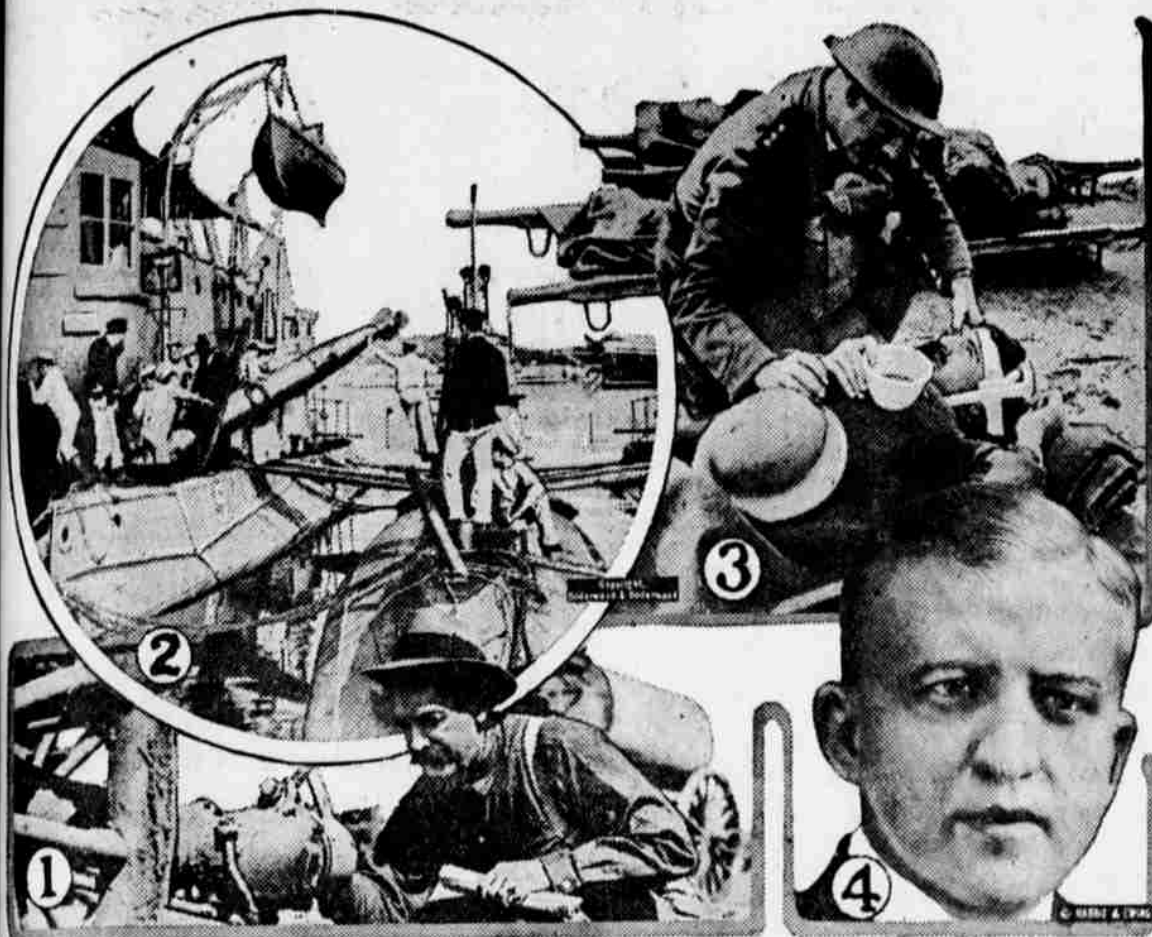


Pictures of World Events for News Readers

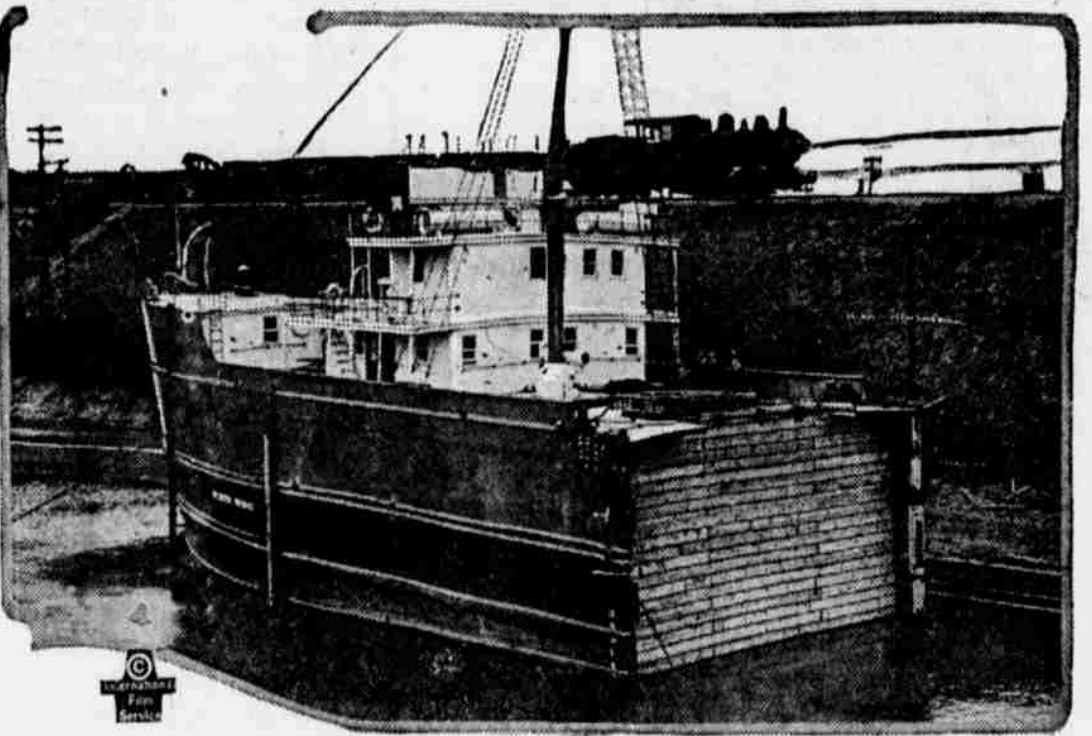
DETESTABLE IMAGE
By MILDRED WHITE

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—V. H. Carlson, former banker, now serving as muleteer boss at Camp Kearney, California. 2—Loading British submarines with great torpedoes from a mother ship. 3—British "padre," or chaplain, giving a drink to a soldier wounded in the battle of Menin road. 4—S. F. Evans of Baltimore, in charge of the regulation of corn, oatmeal and ranch milling for the food administration.

CUTTING LAKE STEAMERS IN TWO FOR PASSAGE TO ATLANTIC



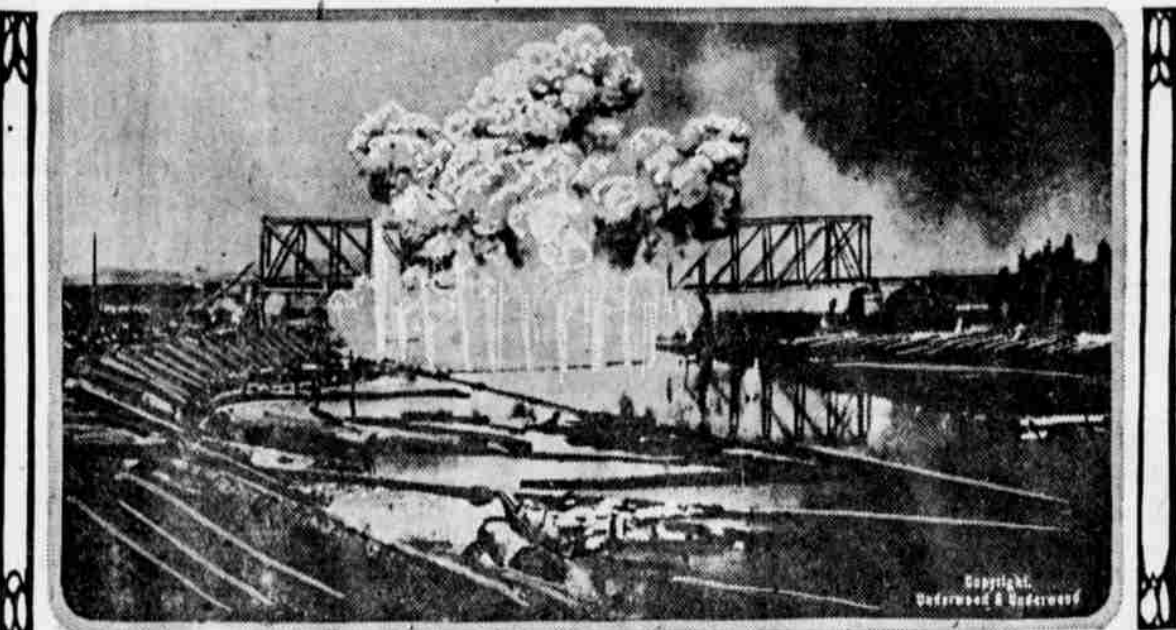
Owing to the urgent need of ships for transatlantic service, freighters in use on the Great Lakes are being refitted for the work. At the yards of the American Shipbuilding company at Cleveland these lake carriers are being cut in two parts to permit their passage through the short locks of the Welland canal to the Atlantic. The photograph shows the bow of the steamer North Wind.

WELL-CONCEALED FRENCH GUN HAMMERING THE GERMANS



Photograph taken on the western front showing a heavy French gun well concealed in the ruins of a house whence it is sending its big missiles of death at the Germans.

BRIDGE BLOWN UP BY RUSSIANS TO CHECK THE GERMANS



This remarkable photograph is one of the very few made during the war showing a bridge actually being blown up. The span can be seen buckling under the strain of the explosion, and water spurts all about, showing the effect of the mines planted in the river, can also be seen. The blowing up of this bridge was one of the episodes in the Russian retreat. Russian engineers mined the river and destroyed the bridge as part of the usual military tactics for delaying a pursuing enemy. They also blew up a neighboring village that had been used as a munition depot, to prevent its falling into the hands of the Teutons.

FOR THE WAR PHOTOGRAPHER



The steel helmets that have been almost universally adopted by the armies on the battlefields of Europe are now to be used by the photographers who are making the pictorial history of the world combat. They are slightly different from the ones in general use, being conical in shape and coming down far over the eyes.

AIRPLANE AMBULANCE IS LATEST DEVICE



To the many inventions that military ingenuity and war's necessity have created during this war is now added the airplane ambulance. When speed is urgently needed to prevent death, the aero is infinitely better than the motor ambulance. This British official photograph shows a rehearsal of the use of one of the new aero ambulances. Its use is advocated by Doctor Chassing, a member of the French chamber of deputies.

PACKING CHRISTMAS KITS FOR THE BOYS IN FRANCE



All over the country is being repeated the scene here photographed, in which volunteer workers in the New York Red Cross headquarters are packing Christmas kits to be shipped to our boys at the front. The Red Cross is taking pains to see that not one of the boys fails to receive a Christmas remembrance. Each kit is wrapped in a bandanna handkerchief and bears a card of greeting from the donor.

BRITISH TANK READY TO GO OVER THE TOP



This tank, one of the latest British types, is waiting the order to advance during the battle of Menin road, one of the engagements of the great battle of Flanders. This British official photograph shows clearly the caterpillar treads of the tank that carry it over trenches, shell holes and the roughest of battlefield surfaces. While the monster tank rested on the earth rampart the crew got out to get a breath of fresh air.

HIS HEAD IS CAMOUFLAGED

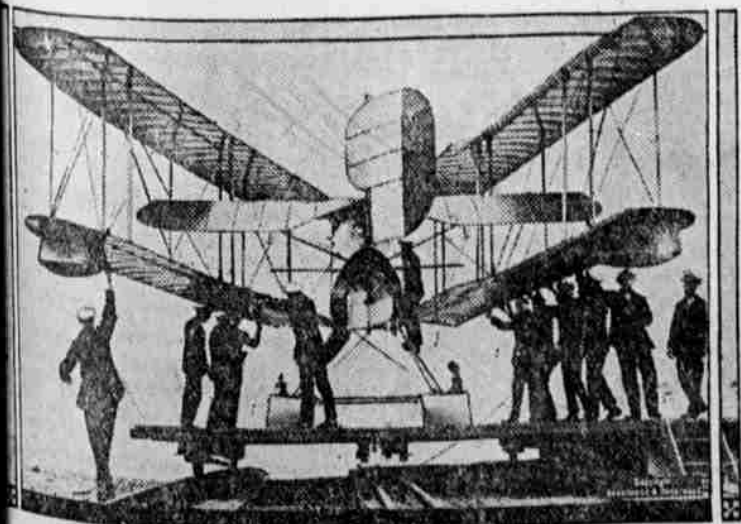


This marksman on the western front is occupying a dangerous observation post and consequently has covered his head with foliage as a measure of concealment.

Caused Sub to Disappear.

A naturalist correspondent narrates a queer war adventure he had with a menagerie recently. Elephants, parrots, monkeys, a pair of leopards and some antelopes were stowed on a big steamship which two torpedoes luckily missed. But the vessel had a gun, and it went off. So, as it were, did the menagerie. You may not believe all this naturalist says, any more than the tales of an angler or a golfer; you may refuse to accept the showers of eggs from the frightened parrots, or that the leopards changed their spots, which are now of a decided paler hue, says an exchange. But from his amused horror about it, there is no doubt that the menagerie went mad, and that—though the ship's gunners may deny it as a cause—the German U-boat disappeared. The elephants trumpeted, and kept it up, and the big cats, monkeys, and parrots made a noise "like fiends coming up for the crown prince."

BRITISH SEAPLANE BEING "PUT TO BED"



One of the mammoth British seaplanes having its wings folded and "being put to bed," as it were, after a flight. The photograph was taken at the British camp where men are trained for the Royal Naval Air service, at Culter. Machines of a similar type are being used on the vessels in the British navy which are equipped to carry airplanes.

Miriam brought the thing over on my birthday. "It may seem queer as a gift, Nell," she remarked, "but the girls are all raving over these old images, and the china is as rare as it is quaint."

I am afraid my thanks lacked enthusiasm, as I took the leering Hindu god into my hands, for she added coldly, "It is also supposed to bring true love," and Miriam smiled enigmatically, "the image can never be parted from its owner."

It did not seem to me, as I looked into the quaint features, that this was a thing much to be desired, but it was gratifying to possess such a priceless bit of china. Its stamp was undoubtedly genuine. From my dressing table each morning the image beamed an awakening greeting, and at night when the last light had been extinguished, the whiteness of the squat figure shone out in the darkness, and I was uncomfortably aware of that diabolical smile as I passed into a troubled dream. The thing was acutely getting on my nerves, its presence seemed so all-pervading. With contempt for my own weakness, I locked it in an unused cabinet, from which it was later drawn forth by my mother.

"Why, Nell," she reproved, "you are hiding away a valuable piece of bric-a-brac; if you do not care for it in your room, I will place it upon the piano."

How many beautiful symphonies that wretched thing interrupted, to my embarrassment, no one may know, but happily, for a time at least, I became so busy that the provoking image lost its power to annoy. Our sorority girls had formed a habit of meeting each month, to brush up their knowledge upon forgotten college subjects. It was interesting, for the boys were asked in to be judges at the "contests" as we called them, and prizes were given the successful. These prizes were donated by the girls in alphabetical order, and we tried to make them as unique as we could. I was studying up to beat Miriam Smith at the latest contest, and—I did it.

The rooms with their chattering occupants swam dizzily before my eyes when Billy Bronson gave out the judges' decision.

"Creditably won," he shouted, "by Miss Nell Wentworth."

Then all at once it came upon me, why, in my excitement had I overlooked this public moment. It had been my turn to donate the prize, and in stress of constant study the purchase had been forgotten. It was only when slipping into my coat to leave for the contest that I remembered. Then, like a flash of inspiration, came the thought of the Hindu god. Quaint and costly, the appropriate thing.

There was satisfaction in the thought, as I tied my card about the thing's neck, that I should never more be troubled by that grinning face. And here, now, in presence of Miriam, whose gift it had been, Billy Bronson was holding out to me that fiendish, lovable face.

Miriam looked, then laughed. "Congratulations," she remarked, "the cat came back."

I left the sorority crowd at the great gateway, ostensibly to board a car at the corner, but my purpose was different. Safely away upon the stone walk, I intended to let that detestable image slip carelessly to its fate. China will break, no matter how ancient, and the time of the Hindu god had come. The street lamps were lighted when I looked about furtively, and—let go. There was an encouraging crash as I hurried on.

"Madame," cried a deep voice, "allow me." A young man was bending over the pavement, and as I hesitated, he raised a handsome, regretful face. "I am sorry," he said, "the statue seems to be broken in two, still it might be mended."

"Oh! no," I gasped, then the humor of it all came over me, and I buried my face in my muff, in silent laughter. "It doesn't matter," I added, blinking at him.

He was evidently mistaking the laughter tears in my eyes, his own were so sympathetic. "I am very sorry," he repeated, and stood staring after me as I turned the corner. I was so glad to be rid of the thing that I went about singing and I couldn't forget the nice young man's kind eyes. And the very next night when I was singing a love song, he came to our front door. The young man's name was John Curtis, son of John Curtis, proprietor of the curio store, and young John had taken that smashed image of mine to his father's store, and had it all nicely mended. Then he brought it to my address, which he found upon the card tied about the beathen god's neck. And I was so cold to my appreciation, that I had to make up for it by inviting him in, and being entertaining.

You will remember that the image was supposed to bring true love to its owner. Well, if the love of John Curtis for me is not true, then never was true love in the world. As he says:

"Surely it was the little old chap who brought us together," and for that reason he is determined never to part from the Hindu god. But in John's home and mine, the smile of the image above our hearth fire will beam with the light of our reflected happiness. (Copyright, 1917, Western Newspaper Union.)

Keeping Expenses Down.

The income is usually reward of industry. The outgo illustrates the power of personal management. In the business world the great bugbear is the overhead charges. They go on whether the plant works full force or not. When they bear an unjust relation to the income, calamity is sure to follow. The same is true with individuals, says Grit. They start in all right but allow the personal expense to grow faster than their surplus income. Better clothes, dainties, increased social expenses soon eat up the income and the necessities have to go begging. When you see a man that can regulate his personal expenditure you will find him a good acquisition to your business.