

SEC. LANSING DRAFTING NOTE

President and Cabinet Officers Deliberate on Next Step

THERE CAN BE NO RETREAT

Considering Measure to Be Adopted in Case of Further Attacks by Germany on American Lives—America Desires No War, But Will Maintain Stand For Neutrals—Conference to Be Held Last of Week.

Washington, July 13.—Relations of the United States with Germany are in a grave, but not critical situation. A note in rejoinder to Germany will be sent but probably not for some considerable time, at least not for a fortnight.

These are the interpreted views of President Wilson, it is stated upon the highest authority. There is nothing in Germany's reply to this government's protests against her submarine warfare that makes imminent a breach of diplomatic relations or more serious results. The president feels that the administration must proceed slowly and carefully. He does not believe any "crisis" in the United States relations with Germany is present or imminent. Carefully matured deliberations will mark his future course.

A conference between the president and Secretary Lansing will be the first step toward an actual decision as to the course of this government, and probably will not take place before the latter part of this week. The president and Mr. Lansing are much alike in their mental processes, in one respect at least, both seeking a considerable period for undisturbed reflection as a preliminary to exchanging views with others. In the present instance both feel it would be wiser to defer their conference until each has had opportunity to arrive at his own conclusions independently.

It is known that the president will be advised by most of those whose formal opinions will be conveyed to him to determine in advance precisely what measures he is willing to adopt or recommend in the event that Germany commits further attacks on American lives. While no word has come to anyone here of what is in the president's mind it has become pretty generally established that the United States cannot seek to continue the discussion with Germany without definite loss of prestige and that the note about to be considered must contain a certain tone of finality.

Before such a note is dispatched, however, it is considered imperative that a definite decision be made as to what this government is prepared to do in the event that Germany further violates those American rights for which the president has contended. As public opinion has been interpreted here in the last few days it is believed the country is demanding two things:

1. The maintenance of the standard taken by the United States on the Lusitania case and the principle involved in the submarine issue, but also—

2. Keep the United States out of any conflict with Germany.

Study of editorial expression has convinced officials that these two demands upon the part of the newspaper commentators define the limits within which the administration's course must be laid in writing the next note to Germany.

That these two wishes on the part of the country are somewhat paradoxical in the sense that neither can be pursued to the limit without danger and the other will be blasted does not in the opinion of officials here make them any the less real. The political experts in the administration feel that were the president now to recede for the sake of averting all danger of a break with Germany he would incur over night the condemnation of those who have been praising him so highly for defending American rights abroad. On the other hand it is felt by officials here that the country is not prepared at this stage of the controversy to follow readily and enthusiastically in a stronger course involving the risk of war with Germany.

Officials Waiting on Court.
Harrisburg, Pa., July 12.—Officials of the state game commission are waiting until the courts pass upon the validity of the act prohibiting unaturalized foreigners from keeping dogs, and appear to be rather glad to do so. The action brought in one of the western counties to test the act will probably cause the state officials to wait a while before starting anything.

Chesapeake Is Guarded.
Norfolk, Va., July 13.—Big guns at Fortress Monroe demonstrated how difficult it would be for an enemy's ship to enter the Chesapeake bay. Targets placed at a distance of eight to ten miles at sea were smashed with apparent ease. The shooting was witnessed by General Frederick S. Strong, department commander of the South Atlantic artillery district.

Geneva, O., Votes Dry.
Columbus, O., July 13.—Geneva, Ashtabula county, voted dry, 434 to 217.

CHASING THE RAINBOW.

Curious Legends That Are Told in Different Countries.

We have all of us heard stories of the treasure at the end of the rainbow. There is a pot of gold there, you know. And if we could only walk far enough, run fast enough, we might find it and be ever thereafter happy.

That is what our nurses tell us when we are children, isn't it?

And sometimes we learn that the rainbow is a bridge, and the thunder is the roar of the heavy wheels going over it.

These are the stories that we hear in childhood about the rainbow. Children of other lands hear many other stories.

In Greece nurses tell the children that if any one by chance stumbles over the end of the rainbow his or her sex is changed. A fine story that to tell a child! The little Greeks must run away from the ends of the rainbow instead of seeking them to find our pot of gold.

The little Turk hears from his nurse that if he can but touch the band of orange that spans the heavens in the rainbow his head will turn to silver, with rubies for eyes and teeth of gold. In many parts of Russia the rainbow is called a pump, and in Hungary it is called "God's pump" and "Noah's pump."

In Russia, in some provinces, the wells are covered with strong platforms, so that the water cannot be drawn from them by the rainbow, and in other provinces it is said that three angels have charge of the rainbow—one to draw water through it from the earth, another to give water from it to the clouds and another to return the water to the earth in the form of rain.—Boston Herald.

Peps on a Coal Famine.

There was a coal famine in England in 1666. England was at the time at war with Holland and, owing to the presence of the Dutch fleet in English waters, the Newcastle colliers found it impossible to get through to London. A period of great privation ensued. Writing in his diary in June, 1667, Pepys observes that "the great misery the city and kingdom is like to suffer for want of coals is very visible and, it is feared, will be a mutiny." Later in the month comes the following entry: "Such is the want already of coals, and the despair of having any supply, that they are come this day to £5 10s. a chaldron."

The Human Face.

Rosa Bonheur, the great painter of animals, had a system of mnemonics which was exceedingly quaint. She could trace in the faces of those people who visited her a resemblance to some sort of animal. For instance, if some one reminded her of a certain lady she would probably hesitate for a moment and then say, "Oh, yes, the lady with the camel face!" or, "Oh, I remember—she had a cow face!" This memory system was not flattering to her friends, but it showed how saturated she was with a knowledge of animals and their characteristics. On every human face she found a likeness to some animal she had studied and delineated.

Nicely Graded.

It is still a tradition that the people of Manchester, England, should gibe at Liverpool with the proverb, "A Manchester man, a Liverpool gentleman;" but, it is said, classification is not so strongly marked in Lancashire as in the old days. When stagecoaches were running a guard was once asked, "Who has tha' gotten inside, Billy?" Billy consulted his list and replied, "A gentleman fra Liverpool, a mon fra Manchester, a chap fra Owdham and a fellow fra Wigan."

Trapping Baboons.

Hagenbeck in his book says that baboons are caught in traps made much like the huts of savages. Food is put into the huts, and once the baboons ro inside a trapdoor closes behind them. Outside baboons make a great to do and urge the prisoners to escape. When the trappers come the captured baboons are terror stricken and try to force their heads through the walls of the huts. One baboon was caught three times in the same trap, and several when turned loose got back into the same trap a second time. When the baboons are carried away all their comrades thereabout climb into trees and scream out to the prisoners, who answer in sad, mournful voices. On one occasion some big Arabian baboons were trapped, when 2,000 or 3,000 baboons hurled themselves upon the trappers, who had hard work to save themselves with firearms and clubs. As the trappers were forced back the victorious baboons tore up the trap and turned loose the captured baboons.

Raindrops.

Drops of rain vary in their size perhaps from a twenty-fifth to a quarter of an inch in diameter. In parting from the clouds they precipitate their descent till the increasing resistance, opposed by the air becomes equal to their weight, when they continue to fall with uniform velocity. This velocity is therefore in a certain ratio to the diameter of the drops; hence thunder and other showers in which the drops are large pour down faster than a drizzling rain. A drop of the twenty-fifth part of an inch in falling through the air would, when it had arrived at its uniform velocity, acquire a celerity of only eleven and a half feet per second, while one of a quarter of an inch would have a velocity of thirty-three and a half feet.

WANTS WRIGHT IN ENGLAND.

Daily Mail Urges That He Direct Great Aeroplane Work.

The London Daily Mail, commenting editorially on the report that the Germans recently became possessors of a new and faster type of aeroplane, urges the British government to seek the assistance of Orville Wright, the American inventor.

"The government is being urged to embark on a gigantic scheme for aeroplane construction, with Mr. Churchill in charge," says the Mail. "It would certainly be unwise to put such a matter in the hands of a politician or anybody except an expert. In so vital a matter we should employ the best brains in the world. The aeroplane was invented by the brothers Wright. Orville Wright is intimately acquainted with all types. We do not know whether he would be willing to come to England, but we know that he is the world's best authority on aeroplanes and a singularly disinterested and uncommercial inventor."

INSTRUMENT DETECTS LYING.

Claim Ananias Is Outwitted by Munsterberg, Harvard Psychologist.

Professor Hugo Munsterberg, the Harvard psychologist, has just completed with the aid of students a series of more than a hundred experiments which prove conclusively that any person who tells a lie can be unfailingly detected in the falsehood. The instrument used is called a sphygmometer. Professor Munsterberg has thus made successful lying under all conditions, either where the liar is excited or perfectly cool and collected, an absolute impossibility.

In many of the tests where a student jury believed a witness to be telling the truth the little sphygmometer dial showed the opposite. The confession of the witness later proved that the witness had been lying and the dial was correct.

Japanese Gardens.

The Japanese lay out their gardens so as to suggest famous scenes in their history. Miniature landscapes are laid out to recall well known spots and suggest the events that have taken place there.

An Easy One.

What is that which nobody wants and nobody likes to lose?

A lawsuit.

The Extreme.

"This fee business is a nuisance. You have to give one everywhere to get the least service."

"I know it. Even if you want to speak politely to a lady you have got to tip your hat."—Baltimore American.

..The Indiana Macaroni Company..

OUR MACARONI

Can be Bought at the Following Stores:

The Cunningham Department Store, Steveson & Myers, Plotzer Meat Market.

They are FRESH. Made in Indiana

MIGHTY MAUNA LOA.

This Gigantic Volcano is a Worthy Rival to Vesuvius.

The lofty volcanoes of the Hawaiian Islands, rising above the ocean from 5,000 to nearly 14,000 feet, are only the summits of gigantic mountain masses that rise abruptly from the bottom of the Pacific. Mauna Loa, on the island of Hawaii, stands 13,675 feet above sea level, but its slopes descend beneath the sea, as shown by deep sea soundings, with a grade fully equal to if not greater than that of the visible slopes. The same is generally true of the submarine slopes of other islands, and the depths attained by these continuous slopes, within thirty to fifty miles of the shores, vary from 14,000 to 19,000 feet. Mauna Loa and Mauna Kea, if their true bases are considered to be at the bottom of the Pacific, are therefore mountains of as great an altitude as Mount Everest, or approximately 30,000 feet. In general the Hawaiian Island group consists of summits of a gigantic submarine mountain chain which projects only its loftier peaks and domes above the water. On the island of Hawaii the volcanic forces are still in operation.

The one continuously active volcanic vent of the island is Kilauea, far down on the eastern flank of Mauna Loa—"the great mountain." No other volcano in the world approaches Mauna Loa in the vastness of its mass or in the magnitude of its eruptive activity. There are many volcanic peaks higher in the air, but most of them are planted upon elevated platforms, where they appear as mere cones of greater or less size. It is not yet known at what level the base of Mauna Loa is situated, but it is below the sea, probably far below.

Mauna Kea—"the white mountain"—is also a colossus among volcanoes. Its summit, 13,825 feet, is a trifle higher than that of Mauna Loa, but its slopes are steeper, and its base is therefore much smaller. The magnitude of Mauna Loa is due chiefly to the great area of its base, which is nearly elliptical in shape, with a major diameter of seventy-four miles and a minor diameter of fifty-three miles, measured

Countess of Warwick Assails Motives of Society Women in War.

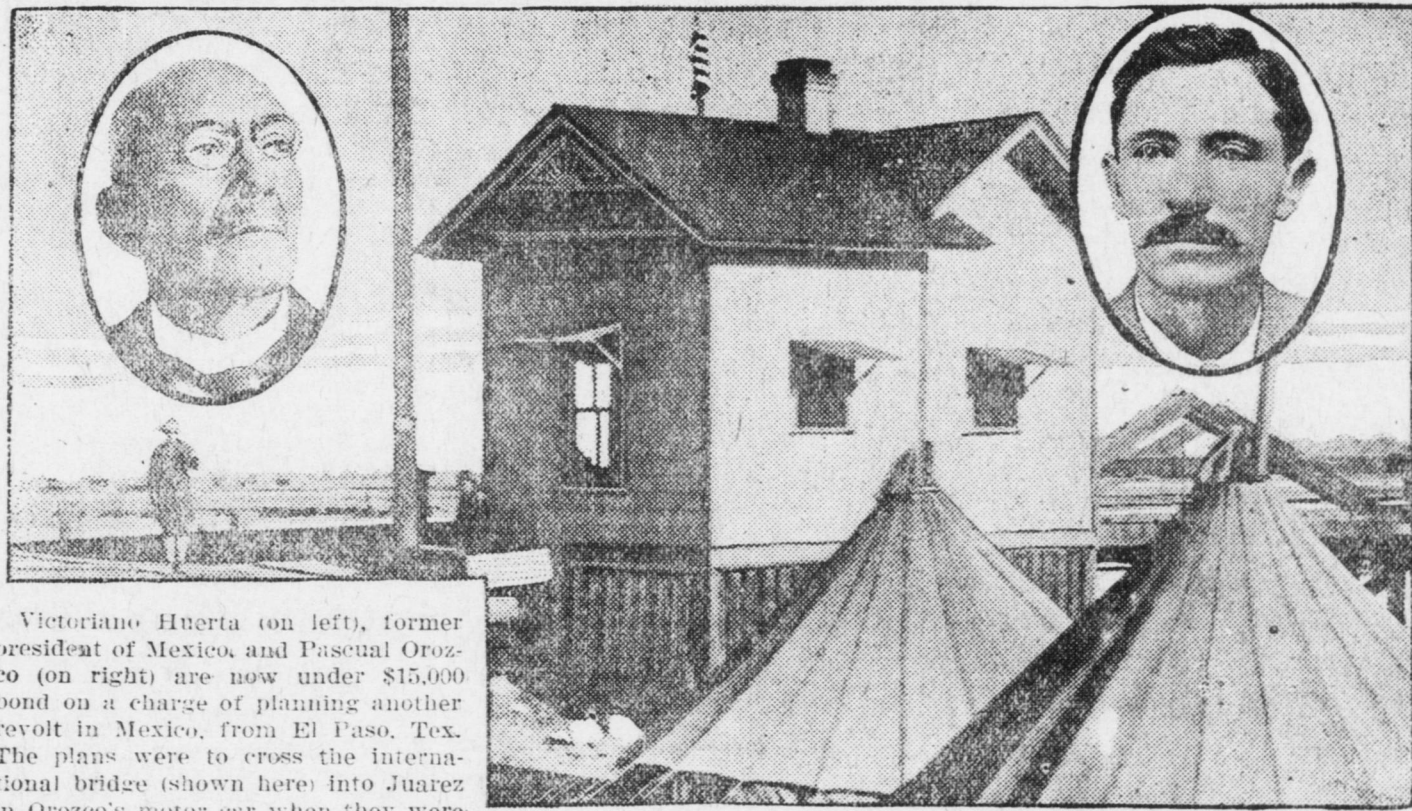
The London Chronicle publishes an article by the Countess of Warwick protesting against the "butterfly" sisterhood. After paying tribute to many prominent women who have labored conscientiously with splendid results since the war began the countess proceeds:

"Unfortunately there is in London today a very large company of young women to whom war is little more than a new sensation. They are not old enough to understand or young enough to be restrained. Scores have found their way to great London hospitals to face what they are pleased to regard as training. I have known some who danced till 3 a. m. and presented themselves at the hospital at 8 o'clock. The social butterflies have acquired a trifling superficial knowledge of nurses' work and then set their social influence to work in order to reach some one of the base hospitals where they may sample fresh experiences. They subvert discipline, they are a law to themselves, they are too highly placed or protected to be called to order promptly, they have neither inclination nor capacity for sustained usefulness.

"To sit at the end of a bed and smoke cigarettes with a wounded officer does not develop the efficiency of a hospital. The interlopers want the limelight and plenty of it. Their pictures food the illustrated papers, and to read what is written of them the inexperienced person might imagine they were bearing the heat and burden of the day, while in very truth they do no more than search for fresh sensation in an area that should be sacred.

"To do a very minimum of work, to attach themselves to the most attractive cases, to carry small talk, gabble and gossip into places where so many come to die—these are the main efforts of the young society nurses, and all these outrages are being carried on from day to day."

HUERTA AGAIN IN THE LIMELIGHT.



Victoriano Huerta (on left), former president of Mexico, and Pascual Orozco (on right) are now under \$15,000 bond on a charge of planning another revolt in Mexico, from El Paso, Tex. The plans were to cross the international bridge (shown here) into Juarez in Orozco's motor car when they were both arrested by United States officials.

Photos by American Press Association.

DO IT NOW.

Decision never becomes easier by postponement, while habit grows stronger every day. Common sense as well as conscience says, "Choose this day."

Names Usurped by Women.

Mary is not by any means the only name that has been borne by men and women alike. Writes a correspondent of the London Chronicle, who has dipped into old parish and other registers, Sir Patience Ward was lord mayor of London in 1680. Eve Sifferton is mentioned in a will of the sixteenth century, and Grace Hardwin was an old landowner in America.

As to male names usurped by the ladies, instances occur of feminine Phillips and Georges, and in one case a daughter was duly baptized Noah. A goddaughter of the Duke of Wellington was named Arthur in his honor, and in Eppingham church there is a monument to Timothy, wife of Richard Mabanke.

Spoke as They Passed.

"I hope you don't associate with that man I saw you speak to in the street just now."

"Associate with him? What do you take me for? That man, sir, is one of the most rascally, corrupt, sneaking, underhand, low down, villainous and depraved scoundrels that ever managed to keep out of jail."

"I know it. But why are you on speaking terms with him at all?"

"Why, I'm—er—his lawyer."—London Mail.

WAR BABE FOR ADOPTION.

German Mother Unable to Get Word of Her Soldier Husband.

Mrs. Carl Muller of Yaphank has inserted an advertisement in several Long Island papers offering for adoption a newborn war babe, whose mother, a German woman, is stopping at Mrs. Muller's home.

"The baby's mother, who doesn't want her name known save to the couple who, she hopes, will adopt her little daughter, does not know whether she is a widow or not," said Mrs. Muller to a reporter. "The mother is a friend of mine who came to the United States after her husband had been forced to fight for Germany. She has tried repeatedly to obtain word from or of her husband without result, and she has no knowledge whether he has been killed or is still fighting. She feels that she cannot care for her little daughter, who was born on Feb. 27, and is a little dear, and she is willing to give full surrender to a couple who can convince her that the baby will have a good home and kind treatment."

Getting the Right Number.

She had tried in vain to get her telephone number. "Hello, Central," she inquired sweetly, "can you suggest the wrong number to ask for in order to get 6380 Franklin?"—Ladies' Home Journal.

LIFE'S PURPOSES.

Life's purposes are the attainment of personal perfection and to help in the whole life of the world. Men are given their lives and the possibility of dying natural deaths only on condition that they serve the life of the whole world, whereas the suicide exploits life as long as it is agreeable and refuses to serve the life of the world as soon as it becomes unpleasant, ignoring the likely fact that his service began only at that moment when his life became burdensome. Every work is at first unpleasant.—Tolstoy.

A Canine Feat.

A blind man, guided by a large and athletic dog, went down the street the other day. Just as they turned a corner the blind man's dog saw a dog it knew and darted forward in a way that threw the sightless mendicant to the ground. He was speedily assisted to his feet, however, by a waggish passerby, who remarked that he had heard some remarkable stories of the dog's performance by dogs, but this was the first time he had ever known one jump down the blind man's throat.

Mr. Treadwell's Vacation

By MARTHA V. MONROE

Elisha Treadwell about the 1st of April saw in a newspaper among advertisements for summer hotels and boarding houses one that arrested his attention. It was this:

A widow with several grown sons and daughters, owning a country home, would like a few boarders for July and August. A small auto, tennis grounds and other means of amusement will be at the disposal of guests; references required.

Mr. Treadwell inferred what was not stated in the advertisement—that a guest would be received as a member of the family. He was obliged if he went on a vacation to go alone. Consequently he had no desire to go, for he was much dependent upon associates. In this country place he fancied he would obviate this difficulty. The "sons and daughters," especially the latter, seemed inviting. He entered into correspondence with the advertiser with the result that he engaged a room for his vacation in July.

He arrived in the evening about 8 o'clock, which was shortly before dark. A negro butler announced that most of the family had gone on a picnic and he expected them home at any minute. Miss Clara was somewhere about, but he didn't know where. Treadwell said he would wait. He went into the living room and, seeing a lounge, on which some one had evidently been reclining, for there were an afghan and a pillow on it, he sat down for a rest.

The twilight deepened. There seemed to be no one about to light the lamps, and the young man soon found himself in the dark. Tired from traveling, he stretched himself on the lounge. The first thing he knew, or, rather, didn't know, he was asleep.

He was awakened by a hand laid on his forehead—a soft hand, which he felt sure was feminine.

"Feel better?" The voice of the speaker was a melodious soprano.

Now, there was something extremely pleasant about this petting, which was, of course, intended for another, and Treadwell was not minded to bring it to a termination, so he simply said "Um" without opening his mouth.

"I've brought up some supper for you. Do you want it?"

"Um, uh," grunted Treadwell, giving a negative intonation.

Meanwhile the hand was removed from the forehead and slid down to one of Treadwell's. This was becoming a member of the widow's family with a vengeance. Treadwell was somewhat troubled about the result of his accepting these attentions, but both the hand and the voice were so soft that he thought only of how to avoid interrupting them.

"I wish they'd come," the lady continued. "Mother said they'd surely be back by 7 o'clock, and it must be 9. I'm going to light up."

"Uh, uh!" grunted Treadwell, as though his throat were out of order, still holding on to the hand.

"Rather lie in the dark, eh? That's the way with me when I'm sick. I wonder what's become of the man who was to arrive this evening. If he should come and find the house dark it would be a poor reception. He might turn around and go back to the city. I wonder what he's like."

Treadwell could hardly help saying, "He's a fine fellow, and when you see him you will have met your fate," but he refrained. He was thinking that he would excite suspicion by silence when there was the sound of an automobile and a babel of voices approaching. Withdrawing his hand from hers, he rubbed his eyes, started up and exclaimed:

"I must have fallen asleep."

There was a subdued shriek. The girl hustled about and struck a match. She saw a strange man looking at her as if just awakened from sleep.

"Beg pardon," he said. "I'm Mr. Treadwell. I was waiting for some one to come in when I dozed off. I suppose—"

"Are you sure you've been asleep?"

She raised the chimney of a lamp and touched the match to the wick. At the same time a noisy party of picnickers came up the steps and poured into the room.

"Mother," said the girl who had been petting the guest, "this is the gentleman that was to arrive—"

"I'm Elisha Treadwell," said that gentleman.

"Am happy to see you, Mr. Treadwell. I'm sorry you've had such a doleful reception."

"Don't mention it."

"Ethel, why didn't you light the lamps?"

"Why, mother, Jim was in here on the lounge, or I thought he was, and I didn't think he wanted a light. He had gone up to his room."

"He didn't," said Treadwell—"I mean I didn't mind sitting in the dark at all."

Mr. Treadwell was taken into the dining room, where a hot supper was served—with plenty of light—and it was evident to him that he had struck just the place he needed for a vacation. Now and again he caught Ethel looking at him suspiciously, but he put on an expression of unconscious guilt—if that expresses what he was trying to do—and at last she seemed satisfied.

The month of July passed only too rapidly for Mr. Treadwell, who found the companionship of the family very pleasant.

There is nothing more to this story barring the commonplace, except that Treadwell went back to the city at the end of his vacation engaged to Ethel.