

Pictures of World Events for News Readers

STICKING TO TRUTH

SAGE THINKS IT IS SOMETHING THAT CAN BE OVERDONE.

Makes the Assertion That It Should Be Used Sparingly and With Tact and Judgment on All Occasions.

"Twigley says he never told a lie in his life," related the druggist. "He says he'd rather lose all he has than take a fall out of the truth."

"He hasn't much to lose," observed the village patriarch. "He's so poor the assessor has quit calling at his house, and his poverty is largely due to his weakness for the truth at all times and seasons."

"The truth is an excellent thing. But it should be used sparingly, and with tact and judgment. Some people can't be made to realize that the truth may be superfluous, even admitting its value at ordinary times. I was reading of a case in point the other day. The publisher of an obscure magazine in England was surprised and annoyed when a lot of officials visited his premises, confiscated everything in sight, and took him away to jail. He had been printing a lot of unpleasant things about the Russian government."

"It is more than likely that what he said about the government was true, and if he had printed them two or three years ago he would have been generally applauded and a number of people would have subscribed for his magazine; but just now England and Russia are great friends, and you can't hit one without offending the other."

"Our friend, Tom Swike, the bink-smith, is the strongest man in town. He also has a passion for punching people's heads, and the smallest excuse will serve. Tom never pays his bills when it can be avoided, and as a faller he would make Aunias look like a cheap amateur. I know all this to be the truth, yet I would be unwise to blurt out the truth in Tom's hearing."

"You will gather my meaning from these illustrations. The truth is an admirable line of goods, yet, if a man would get on in this world, he must handle it with discretion and not sow it broadcast."

"Our friend Twigley, who boasts that he never told a cherry tree, couldn't sell gold dollars. He would be sure to tell some unpleasant truth about them, saying they were short weight, or he found them in the post-house, or something. He's always saying things nobody needs to say."

"Last fall, just before Thanksgiving, he carried a dressed turkey all over town in a basket, trying to sell it. Any other man could have sold it at the first house visited, for it was one of the finest-looking birds I ever saw. He came to our back door and tried to do business. I asked him how old the turkey was. If he had said ten months I'd have believed him and shelled out the money, for the bird had a youthful appearance. Twigley said he didn't know for certain. He had worked a day for a farmer and the farmer gave him the turkey for his wages. He inferred from what the farmer said that the bird was three years old, but his private opinion was that it had celebrated its fifth birthday."

"My friends, there's no hope for a man so painfully truthful. He would be as poor as Job's owl if money grew on his gooseberry bushes. Of course he didn't sell the turkey. I don't know what he did with it, but he may have sent it to one of the automobile makers to be converted into tires."

"Twigley is fond of fishing and tells me all about his excursions. I have been waiting for five years to hear him describe the large and beautiful fish that got away, and he never says a word about it. Such a man is impossible, in any human society, and the best we can do for him is to pity him."

—Pittsburgh Gazette-Times.

New Cure for Toothache.

A jumping toothache is no excuse for smoking in a factory in New York, as two sufferers found when arraigned in court today, charged with smoking in a lot building in violation of the law. "It's true, your honor," admitted the first sufferer. "It was like this. I had an awful toothache. I had to have relief; couldn't work and all that sort of thing. So I smoked a cigarette and the ache disappeared, presto, like that." "Thirty dollars or three days in jail," was the only sympathy the sufferer received from the magistrate. The second sufferer was soaked \$20 or two days. "And, by the way," the magistrate added as the two men were led away, "you fellows might call in the Tomb dentist while you are serving out your sentences. It might save you a return engagement."

The Whim of Happiness.

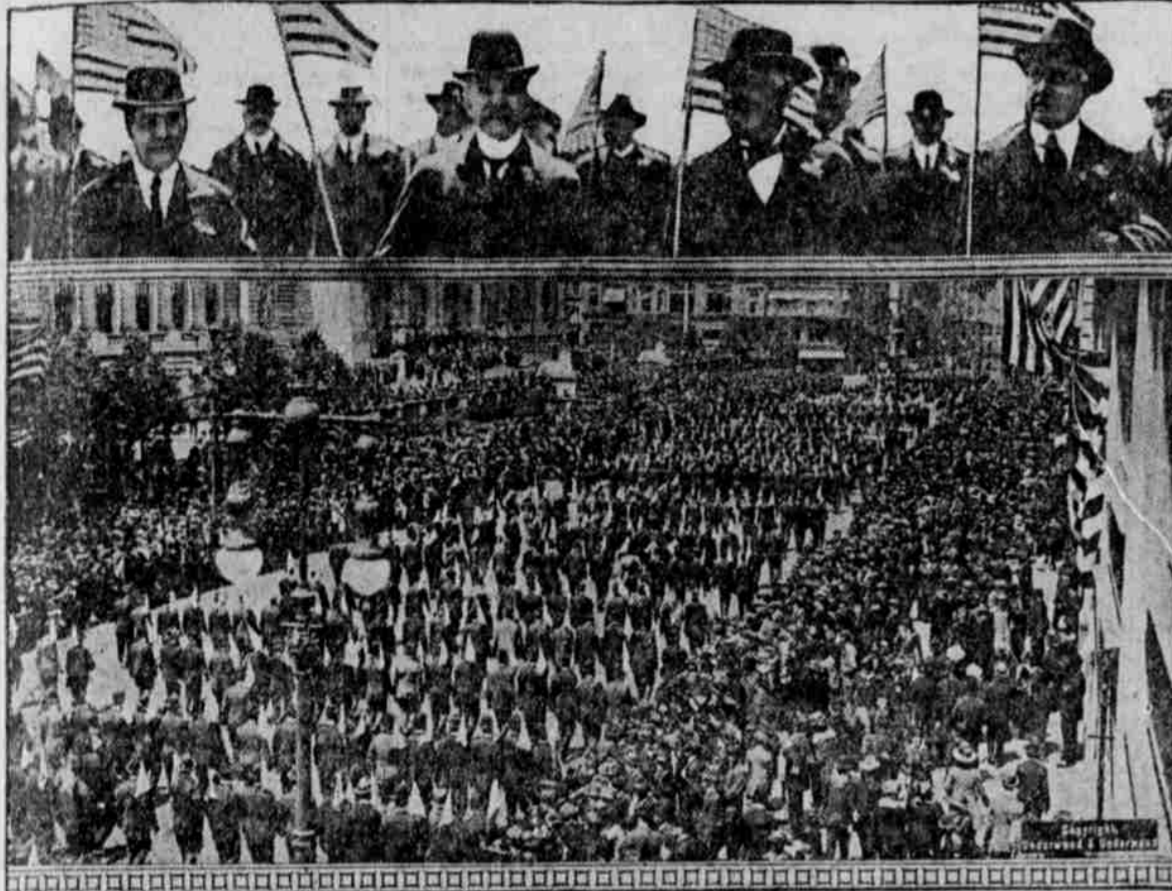
The whim we have of happiness is somewhat thus: By certain valuations and averages, of our own striking, we come upon some sort of average terrestrial lot; this we fancy belongs to us by nature, and of indefeasible right. It is simple payment of our wages, of our deserts; requires neither thanks nor complaint; only such surplus as there may be do we account happiness; and deficit is misery. Now consider that we have the valuation of our own deserts ourselves, and what a fund of self-conceit there is in each of us—do you wonder that the balance should so often dip the wrong way?—Carlyle.

War Cuts Phone List.

There are at least 10,000 fewer telephones in London as a result of the war, business firms in hundreds of instances discontinuing the service in the interest of retrenchment. The government, which operates the system, announces that although telephones have been discontinued by the wholesale there has been an increase in the use of electromechanical instruments which connects the subscriber with the theater and enables people who prefer to remain indoors these gloomy nights of black streets to have amusement brought to their firesides.

In This Department Our Readers in Fulton County and Elsewhere May Journey Around the World With the Camera on the Trail of History Making Happenings.

MONSTER PARADE OF PREPAREDNESS ADVOCATES



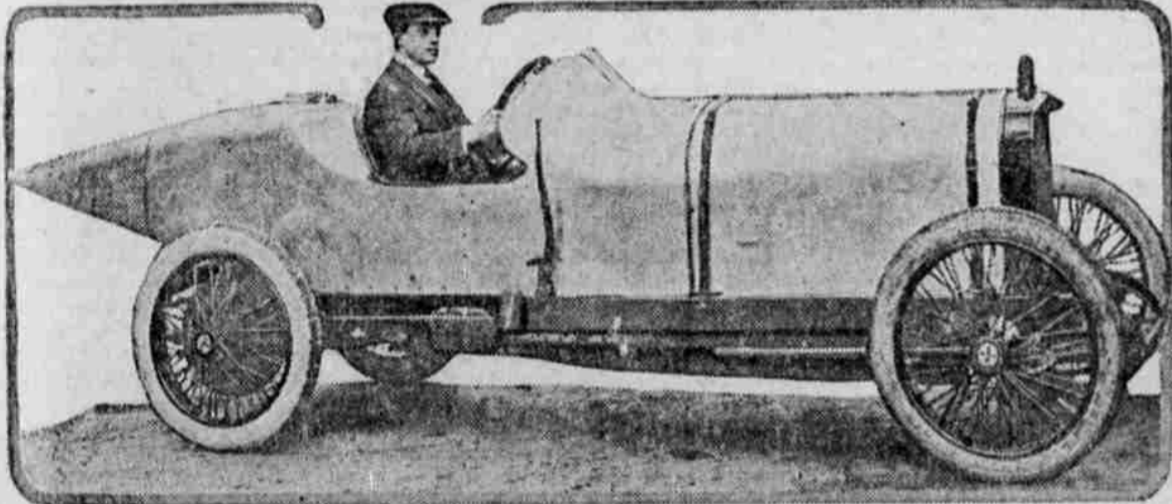
The great preparedness parade of 150,000 men and women in New York photographed as it was passing the public library. Above, left to right, are Thomas Robins, Peter Cooper Hewitt, Thomas A. Edison and W. L. Saunders of the naval advisory board who took part in the impressive demonstration.

FIGHTING THE IRISH IN DUBLIN



This photograph, taken during the actual fighting in Dublin, shows a machine gun section firing upon the rebels from behind a barricade in the southern part of the city.

FROM THE TRENCHES TO THE SPEEDWAY



Joseph Christiaens, here photographed in the English Sunbeam car he brought for the international sweepstakes race at the Indianapolis speedway May 30, has been in the military service of the entente allies ever since the war began. First he was in the trenches, but later entered the aviation corps and won medals for bravery. He is a Belgian.

RE-ENFORCEMENTS FOR GENERAL PERSHING



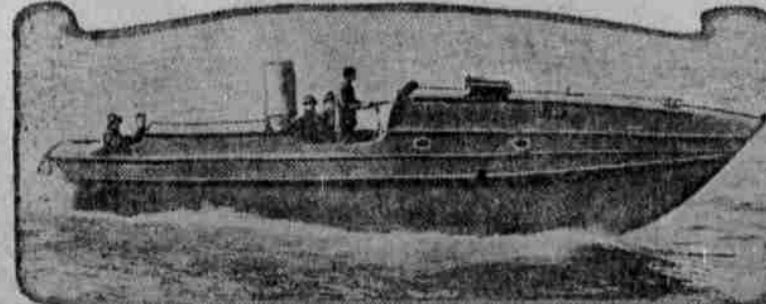
Infantry re-enforcements on their way to join General Pershing's command in Mexico.

CHICAGO Y. M. C. A. HOTEL



This is the big Y. M. C. A. hotel that has just been dedicated in Chicago, the first of its kind in the country. It cost \$1,500,000, the money being donated by the business men of Chicago.

FASTEST OF CRUISING MOTOR BOATS



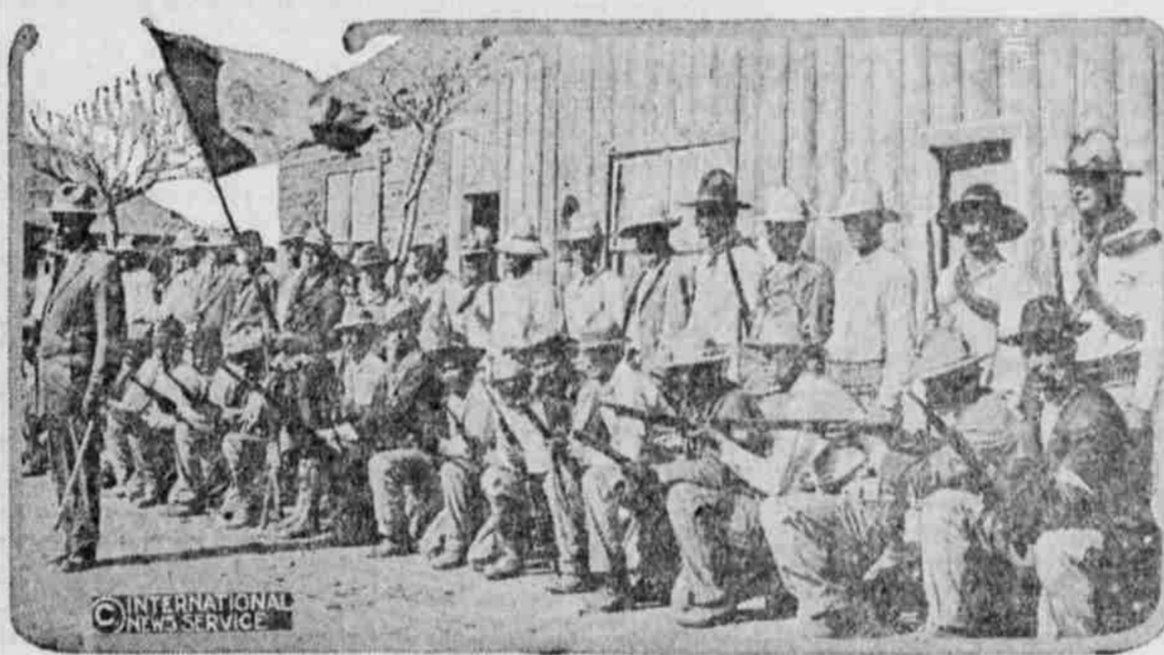
Sea-aled cruiser making 34 miles an hour in the waters about South Boston. In the turnout trials of the patrol scout squadron this little cruiser outdistanced the fleetest boats of the squadron by an easy 14 miles, and proved to be the speediest cruising motor boat in the world. The boat is owned by Milton C. Wilson, and is equipped with 300 horse power. It is finely appointed, having sleeping berths, clothes closets, buffet and all accommodations of a modern launch.

WHERE THE IRISH REBELS FOUGHT DESPERATELY



Ruins along Eden quay, Dublin, looking from the O'Connell statue. This was one of the strongholds of the Irish rebels and was taken only after a bitter fight. At the right is the flag of the revolutionists in possession of a British soldier.

WHY PEOPLE ALONG THE BORDER ARE UNEASY



This photograph of armed Mexicans with their flag, being drilled by a Mexican army officer, was taken in an American border town and is evidence that there was reason for the fear of an uprising of Mexicans in Texas, New Mexico, and Arizona.

OLDFIELD TO RETIRE



Barney Oldfield, dean of all racing drivers, is to retire this year after one final and spectacular effort to show his contempt for the laws of time and space. The feat that Barney will attempt will concern the offer of David F. Reid, president of the Chicago speedway, of \$1,000 to the driver who will break the world's two mile speedway record and an additional offer of \$1,500 if the new mark established is better than two miles per minute, or 120 miles per hour. Oldfield some time ago announced that he would leave the racing game for less exciting business life, and that he wanted to drive his last race on the Chicago speedway in the second international auto Derby, which is to be held there June 10. Soon after that he will attempt to win that \$2,500.

Whirlpool Bath.

In this page not long ago the fact was mentioned that a wonderful whirlpool bath was being used in Paris to cure the wounded. This bath has now been installed in London. There are two forms—an arm and a leg form. The construction is exceedingly simple. The water enters the bath from two nozzles placed in such a manner that a rapid circulation is secured below the surface. The limb is immersed at a low temperature, and the temperature of the water is increased gradually until a point is reached beyond which discomfort supervenes.

This bath is but one factor in a comprehensive system of treatment the objects of which are to hasten the return of the wounded to their units at the front, to reduce expenses to the state by reducing the disability entailed by wounds, and to reduce impairment of civil industry after the war by numbers of seriously and permanently crippled men.—London Tit-Bits.

FIGHTING A FIRE IN SALONIKI



The Saloniki fire department fighting the flames that broke out in buildings wrecked by German air raiders at Saloniki. A number of persons were killed by the raiders before the anti-aircraft guns compelled them to retire.

CRAWLING UP ON IRISH SNIPERS



While the British soldiers were suppressing the Irish revolt in Dublin they were constantly fired on by snipers concealed in the buildings. The photograph shows two "Tommys" crawling up on one of those strongholds.

In the War of Words.

"You must admit that I have done some deep thinking."
"Yes," replied Senator Sorghum; "you submerge all right; but you don't launch intellectual torpedoes that land on anything."