

Doughboys Bring German Brides Home With Them



American soldiers from the army of occupation with their German brides arriving in New York on the transport Pochahontas. Some of the brides were war widows and some of the soldier bridegrooms brought back, as step-children, children of their former enemies.

Building Homes for the Chicago Homeless



The Chicago Housing association has undertaken a great social experiment in the erection of many homes for families which had nowhere to live owing to the house shortage in that city. The homes are of brick, two stories, and the tenant pays rental of about \$35 a month which is applied on the purchase price. The house is sold at exact cost.

Polish Women Fighters Enjoy a Rest



This photograph, sent from Warsaw after the bolsheviks started the drive on that city, shows members of the Legion of Polish Women, fighters who helped to defend their city, having their feet after a hard day's march.

On Their Way to Help Armenians



The wife and three children of Capt. Ernest A. Yarrow, successor to Col. William N. Haskell as director of near east relief activities in the Caucasus, who have sailed to join him in Tiflis, Georgia.

WORTH KNOWING

There are more motors for hire than private cars in Japan. Mexico is now exporting oil at the rate of 132,000,000 barrels annually. A new Belgian law prohibits the manufacture, sale or keeping in stock of matches containing phosphorus.

BIG RICE SURPLUS IN CHINA

\$10,000,000 Worth of Grain Stored in One City; American Buyers Hold Back.

Hongkong—Hongkong has been stocked with rice bought for export and held for a rise in prices even during the rice shortage, which has become serious in some cities of southern China and other parts of the Orient. The manager of a big commercial firm here estimated that there was

more than \$10,000,000 worth of Saigon "long" rice stored in Hongkong. Recently the price fell rapidly and dealers and exporters found themselves loaded up with rice while the banks were pressing for the payment of bills. Japan was not able to buy owing to the tightness of her money market, and it was stated that America, ordinarily one of the largest buyers of rice in this market, has ceased to purchase because she had obtained a sufficient supply. There were food riots in Shanghai

WINS PRIZE FOR HAIR



Mrs. Lottie Shanks, who won first prize in a "hair" competition at Bournemouth, England. This is the second time she has won a first prize for her long tresses.

OLDEST WEST POINTER



Brig. Gen. Horatio Gibson, 93 years old, the oldest living graduate of West Point, and his daughter, Mrs. George W. Wallace. He is president of the Aztec Club of 1847

GLUT OF RICE IN HONGKONG

\$10,000,000 Worth of Cereal Hoarded by Profiteers Finds No Market.

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The Double Squeeze

By HENRY BEACH NEEDHAM

Illustrated by IRWIN MYERS

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PART III.—Continued.

"There was a doctor in the touring car—we got him, too; he's a sure-enough crook," continued Ford. "The doctor watched Shute every second of the ride to New York, keeping his hypodermic handy. But the lad didn't rouse before they got him to the Colonia's pier. Then they woke him up a little by slapping his face, so they could carry him aboard as if he was drunk—lots of young bloods are carried aboard steamers that way, I understand. They spilled liquor on his clothes and face, then called the ship's doctor—you know the ability of the average ship's doctor! Told him that Shute—who was booked as S. W. Jones—had been celebrating before sailing! The doctor looked him over and said: 'He's all seas over, all right.'"

"But weren't they afraid he might come to before the ship sailed?" "They took care of that. After the ship's doctor had gone, the doctor crook gave him a hypodermic—enough morphine to keep him asleep till noon the next day, when the ship would be away out to sea. A liberal tip to the room steward, who didn't suspect anything wrong, and the greatest second baseman in baseball was shanghaied!"

"All for the purpose of making a killing?" asked the ambassador. "The biggest killing the gamblers have made in years," said Ford. "Jake Stinger and his crowd are supposed to have cleaned up several hundred thousand dollars."

"But you've got him now—Jake Stinger?" "That's the trouble—we haven't," admitted Ford. "Not one of the crooks caught so far will admit Stinger had anything to do with it. They're being paid big money, no doubt, to protect him."

"Then how do you know that he's mixed up in it?"

"We know that the fellow calling himself Walter Noble has done dirty work for Stinger before. He would probably go to the penitentiary for Stinger—for money."

"Then you're up against it?"

"Yes—unless we're right in the way we size up the case. You see," continued Ford, "the crooks had to do more than put Shute aboard that ship and keep him unconscious until she was out at sea. When he came to and realized where he was he'd naturally send a wireless to me. If it went through, why—I'd try to rescue him. Say—I'd have gotten from the navy yard a torpedo-boat destroyer and overtaken him! The crooks guessed that. So what would they naturally do?"

"Try to buy the wireless operator?" answered the wily diplomat.

"They did better than that, we figure. They made sure of their man and then put him on the boat—got him installed as the Marconi operator for the voyage."

"You don't tell me! Who'd they get?"

"You'd never guess. He's popularly regarded as a hero—the hero of the Regent."

"Wireless operator who saved the steamship Regent?" The ambassador was astonished.

Tris Ford nodded. "Jerrold Mansel."

"British subject, isn't he?"

"Believe he is. Does that complicate matters?"

"Somewhat. But we'll try to manage it," the ambassador assured Tris Ford.

"If you don't mind I'll give you our position in regard to Jerrold Mansel." "Certainly—go ahead," said the ambassador.

"We have no desire to prosecute Mansel—provided we can get from him proof which will convict the man higher up. We aren't bothering with the tools."

"Anyhow, that man Mansel saved many lives—protected women and children—when the Regent was sinking. That deed shouldn't be forgotten—and we ain't going to forget it. We look upon Mansel as the victim of other men's greed. First, a greedy theatrical manager tempted him to commercialize his heroism—then cast him adrift when he was no longer a box-office attraction. Mansel was broke, got to drinking, and had no job. He was just ripe for Jake Stinger to pluck."

The ambassador nodded vigorously. "So if Mansel will confess—and name the man higher up—"

"We're satisfied," finished Ford. "We're after Jake Stinger. And it ain't just for revenge. The only menace to the integrity of baseball is gambling—and I want to hit the gamblers a crack that they won't forget. Say—putting Jake Stinger in stripes means as much to me as putting a trust magnate in jail means to the president! Understand, he's got his heart set on it."

The ambassador smiled—but gave no sign. After a diplomatic pause he continued the conversation: "We ought to be able to bring Jerrold Mansel to time, somehow. He could be detained on the landing of the Colonia tomorrow and paroled in the custody of the British ambassador. Then it

could all be fixed up diplomatically—quietly. I'd see Sir George Cloughton at once."

Tris Ford looked puzzled. "The British ambassador to Italy," explained John Bismar. "Great cricketer in his day—he'll take a keen interest in this case."

"Tell him if he'll help us out with Mansel I'll acknowledge that American baseball came from English cricket!" "You're a born diplomat," was the ambassador's compliment.

"That's strange—for I happen to be an Irishman."

Tris Ford thought it a good joke.

If Win Shute marveled at sight of Tris Ford waiting on the quay at Naples, the manager of the Giant-killers returned the compliment and opened his mouth in astonishment. For James Winton Shute, quite evidently in the best of health, did not disembark alone!

On his arm, glancing up at him in perfect trust, was a thin, sweet-faced woman of middle age, whose wistful eyes confessed that she had been weeping. She was treated with a kind of gallant deference enjoyed only by the mother of a particularly attractive daughter.

Win Shute howled Tris Ford over with his effusiveness. "How are you, old boy? Ticked pink to see you! Let me introduce you to Mrs. Leonard—Mrs. Leonard, Mr. Carlingford—Isn't this sky some blue!"—all before Tris Ford could get in a word. Incidentally, Win Shute had never said "Carlingford" on any other occasion. Pulling the manager aside, while Mrs. Leonard obediently examined the sky once again, Win whispered: "My name's James—S. W. James—remember! Explain later."

Getting the sign, Tris Ford nodded. "When's the next train to Rome?" asked Win, smiling significantly upon Mrs. Leonard.

"I don't know exactly," answered Ford. "Must start at once," announced Win.

"What for?" Tris Ford could not suppress his curiosity entirely. "To see the American ambassador."

The manager's face brightened. "He's here—on the dock—waiting for—"

Win scowled. "For an American he has to meet," completed Ford.

"After he sees his friend—whoever he is—have the ambassador look us up at the Excelsior—that's the top-notch hotel, isn't it?"

"Mebbe it is," acknowledged Ford. "I'm stopping there."

"On our way," ordered Win, rather arbitrarily. But he winked at Tris Ford.

"I'll join you there in—half an hour," said the manager, "after I've arranged with the ambassador. Say—John Bismar's all right. Why—he's a real fan."

But Win Shute was hurrying away—out of range of the human ear. With Mrs. Leonard he rattled off in a one-horse victoria fortified by a tax-free register. That's why he didn't see the wireless operator of the Colonia taken from the ship and paroled in the custody of the British ambassador.

At the time agreed Tris Ford knocked at the door of S. W. James—for so James Winton Shute was registered at the hotel in Naples. "Shall we talk here?" Ford asked, "or go to my room?"

"Here—Mrs. Leonard is across the hall."

"Say—who's this Mrs. Leonard and what's the game?" demanded Tris Ford. "You didn't wise up to it, but the American ambassador was down on that dock looking for you."

"Honest? Are you next to the ambassador?" Win Shute asked eagerly. "Sure I am. The president of the United States has 'released' him to me." There was a matchless smile.

"The business! Now you can help me get Miss Leonard out of trouble."

"Miss Leonard?—daughter—"

"Only daughter—only girl!" Win's eyes gleamed. Then catching the look of understanding on Tris Ford's face, half humorous, half glad, he blushed—blushed as a bush tender sometimes does when returning to the bench after his first safe hit.

"You haven't been signed, have you?" asked the manager. "Not yet," confessed Win, suppressing the inevitable sigh. "But I'd sign in a minute if she'd offer me a contract—contract with a reserve clause for life," he announced boldly.

Then he told all about it, ending with the why and the wherefore of his incentive of "S. W. James."

"She'll never care for me a second when she knows I'm a professional ball player. She's a dead snail," Win exuded gloom with every syllable.

"If she won't have you," said Tris Ford, "you wouldn't have her." This was not an Irishism.

"Tris—the inclined lad with the bow and arrow has winged me—might as well confess it."

"You don't have to tell me that," laughed Ford.

"Why not?" Win was startled. Had the battle begun to guess?

referred to your own case—how you got aboard that ship, and how you were treated."

"Oh, I culled that from Gibraltar. I'm all right—so what's the use bothering over it now?"

"Well, I'm—" Tris Ford didn't finish. His expression was enough.

"I know—you think I ought to be fighting mad at the crooks that put me aboard that boat dragged," said Win. "One way I am—another I'm not. If I hadn't been sent off on the Colonia I shouldn't have met Imogen Leonard."

Tris Ford wagged his head from side to side, looking the while like a fair reproduction of Resignation. He asked the king of second basemen if he had any objection to further activities on the manager's part to land the chief crook in prison. Win Shute had none, provided he was not dragged into it until he had made his "play for the girl." But when Tris Ford sought information about Jerrold Mansel, there was a protest.

"See here, Tris," argued Win, "what Mansel did to me—suppressing my messages and faking a wireless from you to the captain—was rotten bad, I know. But let me tell you something: at the same time he was protecting Miss Leonard!"

"How?"

"The captain of the Colonia was getting messages asking him if a person answering her description was aboard the boat—she traveled under the name of Riley, remember I told you. Same time she was getting wireless messages from some friend ashore warning her. As I understand it, her wireless were in code—but she didn't have the right code with her; so couldn't read 'em, and had to ask for translations in plain English. Of course then the wireless operator spotted her. But Jerrold Mansel didn't give her away to a soul on the ship—not even to the captain!"

"What's more—he didn't take advantage of his inside information; he didn't try to—work on her sympathies because he was shielding her. There's some good in that chap yet."

Tris Ford gave assurances of fair dealing in regard to the wireless operator—for Miss Leonard's sake! Abruptly he asked about the young lady where she was. He was told that Imogen Leonard was detained in the best hotel at Genoa, which was surrounded by guards, and that Win Shute wouldn't have left her there alone if she hadn't insisted that he take her mother to Rome to see the American ambassador. This mission had made it possible for Win to obey the cablegram directing him not to leave the ship until arrival at Naples.

The ambassador of the United States of America accredited to Italy welcomed Tris Ford with a broad, sea-wharf-a-big-boy-and-I grin. Ford could guess—'twas the symbol of accomplishment.

"Job's done!" exclaimed John Bismar. "Jerrold Mansel has confessed and incriminated that scoundrel Stinger—! Seems it took a lot of work and pull to get Mansel reinstated as an operator and assigned to the Colonia. The wireless company had kept tabs on him—knew he was drinking and slipping down grade—and they weren't keen to have him back at the key. Jake Stinger had to give that part of the plot his personal attention. He dealt directly with Mansel. So you'll get your man higher up, all right!"

(TO BE CONTINUED)

When Stoppers Are Obsolete. Bottle stoppers have an annoying habit of refusing to come out just when one wants them to do so. The following is a sure way of removing the most refractory stopper. By means of a feather apply a drop of two of salad oil just where the stopper joins the neck of the bottle. Then put the bottle at a little distance from a fire, where it will become slightly warmed, but not hot. The oil rapidly works down in between the stopper and the neck, and by giving the whole thing a slight tap the stopper will come out.

Ceased in Earth's Bosom. The earth conceals many wonderful objects, both natural and man-made, that are being discovered from time to time. Remains of prehistoric animals and plants, skeletons and mummies, coins and jewelry, statues, old records, aboriginal implements and toys, even whole buried cities have been found from time to time. Anatomists have been unearthed while in frozen Siberia. Their bones or those of their relatives, the mastodons, have been dug out in Alaska. In New York state not far from the Hudson river, and in New England.

Grateful for Rain. To show how badly rain was needed, a native who came to Newcastle market with his wagon was so overjoyed that he rushed into the center of the street in front of its severest and fiered up a prayer of thanksgiving. He then started drinking the middy water as it flowed past him.—Johnnesburg (Transvaal) Sunday Times.

Isolate Ripe Olive Bacillus. San Francisco—Isolation of the bacillus held responsible for the death of a number of persons who had eaten ripe olives and its identification as a product of the soil was announced at a meeting here both of olive growers, packers and distributors and a committee of medical experts.

Hongkong goes to Cuba, but that Cuba's supply had been purchased direct from the producers instead of the Hongkong middlemen.

Love God and Brother. As St. John reasons about love, that if a man love not his brother whom he has seen, he cannot love God whom he has not seen; so may we also reason about obedience, that if a child does not learn to obey its earthly parents, neither will it obey its Heavenly Father.—A. W. Hara.

SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

(By REV. F. B. FITZWATER, D. D., Teacher of English Bible in the Moody Bible Institute of Chicago.)

LESSON FOR SEPTEMBER 19

EVILS OF INTEMPERANCE (TEMPERANCE LESSON).

LESSON TEXT—Prov. 23:1-24. GOLDEN TEXT—The drunkard and the glutton shall come to poverty.—Prov. 23:1.

ADDITIONAL MATERIAL—Dan. 1. PRIMARY TOPIC—Keeping Our Bodies Strong.

LESSON TOPIC—What Strong Drink Does to the Drinker. INTERMEDIATE AND SENIOR TOPIC—Deadly Foes in Disguise. YOUNG PEOPLE AND ADULT TOPIC—Alcohol—False Claims and True Charges.

I. A Father's Wise Counsel (vv. 19-21).

1. What it is (v. 20). "He not among winebibbers; among riotous eaters of flesh." This means persons who meet together for the express purpose of drinking intoxicating liquors and eating purely for the gratification of their appetites. Wine bibbing and gluttony usually go together.

2. Reason given (v. 21). "The drunkard and the glutton shall come to poverty." Intemperance in drinking and eating leads to ruin. Poverty inevitably follows in their wake.

II. Woes of Those Who Indulge in Wine (vv. 29, 30).

The miseries attached to the drunkard's life:

1. The awful pain which causes one to cry out "Oh! Many, indeed, are the pains which men suffer because of strong drink.

2. Sorrow—the remorse which causes one to cry out "Alas! Many are the expressions of bitter regret which daily come from the lips of the drunkard. Sometimes it is the sorrow of poverty of himself and family—clothed in rags and half starved; sometimes it is the sorrow of following a broken-hearted wife to the grave and seeing his children scattered among strangers.

3. Contentions—strife and quarreling. Much of the fighting among men is directly caused by their passions being inflamed by strong drink. The drunken man is always ready to take offense, as well as to give it.

4. Babblings and complainings. The winebibber complains of everything; ill luck, broken fortunes, ruined health, loss of friends, of fate and of God.

5. Wounds without a cause. These are wounds which might have been avoided—from fightings in which a sober man would not have engaged, and from accidents which are purely the result of intoxication.

6. Redness of eyes. This has reference to the bloodshot eye of the tippler which renders dim his vision.

All these woes come upon those who tarry long at wine (v. 30). Those who frequent the places of drinking soon are tarrying long at wine.

III. The Attitude Enjoined (v. 31).

Look not at it. Do not put yourself in the way of temptation. The only safe attitude toward strong drink is total abstinence, and the only sure way of total abstinence is not to even look at it.

IV. The Drunkard's Bitter End (vv. 32-35).

1. The acute miseries resulting (v. 32). "It biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder." Strong drink, like the poison of the serpent, permeates the whole system and ends in the most fatal consequences—the bitterest sufferings and death.

2. The perversion of the moral sense (v. 33). (1) This excitement causes the eyes to behold strange things. This denotes the fantastic images produced on the brain of the drunkard. Since unbridled lust always goes with wine drinking, no doubt it is true as the Authorized Version has it, "Thine eyes shall behold strange women." Drunken men do desire and rave after unchaste women. (2) "Thine heart shall utter perverse things. His moral sense being perverted, his utterances partake of the same. He tells lies—his words cannot be relied upon. Any one who has had dealings with a drunkard knows that his statements cannot be relied upon.

3. He is insensible to danger (v. 34). The drunkard is unsteady; his brain reels to and fro. He is foolhardy, even as one who would be in the top of a ship's mast where there is the greatest danger of falling off.

4. He is insensible to pain (v. 35). The drunkard is utterly ignorant of what happens to him while under the influence of strong drink. Many bruises and wounds the drunkard has which he cannot account for.

5. His abject bondage (v. 35). After all his suffering, sorrow, and disappointments, he goes on as a bond slave to follow the ways of sin.

6. Hell at last, for no drunkard shall inherit the Kingdom of heaven (1 Cor. 6:10).

Christianity. We talk about pure mathematics and applied mathematics, and the distinction of genius. But it is absurd to talk, or think, about pure Christianity and applied Christianity. Unless Christianity is applied, it isn't Christianity. If the Holy Communion does not connect up with fellowship, among members of the congregation and the community, it is empty form. Our Lord Jesus Christ is our Savior only so far as we become his slaves, busy about his duty. We minister unto him by our practical philanthropy (service to mankind), for "inasmuch as ye did it to the least of these my brethren, ye did it unto me."—Trinity Messenger (Alameda, Cal.).