

Evening Public Ledger

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HERE AND THERE AND EVERYWHERE THE CAMERA TURNS IN ILLUSTRATING THE DAY'S NEWS



HERS WILL BE A TASK unenviable, but yet so necessary, in the darker days of the war that are to come. When General Pershing cables the lists (Heaven grant they may not be long) of American casualties in the battles overseas, it will devolve upon one Mrs. M. L. Woodruff, director of the Personal Service Bureau in City Hall, to scan the lists for the names of Philadelphians—and acquaint their relatives of the news. Through many different agencies Mrs. Woodruff has assembled the names of 20,000 sons of Philadelphia serving their country, and these will be alphabetically arranged to expedite the work of identification.



"WOODMEN, SPARE THAT TREE." You might have been minded to cry out yesterday when you strolled through Washington Square during your noon-hour walk and saw one of the stalwart maples receiving its deathblows. But your solicitation would have been unavailing, for other forces had set to work long since, bent upon the tree's destruction, until its decaying trunk was deemed a menace to public safety and its removal ordered.

"HOWDY, SERGEANT; glad to see you back in America!" But perhaps the dear reader is not acquainted with Sergeant Ruth Farnum, a fellow-American, who holds her rank in the crack Serbian cavalry. She was the first woman to enter reconquered Serbian territory, and has been thrice decorated by Crown Prince Alexander. Those are the medals she is wearing.



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A STITCH IN WARTIME is worth nine in days of peace, and these patriotic daughters of Northwest Philadelphia are not going to countenance any idle moments so long as the war lasts and there are Americans "over there" wanting in comforts. They are not alone in this resolve, for there are many others of the youngest members of the Falls of Schuylkill Presbyterian Church who are just as diligent as little Viola Markley (left) and her chum, Evalina Mainwaring.



ISN'T IT FUN, GIRLS, going to school in wartime? One gets so everlastingly weary of books and study and recitations and exams—and all. It's so much more fun knitting one hour each day over at West Philadelphia High, and then, too, one feels so proud of working for the great cause—that of the war. By the way, those are our knitting bags hanging in front of the blackboard.



WHO SAID SHERMAN WAS RIGHT when he said what war was? At any rate, you will have to admit that these American lads are not having such a rough time of it "over there." There's the musician of the crowd treating the others to a few barber-shop chords on his accordion. And then there's some of the others reading in their books, with a fling at the great American game for those more carelessly inclined.

WHEN THEY GET THROUGH with their soldiering, some of the boys in the National Army are going to be mighty good equestrians. A few months ago the lad in the photograph was assigned to all things equestrian. Now he is breaking in untrained horses at Camp Dix.

"GOODBY, DOVIE; give my regards to Broadway." These weren't the exact words of Mrs. Oliver Harriman when, down at Washington, she released the pigeon which winged it all the way to New York with Mrs. Woodrow Wilson's regrets for not being able to attend the Military and Naval Meet and Ball at Madison Square Garden. Still, those surely were Mrs. Harriman's sentiments.

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