

A "Susie" and a "Sammie"

By FRANCIS LINSKY

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It was Saturday, and for Sue that meant a trip in town to the matinee, and perhaps a stroll through the shops if there was time.

She pursued her leisurely way up the street from the station, conscious that she was looking very well, and quite aware of the fact that several pairs of masculine eyes had cast approving glances in her direction.

Suddenly realizing that the streets were getting very crowded, Sue came to the conclusion that she had stopped too long admiring the pretty things in the windows.

"It must be getting late," she said to herself, and looked at the watch on her wrist. "Mercy, ten minutes of two! Wherever has the time gone? I'll be late now, all right," and she tried to hurry, but the crowds were too much for her, and in spite of her best efforts, she found that she made slow progress.

"Surely there must be something the matter," thought Sue. "I never remember seeing such an awful crowd, even on a Saturday."

Reaching the corner at last Sue found her way barred by the big, good-natured-looking policeman, who usually stood guard at the crossing.

"Can't cross here, miss," he said to her in his deep voice, "the street's blocked to passengers till the parade's gone by."

"Parade!" said Sue. "I hadn't heard that there was going to be one! What parade is it?" she asked the big blue-coated giant who still stood there smiling at her.

"Why, it's the boys just come in from Camp Blank," he told her. "They're marching through here on their way to the armory, so the street's closed to traffic till they've passed."

"Oh, dear," thought Sue, "what shall I do?" But there was nothing that could be done, except to stand there and watch the parade, and that she did, although she kept a very anxious eye all the while on the big clock on the corner, and she sighed impatiently every time the minute hand moved one space more.

"I know it is not a bit patriotic to feel like this—I really ought to feel ashamed," she told herself, "but I wouldn't care if it was any other day except Saturday when I'm in such a hurry to get to the theater. But all things must come to an end. Even so after fifteen minutes of anxious waiting, Sue darted across the street and sped on her way to the theater."

"How I do hate to be late," she stormed to herself on the way. "I'll just get in when everything's pitch dark, and have to crawl over half a dozen people to get to my seat, and get all disarranged—to say nothing of stepping all over the others," and her worst fears were realized, for the theater was all in darkness, and by the time Sue sank into her seat, breathless but thankful to be settled at last, her temper as well as her clothing was slightly upset.

"Oh, dear," exclaimed Sue in exasperation, when she had finally disposed of all her belongings, "I've forgotten to get a program after all—I probably won't be able to follow the play at all without one—but just then the star made her appearance, and Sue forgot all her impatiently for the time being, as she leaned forward and applauded enthusiastically as her favorite came on to the stage, and she listened in breathless attention as the soldier hero bade his sweetheart good-bye and went off to fulfill a dangerous mission.

"I never dreamed that this was a 'war play,'" meditated Sue to herself, as the curtain slowly fell on the first act. "You certainly can't tell much from the names of plays these days. I seem to find soldiers on all sides to-day, and as the lights went up and she turned to look about her, she fairly gasped. She had spoken the truth far more literally than she had dreamed, for sitting right there beside her was quite the nicest looking soldier that she had ever seen—a clean-cut looking young man with a very pleasant smile.

"Well," thought Sue, "it is certainly soldiers to right of me—soldiers in front of me." She hoped they don't volley and thunder," she reflected, as her thoughts went back to the poem she had learned in the old days at school. "However," she told herself, "I must get a program, or I shan't know what they're doing," and again she looked around vainly trying to attract the attention of the usher.

"Is there something that I can do for you?" came the pleasant voice at her right, and Sue turned with a flush to meet the very pleasant brown eyes of the young man in uniform.

"Why, I forgot to get a program," she told him, and with a very pretty smile of thanks, she accepted the one he proffered. "You see," she went on, "I was late on account of the parade; I couldn't get across the street. Were you in it?" she asked shyly.

"I? Oh, no," he answered with his pleasant smile. "I've been home for nearly two weeks. You see, I expect to go away very soon, so I've been at home making preparations."

"Away," said Sue. "You mean—Over There?"

He nodded.

"How brave you boys are," said the girl, her eyes shining.

"Oh, no," replied her companion, "not brave at all—just patriotic." And somehow, at those few words, Sue felt rebuked for her impatience of the afternoon. To think that she had been unwilling to sacrifice even a few minutes of her time, when this man and thousands like him were ready to sacrifice so much.

She would do better in the future she promised herself, so after the curtain had fallen on the second act, she turned to her neighbor once more. "I do really want to do something to help the soldiers," she said, "do my bit, you know. Perhaps you will be good enough to tell me what kind of work you think would be most useful."

"Well, you've heard of Sister Susie, and the shirts she sews," said her companion, with a smile.

"Oh, but really, I'm not joking," protested Sue. "Of course, I sew and knit—everyone does that—besides, Susie's really my name," she added naively.

"Ah, indeed," said the man. "Susie?" and he waited a moment. But Sue was silent.

"I beg your pardon," he said instantly, recognizing her hesitation, "of course, you must think me very presumptuous, but really I did not mean to be."

"No, I am sure you did not," said Sue, quick to appreciate the courteousness of his manner. "But tell me please, why do they call the soldiers 'Sammies'?"

"Why, I don't know as there is any real reason," he said, "unless it may be due to the fact," he added with a laugh, "that my real name is Sammie."

"Really," exclaimed Sue, "why, how strange!"

"Strange, but true," said the soldier, "and I think that perhaps this would be as good a time as any for me to introduce myself—Lieut. Samuel Putnam—at your service."

"And I am Sue Williams," said the girl, not to be outdone, "and anxious to be of service."

"Thank you," said her new acquaintance, politely acknowledging her information. "Shall we shake hands and consider ourselves properly introduced?" and as the lights went out and left the theater in readiness for the last act, Sue reached out her hand to her companion, and with a thrill she felt her broad palm close over her fingers and for a moment hold her fast.

"I am coming to see you, if I may," he told her, as they left the theater together. "It will be some time soon—before I go—and then we'll talk over the different things that you can do for the boys at the front. However, I warn you that there'll be one 'boy' who'll claim the lion's share of your attentions."

Sue smiled, and held out her hand for good-bye. "Yes, do come," she said, "two heads are better than one, you know."

"By Jove, that's right!" exclaimed the young man. "And a Susie and a Sammie—that's a pretty good combination, it seems to me." And the sparkle in his eyes told of a deeper meaning that lay hidden in his words.

Wild Duck Consumes Much Rice.
On his way down from Canada or Alaska to the Gulf, the wild duck makes a stop-over of 90 days in the California rice fields, and during this stay consumes a large part of the rice crop, a cupful of rice at a meal. This, considering that the wild duck appears in numbers of perhaps a million or so, makes the situation much more serious than it sounds.

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Gasoline Street Sweepers.
The new gasoline street sweepers operate so quickly and so cheaply that they threaten to do away entirely with the old horse-drawn apparatus. One three-wheeler, gasoline-driven machine is counted equal to four horse-drawn sweepers. It clears the street to within 18 inches of the curb at a cost of seven cents a thousand yards.

Trim and Graceful Business Frock



This frock is so patently made to be generally serviceable that one might class it among those that would make excellent uniforms. The woman who goes to business, the girl at college and she who manages much of her work at home, among other affairs, will all cast more than an indifferent glance at this frock. It is typical of the times. A new order of things seems to be established in social life and it is reflected in apparel. Added to the army of women who must be busy is another that chooses to be busy, and they are adopting dresses that look the part. The industrious gentler sex is getting very sensible.

But the eternal feminine demands trimness, grace and originality even in frocks that it expects to become almost unconscious of when they are worn. These are the things that have enthroned the tailored suit in the hearts of American women and they are the characteristics of the frock pictured here. It has long and graceful lines accomplished by six box plaits that extend to the bottom of the skirt, and rows of bone buttons to emphasize this length of line. The bodice is extended into overlapping scallops that are stitched to the plaits on the skirt and the sleeves are managed so as to combine the maximum of convenience with good style. They are cut in the effect of a kimono and are in two pieces, set together near the elbow. Narrow straps and buttons embellish this joining.

A soft collar of white batiste and very narrow turned-back cuffs to match introduce a dainty note in this businesslike affair, and thereby it acquires a final charm in the eyes of all women.

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Small Plaids in Children's Frocks



Among the many plaids which have been presented this season only a few are in small patterns. All of them have been cleverly used by designers of children's frocks and naturally large plaids predominate in the frocks as in materials. But few of the models excel the pretty dress shown in the picture above, in which small plaid in green, blue and a little dash of red, with crossbar of white, is made up with embellishments of plain blue.

The photograph tells the story of the design so cleverly that a description seems unnecessary, but in the small details of finishing, which mean so much to the model, there are a few original touches not emphasized in the picture. The collar of the plain material is banded with a darker border in green and has a border of needlework in which embroidery silk in the colors of the plaid proves effective in simple stitches. The design is inconspicuous, but new. The same thing is true of the belt, which reminds one of a quaint Swiss bodice, with its emblem of a plain material at the placement of plain material at the front. Tiny buttons placed on the girdle at each side of the front and a silk cord laced across the empha-

ment and tied in a bow below it make the prettiest sort of finish.

The pockets, as in nearly all plaid dresses, are cut on the bias of the goods and are very practical as well as decorative. This model might be made up in other than plaid materials by using silk where the plain fabric is used in it, with a plain or striped or checked goods.

Julia Bottomley

Tricotee Embroidered.
Tricotee is especially good when it is heavily embroidered, and some of the frocks of this fabric show no ornamentation save embroidery. One, with a draped skirt, long tight sleeves that fit snugly about the wrists, and a bodice with scant fullness, has a very wide girde heavily embroidered with wools threads in a slightly dark shade of gray than that of the tricotee. Others show embroidered panels and bits of embroidery on waist and sleeves.

In many of the Japanese cities and towns women are acting as members of the fire departments.

Separate Skirts Now.
Full trade in separate skirts, contrary to the predictions made in some quarters not so very long ago, has been and continues to be very good. Standard woolen fabrics are selling in the plainer models made more especially for practical wear, while in some of the other models designed for sport purposes there are quite a number of novelty weaves in demand. Silks, chiefly satins, are the leaders in the dressy models, and in some quarters it is said that business of this sort

has been better than during the same period of last year. Rather dark but very rich colors, such as taupe, brown, a bluish gray and one or two others, have been most widely sought. In the dressy models, however, black continues to be the leader.

Inducements.
"Doesn't your landlord offer you any inducements to remain?"
"Well, he intimates that next winter we may have an abundant supply of free ice."

CHIEF WORRY NOW REIGN OF ANARCHY

Situation In Germany and Austria Causes Anxiety.

REVOLUTION IN AUSTRIA

Austria Scene Of Revolutions—New Bolshevik Forces May Get The Upper Hand, It Is Feared.

Washington.—It is no longer a reign of militarism in Germany and Austria that gives ground for anxiety in Washington and other Allied capitals, but it is a possible reign of anarchy, out of which may evolve a new Bolshevik regime that is causing worry, and the latest reports received in Washington through official sources were calculated to increase the fears of those who foresee a period of chaos in the Central Powers before those nations again recover their equilibrium.

For the moment Austria is the center of revolutionary outbreaks tending dangerously in the direction of Bolshevism. Soldiers and workmen seem to be forming "councils" in Vienna, Budapest and other leading cities of the old empire. Officers of the army are being shot. Nobles are being assassinated. Count Tisza seems, from unofficial accounts, to have been murdered. The old ruling classes are being inveigled against and many of the royalists are hurriedly moving their families and their valuables toward the Swiss border for a quick getaway, if necessary.

For several weeks the imperialists in Germany have been flying storm signals warning enemy governments that the complete overthrow of the present iron-willed government in Germany might be followed by a re-enactment of the ghastly scenes staged by the Bolshevik lunatics in Russia. They pretended to see signs of such outlawry throughout many of the German provinces and urged the Allies to go slow in their demands for the abdication of the Kaiser and the overthrow of his government, if the Allies were concerned in what might thereafter happen to Germany.

But all this was discounted as clumsy militarist propaganda. It was put down as a bare-faced scheme on their part to save themselves by influencing their enemies in the direction of a compromise. Moreover, it was put forward, officials here were convinced, as a bait to the Allies, who will, of course, demand certain indemnities from Germany, indemnities which might not be collectible if there were only anarchy and riot throughout that nation.

These warnings from Germany have been officially ignored. There has been no modification of this Government's demand for the overthrow of the present German Government. The position taken here is that the Allies, through military measures, will amply safeguard and indemnify obligations which they may impose upon Germany, and that there will be no financial bargaining on that score. Moreover, if the German nation wishes to surrender itself to the Bolshevists, that is their own business. If there is any spectacle to which the Allies might easily reconcile themselves it is the spectacle of Germans killing each other.

DESSERTERS PARDONED.

Sperry Had Left Camp To See His Sick Wife.

Washington.—Private Clarence E. Sperry, 33d Field Artillery, sentenced to death by court-martial because he twice deserted to join his paralytic wife and their three children has been set free by order of President Wilson. The President set the sentence aside because the offense was due to the soldier's "very proper solicitude for his family," and directed that a copy of his pardon be handed to Private Sperry, as a stimulus to him to remember the fidelity and diligence which is required of soldiers called to defend their country.

KILLED HER SEVEN SONS.

Then a Grief-stricken Widow Attempted Suicide.

Havana.—Grieving over the death of her husband, who had died of influenza, Mrs. Carmen Llovera, 34, of near Camaguey, killed her seven young sons. She then placed the live stock of the farm in a hut, and after setting it afire, leaped into the flames. She was rescued in a serious condition by soldiers.

FOOD DEALERS PENALIZED.

New York Grocers Punished For Overcharging Customers.

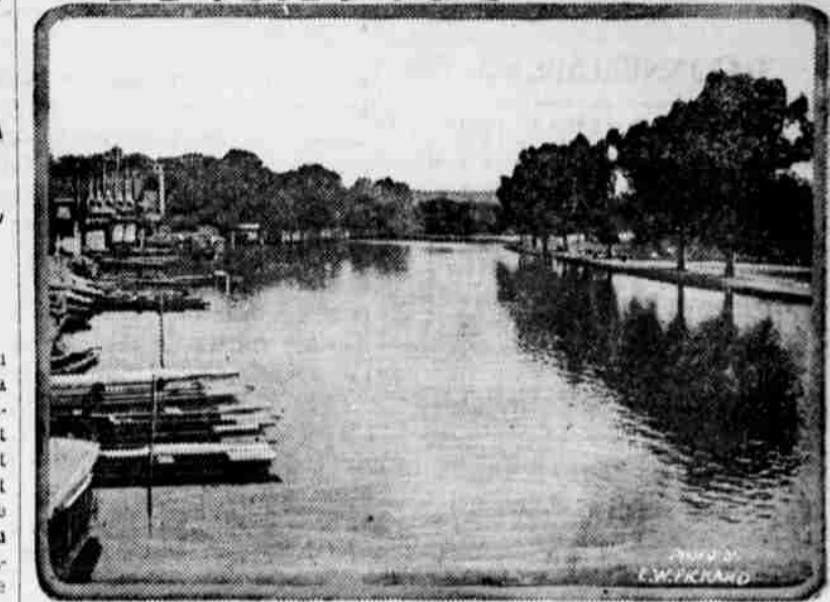
New York.—Fines payable to the Red Cross, suspension of licenses, cancellation of sugar certificates and disbarment of sign admitting violations were among the penalties inflicted on the 25 retail dealers in this city, found guilty by the Federal Food Board of disregarding its food regulations. Seven of them were grocers accused of overcharging.

A monthly output of 500,000 tons of shipping before end of this year is expectation of Emergency Fleet Corporation. This is one-fourth the tonnage delivered in 13-month period ending August, 1918.

According to a British scientist weight for weight, maccaroni is as valuable a flesh-building food as beef or mutton.

The world's richest ruby mine, which is in Burma, is known to have been operated for at least two centuries.

On the Placid Thames



A Quiet Reach of the Thames.

ON A QUIET reach of the Thames my friend's houseboat is tethered to two posts—as if it never meant to go away, Fullerton J. Waldo writes from London to the Philadelphia Ledger. Just above the mooring place the old, gnarled Charon who for a penny plies his trade has dug up ancient British poetry and Roman spearheads in the eel-nursing mud. But we did not now require his professional service, for across the river to meet us came like a shaft of light his amateur rival, ("Rival," of course, if you run the word back to its origin, means one who dwells on the bank of a stream.) She was a girl with hair of burnished gold bobbed and filleted, but bent manwise to the oars, in her yellow sweater and white skirt, a nalah of the rushes who seemed to have risen out of the stream, its own authentic spirit.

The houseboat itself, white-painted, held aloft under its striped canopy, and over soft red rugs, a hanging garden of geranium baskets, with vines whose tendrils delicately waved on the soft whisper of the breeze. A clutter of cushions and punts gently fretted the floating platform below, as though upon a river of Cathay. In the living room, radiant with violets and roses and geraniums, the filmy snow of the curtains was parted by a fireplace and over it a clock restored the sense of time that elsewhere was pleasantly absent or negligible.

Met a Flying Man.

Two railed gangways led ashore—and no sooner had I put my modest luggage aboard than to the shore we went, to find the golf links close at hand, where the fat sheep grazed. A young and debonaire Englishman met us there, and I learned to my surprise that he was accidental. He was a flying man, and something wrong with the engine compelled him to volplane down to a paddock next the golf course. "Tis an ill wind that has blown me good," I thought, as I shook hands with this Brushwood boy angel unawares.

The larks were singing, and I paused often with creak or loiter in midair to hear the sound. I think I care more for George Meredith's "Lark Ascending" than I do for Shelley's "unpremeditated" singer, but if I had to choose between them I would take them both. Such overflowing billfolds of ecstasy, from such a little bird! And he presently went off (it seemed) in company with a disreputable troupe of sparrow-hawks, singing to them still, as an opera tenor might chant for a company of songless tramps. Can it be that an English links, with Paul Potter cattle and Daubigny pools and willows round about, ever hears a harsh word over a golf ball sliced or stymied or in obstinate hiding?

Above us airplanes purred and were vigilant unceasingly. And in my heart I blessed them, and with my hand I waved them greetings that I hope they saw. In a single group on the way to the links I had beheld seven captive "sausage" balloons—as though a benevolent constitutional monarchy had sent all these things that a plain American might have an afternoon of sport. What close neighbors are the implements of war and of peace in the old world today!

We walked back to the boat, through a garden plot brimming with blue violets, and there was a tiny cemetery with more violets in a glass on the grave of a cygnet born the day before.

Mother Bird Had Done Murder.
Then we met the mother bird, the murderess. In stately circles she was swimming round the boat, a swan more lovely to look upon than any that bore Lohengrin and heard his tributary song.

The day before four cygnets were hatched out. Three of them were with her now—the fourth, she had decided, with an unruffled calm I doubt not,

Took Him Out of the Mud.

"It was the first time I ever felt like a hero," an Indianapolis man told of a hero, an Indianapolis man told of a hero, an Indianapolis man told of a hero, an Indianapolis man told of a hero, an Indianapolis man told of a hero.

"My little girl caused me a lot of worry one night by crying out a number of times, 'Take him out of the mud.' In the morning I made inquiries and then accompanied her to her school. There I found her teacher had rigged up a dummy soldier in an imitation trench filled with mud. As the sales of Thrift stamps by the children increased the soldier was raised gradually out of the mud onto a ladder leading 'over the top.' According to the plan sales amounting to \$175 remained to be made before the soldier was out of the mud. My little girl begged me to take him out, and I yielded, buying the required number of stamps. As that roomful of youngsters stood and cheered me I felt like a real hero."—Indianapolis News.

Growth of a Korean Church.
Sherwood Eddy in the course of his various trips to the Far East has had opportunities of seeing some striking

was one too many. So she had slain it. Tranquilly enough the bereaved family was taking its outing—so soon after the funeral!

Father was the advance guard, like a cruiser bringing in a transport ship and lesser craft. Two gray fluff balls were on the mother's back, in a warm cradle deep and soft between her wings. They arched and stretched their necks as they saw her doing, and took in all the view, and peered over the side with a remarkable air of detachment at their small brother paddling desperately to keep up with the procession, with his day-old wings and feet like those of the Pterodactyl, that you may see in a Strand window devoted to New South Wales.

Father did more than circle about and pride himself. When the young and foolish dog attached—if one may say so—to the boat started to swim the river to look for rats aplenty in the farther bank, the male swan would steer down upon his snuffling head as ruthlessly as Horatio Lord Nelson on the track of a French frigate, and if a rescue party did not at once pole shoutingly to his salvation in a punt it went hard with the furred swimmer in battle with the feathered, who from his superior height, had something of the advantage of mounted policemen over a pedestrian.

Antics of Water Babies.

Suddenly Mother Swan swished her head about and said something in a hissing undertone to the indiscreet car of one of the gray tufts—for it sprawled from its snug shelter and into the darkling Thames it tumbled on its back. Quick as a nudge it righted itself. Here was a fine chance for little paddling brother to get aboard—but alas! though he could swim better than the sturdy British schoolboys round the bend, he could not climb, and so he cuddled in the lee of his mother like a tug that noses a lordly ocean liner.

In the performance of these darling little web-footed water babies using their mother for an excursion steamer as unadvisedly as a land baby rides "plicka-back" in the nursery, there was a ludicrous resemblance to the holiday trippers who were overcrowding the small but ambitious river steamers from lock to lock. But the swan's babies, trying to make a neck like mother's were undulant as serpents and restless as waterhocks, in their curiosity, whereas "Arriet" often sat with their backs to the river oblivious to everything but love's young dreams.

As the rose flush of the sky paled to lime yellow on the way to the few short hours of night the family sat down to dinner, and there the cook, a dignified parishioner, had fixed for me—the gentleman from America—a great bowl of geranium petals, blue flowers and white carnations.

"Are you sure," she had asked her mistress anxiously, "that these are just the colors of his country? I would like so much to please him. You see we owe so much to America!"

Wealth of the Underworld.

It is only within very recent years that man has begun to draw largely upon the mineral resources of the earth.

In the last fifteen years he has taken out more iron than in all the previous history of mankind.

In the last thirteen years he has mined more copper than was produced in all previous ages.

In the last eleven years she has drawn more petroleum from the earth's bowels than in all the years since the world began.

Where other minerals are concerned, the record is somewhat similar. But the misfortune lies in the fact that we are exhausting these resources with such rapidity that a few centuries from now there may be comparatively little of them left.

The following is his story of the development of a Korean church: "Twenty years ago when I first went to Korea, I stopped in the little town of Pyeng Yang and visited a church. It had seven members; it met in a mud hut about ten feet square; it could hardly be called a church. The last Sunday I was there (1915) I saw 1,500 members filling every seat on a rainy Sunday. They were so busy that they had no time to hear a foreigner speak. Eight hundred of them were out to prayer meeting every Wednesday night, and all of them wished to pray. Already they have sent out forty-two branch churches. They have the 1,500 membership at the home church, and that membership increased from the original membership of seven until they have sent out 30,000."

Didn't Like That Kind.

We had fried mush for breakfast and my little girl asked to be helped to some. I, selecting a nice brown piece, laid it on her plate, and she said, "Mother, I don't like rusty mush."—Chicago Tribune.