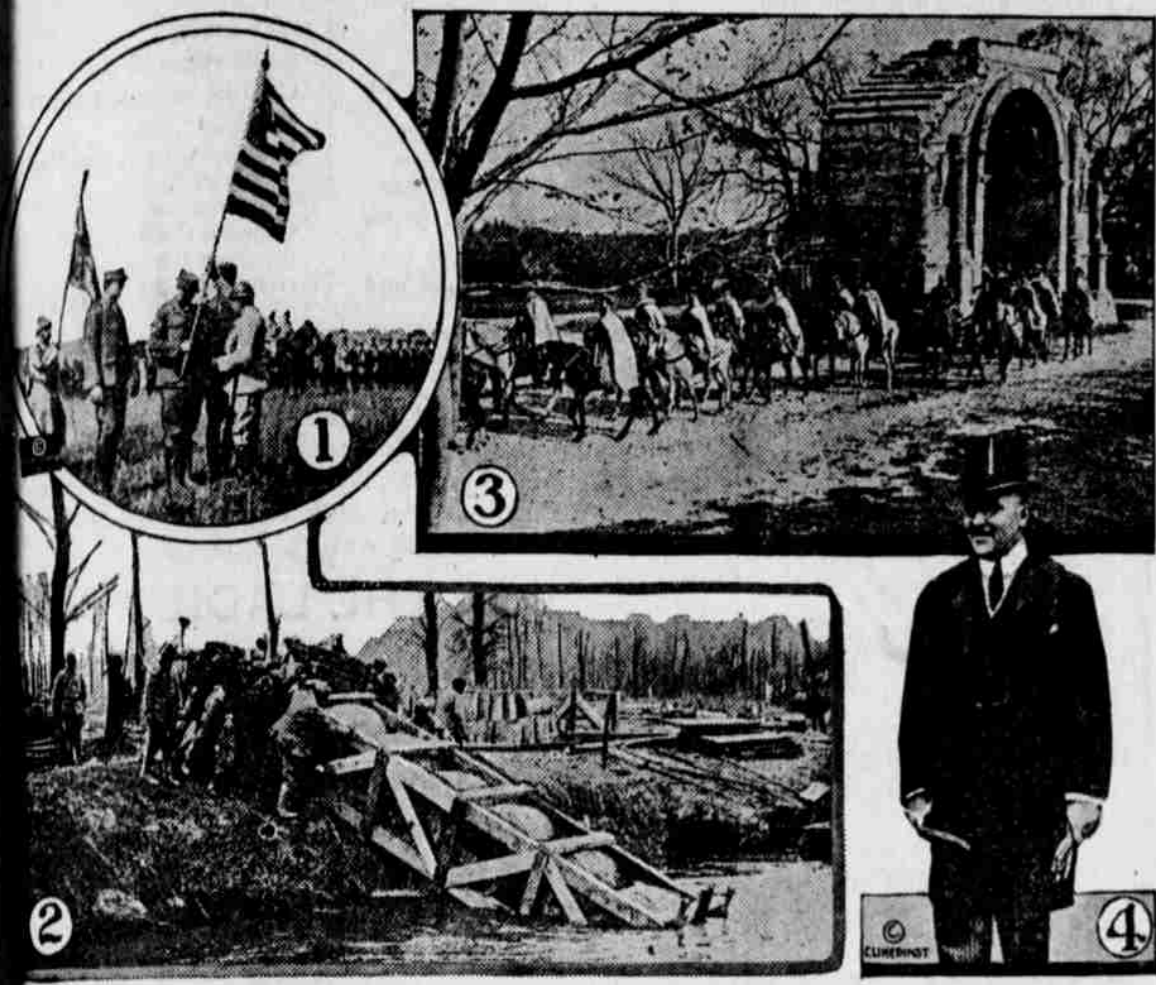


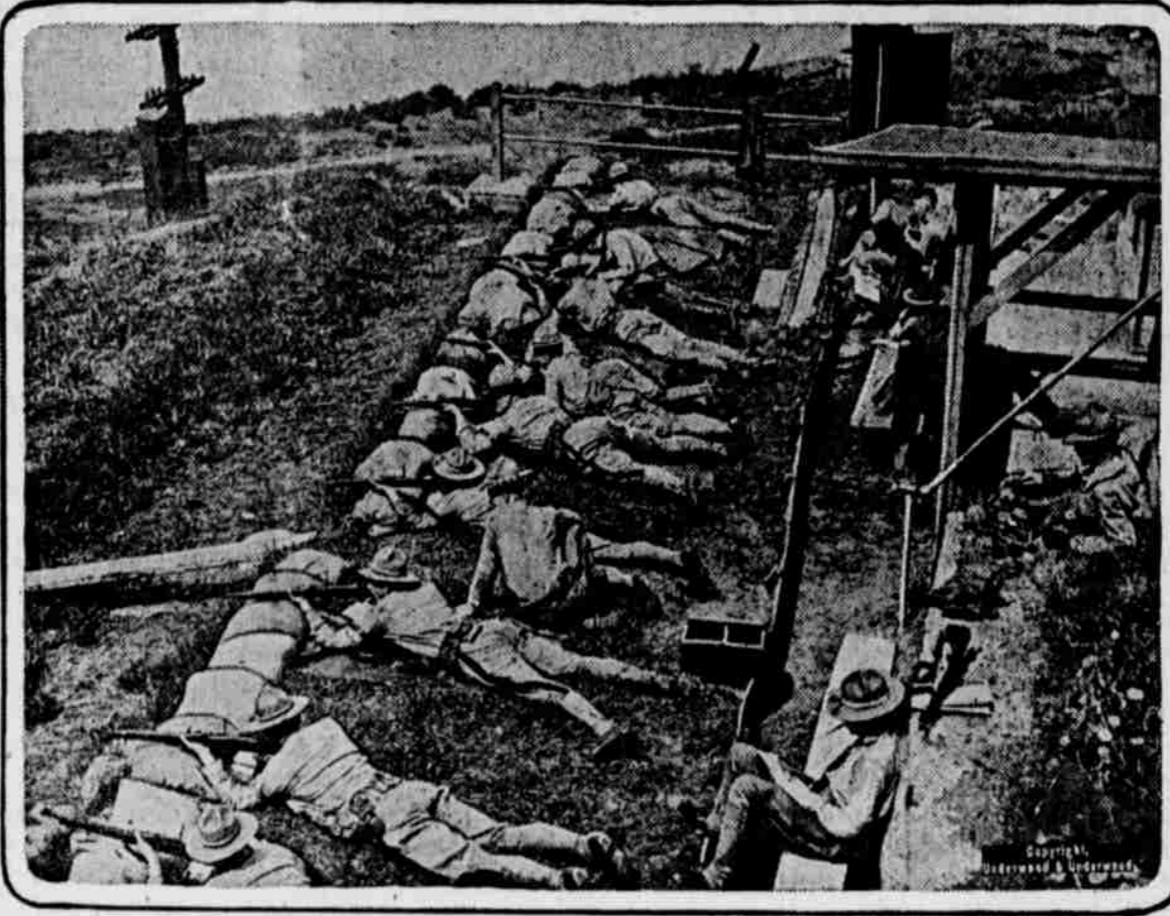
Pictures of World Events for News Readers

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



1—General Mangin's troops marching past the first American flag officially sent from the United States to the French front. 2—French engineers launching a bridge, the frame of which is filled with casks for buoyancy. 3—Top of Spahi cavalry passing through the old gates of St. Remy in the Marne district. 4—Boris A. Bakhmeteff, an envoy at the head of the Russian mission now in America.

RUSH TRAINING FOR WEST POINT CADETS



Cadets at the United States Military academy, West Point, are getting more severe training than usual. Their training has been speeded up so that the next graduating class can get in the field about August, months before the normal time. The photograph shows them in skirmish line behind sandbags at rifle practice.

OPEN FIREPLACE IS FRAUD

Almost Invariably It Won't Draw and If It Does Draw the Chances Are That It Won't Heat.

There is nothing that looks better in a picture than an open fireplace. The old Dutch masters discovered that, and why craftsmen ever since have used the knowledge. Witness the flourishing modern school of commercial art. It's a poor photograph that can't be seen peeping out of the half light thrown from a fireplace, with its lucky possessor loling near by in an attitude of ecstatic adoration. It's a poor brand of socks that can't be worn before the andirons, or of chocolates that can't be munched by pretty girls in the same effective setting. An open fireplace has come to be one of the stock properties for producing an effect of cheeriness, and, indeed, the matinee idol's heart-rending dilemma is never so heart-rending as when he tells his bosom friend about it before a stage fireplace, with the red incandescents flickering realistically and the violins sobbing a soft accompaniment.

But enough of that old hoax, says the New Sun. The open fireplace is a fraud. Almost invariably it won't draw—Jack London, who, whatever crabbled stylists might say of his writing, at least knew life out of doors, made it the summit of achievement for one who had gone back to the soil to make a fireplace that wouldn't smoke. And when it does draw it won't heat. And if it does both, the chances are a hundred to one there isn't enough cordwood in the whole neighborhood to keep it going half a day. One of the many comic sights to be seen in a suburban bungalow is a pyre of bits of packing-case, small branches of trees, scraps of timber left by the builder and such combustible whatnot touched off solemnly to show a helpless weak ender what a real open fireplace is like.

Those who must burn wood to keep warm don't do it so foolishly. A box stove of the old kind, that will hold chunks two feet long, that has no grate, but holds the embers glowing redly about the fuel still burning, that roars in a cheery crescendo as the winds mount outside, is the proper caper.

Throw open the swinging door. Was there ever so brave a glare of livid embers, pulsing with the breath of the fire? A steak would and does broil there in a jiffy. Bread is but passed before it, and comes out toast. Potatoes bake nestling in its bedded ashes, tea water boils as if by magic. A thing of comfort that old box stove.

On the wall behind it is a nice, white blank space that may suitably accommodate one of those nice pictures of a fireplace.

"The Grape of Brazil."

A notable feature of gardens within a certain area about Rio de Janeiro is the Jaboticaba tree. The delicious fruit is often known as "the grape of Brazil" on account of its appearance, and, as described in a bulletin of the United States department of agriculture, is conspicuous from its peculiar habit of growing directly upon the bark, not only of the small limbs but even of the trunk and exposed roots. The tree, growing to a height of 35 to 40 feet, branches freely close to the ground, spreading into a symmetrical leafy top of great beauty. The flowers, produced singly and in clusters, often cover the entire bark above the ground. The fruit develops rapidly to a diameter of half an inch to an inch and a half, has a deep maroon-purple color, is covered with a thick, rather tough skin charged with coloring matter and much tannin, and contains the translucent juicy pulp, having an agreeable vinous flavor suggestive of the Moscatine grape. One to four flattened oval seeds, a quarter of an inch long, are inclosed in this pulp. The fruit tempts one to eat indefinitely, the complaint being that it is impossible to satisfy one's appetite on Jaboticabas.

Two Kinds of Hunger.

The mother who is sole parent may feel compelled to go out to work, and in so doing she will change her ideas. Her employment outside will not be all loss to her children. But she should realize that her fatherless children want much more from her than decent meals and tidy frocks. If she has to strive to replace her husband she may have to do a man's work, and she ought to get a man's pay for it. But with the pay she must bring home something to educate and amuse her children. She must not wholly ignore, as she so often does, the hunger of the childish mind. It is hard to ask women, with their lesser strength of body, to perform this double parental task in the upbringing of their children. But it is necessary if the child is not to suffer. So many women are guilty of this sort of neglect only because they do not quite realize the craving of the mind for knowledge. No mother alive to her duties allows herself to be satisfied when she has fed the children's hunger with material things. She realizes that there is a greater hunger than this—the hunger of the mind.—Exchange.

Queer Sort of Butter.

A queer sort of butter is obtained in Trinidad, where cows and cream are scarce. This butter is the boiled-down fat of a bird called the guacharo. The Illustrated World says that this bird lives in the darkest caves, and seldom is seen in the daylight. The young birds are extremely plump and from them is obtained rich fat, the natives' very good substitute for butter. The birds are taken from their nests when two or three weeks old. After they are killed, they are put on to boil, not in water, but in their own fat. The natives experience some difficulty in getting at the nests of the guacharo, for they must creep through caves and wade through stagnant pools to reach their prey. The full-grown guacharo is so timid that no one ever has been able to photograph a living specimen.

Stopped Him.

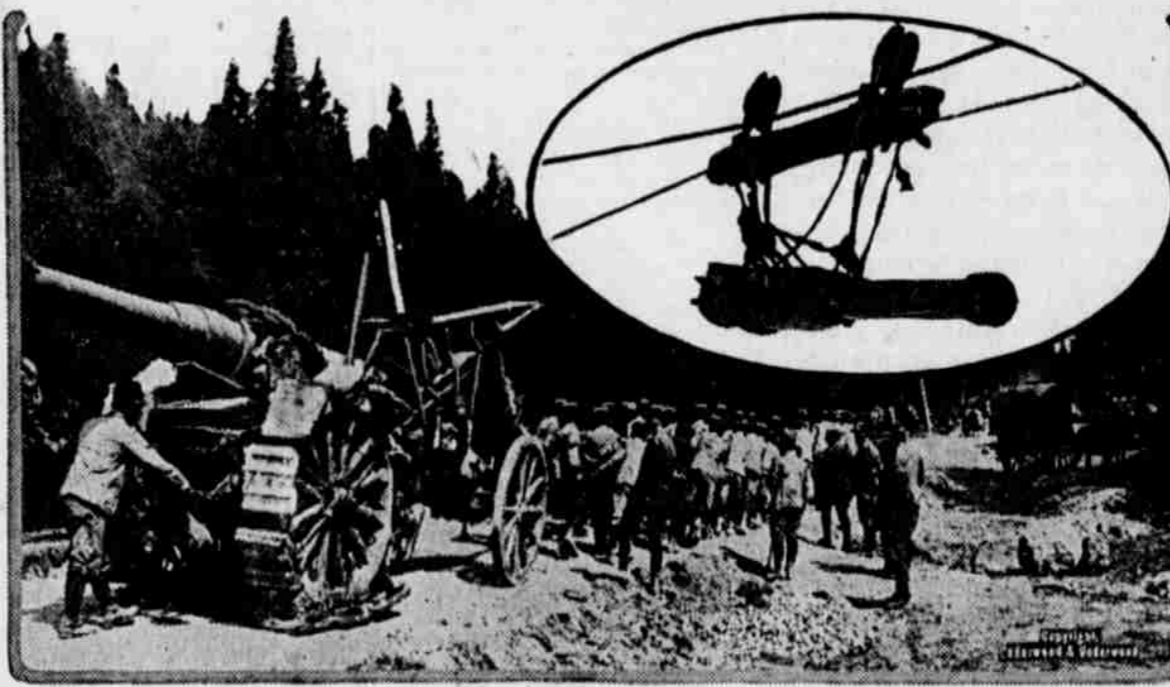
"Does your husband grumble much about the meals?"
"He used to, but not any more. I stopped him."
"How?"
"I told him that when he earned money enough to have a regular beef-steak on the table he'd get it."

GERMAN MONUMENT IS DESTROYED



The Germans usually have been alone in the destruction of things sacred, but French forbearance has been so that it could not countenance leaving standing a huge monument erected to German dead in a cemetery at Verdun in French territory. The French destroyed the monument with dynamite.

ITALY'S DRIVE ON THE TRENINO FRONT



One of the first photographs to arrive in this country showing the latest and greatest Italian drive on the Trentino front. The soldiers are shown hauling an artillery piece up the Trentino Alps. The insert shows a big Italian gun being carried across a deep valley by means of a cable.

LUMBERJACKS READY FOR SERVICE IN EUROPE



Group of New England lumberjacks ready to embark for Europe to prepare timbers for the trenches of the allies. Ten units have been recruited for this work and are in the charge of Daniel A. MacKay of the Northwest mounted police, shown at the right.

FIRST U. S. COMBATANT CONTINGENT

CAPT. LOUIS BOTHA, D. S. O.



The first American contingent has been on the French front since May and is commanded by Capt. E. T. Tinkham and Lieut. Princeton Scully, who won the Cross of War before Verdun. The photograph shows the Americans saluting the Stars and Stripes.



An exclusive photograph of Capt. Louis Botha, D. S. O., recently taken in South Africa. He is a son of the former Boer leader, General Botha, and holds an important post in the African campaign.

POST CARDS FOR GERMAN PRISONERS



Some of the large concentration camps in the Marne district, showing French soldiers distributing post cards to the German prisoners so that they may write home.

NEW IMPERIAL POTENTATE



Charles E. Ovenshire of Minneapolis, who was elected imperial potentate of the Shriners at the annual meeting of the imperial council in Minneapolis. He was advanced from the office of deputy imperial potentate.

FRENCH SOLDIER AND HIS BIG PRIZE



Victorious French soldier signaling to his detachment the capture of a German battery. Such deeds as these mark the supreme moments of soldiers' lives. This "poilu" is elated over his prize, one of a number which for some time poured a murderous fire into the French lines.

An Eye to Business.
"I've noticed one thing about these Oriental mystics who tour the country from time to time."
"Well?"
"They always emerge from their Oriental mysticism long enough to count up the box receipts."