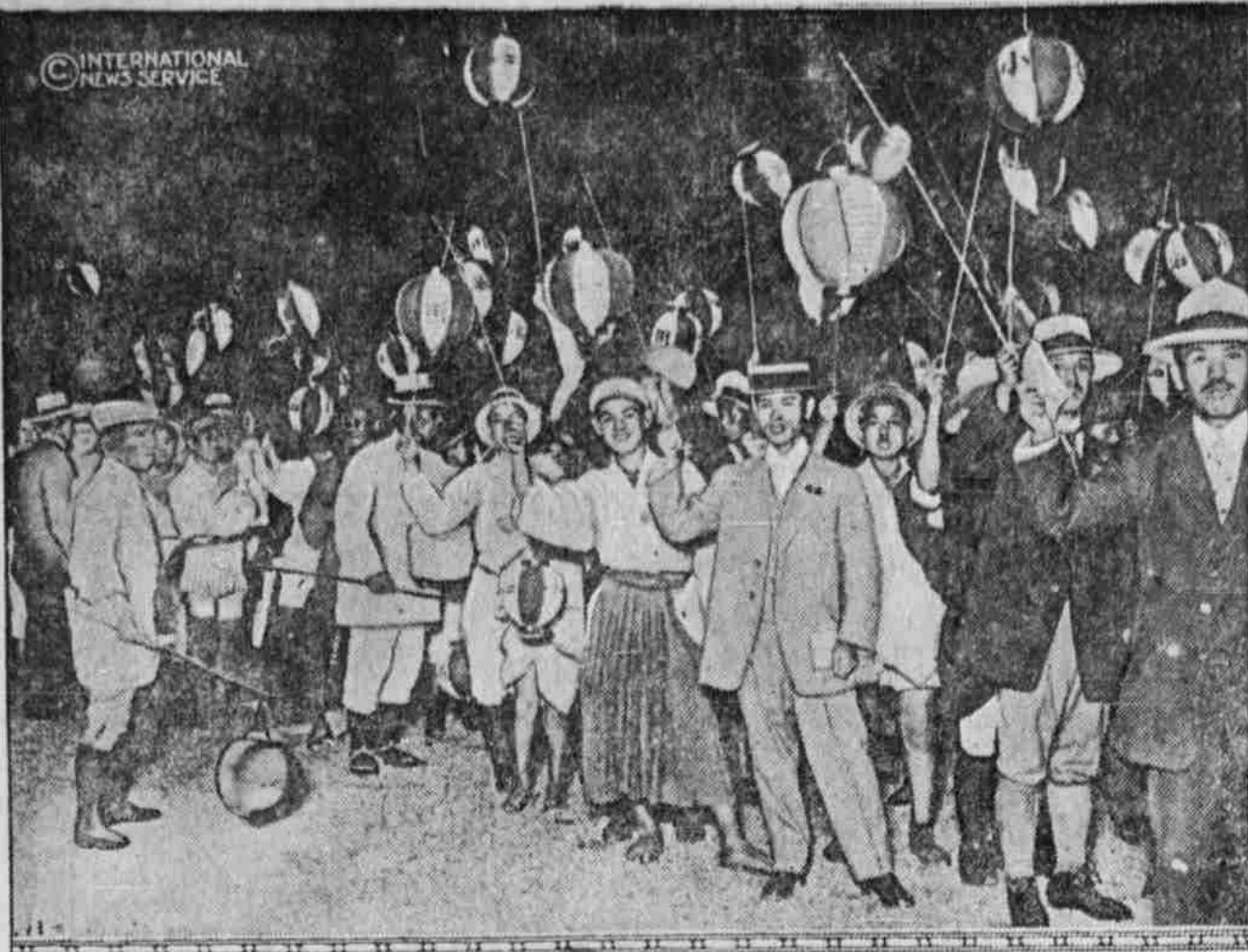


JAPANESE CELEBRATE THE TSING TAO VICTORY



There was great rejoicing throughout Japan when the news of the fall of Tsing Tao was received. The photograph shows a lantern procession in Tokyo, and incidentally gives a good idea of the strange mixture of costumes to be seen in any Japanese city.

IMPROVEMENT ON BUNGALOW STYLE

Advantages Added to Design That Has Always Been of First Consideration.

STORAGE ROOM IN CELLAR

Floor Supports a Most Important Part of Construction—Easy to Give House the Proper Appearance of Attractiveness and Home Likeness.

By WILLIAM A. RADFORD. Mr. William A. Radford will answer questions and give advice FREE OF COST on all subjects pertaining to the subject of building, for the readers of this paper. On account of his wide experience as Editor, Author and Manufacturer, he is, without doubt, the highest authority on all these subjects. Address all inquiries to William A. Radford, No. 1827 Prairie Avenue, Chicago, Ill., and only enclose two-cent stamp for reply.

A style of house that is becoming quite common in suburban towns is shown in this plan. It is designed after the bungalow style with the addition of dormer windows in the roof, a stairway and bedrooms on the second floor.

The plan of the first floor is a little unusual from the fact that there are six rooms. It is difficult to get six rooms in a bungalow. Ordinarily there are five in a large bungalow and from one to four rooms in a smaller bungalow. The one floor with a low roof is the original bungalow, but the inventive genius of the Americans is never content to stop if there is any possible room for improvement, and it does seem a waste of material to put a big, wide roof over a one-story house, because the same roof will cover two floors. To get rooms above, it is only necessary to raise the eaves a foot or two higher and to make the roof a little bit steeper, neither of which cost very much at the time of building, and the room gained in this way is considerable.

This story-and-a-half house is not a small affair, by any means. It is 36 feet wide by 45 feet in length, and contains six rooms downstairs with a chance to finish up two or three rooms in the attic and in that way make a ten-room house. The plan is a good

and the family keeps on year after year putting up with little annoyances that should have been corrected in the first place.

In building a house as wide as this considerable attention should be given to the floor supports, and I know of no better way than to put in division walls in the cellar and to make these walls right give them sufficient footing to prevent any settling, then arrange the joists carefully so as to properly distribute the load and place the doors and upper partitions where they have the right kind of foundation support; then if the door frames are properly shored up there will be no trouble from settling or badly fitting doors as long as the house is properly cared for.

Doors are made of kiln-dried stuff. They are intended to be properly protected from unreasonable dampness or change in temperature. Such lumber will not remain rigid and unchangeable if a house is shut up and allowed to freeze in the winter time. A good door is a great comfort, but must be well cared for to keep it in good condition.

Besides being a very comfortable and roomy house this plan looks well. There is something homelike about a bungalow design when it is nicely finished up outside and the front veranda partially screened in with vines. Then if you have a few flowers growing along one side of the house the appearance is especially attractive.

I think it is easier to give an air of refinement to a house of this build than almost any other style. Of course we all recognize the fact that a house is not a home until intelligent, thoughtful people take it in hand and add the right kind of finish. The window shades and curtains show at a glance whether the people living in the house are educated and refined or whether they are careless and indifferent. The way the grass is kept on the lawn is almost a sure indication of the character of the family, but a good deal depends on the house itself. Some houses are easily fixed up while others are almost hopeless.

REPELLED THE EVIL SPIRITS

Shinto Priests Have Successfully Battled With the Powerful Forces of Darkness.

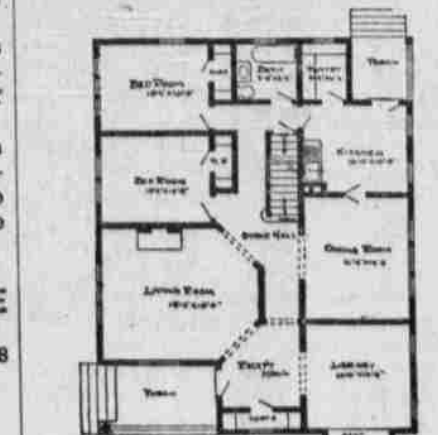
A bridge of ill-omen in Japan has now been exorcised of its evil spirit, and no longer is it known as the "Bridge of Strange Disappearances." Hitherto no bride would cross it, for it was the firm belief that if she did so she would surely be divorced. Recently the Shinto priests came in procession to do battle with the forces of



one for a summer cottage, because of the accommodation it offers for a large house party. It is also a good plan for any location where ground is plentiful, because there is a good deal to it.

The cellar may be made a very important part of the house. A suburban home should have plenty of storage room for fruit and vegetables, because supplies are not so easily obtained on short notice as they are in towns and cities. The cellar under this house should be divided into two main compartments by a stone or concrete wall; a cross wall under the partition which divides the library from the dining room would do the business. The furnace pipes or hot water heating pipes can then be carried to the library without passing through the fruit cellar. It is impossible to have a satisfactory fruit cellar unless you can keep it cold.

It is usually much more satisfactory to have the laundry also partitioned off from the furnace room. Make it as carefully as you may, there will be considerable dust, and it is just as well to keep it out of the laundry if you can. These partitions



Floor Plan.

cost but little more than to support the floor by piers. The walls are permanent, solid and satisfactory, while piers and posts of any kind are almost sure to settle more or less and require attention in a year or two. Right here is a point to consider when building.

A great many houses settle in the center so that every door sticks either at the top or at the bottom. You notice this especially in cheap houses, where a few dollars have been skinned out of the job here and there, and in such cases the floor supports are sure to be deficient in some way. It is especially annoying to have doors that won't shut or open properly. It is an indication at once that the house has been cheaply built in at least one particular. When doors fail to work properly a carpenter is employed to refit them. By next year they are just as bad, then it is given up as a bad job.

LAZY, HAPPY BORDEAUX



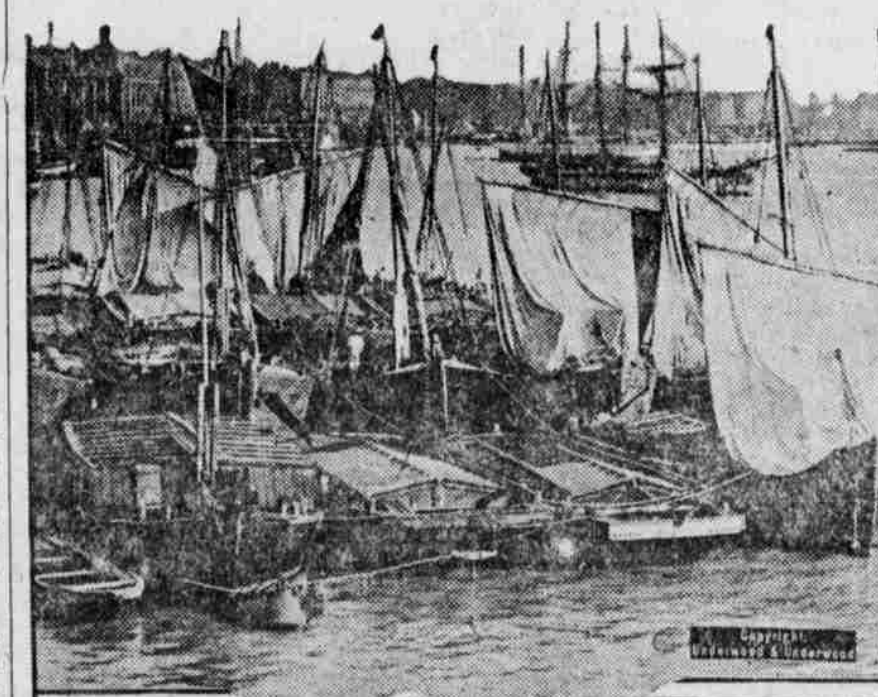
THE CATHEDRAL OF BORDEAUX

BURDIGALA, better known by its everyday name of Bordeaux, the new capital of my country, a patch of Franco upon which the sun and Dionysus have smiled—the land of palatable red wine and pleasant, dark women. To most newspaper-reading people Bordeaux is interesting just now because of the change that has happened to it; for me Bordeaux is interesting because it does not change. So writes Marthe Trolly-Curtin, in the London Sketch.

Bordeaux does not want to change—it is a lazy, happy, bourgeois, well-fed town; it is snug and contented, warmed for nine months of the year by a very element climate, and all the year round by the rutilant glow of its claret. Bordeaux has a few large and fine streets, and many old-fashioned and insanitary ones, the improvement of which nobody really cares about, least of all the dwellers of those particular streets, the bad air of which seems to agree with them to an extraordinary degree. The Bond street of Bordeaux is the Rue Sainte Cathérine, a narrow, dark, cobble street,

principles. In the heart of the city there is a large open space called Les Quinconces, where twice a year a big fair is held, a real fair with a real gaiety, a dwarf no less real and a real glass-spinner, gingerbread shops, booths of all sorts and merrily in real merry-go-rounds. Everyone in Bordeaux and the Bordelais district goes to the fair—the somebodies to show their Paris frocks, made in Bordeaux (and very well made, too!), the nobodies to eat gingerbread and have their teeth pulled out, not by the gingerbread, but by a gorgeous being in a red-and-gold dress with a big drum, a mighty wrist, and a monstrous pair of pliers!

Bordeaux has no motor omnibuses and very few taxicabs, even in time of peace, as nobody in Bordeaux is really ever in a hurry; they know there that one should always postpone until tomorrow what one could have done today, thanks to which principle one achieves fewer follies. It is not so clean as Lyon, but how much more smiling a town!—and it gives an impression of greater cleanli-



VIEW OF THE HARBOR

wherein you can buy quite smart hats, and where fish-wives and their wares spread themselves on the threshold of fashionable modistes.

In Bordeaux life counts more years, and summers more days than in most other towns. It seldom snows, but often rains; ice on lakes or ponds is a wonder to be talked about at many "fevee o'clocks" for many weeks after. Well do I remember the year in Bordeaux when the lake of the Jardin Public did freeze; the Bordeaux papers had leading articles on the event: "One could almost skate on the lake," they said, "so thick was the ice." All the fashionable people of the town assembled to view the wonder; a score of them had even brought skates with them. Rash people! The ice melted away under the warmth of their enthusiasm, and the daredevils took what the Angjophiles Bordelais call a "tob"—a short immersion in cold water!

Conservative and Comfortable. The population of Bordeaux is conservative and comfortable—conservative by nature, and comfortable by

ness because of its clarity, because of the sun, and the space of its center. Society Wholesomely Mixed.

The "society" is admirably and wholesomely mixed, for it is a university, military and business town, and Bordeaux not being very large, those diverse elements have to form a certain alliance through the constant jostling, meeting, and living close together.

In a certain part of the province there is a strange streak among the people, many of them having blue eyes, blond or ginger hair, and fresh complexion, quite the English type. The Black Prince and his army occupied the Aquitaine, of which he was governor; his son, Richard II, was even born there in a castle, the ruins of which can still be seen. It is a long while ago, I grant you, but until of late years French people, especially of the provinces, traveled very little and intermarried much, which might justify the surmise that those two facts are related, and that many among the Medocais are of English descent.

The Reading of Books.

Of one thing I feel quite certain, that the reading of good literature is necessary to the growth of the mind and the strengthening of character, especially in young people, and that there is no resource for all periods of life so helpful, so satisfying, and so enduring as a love of good books. Channing well says: "God be thanked for books. They are the voices of the distant and the dead, and make us heirs of the spiritual life of past ages. Books are the true levelers. They give to all who will faithfully use them the society, the spiritual presence, of the best and greatest of our race."—George P. Brett, in the Atlantic.

Supplanting the Tallow Candle.

Probably the first exhibition of inflammable gas ever given in this country was the display made by fireworks in Philadelphia in 1796. The exhibition was merely for entertainment purposes. The gas was released through holes in iron tubes, for the burner, as we know it today, had not been invented. No one, however, thought the illuminant would ever be generally

utilized, and it never dawned upon those who saw the exhibition that the tallow candle would, in the course of time, be driven from the field by this peculiar commodity. It was half a century after this Philadelphia exhibition before gas had taken the place of candles and oil lamps in the homes of the best people of our American cities.—"New York Leads the World in Gas Development," W. C. Jenkins, in National Magazine.

Japanese Cages for Singing Birds. In the land of the wistaria, the geisha girl and the inlaid ivory knick-knack, artistic appreciation is all for the subtle, the dainty and the miniature, and so it is that the singing insect has come to be an honored institution there. These Carsons and Gadsdais of bugdom are eagerly sought after by the Japanese and everything is done for their comfort and musical education. They pass their tuneful lives away caroling mournful insect elegies upon their lost freedom, and stung disconsolately at their delicate Japanese mistresses through the bars of sumptuous little cages.

WAR AS A BUSINESS

Impressions of Visitor to German Great Headquarters.

Campaign Conducted With the Efficiency of a Great American Corporation—New Steel Hospital Trains Perfectly Appointed.

London.—A newspaper correspondent writing from Luxembourg says: I have just returned from the German great headquarters in France, the visit terminating abruptly on the fourth day, when one of the Kaiser's secret field police woke me up at seven o'clock in the morning and regretfully said that his instructions were to see that I "did not oversleep" the first train out. The return journey along one of the German main lines of communication—through Eastern France, across a corner of Belgium, and through Luxembourg—was full of interest, and confirmed the impression gathered at the center of things, the great headquarters, that this twentieth century warfare is in the last analysis a gigantic business proposition which the board of directors (the great general staff) and the 36 department heads are conducting with the efficiency of a great American business corporation.

The west-bound track is a continuous procession of freight trains—fresh consignments of raw material, men and ammunition, being rushed to the firing line to be ground out into victories.

Our fast train stops at the mouth of a tunnel, then crawls ahead charily, for the French, before retreating, dynamited the tunnel. One track has been cleared, but the going is still bad. To keep it from being blocked again by falling debris, the Germans have dug clean through the top of the hill, opening up a deep well of light into the tunnel. Looking up, you see a pioneer company in once cran-colored, now dirty-colored, fatigue uniforms still digging away and terracing the sides of the big hole to prevent slides. Half an hour later we go slow again in crossing a new wooden bridge

MRS. WHITMAN AND DAUGHTER



This is a specially posed photograph of the wife and daughter of Gov. elect Charles S. Whitman of New York. Mrs. Whitman was formerly Miss Olive Hitchcock. She was married to Mr. Whitman in 1908. Little Olive is their only child.

RICHES FOR WORKING WOMAN

Prospective Heiress Promises to "Get 'Em Up" if She Gets \$1,500,000.

Savannah, Ga.—Mrs. Mary White, a repel woman employed in a dry goods store here, may be co-heir with her sister in Atlanta, Ga., to an estate said to amount to \$1,500,000. This became known when the woman resigned her position in the department store

over the Meuse—only one track as yet. It took the German pioneers nearly a week to build the substitute for the old steel railway bridge, dynamited by the French, whose four spans lie buckled up in the river.

Further on a variety of interest is furnished by a squad of French prisoners being marched along the road. Then a spot of anthill-like activity where a German railway company is at work building a new branch line, hundreds of them having pickaxes and making the dirt fly. It looks like home—almost except the inevitable officer (distinguished by revolver and fieldglass) shouting commands.

The intense activity of the Germans in rebuilding the torn-up railroads and pushing ahead new strategic lines is one of the most interesting features of a tour now in France. I was told that they had pushed the railroad work so far that they were able to ship men and ammunition almost up to the fortified trenches. The Germanization of the railroads here has been completed by the importation of station superintendents, station hands, track-walkers, etc., from the Fatherland.

Now we creep past a long hospital train, full this time, which has turned out on a siding to give us the right of way—perhaps thirty all-steel cars, each fitted with two tiers of berths, eight to a side, 16 to a car. Every berth is taken. One car is fitted up as an operating room, but fortunately no one is on the operating table as we crawl past. Another car is the private office of the surgeon in charge of the train. He is sitting at a big desk receiving reports from the orderlies. During the day we pass six of these splendidly-appointed new all-steel hospital trains, all full of wounded. Some

COOKS REAL HEROES

Many Decorated With Iron Cross by the Kaiser.

Carry Food to the Trenches While Enemy Rains Bullets on Them, but They Never Fail in Their Duties.

By HERBERT COREY. London.—There isn't anything heroic about a cook. One simply cannot imagine a cook in a soiled apron and a mussed white cap doing a deed of valor. But the German army is full of cooks upon whose breasts dangles the iron cross. And the iron cross is conferred for one thing only—for 100 per cent courage.

"They've earned it," said the man who had seen them. "They are the bravest men in the Kaiser's 4,000,000. I've seen generals salute greasy, paunchy, sour-looking army cooks."

The cook's job is to feed the men of his company. Each German company is followed or preceded by a field kitchen on wheels. Sometimes the fires are kept going while the device trundles along. The cook stands on the footboard and thumps his bread. He is always the first man up in the morning, and the last to sleep at night. He is held to the strictest accountability. The Teuton believes in plenty of food. A well-fed soldier will fight. A hungry one may not.

"When the company gets into camp at night," said the man who knows, "the cook is there before it, swearing at his fires and the second cook and turning out quantities of veal stew, which is very good to eat."

When the company goes into the trenches the cook stays behind. There is no place for a field kitchen in a four-foot trench. But those men in the trench must be fed. The Teuton insists that all soldiers must be fed—and especially the men in the trench. The others may go hungry, but these must have light belts. Upon their staying power many depend the safety of an army.

STYLE SHOW FOR RED CROSS



Mrs. Christian D. Hemmick, society woman and artist of Washington and Paris, was one of the patronesses of the style show recently held in Washington for the benefit of the Red Cross. She is here shown standing beside one of the exhibits at the show.

of them are able to sit up in their bunks and take a mild interest in us. Once, by a queer coincidence, we simultaneously pass the wounded going one way and cheering fresh troops going the other.

WATCH IS OF BIBLICAL AGE

Has Marked the Passing of 613,678 Hours and Is Three-Score-and-Ten.

Sheridan, Wyo.—Arnold Tschirg, the county surveyor, has a watch that has marked the passing of 613,678 hours. It has been ticking away for 70 years and is still a good timekeeper. The watch is key-wind. It is an open-face gold case. The dial is beautifully ornamented in figured gold. The crystal is made of heavy convex glass. The watch formerly belonged to Mr. Tschirg's father.

So, as the company cannot go to the cook, the cook goes to the company. When meal hour comes he puts a yoke on his shoulders and puts a bucketful of that veal stew on either end of the yoke and goes to his men. Maybe the trench is under fire. Being a trench, it most probably is. No matter. His men are in that trench and—potztausend—they must be fed. Sometimes the second cook gets his step right there. Sometimes the grub murderer, the university graduate who has just learned what to expect when Fahrenheit is applied to spuds—is summoned from his job of rustling firewood to pick up the cook's yoke and refill the spilled buckets and tramp steadily forward to the line. Sometimes the supply of assistant cooks, even, runs short. But the men in the trenches always get their food. "That's why so many cooks in the German army have iron crosses dangling from their breasts," said the man who knows. "No braver men ever lived. The hero of the German campaign is the cook of the field kitchen."

The man who knows really does know. He has been along the German battle line, under protection of a headquarters pass.

It is his man's belief, based on what he has heard, that the commissariat of the allies has from time to time broken down, but that of the Germans never has.

brothers, are the only heirs that could be located. They are said to be nieces of the millionaire. Mrs. White's son, Samuel White, who lives in Oklahoma, came to Savannah to assist her in establishing her claim. From here he went to Athens and retained an attorney. In a letter to his mother he says he believes that she and his aunt will soon come into possession of the estate. "Wouldn't it be good," said Mrs. White, "I'd 'set 'em up' to all my friends."