

Cities Tackle the Food Problem

Variety of Ways, Some of Them Unusual, Are Being Tried Out.

HOW ONE CITY SELLS FOOD

Houston, Tex., Handles Fruits and Vegetables in Competition With Tenants of Its Municipally-Owned Market House.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

Washington.—That municipalities are tackling their local food problems in a variety of ways, some of them unusual, is evidenced by reports received by the city marketing division of the bureau of markets, United States department of agriculture.

From establishing curb markets, remodeling, or building retail market houses, efforts of cities have expanded until some are actually selling food supplies, while one city of about 65,000 population is operating a farm and selling produce from it at retail.

How One City Sells Food.
Houston, Tex., which has a municipally owned retail market house, has taken over three stalls in the building and is handling fruits and vegetables in competition with its tenants. In order to be fair to other retailers it charges itself with all overhead expenses paid by other dealers, including rent, and also pays wages higher than those paid in other stalls. Reports on ten weeks' operation of the city-managed stalls show that it is possible to buy and sell produce in com-

petition with local merchants at both a direct and indirect saving to consumers. The experiment is to be enlarged to include food products other than fruits and vegetables and is said to be already serving as a stabilizing influence on prices in that city market. Competing merchants have become interested in the methods of doing business of the city-operated stalls and appear anxious to try out practices that would enable them to lower their prices.

Allentown, Pa., has gone into farming on a farm acquired for other purposes which, through changes in municipal plans, was lying idle. Under the direction of one of the city aldermen this farm is producing vegetables and selling them at retail in competition with shipped-in produce. The farm also feeds 1,000 head of hogs on city garbage. Local advocates of the plan now propose to include the use of an old brewery as a storage warehouse for potatoes and other products grown by local farmers, so as to lessen the city's dependence on shipped-in products.

Although the bureau of markets, through its city market division, is keeping in touch with developments in many cities and is compiling information for use in answering inquiries, it states that it would be glad to hear from any cities, not as yet reached by formal inquiry, which are working on local food problems through municipally owned shops and by other methods differing from those that have been followed in the past.

HEADS ARMY CHAPLAINS



This photograph shows Bishop Hayes, who is soon to go to France as head of the American army chaplains. He will go as a civilian, having declined a commission.

The bureau plans to make available information in regard to the successes and failures of cities in their efforts to solve their food problems in order that municipalities contemplating special action may have the benefit of the experience of communities faced with similar conditions.

Telling the Story of His Life



"Old Razor Man" Was a Woman

San Francisco.—The death of "John Young," known for years along the highways between this city and Los Angeles as "the quaint old razor man," discloses a secret long kept that the real name of the old peddler was Anna O'Connell. For many years, left alone in the world, she had worn men's clothing to enable her to earn a living unmolested.

Dies on Doorstep.

She died on the doorstep of the home of Edwin A. Turner, a toy-maker, in Green street. The Turners were her

friends of early years. When her wanderings brought her to this city she always went to their home. They chanced to be out this time when she called. A lodger in the house informed her they would soon be back. She was weak and ill, and as she turned on the doorstep she sank down, clutching at her heart, and died. Mr. Turner now feels free to tell her story.

"More than twenty years ago," he said, "my wife and I made the acquaintance of a Canadian gentleman, Mrs. Anna O'Connell. She was then living in Montgomery block, with her only child, Marie. Her husband, a Canadian army officer and a native of Yorkshire, England, had died.

"In the fire and earthquake of 1906 Mrs. O'Connell and her daughter dropped out of sight. We heard nothing of them, and, finally, we went on a long visit to the Island of Guernsey in the English channel, my native place. About five years ago we returned to San Francisco.

"One evening when my wife was alone at home there was a knock at the door. Opening it she saw a little old man wearing a small mustache. 'I am a brother of your old friend, Mrs. Anna O'Connell,' the caller said. 'Don't I resemble her?' My wife replied: 'Yes, the likeness is striking; come in.' They had a cup of tea and talked.

Tells Her Story.

"Suddenly, the old man rose, put his arms around my wife and said: 'I am Mrs. O'Connell; look well at me.'

"My wife was too surprised for words. Then the old peddler explained that she had adopted men's clothes in order to make a living, for her daughter had died and she was alone. She was in the house when I returned home. My wife and I both promised to keep her secret. From that time she visited us once a year. We were her only intimates. She had wished to live in San Francisco, but the climate of the south suited her delicate health better, and so she made her home in Pasadena. We knew from her that she sold razor and knife-blade sharpens, walking from place to place, and getting frequent lifts from passing motor cars. We will see that she has decent burial."

Denials make little faults great.

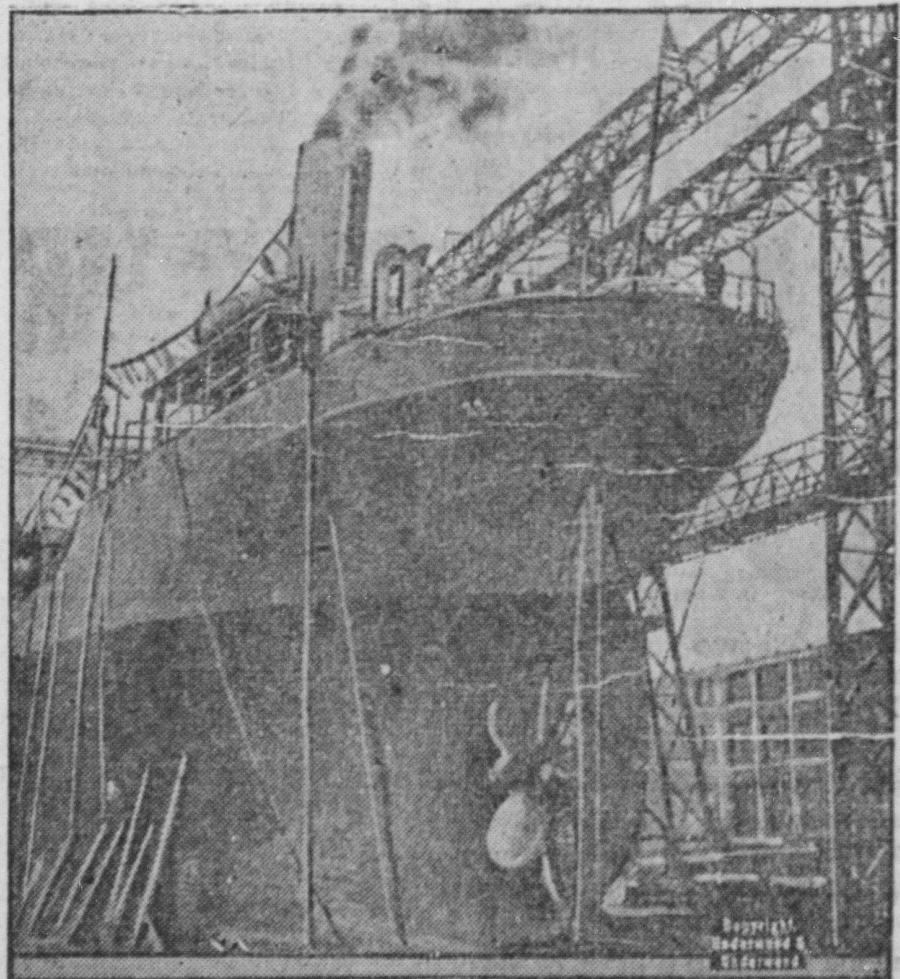
First Battle of the Marne Cost Nearly 750,000 Men

The bloodiest battle of the world war was the first battle of the Marne. Official figures just issued in Paris show the losses were:

Dead	320,000
Wounded	400,000
Total	720,000

This means that this one battle cost nearly three-quarters of a million men. The figures include, of course, the losses on both sides.

REMARKABLE LAUNCHING AT FALL RIVER



A most remarkable launching was recently executed at Fall River, Mass., when the steamer Hadnot, a 13,500-ton tanker, was launched 9:04-10 p.m. completed. Steam was up and her whistle was blowing when she hit the water. The Hadnot is 430 feet in length, 56 feet wide and can make 10 1/2 knots.

SUES FATHER FOR \$300,000

Minnesota Girl Says He Ordered Her Out After Enticing Her to His Home.

Duluth, Minn.—A damage suit for \$300,000 has been filed in district court by Miss Edna O. Budd, forty-two, of St. Paul, against her father, Dr. J. D. Budd of Duluth, department commander of the G. A. R.

Miss Budd is the daughter of the Duluth physician and philanthropist by a former marriage and did not learn Mr. Budd was her father until she had reached maturity.

She charges that Doctor Budd induced her to abandon the name of her adopted father, Miller, and to come to his home in Duluth, where one hour after arrival, she said, he "directed and commanded her to leave his house and informed her that her presence was not desired."

Spanish railroads are conducting campaigns of education along their lines to improve agricultural conditions.

NO CHANGE IS GIVEN

Mexican Merchants Refuse to Make Small Sales.

Silver Coins Are So Valuable They Are Being Hoarded and Sold for Their Metal.

Mexico City.—The most persistent phrase encountered by the buying public in Mexico at present is "No hay cambio," "there is no change." The silver in the Mexican peso, 50-cent piece, and the smaller coins is worth more than the face value of the coins, so this money has been hoarded by many persons and sold for their silver content.

The result is that "cambio," or change, has disappeared and persons who buy or sell are forced to pay from 4 to 7 per cent for silver pieces from brokers. Most merchants refuse to make small sales if they are forced to

give change, asserting they would lose money in the transaction.

The "azteca," or Mexican 20-piece piece (gold) is practically useless as money in stores or cafes when the purchase is for a small amount.

"I might as well be broke as have an azteca," complained an American who was hungry and could not find a cafe to change his gold. Later he hit upon a unique scheme. He deposited the "azteca" with the cafe proprietor and proceeded to eat at intervals until he had no more credit, which, with prevailing prices, was not a long time.

Child Put \$1,950 in Kitchen Stove.

Sioux City, Ia.—When Nikolai Peleli sold his little home he received \$1,950 in bills. The following morning he gave the money to his wife, who hid it on the table and stepped into another room. While she was gone her five-year old child placed the roll in the kitchen stove.

Is There a Santa Claus?

Classic Answer of a New York Journalist Affirming a Little Girl's Belief

ONE of the finest things ever written about Christmas was the editorial printed 20 years ago by the New York Sun in answer to the earnest appeal of a little New York girl to be told whether Santa Claus really exists. Its author, Frank P. Church, was an accomplished journalist and wrote much on many subjects, but his fame will rest chiefly on this beautiful setting forth of an eternal truth. With Dr. Clement Clarke Moore's "A Visit From St. Nicholas," it is one of the great classics of the Christmas season.

The answer to the eternal question as printed in the Sun follows:

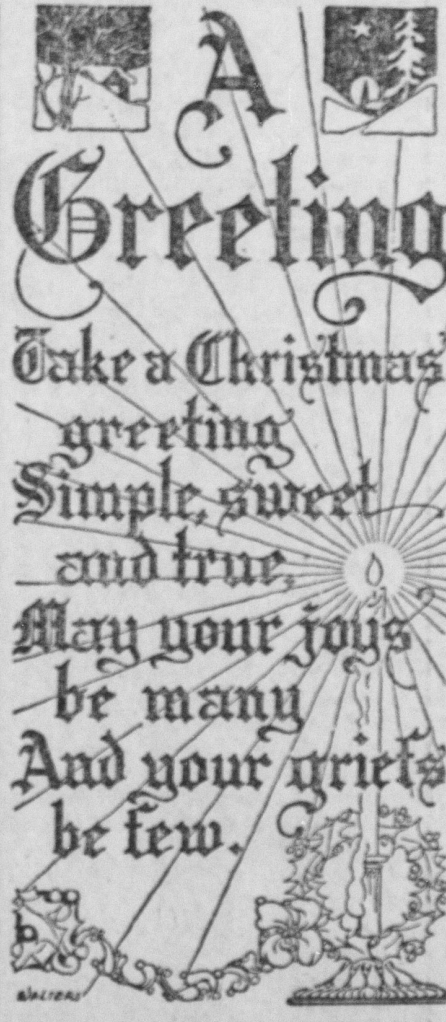
"We take pleasure in answering at once, and thus prominently, the communication below, expressing at the same time our great gratification that its faithful author is numbered among the friends of the Sun:

"Dear Editor—I am eight years old. Some of my little friends say there is no Santa Claus. Papa says: 'If you see it in the Sun it's so. Please tell me the truth: is there a Santa Claus?'
"13 West Ninety-first Street."

"Virginia, your little friends are wrong. They have been affected by the skepticism of a skeptical age. They do not believe except they see. They think that nothing can be which is not comprehensible by their little minds. All minds, Virginia, whether they be men's or children's, are little. In this great universe of ours man is a mere insect, an ant, in his intellect, as compared with the boundless world about him, as measured by the intelligence capable of grasping the whole truth and knowledge.

"Yes, Virginia, there is a Santa Claus. He exists as certainly as love and generosity and devotion exist, and you know that they abound and give to your life its highest beauty and joy. Alas! How dreary would it be if there were no Santa Claus! It would be as dreary as if there were no Virginias. There would be no childlike faith then, no poetry, no romance, to make tolerable this existence. We should have no enjoyment except in sense and sight. The eternal light with which childhood fills the world would be extinguished.

"Not believe in Santa Claus! You might as well not believe in fairies! You might get your papa to hire men



to watch in all the chimneys on Christmas eve to catch Santa Claus, but even if they did not see Santa Claus coming down, what would that prove? Nobody sees Santa Claus, but that is no sign that there is no Santa Claus. The most real things in the world are those that neither children nor men can see. Did you ever see fairies dancing on the lawn? Of course not; but that's no proof that they are not there. Nobody can conceive or imagine all the wonders that are unseen and unseeable in the world.

"You may tear apart the baby's rattle and see what makes the noise inside, but there is a veil covering the unseen world which not the strongest man, nor even the united strength of all the strongest men that ever lived, could tear apart. Only faith, fancy, poetry, love, romance, can push aside that curtain and view and picture the supernal beauty and glory beyond. Is it all real? Ah, Virginia, in all this world there is nothing else real and abiding.

"No Santa Claus! Thank God, he lives and he lives forever. A thousand years from now, Virginia, may 10 times 10,000 years from now, he will continue to make glad the heart of childhood."

Christ Is Born

by Louise F. Elmendorf

The world, late racked with pain through bloody years, Has climbed its weary long-pathed Calvary, Where millions died, as Christ, that they might free Others from wrong and black oppression's tears. Once more now through the world comes to our ears The song of all the ages, "Christ is born."

Mute tongued to notes of joy have been the bells, And only childhood and old age dared try To sing, so near the threatening battle sky, The song that told, though dulled by shrieking shells, Whose bursting turned a thousand homes to hells, The wonder of the ages, "Christ is born."

Our faith in God has brought to us the goal; War-wearied lands have peace on earth again; And in the scarred and fire-purged hearts of men, Made sweet and strong by suffering of the soul, Through travail of a world once more made whole, A new in human hearts the Christ is born.

Dear God, the Christmas songs are fraught with prayer That Thou wilt be with those whose tears still pay That we may have the glory of this day; That men may live their thanks; that lives may bear Eternal witness for Thee, everywhere Proclaiming that in us the Christ is born.

Changed His Mind. Doris—I thought you and George were going skating? Marjorie—So we were, but when he saw I had my hat trimmed with mistletoe he asked me to go for a walk.