

GERMANY, HUNGRY, GOES U-BOAT MAD

People Have Fanatical Faith
in Final Success of Sub-
marine War

FOOD SITUATION NOW BAD

COPENHAGEN, June 22.—Berlin and all Germany are submarine mad. Men and women, with their faces pinched by lack of adequate food, are heroically and single-mindedly fixed in their belief that the thousand or more under-water craft which the public is now led to believe Germany has in the war zone, will win for the Kaiser. No discomfits incident to achieving that success are too great to be borne.

This is the picture of Germany from the German viewpoint. The information was contained in a letter received here today by a Danish resident with close friends in high social positions in Berlin. Despite all difficulties of food supply, the writer said the German public held complete confidence in the U-boats' mastery of the war.

"Every one believes England's defeat is the prime consideration," the German writer declared. "Germans regard England as the nation responsible for prolongation of the war. The German Government, the navy, the army and the people are unanimous in their open hostilities against America. England is Germany's main enemy, and Germany thinks through the submarine she has found the weapon which will bring England to her knees."

"The public expresses regret that English wives and children will have to suffer through lack of food—but it remembers that German women and children have been suffering for a long time on account of England's starvation blockade of Germany."

"Of course, there is suffering here through lack of adequate food. The children are growing thinner. All our faces are pinched except those of the food grinders, and there are plenty of them. It is true that we have only enough to live on. We are going ahead and we are watching daily the work of our submarines. In the meantime we have cheering news of vegetables and cereals that will be plentiful soon. Also our meat ration has been increased, and we are told the toll of the submarines will be increasingly large."

"We do not know what will happen in Russia. She would make a separate peace, which Germany would easily be able to lend her plenty of money—even billions—but would undoubtedly make a separate peace. Likewise if Russia took this step, because Italy fears for what the Austrian troops might do on her borders if they were released from the Russian front. With this it is probable that Russia might also agree to a peace, but certain favorable conditions Germany would be willing to grant. Under such circumstances, nobody thinks England would be foolish enough to stick in the war alone or with the United States. If England did, Germany could literally put a steel net of submarines around the British Isles and starve them out. It would not take more than a few months, either."

Farmer Smith's Column

SINGING AND WHISTLING

My Own Little People—I saw a boy the other day who could not keep step, and what do you think? The principal of his school told me that he had two left feet!

There are some persons who cannot learn music. There are some who cannot "carry a tune" to save their lives. I know when I was a boy I had a hard time trying to sing, but only after paying \$5 per hour for ten lessons that I discovered I was not much of a singer.

The teacher told me, "I want the point of all this is, when you hear the girls singing and the boys whistling, all is well with the world."

Remember that.

A song is a PRAYER. Did you know that? If you will bear this in mind I am sure it will help you when you sing the next time. Is whistling a prayer?

I do not know, but—

Why is it boys go along in the dark whistling? I used to do it myself. Is it to fight off the evil spirits? Or is it a silent prayer that we may not be harmed while we are whistling?

I want to leave this thought with you. Write and tell me what YOU think.

Your loving editor,

FARMER SMITH.

STRANGE ADVENTURES OF BILLY BUMPUS IN THE TRENCHES

By Farmer Smith

Now it happened that every time Billy Bumpus had nothing to do he skipped into the country of the general's house and went to sleep.

One morning he was sleeping peacefully when all of a sudden a pan of beans down in front of him. He jumped up hurriedly and there was Jocco the monkey, looking at him from the top shelf.

"That's enough!" said Billy, severely.

"I know it," answered Jocco.

"I can't stand that kind of noise very long," replied Billy.

"If you can't stand it, sit down!" was the reply Jocco shot at him.

"I'm too busy to stand here all day and listen to you—I am going out and dig trenches—do something for my country—that's more than you ever do. You sit here all day long and chatter and chatter. I wonder your jaws don't get worn out."

Billy was surprised at himself making such a long speech.

The only reply that came from Jocco was "Good-by."

Billy trotted out of the kitchen and went down toward the parade ground. The men were working very hard digging trenches, and when they stopped they all laughed. This made him all the more anxious to show what he could do, so he went down into one of the trenches and began to dig with his horns. He worked and he worked with all his might.

Billy stopped and looked all around.

What could be the matter?

He went to work once more, and suddenly something went BANG! right on the top of his head.

It was the mind being killed, but this thing of getting hit when you don't know what is hitting you gets tiresome." Billy had stopped again.

Then he went to work with a will.

Bang!

Again something hit him.

He looked all around, then went to work again.

"It is sweet to die for one's country, and I should much rather be killed in the army than in the pantry," thought Billy.

"A fellow in the artillery is a big gun, while in the infantry he is only a pugun."

Bang!

A clod of dirt hit Billy right in the head and he turned around quickly, but he was not in time to see who had thrown that.

"Oh, well," he exclaimed. "I didn't know I had an enemy in the world. But in war we must all be on the lookout."

Billy went on digging. Again something hit him and he stopped his work again.

"I suppose if I got wounded the Army will take care of me. Won't they?"

Billy was thinking out loud.

He was about to say something else when he jumped over the bank in

ADVICE TO THE HOME-BUILDER OF MODERATE MEANS

By VICTOR EBERHARD, B. Arch., R. A.



We make our houses pleasing and interesting by a study of their proportions, material and setting, and then by attention to each detail; on the entrance doorway we can feel justified in expending a special effort. No other feature on the outside serves more to convey the message we may wish our house to have for ourselves and our friends.

The Charges of an Architect

FIRST let us learn something of the American Institute of Architects. This is an association of representative members of the profession from all parts of the world, who have done much to assist the American public in all its efforts concerning the beautifying or improvement of its land. It has helped us to see the financial benefit in well-designed buildings, the increase in property values by relating outcome with a thought to the beautiful. It has popularized high ethical standards of practice in the profession and has clarified the relations between the public and the architect by painstakingly arriving at a minimum schedule of charges for the services of an architect for various classes of building. This schedule has been adjudged fair and is accepted without question by the majority of corporations and by individuals who have been brought into close touch with the working of the architect's office.

The purpose of this schedule is not to impose certain charges on the public or on architects, but rather is suggestive in its form. It furnishes a general basis on which the owner and architect can more easily work out financial arrangements.

If an architect makes the customary charge for his work and goes to the usual expense to do this work properly, he will have remaining as a profit an amount which is conceded to be anything but large. It follows that when an architect will take work at a lower fee than this usual charge, he is dishonest, and else is not acquainted with the kind and amount of service which the owner needs and which the architect can and should give.

We quote the following from the schedule of the American Institute of Architects:

The architect's professional services consist of the necessary conferences, the preparation of preliminary studies, working

Monday—Hot-air Heating

Questions and Answers

Is it not the best scheme to have wide double sliding doors between the living room and dining room?

P. L. N.

Sliding doors are expensive and the chances are they would very seldom be used. A wide opening with curtains is a better idea.

Will building and loan associations lend money on second mortgages?

M. R.

Yes, some of them will when in the opinion of their building committees the investment is sound. A larger rate of interest is, of course, charged than on first mortgage money.

How long should it take to build a small frame house?

H. T.

About three months.

LIVING UP TO BILLY

By ELIZABETH COOPER

This powerful human document, written in the form of letters to a young mother serving a term in prison, is one of the most gripping literary products of the twentieth century.

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table, it would be a tragedy. And I have lived that life two years, and Tom blames me and looks hurt cause sometimes I want the old life. And, Nan, I see you are with him and think I am wrong. But remember I am only calling for my own. I can't help laughing at him, I think it is my right to laugh and to be gay, and I am not afraid to make myself over in Tom's way, but I can't. God did not make me a New England woman. All I want is the lights and the music and the laughter. I want to snuggle down in a big chair and have somebody make me laugh, laugh, laugh, and never end it. And I had a good laugh too loud. Everything I had is bad form and on Nan, I don't want to do anything wrong. I just want to live."

Poor little devil, I am sorry for her, but she must stay where she is. I am going to get hold of Tom some day and tell him to step aside as much family and take Mildred and I home. I am going to tell him how she got to talking about the baby, when she got scared and hurried home to see if anything had happened to him. We had lunch together at Bustanobys, and went to the swell Castle Garden for tea. She treated me to \$2.50 per person and that was too bad for my blood to dance with her and she looked awfully curious, and I learnt her some new steps, altho' I never dance with women, as I don't think it looks nice.

One of the dancers who runs the place came over and asked me to dance with him, and everybody stopped to watch us. Gee, I wish I could get a place in one of them swell places, but when you just look at me and have to look at me in a pretty dress and a hat that is a dream, and silk stockings and new patent Colonials, and I feel some. Ain't it funny how everybody is dancing? I wonder how long it will last. I must go before everyone gets over the bug. It sure can't last forever. Seems awful funny to see a lot of old men and grandmamas fluffing around like children, the only ones to be happy, rubbing their hands with Omega Oil. One old lady, sure she was sixty, danced with the professional at Bustanobys, and he told me she had a table there every day and dances till closing time. I heard John that if he didn't want to learn he could stay home and go to bed. I am going to dance," and she is sure a name of her own.

"His people don't look at my side of the question at all. They are not fair to me. I had no idea when I married Tom that his people would not like me. Every one always looks at me with my picture in all the windows and doors, and the people always jollying and making me laugh.

"His people make me old. All the sun goes out of the room as soon as one of them come into it. To have dinner with them is awful. I am afraid to move at the table or ask for more bread. Every one is so polite and so quiet. You can't laugh and if you should happen to put your elbow on the table, it would be a tragedy. And I have lived that life two years, and Tom blames me and looks hurt cause sometimes I want the old life. And, Nan, I see you are with him and think I am wrong. But remember I am only calling for my own. I can't help laughing at him, I think it is my right to laugh and to be gay, and I am not afraid to make myself over in Tom's way, but I can't. God did not make me a New England woman. All I want is the lights and the music and the laughter. I want to snuggle down in a big chair and have somebody make me laugh, laugh, laugh, and never end it. And I had a good laugh too loud. Everything I had is bad form and on Nan, I don't want to do anything wrong. I just want to live."

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