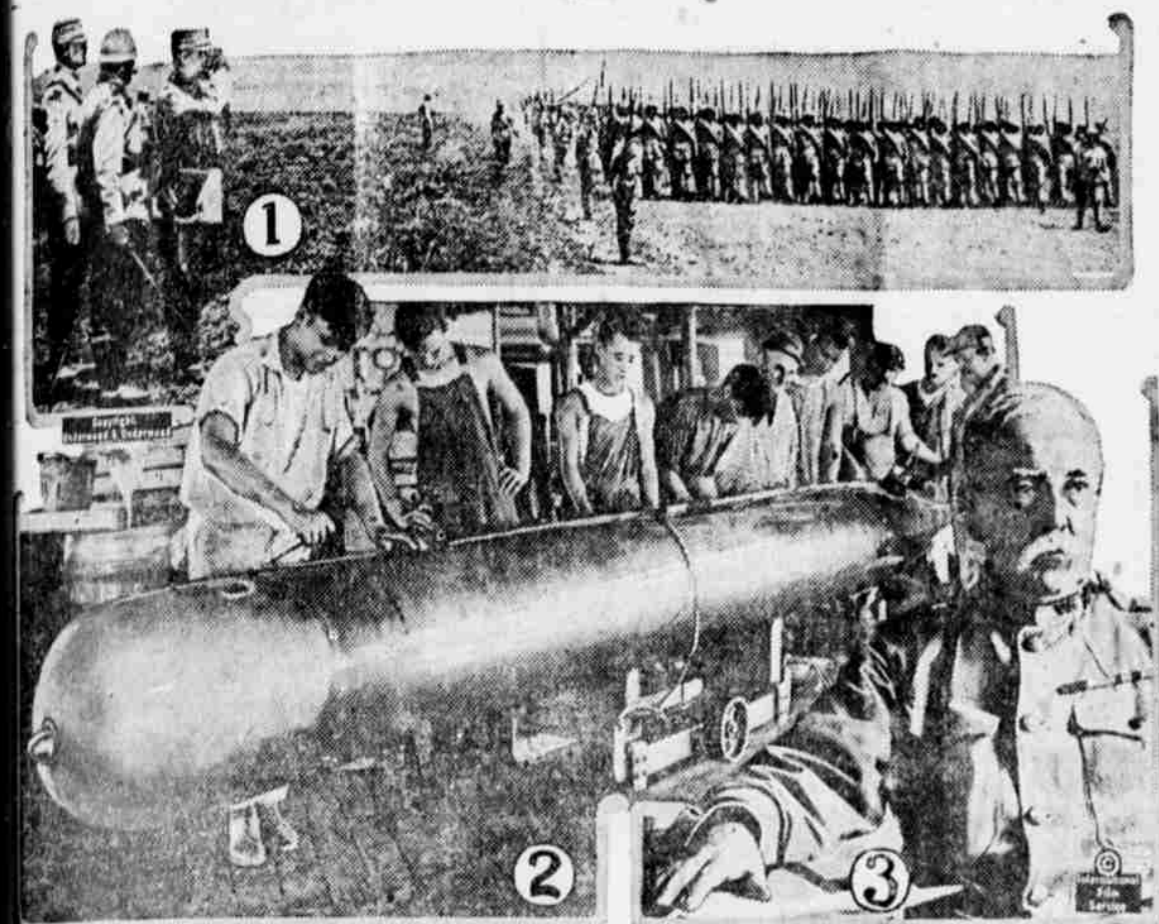


# Pictures of World Events for News Readers

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.



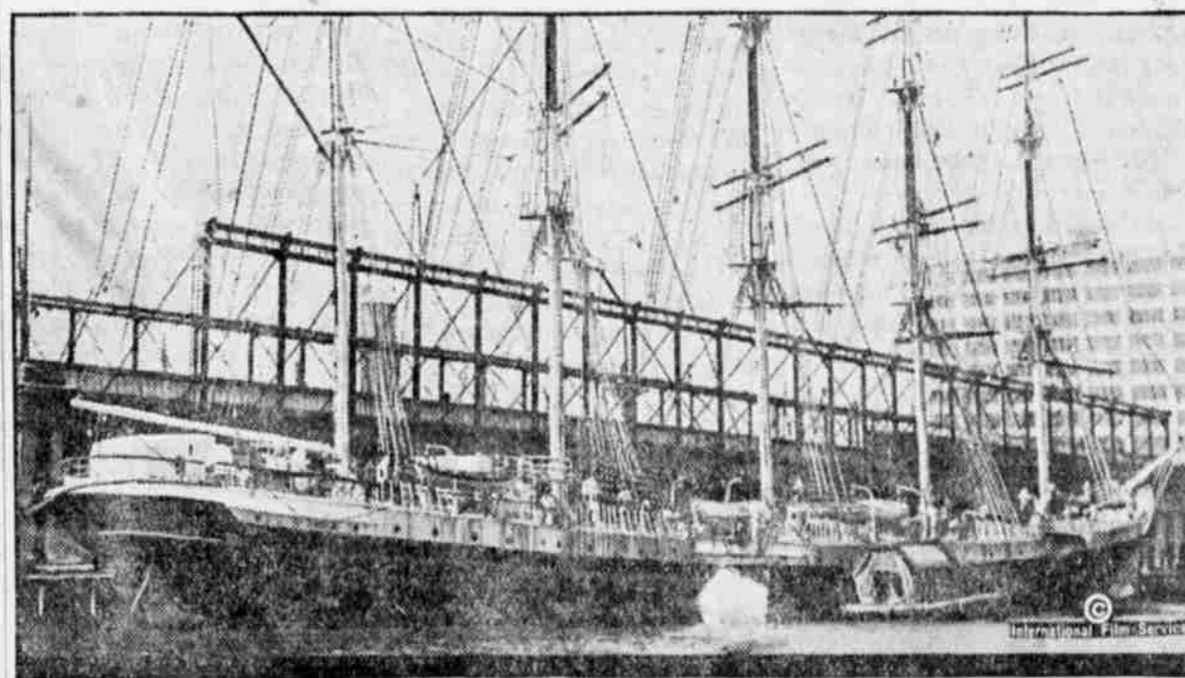
1—King Ferdinand of Roumania reviewing a brigade of his reorganized forces. 2—Working on a big torpedo for an American battleship on one of the barges on which the projectiles are assembled. 3—New photograph of Maj. Gen. William A. Mann, who will command the Forty-second division, soon to be sent to France.

## GREAT RED CROSS DEMONSTRATION IN GENEVA



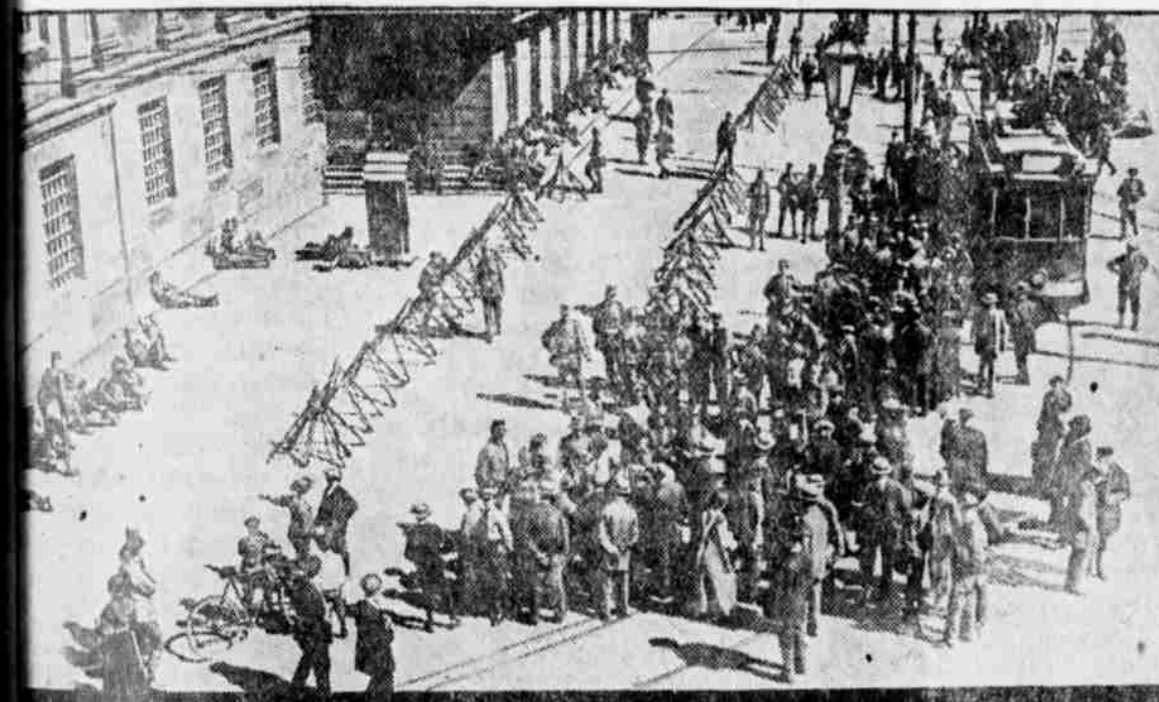
Scene in Geneva, Switzerland, on the occasion of a reception given to Gustave Ador, head of the International committee of the Red Cross, immediately after his election as a member of the federal council. At the right is a portrait of Mr. Ador.

## WORLD'S BIGGEST SAILING VESSEL IN AMERICA



The largest and fastest sailing vessel of the world, the five-masted bark France of Bordeaux, painted a pure glistening white, put into an American port recently after running the submarine gantlet. The captain said he had had a couple of brushes with German submarines, but that his 90-millimeter guns mounted on the stern had made the submarines keep their distance. Under a fair breeze the France can make 17 knots an hour, and in a calm her two Diesel engines can give her a speed of ten knots. She is 400 feet in length, 75 feet beam and has a tonnage of 7,000.

## SCENE DURING FOOD RIOTS IN AMSTERDAM



Dutch troops guarding the palace at Amsterdam during the serious food riots that took place there and in many parts of Holland.

## CARRYING THEIR NEW AVIATION CORPS FLAG



French aviators carrying the new flag of their corps in the Bastille day celebration in Paris.

## SWISS MINISTER'S WIFE



Mrs. Jean Adolphe Sulzer, wife of the new Swiss minister to the United States, and her son Frederick, who with the minister and a Swiss commission have come to Washington.

## BELGIAN TRENCH BOMB MORTAR



This Belgian trench mortar, used for firing bombs from the trenches, is small in size, but a powerful engine of destruction. The bomb is loaded with high explosives and causes fearful destruction.

## WAITING FOR ART

By DOROTHY DOUGLAS.

It was a cheap little restaurant on the East side. The food was not bad, neither was the service, but there was a sense of barrenness about it all.

Watrous went there for his midday meal because it was inexpensive—an attraction for Watrous. He didn't have much money and had scarcely a hope of ever having any. He was the type, that blessed, happy-go-lucky, that finds happiness in the moon, the flowers and in the very fact that God has given us life.

His position was an indefinite sort of clerkship in a department store in the neighborhood. In the evening he wandered over to one of the Bohemian restaurants, his violin under his languid arm, and there played while artists, actors, futurists—what not—ate heterogeneous mixtures of food.

In the little restaurant he usually sketched attitudes while he absently swallowed whatever his waitress had considered nourishing and had placed on the polished surface before him.

Had Watrous been observing he would have known that he was, perhaps, the best-cared-for patron in the place. Molly Carey, who waited on him, always saw to it that while she waited wistfully for the day when he would turn his eyes in her direction. She had that motherly tender look in her eyes that an artistic soul needs in the eyes of his life partner—and seldom chooses. If Watrous was conscious of this attention no one knew it but Watrous. He sketched on the menu cards whatever came within his vision and tossed the quaint little sketches aside when finished, just as he came he cast aside his serviette when the final mouthful of coffee had passed his lips.

He always left a dime on the table. Molly Carey saved all those dimes. She preserved them no less systematically than she saved every sketch that Watrous made on the menu cards.

The sketches were far more clever than she realized—portraits of patrons in various characteristic attitudes. The very tone, or, perhaps, lack of tone, of the cheap little restaurant was vividly drawn.

The only sketch he had made which Watrous did not leave in the restaurant was one of Molly. Something about her wistfulness, her entire lack of self-consciousness, had dragged a hasty likeness of her from his pencil. He had it in his room on his shaving stand. Dreamy, semiconscious appreciation had prompted him to put it there.

Watrous was never definite about lunching anywhere. There were days when the last quarter had gone "somewhere in the world of spent money." But because he never quite knew whether his coat was on or not, nor remembered having purchased clothing at odd optimistic moments, Molly Carey supposed him to be desperately poor and unhappy.

Molly never craved temperment. She only wanted to be human and make other people comfortable, but she had a thrill of the ultra temperamental upon the day when she took the sketches Watrous had made to an art dealer. The artist on lower Fifth avenue offered her so wonderful a price for them that for the moment she floated high up in a bubbling cloud of emotionalism.

Acting on her own counsel, Molly left 12 with the art dealer and brought back 12 tastefully framed to the restaurant. The manager was delighted. His round face beamed, and he gave Molly a good-sized check for the possession of the drawings.

In the evening when the day's work was over Molly stayed at the restaurant and helped hang the drawings. An artistic, quaint atmosphere took hold of the room. Fascination, that most mysterious of all powers, reached out and claimed the mind. The small restaurant became homey, while at luncheon next day animated groups of patrons stood gazing at themselves vividly drawn in those characteristic poses. They brought friends, and friends brought more friends.

Watrous, when he had discovered a mountainous check tilting his plate, cast a swift glance at the drawings on the walls and a deep flush rushed over his brow. He wanted to hide under the minute serviette. He rummaged the check into his pocket and tried to look unconcerned.

He went home that evening, and his eyes proclaimed the fact that he was off dreaming again. When he went to the place where he was wont to fiddle he grouped his friends about him and told them a tale which dragged them one and all over to the other restaurant on the East side. When they entered with a babble of laughter and happy with expectation and the joy of a new scene, Molly and the manager drew apart.

There was something defiant in the expression of his eyes that prompted Molly to seek shelter, for he was making straightway through the line of tables for her.

Watrous caught Molly and encircled her with his arms. In spite of himself he trembled. Breathless silence followed. The crowd waited.

Watrous looked down into Molly's eyes. She cast a swift glance around, blushed charmingly and snuggled her head against his shoulder.

The silence was broken by cheers. Love had met love, and all was well. (Copyright, 1917, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

**Derivation of "Spruce."**  
It is interesting to observe the derivation of the word "spruce." From a number of early quotations it is clear that "spruce," a variant of "pruce," simply stood for Prussian, the form "spruce" rather than "pruce" being established partly by the German "sprussen," meaning sprouts, or young shoots, and sprossen-bier, or spruce beer, is made of the sprouts of this fir.

## BROTHERS DIVIDED BY THE WAR



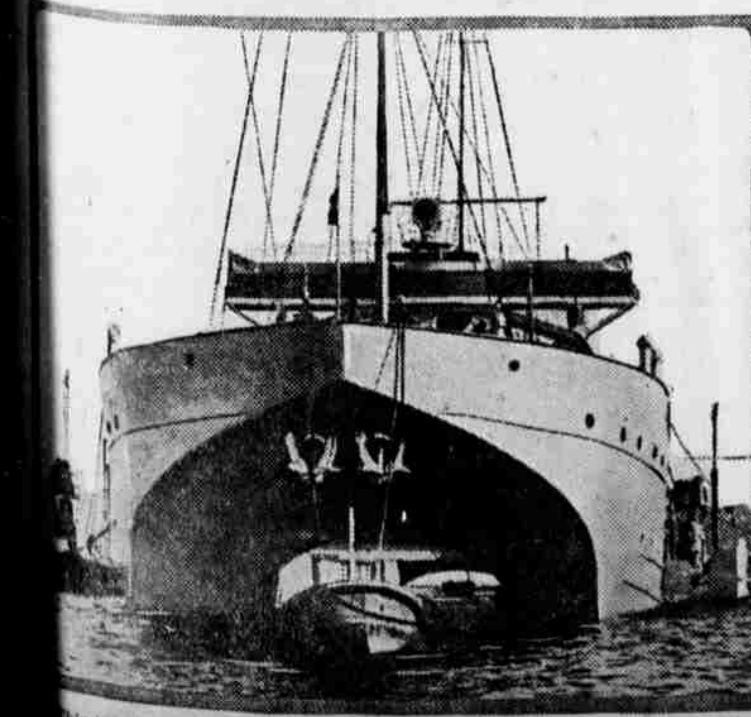
These are two sons of Mme. Schumann-Heink, the prima donna, who are fighting against each other in the war. August, on the right, is serving in the German navy, and Henry, on the left, has enlisted in the naval forces of the United States.

## UNIVERSITY DEAN OF WOMEN



Dr. Aristine P. Munn Reelt, daughter of Dr. John T. Munn, president of the United States Insurance company, has been appointed first dean of women of New York university. Doctor Reelt is a graduate of Bryn Mawr, 1900, and of John Hopkins, 1913.

## MOTHER SHIP FOR SUBMARINES



This is a mother ship for German submarines.

## BAER IN "RUBE" MAKEUP



This picture of J. M. Baer in "rube" makeup was circulated all over the First district of North Dakota in a campaign document for Mr. Baer's race for congress.

**An Exception.**  
"Let us do away, my friends," cried the orator, "with the matted hand in business."  
"But," objected a voice in the crowd, "how about the postman?"