

SALVATION ARMY WORKING FOR REAL SOLDIERS



Commander Eva Booth (right) of the Salvation Army in America, and some of the workers in New York making bandages for the wounded soldiers of the European armies.

IN THE PUBLIC EYE

NEW YORK'S NEW BISHOP



Mgr. Patrick J. Hayes, the new bishop of the Roman Catholic archdiocese of New York, has the distinction of being one of the last two bishops appointed by Pope Pius X, the other being Mgr. Thomas J. Shahan, rector of the Catholic university at Washington.

Mgr. Hayes holds the joint positions of chancellor of the diocese and president of Cathedral college, his office being in the basement of the college, Madison avenue and Fifty-first street.

to assist the cardinal with all his duties and is never too busy to help a brother priest.

When Mgr. Hayes sleeps is not known. If one of the clergy has to go to the hospital suddenly, before he is settled in his room there is a soft rap at the door, and in walks "the little chancellor."

Bishop Hayes knows almost every one of the 1,032 priests in the diocese by name. He knows the characteristics of the men and understands the nearest way to their hearts.

CINCINNATUS OF GERMANY

In the German army is one general who enjoys popularity throughout the empire. He enjoys also the confidence and the best good will of men of his own class.



Hindenburg is the German Cincinnatus. He was at the plow when the war trumpet sounded on August 1; not literally, perhaps, but figuratively.

In 1847, Hindenburg entered the Third regiment of Foot Guards as a subaltern in 1866. In the war against Austria he commanded a company after the death of the captain, who was his immediate superior.

In the Franco-Prussian war Hindenburg was a captain, and took part in the storming of St. Privat, near Metz, one of the bloodiest engagements of the war, in which the German loss was 40 per cent of those engaged.

The other day, after the battle of East Prussia, Hindenburg received his third decoration direct from the hands of the emperor.

UNFORTUNATE MARIE ADELAIDE



Poor little Marie Adelaide, grand duchess of Luxembourg, is in distress and deserves the sympathy of mankind. Her tiny principality, a buffer state between Germany and France, has been absolutely overrun by the Kaiser's armies.

When little Marie heard that the Kaiser's soldiers were on the way she jumped into her automobile and headed for the bridge that crossed the river between her and Prussia.

The Kaiser's big, fine looking officers were fiercely polite.

said they, "but we have been ordered to proceed through your kingdom. You need have nothing to fear from us or our soldiers and we will pay you every cent for any damage that may be done."

Poor little Marie stamped her feet and told them just exactly what mean sort of villains she thought they were. The officers were still polite and very, very firm, and in the end Marie sat down in her automobile weeping in vexation and drove away.

SEES A NEW EUROPE

No man in the United States is better entitled to estimate the probable social and economic outcome of the present European debacle than Prof. Franklin H. Giddings of Columbia, one of the most distinguished sociologists and political economists in the United States.



"Today all Europe fights," he says, "but, also, today all Europe thinks."

He believes that this thinking of the men who crouch low in the drenched trenches and of the women who tragically wait for news of them will fashion a new Europe. He sees the probability of broadened individual opportunity in it, accompanied by the breaking down of international suspicions; and he thinks that all these processes, which surely make for peace, will surely bring a lasting peace.

"This war may be the greatest good the world has ever known," says Professor Giddings, "if it leaves Europe in a mental state disposed to broaden opportunity, to break down suspicions, to make much freer than it has been."

GRABS RIFLE BALL

French Aviator Thinks It Is a Strange Insect.

When High in the Air He Stretches Out His Hand and Grasps What to His Amazement Proves to Be Bullet.

London.—A French aviator is reported to have brought from the skies a German rifle bullet which he had caught in his hand. The story goes that he was flying at a height of about seven thousand feet when he suddenly became aware of a small black object close to his head.

He explained afterward that it was evidently a rifle bullet that had been fired almost vertically and had reached its utmost elevation. He arrived on his aeroplane just at the moment when the bullet slowly turned over and was about to fall again.

Looking for bullets in the air is a new interest, and calculations based

TRAGEDY OF LAW'S DELAY

Girl Injured in Street Car Accident Unable to Collect Damages Owing to Company's Bankruptcy.

New York.—Harriett Nugent, the young girl who has just been discharged from the King's county hospital to which place she was taken when found wandering in a pitiable condition, due to lack of nourishment, on a Brooklyn street, is the principal figure in one of the most interesting phases of the law's delay ever written of.

When three years old Harriett was run over by a Madison street car and badly crippled. Benjamin Oppenheim, a prominent young attorney,



Harriett Nugent.

took her case to court and received a verdict of \$5,000 against the company. The Metropolitan Street Railroad company refused to pay this claim and managed by devious ways to have Benjamin Oppenheim disbarred. One of the employees of the company was told to burn certain vouchers he had in his possession, but believing they would some day be of value to him did not do so.

3,000 MILES TO BURY A DOG

Young Woman Ends Holiday in New York When Pet Dies in California.

New York.—When a young woman from San Diego, Cal., ran out of her room on the fifteenth floor of the McAlpin with a crumpled telegram in her hand and crying, "She's dead, she's dead!" the clerk for that floor did what she could to comfort the grief-stricken one. Ordinary measures

on the known muzzle velocity of the rifles are made as to the most favorable altitudes. A wag suggests "catch bullets" as a new aerodrome game after the war.

The "kite balloons" employed by the Germans promptly became "German sausages," in the language of Tommy Atkins. They are not stationary, but they are not so easy to bring down as aeroplanes. "The sausage drive," therefore, provides good sport for bomb droppers.

A story is told in the Aeroplane of an officer of high rank who had never before been up in an aeroplane, and who was taken up as an observer by an English pilot. Coming into the fire zone the aeroplane was hit several times and one of the contact cables was cut through, rendering the task of keeping the machine in hand almost impossible.

Then his passenger, who had not in the least understood what had happened, roundly abused him for his cowardice. When the situation was explained, and he realized that he had had a narrow escape with his life, he was duly apologetic and grateful.

Some curious souvenirs are in possession of members of the corps. There are, for example, altimeters, speed indicators and revolution indicators pierced and smashed by bullets.

REFUSES TO LEAVE LEPER

Wife and Her Two Children Share Fate of Victim of Terrible Disease.

Wilkes-Barre, Pa.—In one of the two homes which they own Joseph Norman, aged thirty-two, with his wife and two children, are shut completely off from the world. The wife and children are prisoners because they chose to risk leprosy to be with the afflicted husband and father. For experts have declared Norman to be a leper. Already the skin on his face bears unmistakable evidence of the dread malady.

When convincing proof had been obtained that Norman was a leper the door of his home was opened for the escape of wife and children. Mrs. Norman was instructed to cut away from her husband forever. She left the house because she believed she must. Next day she took her little sons and with them went to the city officials and begged to be allowed to return. They endeavored to dissuade her.

"I cannot live without my husband," she cried, falling on her knees. "I was happy as his sweetheart. I was happy when he made me his wife. I have been happy during the 11 years that we have lived together and struggled to lay aside a little money for the rainy day. My love has been fanned into a flame by his goodness and his care of me. I became his wife for better or for worse. I have tried to be a kind, dutiful and loving wife. I have borne him children, whom we both love."

MUSIC FOR BATTLE

German Band Sorenades Soldiers on Firing Line.

Musicians Lie in Advanced Trenches All Night and Play Melodies Appropriate to Action—Leaders Get Iron Cross.

Berlin.—A concert in the firing line is thus described by Bandmaster Adolf Becker with one of the German armies in France:

"After a long march we went into camp at G— and promised ourselves a good night's rest. At 2:30 we were suddenly and rudely waked up; our outposts had come into touch with strong French forces and the whole camp suddenly became alive. A sharp fight was soon in progress. The French artillery was firing incessantly from a covered position. Their shells came with a sharp whiz, to explode with a mighty crash. Their infantry also kept up a hot fire. I went forward with my musicians in a covered position and met Colonel von R—, who ordered me to contribute my part to this infernal concert.

"I crawled forward, therefore, with my men to the most advanced trench, asked them to get out their instruments, and we played to the great amusement of the troops the beautiful air, 'I Feel So Fine in the Evening.' After some time the moon came out from behind a thick bank of clouds and lit up the battlefield with its bursting shells, and we gave it a welcome with the melody, 'Good Moon, You Move So Quietly,' and the soldiers joined in with spirit.

"Somewhat later the French attempted a forward movement, and we promptly received them with 'Dolly, You Are the Light of My Eyes.' The French did not seem to trust this assurance, however, for they hastily withdrew, to the resounding laughter of our men, who did splendid shooting. In order to make it clear to the

Convict Wants Speedy Death. Sacramento, Cal.—Immediate death via the hangman's noose is the plea of Samuel Swearington, under sentence at Sacramento. He was asked if he had any preference as to the time of death. "Make it as soon as possible, your honor. Tomorrow would suit me. I want it over with," he replied.

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French just whom they had in their front, I next struck up the fierce Radetzki march, and just as the rising sun was coloring the east blood-red, I closed the concert with the hopeful choral, 'Fair Beams the Morning Star.' Many of the soldiers, holding their rifles in firing position, joined in lustily."

SAYS WOMEN WILL FIGHT

Miss Pankhurst Declares Suffragists Will Go to War if They Are Needed.

New York.—Miss Christabel Pankhurst, famous daughter of her equally famous mother, the leader of the militant suffragists of Great Britain, declares that the women are ready to go to war if the government wants



Miss Christabel Pankhurst.

them. Miss Pankhurst is making a lecturing tour through the larger cities of the country. She recently received the degree of LL.B. from one of the colleges in England, and is here shown in the cap and gown worn on that occasion.

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NEWS and GOSSIP of WASHINGTON



How the Chief Justice Finally Gained Entrance

WASHINGTON.—It was the voice of the chief justice of the United States. There was no response. The chief justice stood before the huge, bronze, barred doors of the Pan-American building. The chief justice waited in dignified silence for the doors to be swung open, but the doors did not move. They were locked and double bolted. It was nine o'clock at night. A chill breeze blew up across the Mall from the river, fanning the swallow-tails of the chief justice's evening coat. All the associate justices of the Supreme court stood silently behind the chief justice, watching their chief hopefully. It was absolutely imperative that they gain entrance, for they were to give a reception in that very building to the members of the American Bar association, and the reception was scheduled to begin in a few minutes.



The chief justice merely shouted: "Open up."

Somebody snickered, but nobody answered the summons. The associate justices grew uneasy and shifted from foot to foot. Inside, through the bars of the big bronze doors, was a scene of light and cheer. Men in evening garb stood chatting gayly, awaiting the arrival of the Supreme court.

The chief justice looked about for a knocker. There was none. He peeped here and there for a door bell. There was none. Suddenly he discovered he held a cane in his hand. He raised the cane menacingly. Once again his order rang out in the night air: "Open up."

Bang! Bang!! Bang!!! It was the ferrule of the chief justice's cane against that valuable plate glass. Instantly there was a commotion inside. No less than half a dozen uniformed servants dashed toward the door to save that plate glass. But the chief justice did not see the commotion and his cane banged loudly against the plate glass until it seemed the glass surely must yield and shatter into bits.

Then, the glass doors were swung open, the bolts on the bronze doors were shot, locks were turned and wide swung the great bronze doors to admit the chief justice of the United States.

Chief Little Bears Promises to Remain Neutral

The secretary of the interior has received a letter from Little Bears, the chief of a roving band of Indians known throughout the far West as the "Rocky Mountain Boys," in which he gives assurances to the federal government that "his forces will remain absolutely neutral during the present war in Europe." Newspapers are not delivered regularly in the neighborhoods which Little Bears frequents, and it seems evident that somebody with high ability in descriptive language must have told him about the quantity and quality of the fighting now going on. Little Bears has a local reputation as a man unafraid of anybody in the world, but it appears that he is not ignorant of the limitations of his own forces; he must have been thoroughly impressed with the scale of the European war, for he lost no time in sending his letter to Washington.

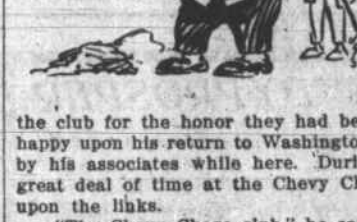


It is said that Secretary Lane immediately submitted the communication to President Wilson, who asked that Little Bears be thanked for his patriotic attitude.

That a roving band of North American Indians should be so deeply impressed by the kind of fighting which goes on day after day on the European battle grounds is pretty strong evidence that the ordinary noncombatant living in Washington, for instance, has full justification for his attitude of blank dismay at the enormity of the field operations.

Just as Easy as Burying a Politician, Said Taft

FORMER PRESIDENT WILLIAM H. TAFT proved the other day that he has lost none of his physical strength in the time he has been away from Washington. Mr. Taft was honored by the Chevy Chase club, which purchased an oak tree to be planted by the former chief executive. The tree was five feet tall, and required a large space for the roots, but Mr. Taft handled the spade with ease, and it took him less than five minutes to level the ground after the oak had been placed in position.



"It's as easy as burying a politician," he declared, as he smoothed the earth admiringly after the task had been completed.

Mr. Taft thanked the members of the club for the honor they had bestowed upon him, and declared he was happy upon his return to Washington to find that he had not been forgotten by his associates while here. During his administration Mr. Taft spent a great deal of time at the Chevy Chase club, where he was seen regularly upon the links.

"The Chevy Chase club," he said, "is doing a vast amount of work for which it is not given credit." His remark that the expansive grounds offer "a safety valve to politicians who cannot give expression to their sudden emotions in public places" brought a chorus of laughter.

President Wilson Has Supplanted Niagara Falls

FOR many years it was customary for Englishmen on meeting an American tourist for the first time to open the conversation with: "From America, eh? You must be very proud of your Niagara falls?"

This was considered quite the proper thing, and highly complimentary, since Niagara falls was the only thing that England did not have which excelled anything America had, in the Britisher's opinion.

Ed Kenna, former Missourian and former vice-president of the Santa Fe railroad, but a resident of France and England for the past 14 years, tells a new one on the Englishman.

Kenna is a neighbor of Kipling in Sussex, and the two are great friends. Kenna and Kipling were in conversation one day, with America and Americans for the theme. Something said by Kipling, who has a fondness for both, led Kenna to remark:

"Yes, for years and years you Englishmen, in the preliminaries following an introduction to an American, would ask that question about Niagara falls. Now you say, on being introduced to an American: 'You must be very proud of your Woodrow Wilson, eh, what?' Woodrow Wilson seems to have succeeded Niagara falls in your estimation."

Senator Clarke of Arkansas is the fastest talker the United States senate probably has ever seen. When he speaks the stenographers bend over double and their hands fly from page to page like lightning.

They tell a story of an expert stenographer who was employed during a political rush. The stenographer was called in by the senator for a long letter. Several moments later he came out. He was perspiring freely.

"Quit," he announced to the room generally, "when it comes to taking dictation from a galling gun."

Canny. It was in a Glasgow picture theater, and the two men were agreeably surprised to find a cup of tea and a biscuit given them free by an up-to-date management, at four o'clock (half an hour later one of them broke the silence.

"We've seen a' the pictures now, John," he said. "We may as well go out." To which John, after a minute's thought, replied: "You can go if you want. Ah'm stayin' to dinner."—Tit Bits.



A Mental Process. "My! How those two women chatter at the next table!"

"What are they talking about?"

"They are comparing their weight." "If they were comparing their ages you wouldn't hear a sound."

How He Got It. "And that homely looking man is worth a million?"

"Yes. You see, he's no homely nobody suspected that he knew enough to make a fortune until he had it."