to be stylish to have red-headed office boys. A reporter with an inquiring mind visited two of the largest office buildings in town and discovered that more than half were red-headed boys and three out of every five were green ties.

Three years ago a boy working in an office could only make \$4 a week and what stamps he could swipe. About \$1 of this generally went for car fare, for it is a trait of the average office boy to live as far away from the office as possible. Otherwise he might be able to come to work on time now and then.

But to offer an office boy \$4 a week just now would be encouraging him to sneer right in your face. Any office boy, knock-kneed or with warts, can demand \$8 a week and get it. And if he has a red head he can get \$10 and even \$12 a week.

Incidentally the New York office boy wields as much power as many auto crats. It is up to him whether or not you can see the man you want to see. There is a broker in town who lost the biggest order of his career through the upturning of the lad at the outer gate.

## 21 BILLION IS VALUE OF U. S. CROPS THIS YEAR

Nearly 1,000,000,000 Bushels More Grain Was Raised Than in 1916.

### CORN LEADS ALL THE REST

Production of Grain and Other Farm Products Far Exceeds Any Other Year in History of Country—Weather Ruins Flax.

Washington.—Farmers contributed approximately \$21,000,000,000 to the wealth of the nation this year in the production of grain and other farm products, far exceeding any other year in the history of the country. Of this immense total the corn crop leads with an estimated value of \$4,053,972,000. The oats crop is valued at \$1,061,427,000; wheat at \$848,372,000, and potatoes at \$543,865,000.

Final report on the crops has just been issued by the department of agriculture, and it showed that with the exception of wheat the leading grains established records in production. A big wheat area was planted, but severe winter killing cut down the crop heavily. Cotton was caught by an early frost and suffered a sensational loss of approximately 1,000,000 bales from early estimates. A late season and early frosts hurt the corn crop, but more in point of quality than quantity, and there is more soft corn in the country this year than ever before.

1,000,000,000 Bushels in Excess.

Nearly 1,000,000,000 bushels more grain was raised than in 1916. The final estimate shows a total production of 5,666,728,000 bushels of the five leading grains. This compares with 4,666,253,000 bushels last year, and is close to the record aggregate production in 1915.

The total wheat yield is given as 550,828,000 bushels, compared with 336,318,000 bushels last year, and 806,361,000 bushels, the 1911-15 average.

Corn production is estimated at 3,159,494,000 bushels, about 31,000,000 bushels under the preliminary figure and compared with 2,566,927,000 bushels raised in 1916. The five-year average was 2,754,164,000 bushels and the previous bumper crop in 1912 was 3,124,746,000 bushels.

The yield of oats was also a record

one and is given as 1,587,286,000 bushels, compared with 1,251,837,000 bushels last year. The five-year average was 1,230,490,000 bushels.

Production of rye is placed at 60,145,000 bushels, against 48,892,000 bushels last year and five-year average of 41,399,000 bushels.

The barley crop is finally estimated at 208,975,000 bushels, against 182,309,000 bushels last year.

The bumper potato crop is maintained in the final report; in fact the figure of 442,336,000 bushels is a little in excess of the preliminary estimate and compares with 286,953,000 bushels last year.

Weather Ruins Flax.

Unfavorable weather conditions ruined the flax crop and the yield is estimated at only 8,473,000 bushels, against 14,206,000 bushels last year. Production of hay was 79,528,000 tons of tame and 15,402,000 tons of wild, compared with 91,192,000 tons and 19,800,000 tons respectively last year. The rice crop totaled 36,278,000 bushels, against 41,982,000 bushels last year. Buckwheat production was 17,400,000 bushels, compared with 11,840,000 bushels in 1916. The kafir corn crop was 75,886,000 bushels, against 50,340,000 bushels last year.

Following shows area, yield per acre and production in bushels of the leading crops:

	Area, acre.	Yield per acre.	Production.
Winter wheat.....	7,480,000	15.2	415,670,000
Spring wheat.....	18,511,000	13.6	251,758,000
Corn.....	119,755,000	26.4	3,159,494,000
Oats.....	42,572,000	35.4	1,587,286,000
Rye.....	4,102,000	14.7	60,145,000
Barley.....	8,835,000	23.7	208,975,000
Kafir corn.....	8,153,000	14.7	75,886,000
Potatoes.....	4,900,000	30.8	442,336,000
Sweet potatoes.....	953,000	91.4	87,141,000
Hay, tame.....	53,516,000	1.49	79,528,000
Hay, wild.....	16,472,000	.94	15,402,000
Flaxseed.....	1,839,000	4.7	8,473,000

\*Tons.

Cotton production this year is estimated at 10,949,000 equivalent 500-pound bales. Tobacco yield is given as 1,196,451,000 pounds; sugar beets, 6,237,000 tons; beans, 15,701,000 pounds; onions, 13,544,000 bushels, and cabbage, 502,700 tons.

The apple crop was 58,203,000 barrels; peaches, 45,066,000 barrels; pears, 13,281,000 bushels; cranberries, 245,000 barrels, and oranges, 12,832,000 boxes.

## COMFORT IN NATIONAL ARMY BARRACKS



The National army's "single men in barracks" don't find wintry days and nights unpleasant so long as they have letters from home, newspapers and music.

## GERMAN AGENTS START FOOD SHORTAGE SCARE

Washington.—The work of German agents among housewives to cause a disruption in the markets of household necessities and incite a discontent with war conditions has caused a false shortage in some places in commodities that really are to be had in plenty.

The national food administration, commenting on the reports of three successive buying drives by housewives throughout the country on salt, laundry blue and matches, says there is no lack of these commodities among small retailers by the excessive buying, that the national stock is as large as ever, with no possible likelihood of shortage with a normal demand from the consumer.

The housewife is warned to disregard rumors and not to overstock, as such unnecessary buying may cause real shortages for a short time in certain localities.

## ROY GOT HIS DESIRED RAISIN COOKIES

Naval Paymaster Helps Out Grandmother in Distress.

She Stole Away From Home to Take Boy Goodies and Was Barred by the Guard.

Great Lakes, Ill.—One morning an old-fashioned grandmother from Chicago carefully climbed off a train at Great Lakes. She might have stepped from the daguerrotype pictorial page of an old magazine. A black bonnet crowned her silver hair and was tied with black ribbons under her chin. She gripped a large paper bag. The guard stopped her.

"You can't come in today," he told her. "Wednesday is visitors' day." Her eyes filled with tears. "But Roy is giving me today," she said. "I came to give Roy his cookies. I had to run away from home to get here. My

daughter won't let me go out of the house much. She thinks I am too old."

She took a letter from a handbag. It was from Roy and it read in part: "Grandmother: I leave for sea on Friday and all that I lack to make me happy is some of your raisin cookies. The food here is good, but I had to leave without again tasting the cookies that I loved so much."

"I baked cookies for that boy since he was big enough to eat them, and he always had my cookies until he enlisted," she resumed. "His mother is dead. He is in Camp Ross. I must see him before he goes away."

The guard was iron.

Paymaster J. D. Doyle is a busy man. But Paymaster Doyle was not too busy to stop and hear her story. He is not a young man and his hair is gray, but he likes raisin cookies and has a heart as big as the administration building.

## FRANCE'S AVIATION ARTIST



M. Henri Farro, official aviation artist of the French government, who has brought to this country a remarkable collection of paintings, depicting the aerial battles over the firing line and incidents of aviation life high in the clouds. As machine gun observer he took part in many of the encounters he so graphically portrays on his canvasses. Arrangements are being made to exhibit this notable collection in the principal cities of the United States under the auspices of the Aerial Club of America.

## Curiosity Aids Red Cross.

London.—A farmer in a village in southeast England raised \$1,000 for the Red Cross through the agency of a Zeppelin bomb which fell in one of his fields. Thousands of people came from nearby towns to see the crater, which is described as "big enough to put a house in." The farmer charged each visitor a small admission fee and turned the proceeds over to the local Red Cross.

# WASHINGTON GOSSIP

## Officials Have a Word to Say About Knitting

**W**ASHINGTON.—Girls! Drop a stitch and think a bit! Yes, of course America is knitting, but is knitting the best thing you can do for your country in the prosecution of this great world war? Knitting is just as important in the war capital as it is anywhere else, but it is just a bit under the shadow of disapproval. In the place, the thousands of girls employed in the government offices here have become too enthusiastic with the knitting. So much so that they have forgotten their work. Consequently one wanders through those office buildings where entire can be seen and sees throngs of girls sitting typewriters and desks knitting. At the same time the government is sending out an urgent appeal for clerical help in the departments.

Knitting has almost disrupted the efficiency of some of the government departments. Military and naval officials do not look upon the knitting with entire approval. Secretary of War Baker has taken occasion to make deft remarks about the practice in public. It is claimed here that the percentage of sweaters and wristlets which reach the boys in active service is small. Either this is because the knitters keep their work, once finished, or because of some irregularity and lack of system of distribution. At any rate, the women, permanently stationed in Washington, where there are no big winds, were found strutting about clad in sweaters knitted by kind hands.

Are you using all your wool to a good advantage? Do you ever find your handiwork too good to be sent away, and keep it yourself as an added but necessary garment?

Knit on, girls, but be sure you are right. Don't waste your time darning with knitting when you might be in the kitchen cutting down the food consumption, or in Red Cross headquarters making bandages.

Be sure you are right, then knit ahead.

Government Printing Office Needs More Room

**U**RGENT need for a new building for the government printing office, to cost approximately \$2,250,000 and to be located adjoining the present building, North Capitol and H Streets, is emphasized by Cornelius Ford, the public printer, in his annual report to congress.

The report sets forth that the amount of printing and binding produced during the fiscal year 1917 far exceeded that of any previous year. A large portion of this increase was during the last quarter due to preparedness and war activities.

The lack of space to handle properly this rush order of war work is not the only reason for the public printer's urging a new building. He renews a recommendation made last year and points out that even for normal work the present structure is inadequate. He says: "Printing and binding for 1917 exceeded that of 1916 by over 30 per cent, and it can readily be seen that if an urgent necessity for more working space existed in 1916, the demand for more room at this time is an imperative one."

Halls and passageways are now used for storing signatures, and in some cases presses have been stopped on certain work because the blindness or other divisions through which the jobs must progress could not at once accept work by reason of lack of space. In order to carry on the work at all it has been necessary to use the old building for both storage and production.

## War Has Not Extinguished All Sense of Humor

**T**HE senators and representatives are back in town for the biggest session congress perhaps that this country has ever seen. One and all they are determined to back the president. They are back, and they are back of Wilson.

These are serious days, big days, that in years to come will be regarded as epochal days.

In the history books all we are are the big events. Getting up in the morning, eating breakfast and turning off to work never get into the history books. But it is not left out of our day-by-day life. Even these congressmen are still finding time to relish all the fun that crops up.

Truly, we need all the humor we've got in war time. It is so much enough business without making it any more serious than we have to. President Wilson finishes sentences that way! Humor lightens the pull of sorrow.

One representative I know has a sense of humor as big as his body and a kindly heart. He asked me not to mention his name in connection with a recital, because he is tender respecting the feelings of "the folks back home."

Those constituents of his hate sham and pretense of all sorts. They are affectionate so much that sometimes—quite often, in fact—they imagine people are "putting on" when they are not.

Some woman, moved away from the old town to a big city, for instance, will come home on a visit one day. She will be well dressed. The woman of the town will look her over and say: "Doesn't she think she's smart!"

Poor lady! That's the last thing she thinks she is. She has been to city and knows she is not particularly "smart." But those "home folks" are better.

National Capital Has Become Great War Center

**N**ONE cannot appreciate the things the government is doing in the war capital. "If there is activity in other cities, it amounts to almost riot in Washington. One observes this more particularly about the hotels, where everything is confusion."

"Everybody who comes to Washington, of course, has some sort of business with the government, and all connected with the war. Traveling on the trains that go through this city one meets all sorts of men, representatives of all sorts of business, and all have some objective that has to do with getting a contract or doing business in some manner with the government. If the people of every little town and hamlet could get a glimpse of Washington in these days, they would come to a sudden realization of what Uncle Sam means business, and that he has gone into this war to the finish. The pacifists, I imagine, if they could stay in Washington for a few days, would see the futility of their cause. Likewise, I imagine, the German people could see what is going on in Washington if they were lulled into sleep by the siren voice of the Prussian militarists, if that is what is keeping the German people in line."

## Found Opponent Short on Style but Long on

**C**OMMISSIONER GARDINER is having more fun out of the job of being one of the three "governors" of the national capital than any other man ever held the office, I believe. It is a pleasure to see and listen to a man who seems to enjoy and rejoice in what he is doing.

He has an informal way of talking to citizens' associations, making quite a bit around town with the members of the various organizations.

For instance, at a meeting of the Columbia Heights association the other night the commissioner told us when he was a young man, he went out on one of his first cases.

Judge Bundy, who sat in the place, was the magistrate who heard that case. The judge had a smile on his face all the time Commissioner Gardiner was telling of bygone days.

"Judge Bundy had an office on Fifth street then," said Mr. Gardiner. "I came around all prepared to win my case. I had on good clothes and trousers were creased both front and back, and I had three big books. I thought I was going to win easily."

"The opposing counsel came in after a while. He wasn't at all stylish. He carried no law books."

The commissioner grinned.

"I found out afterward that his peculiarity was that he never wore a suit and he always wore a somewhat soiled collar." The commissioner smiled again. "But he certainly knew law."