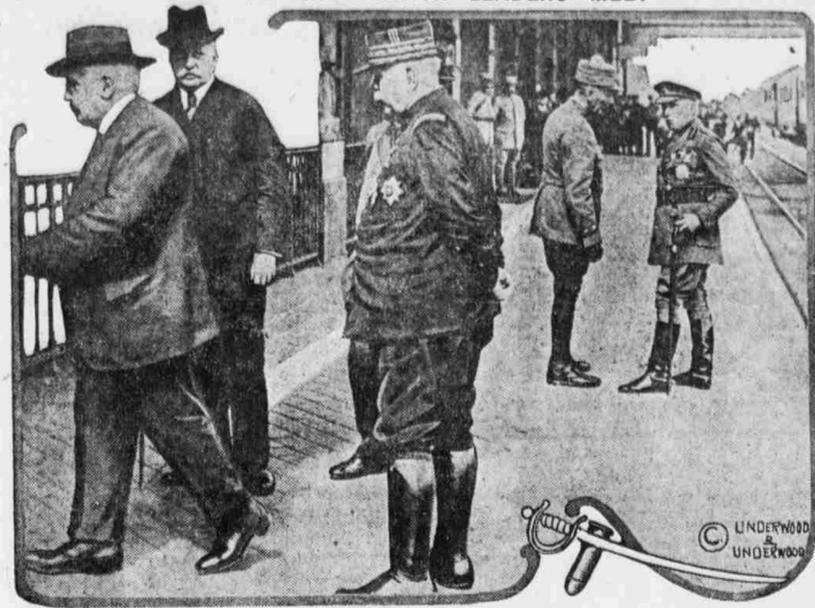


BRITISH AND FRENCH LEADERS MEET



Calais was the scene of an interesting meeting when M. Millerand (second from left), the French minister, met Lord Balfour (on the extreme left), first lord of the British admiralty, to discuss with Generals Joffre, French and Augagneur a new plan of campaign against the Austro-German forces. General Joffre is in the center foreground. General French is on right in background conversing with General Augagneur.

WOULD HELP FARMER

Government Plans to Mortgage Forests' Future Income.

Will Ask Congress to Advance Money for Public Works in Order to Stimulate Agricultural Development.

Washington.—The secretary of agriculture's plan to anticipate future receipts from the national forests by securing an advance of money from congress for the construction of roads, trails, bridges and other public works would stimulate agricultural development and would relieve many struggling communities from their present burdens of taxation, says an article contributed by the chief of the forest service to the department of agriculture year book, just issued. This policy, says the article, would apply exclusively in those counties where there is a considerable area of national forest land so located that the forest resources cannot be marketed, although later they will yield a large revenue. It would fully meet the local difficulties arising from the fact that the national forests are not subject to taxation; would aid in the protection and development of the forest resources, and would remove the one barrier which in a few places prevents farmers from immediately enjoying the benefits of the national forests.

Millions of acres of farm land are today undeveloped because of a lack of good roads. In opening any new country road building constitutes a hard problem for the settlers. At first, while the settler is struggling to erect his home and farm buildings and to clear his land, he usually cannot afford to pay high taxes or otherwise contribute toward the expense of road building. The national forests comprise the remotest and least settled regions of the country. In many cases farming in these localities is still pioneering, under difficult conditions as have ever existed in the United States. One of the principal reasons for the failure to develop the large areas of excellent agricultural land which lie near the forests is the lack of roads.

The government is trying to meet this problem in two ways, first, by public improvements being made on the national forests, and second by the direct contribution to the counties of a share in the forest receipts. Up to date the forest service has constructed on the forests more than 2,300 miles of roads, 21,000 miles of trails, nearly 600 bridges, and 18,000 miles of telephone lines. Every one of these improvements benefits settlers and ranchers. In addition, there is appropriated annually for the use of the counties in which the national forests lie 25 per cent of the gross receipts from timber sales and other sources, to be used for road and school purposes. Some of the individual forests are bringing in over \$100,000 a year, and the business of the entire national forest system is increasing so that this direct contribution to community upbuilding is rapidly growing. In fact, already a total of nearly \$900,000 is obtained from the forests every year for county, road and school purposes.

Workmen Find Coffin.

Ladoga, Ind.—The remains of a coffin containing some fragments of human bones were unearthed here by workmen excavating for a cellar in New Ross. The grave was not near a cemetery. About fifty years ago a man named Noffsinger disappeared mysteriously from New Ross and was not seen nor heard from afterward. Residents of New Ross believe he met with foul play and was buried in the woods, which then covered the land where the grave was found.

SPELLING IS HARD TO LEARN

Tests in Public Schools Show Surprising Results, Says Federal Bureau of Education.

Washington.—Seven out of every 100 third grade public school children cannot spell 'has,' said a statement issued by the United States bureau of education. This and other curious evidences of the special problems inherent in the teaching of spelling are brought out by Dr. Leonard P. Ayres

GRAVEYARD IS FOR SALE

Milton Burying Ground, Oldest in St. Louis, to Be Sold for "a Song."

St. Louis.—Anybody wish to buy a cemetery for sixty-eight cents? One is to be sold at public auction, for taxes and costs to cover the amount. It is the old Milton burying ground, with an area of three-tenths of an acre, a quarter of a mile north of East Alton, the oldest grave in which is that of John Milton, who died in 1812.

An assessment of two dollars was levied against the graveyard for the East Alton drainage and levee district. It was to be paid in annual installments of twenty-three cents. The trustees of the cemetery have had little money for its upkeep and for the past year or so J. W. Carey, former treasurer of the drainage board, has paid the twenty-three cents out of his own pocket.

QUARRY STONE POISONOUS

Men and Horses Made Sick by Flying Particles When Limestone is Blasted.

Auburn.—A peculiar form of blood poisoning among employees in a limestone quarry was reported by Dr. John H. Whitbeck, health officer of Cayuga. Fifty men have been stricken. Six are in a hospital and one will probably die.

KAISER AND ARCHDUKE



So grave was the situation at Lemberg before the Teutons drove the Russian forces before them that the German kaiser deemed it advisable to appear on the scene of action in person. The Archduke Frederick of Austria was on a similar mission to urge the Austrian troops on. After the evacuation by the Russians the kaiser and the archduke met to fetterate one another on the valor of their men.

Man Has Eleven Names.

Rome, Ga.—The twenty-four-year-old son of Mr. and Mrs. A. M. Carver, who lives near Morrison's camp ground, claims that he has more names than anybody in America, and his signature is a cross between a Bible concordance and a history of the United States. He was christened and is now known to his friends as Mord Talmadge Zachariah Taylor Benjamin Franklin Eleazer Peole Stewart Black-entridge Carver.

Valuable Pearl Crushed by Car.

Louisville, Ky.—A pearl and five diamonds which were lost the other day by Mrs. E. H. Ferguson were found between street car tracks by Miss Elizabeth Gathright. The pearl was crushed by a car wheel. The diamonds were not injured.

RUNGALOW TYPE OF OLDEN TIMES

Is Splendidly Shown in This Case, Planned for Both Young and Old People.

LOW ROOF AND WIDE EAVES

Of But Three Rooms It Yet Has Many Features of Interest—Porch, Fireplace and Wide Rooms Promise Comfort and Pleasure to Dwellers.

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.

The idea of owning a typical bungalow appeals to all young persons and most older people. A real bungalow is low and wide in proportion. It has a comparatively flat roof that projects several feet beyond the sides of the house, thereby carrying out the protective principle that the roof is designed for.

The oldtime bungalow idea is splendidly illustrated in the accompanying picture, and the floor plan is very clearly shown in the diagram. It is a little house about 26 feet square on the ground, but the roof demands considerable more room.

The appearance of the bungalow depends greatly upon the design and construction of the roof. To get the proper effect two rules must be religiously observed. The first is that the roof must be low in appearance, and the second is that it must have a wide eave projection.

There is no room upstairs in a typical bungalow. You couldn't stand up straight in the attic of a real bungalow except in the center under the peak of the roof. All sorts of cottages, story-and-a-half houses and mil-



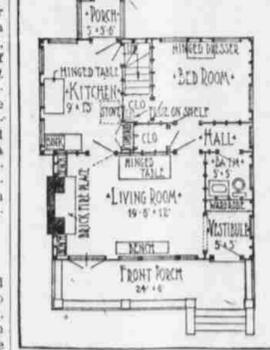
lionaire mansions have been wrongfully called bungalows because of the universal desire to maintain the cozy, artistic, comfortable combination which properly belongs to the word "bungalow."

This little three-room affair embodies many features of interest. In the first place, the approach from the street is conducted along broad lines. The walk leading up to the front steps is eight feet wide. The front steps and the front door are built in proportion. Width is the keynote around which the architect has succeeded in weaving a combination of ideas that result in a beautiful picture.

The front veranda is too wide for the roof so that an awning supported on curved iron brackets is substituted. This arrangement permits of rolling the awning up and back under the eaves when not required as a protection against rain or sun. These brackets are blacksmith-made and are rounded outward with hooks at the bottom to catch the curtain pole. The width of the awning and the length of the curtain brackets are measured to correspond so the curtain pole is supported in such a way as to permit the drip to run freely off onto the shrubbery. There also is a way to form an eave gutter in the canvas

Twenty-five men canvassed for names for a woman's suffrage petition presented to the Connecticut legislature; five acted as models for artists, for classes in anatomy and for an underwear manufacturing company; fifteen acted as palbearers, fifty were "singers" in theatrical entertainments, five were professional partners at dances.

One man worked for the Winchester Repeating Arms company, doing a twelve-hour shift six nights a week, and he completed a regular year of law school work. Others gave sleight of hand performances, played in orchestras, served as inspectors for the anti-fraud campaign, acted as doorknockers at weddings, etc. One gathered newspaper clippings at 50 cents a clipping of the record of every competitive event between Yale and Harvard to settle an argument between a Yale graduate and a Harvard graduate. One cleaned tombstones.



Floor Plan.

that will lead the rain water off to the corner of the building. It is an ingenious combination of rain and sun protection for temporary use when needed, to be rolled back out of the way when not wanted.

No bungalow is complete without a chimney and fireplace. If the chimney is built by using rough stones, as the illustration shows, it is all the more artistic. Generally such stone can be picked up in the neighborhood, and there always is a clever mason somewhere within reach who can work such stone into a solid substantial chimney that is both useful and ornamental for ever afterwards. The fireplace, to be satisfactory, is lined with fire brick in the usual way, and the flue is large and

drafty. A good draft and a good fire are necessarily closely connected. A draft is useless without a fire except for ventilation purposes, and a fire is worse than useless without a draft. Some masons forget to build the draft into the chimney, and they are the fellows who are remembered by house owners for years to come.

The living room is 19 feet 6 inches by 12 feet, a size sufficient to dress up nicely with the right kind of furniture and rugs. Always a large living room may be made attractive by the artistic use of rugs and furniture made to fit into the general decorative scheme. Large living rooms require well-made large pieces of furniture selected to fit the room. Of course, the woodwork, which always consists of hardwood floor, plain baseboard with window and door trim to match, has a great deal to do with the final finish of the room.

The front entrance of this little bungalow is built into the corner for two reasons. It permits a straight passage from the street to the front door, leaving the main part of the front porch or terrace, as such porches are sometimes called, free for chairs and swinging seats. The front door opens into a vestibule which contains a clothes cupboard that reaches to the ceiling. The cupboard is fitted with large drawers in the bottom to hold articles of clothing that may be stored away in such places, so that the main living room is left free from disturbances.

The house is not big enough to afford a dining room. Dining rooms are a nuisance anyway. Our grandmothers used to cook in the kitchen and lift the hot, steaming appetizers directly from the stove to the table. Modern fashionable inventions for serving meals intervene so many round-about processes that the best of eatables are spoiled in the circumlocution.

Here is a kitchen lighted with four windows, and darkened by thick heavy shades that may be pulled down to keep out part or all of the sunlight. It has a white floor of hardwood, white baseboard and white window and door trim, with white walls and ceilings, making a model room that is bright enough and clean enough to satisfy the most particular people at meal time or any other time. A cooking range kept in good condition is an interesting article of furniture. Probably one of the greatest charms of bungalow life is the oppor-



tunity it affords to go back to original simplicity.

Modern house plumbing is represented in the bathroom and at the kitchen sink, where hot and cold water are supplied for domestic purposes in the most approved manner.

CARLYLE NOT BAD-TEMPERED

One of His Servants Tells of His Gratitude for Services Rendered.

As to the democratic servant-brogue? One of Carlyle's servants, Jones, who on marrying became Mrs. Broadfoot, has left a very favorable impression of her old master, says the London Standard.

"I could have lived with him all my days," she says, "and it always makes me angry when I read, as I sometimes do, that he was bad-tempered. He was the very reverse, in my opinion. I never would have left him when I did if I had not been going to get married. I took great pride in attending on him and studying all his wants and wishes.

Two Sources of Income.

A Londoner was showing some country relative the sights of London one day recently, and was pointing out a magnificent old residence, built years ago by a famous and rather unscrupulous lawyer of his time. "And," the Londoner was asked, "was he able to build a house like that by his practice?" "Yes," was the reply, "by his practice and his practices."

Preventing Typhoid Fever.

Proper sanitary conditions, such as destroying the fly and mosquito and their breeding places, providing good sewage disposal, keeping the premises clean, and a prompt application of anti-typhoid vaccine where there is the least suspicion of the fever, will prevent typhoid fever. Preventive methods will save 35,000 lives annually.

A Proof.

"Do you really think animals can reason?" "If you doubt it, go out and start an argument with my bulldog and you'll find that he'll not only get you, but that he can hold his own."

Long Felt Want.

Rankin-Umson has taken out patent papers. Phyle—What did he invent? Rankin—A dog muzzle that will also serve as a muffler for the bark at night.

The Married Life of Helen and Warren
By MABEL HERBERT URNER
Originator of "Their Married Life," Author of "The Journal of a Neglected Wife," "The Woman Alone," etc.
Helen by a Subterfuge Wins Her Point and Avoids a Quarrel With Warren

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It was a faint, furtive knock—the knock of the maid from across the hall, Emma closed the icebox noisily and pretended not to hear.



Mabel Herbert Urner.

"Isn't that someone at the door?" Helen was dropping the mayonnaise from the fork to test its smoothness.

"No, ma'am, I guess it's the wind," she opened the door and evidently signaled the girl to go away.

For a second Helen was tempted to rush to the door, fling it open and confront Emma with her lie. But with the Stevenses coming to dinner, it was not an opportune time for a scene.

Besides, Emma's month was up the 20th, and Helen had already told her to look for another place. She could not longer put up with her untruthfulness, her furtiveness and her intimacy with the Gordons' maid.

The mayonnaise, beaten to a creamy smoothness, Helen now put in the ice; gave a few adjusting touches to the sideboard and table, and went in to dress. Knowing it would take several weeks to break in a new girl, she was having the Stevenses before Emma left.

She had taken down her hair when she thought of the egg for the salad. Last time it had not been hard enough—the yolk was gluey.

"Emma!" running back to the kitchen, but the only answering sound was the gurgle of the boiling potatoes. Emma was not there!

Was she over with the Gordons' maid again? Helen opened the door and rang furiously their kitchen bell, which could be heard across the hall.

"Emma," as the girl came sheepishly out, "can't you stay in your own kitchen long enough to get dinner?"

"I just wanted to take back a lemon I borrowed," with evasive eyes.

"How many times have I told you not to borrow the Gordons' when did you need a lemon? We always have lemons."

"Oh, it was last week, when—when we had that salmon. Emma's glib lips were ever ready. With an effort Helen let this one pass, told her curtly about the egg, and went back to her room.

Sitting on the floor to put on her slippers, she was startled by an explosion that sounded alarmingly near. But, as no commotion followed, she decided it was a bursting tire in the street below.

A few moments later the doorbell rang. It could not be the Stevenses—it was only half-past six! Even Warren had not come yet.

Again the bell, a clamorous peal. Who was Emma? Why did she not answer it? Had she dared to go over to the Gordons' again?

Throwing on a kimono, Helen ran out to the hall. The Stevenses would not ring like that! Standing back of the door, she opened it a few inches. A glimpse of Emma's white apron—she had locked herself out!

Helen, furious, flung wide the door. Then she saw that something had happened. There stood the Gordons' maid, white as chalk. Emma, her face covered with her hands, was leaning tremblingly against the wall.

"Oh—oh, the oven!" she sobbed. "It—it exploded!"

"That was what she had heard! Helen flew out to the kitchen, expecting to see it in flames, but there was only a dense smoke and a stifling smell of gas. She flung up the window, turned off the still escaping gas, and ran back to Emma.

"Her hair's all scorched, ma'am," whispered the Gordons' maid.

Scorched! Helen had thought she was only frightened. Drawing her to the light, she saw that her hair was badly singed.

"Why, Emma," taking the girl's hands from her face, "and your eyebrows, too! Oh, I'm so sorry. Wait," Helen flew for the cold cream.

Stevens, ripping off her long, white gloves, rubbed it gently over Emma's soot-smudged face.

Because of her aversion for the girl, and the feeling that she was not over-clean, Helen had shrunk from touching her. And now with a tinge of compunction, she watched Mrs. Stevens' unconscious solitude.

"If you'll give me a brush, I'll brush out this singed hair."

"I've only got a comb," faltered Emma, as Helen turned to her bureau.

"Never mind, I'll get mine," knowing she could never use it afterward.

"Emma's hair was oily and flaked with dandruff. Mrs. Stevens handled it without any seeming reluctance.

"This is really very good for your hair," reassuringly. "I pay to have mine singed, and you've had it done for nothing."

Under Mrs. Stevens' kindness and tact, Emma was fast recovering from the shock. Her hair brushed, they persuaded her to lie down.

In the bathroom, Helen gave Mrs. Stevens a hand-brush and a fresh cake of guest soap. But, lacking the over-queenship that was with Helen almost an affliction, she merely rinsed her hands under the faucet.

"How is she?" asked Warren. "How about our dinner?"

"Nonsense!" laughed Mrs. Stevens. "You and Henry stay there—we'll serve the dinner in no time."

They found the kitchen freezing cold from the open window, but the smoke had all blown out. Except for broiling the chicken and the sauce for the cauliflower, everything was ready.

In less than half an hour they had dinner on the table.

"Wonder there's not more accidents with these gas stoves?" commented Mrs. Stevens as they sat down. "Lucky it didn't burn her face."

"She must have turned on the oven before she lit the match," frowned Warren. "Mighty dangerous thing to do."

"I've warned her about that repeatedly," Helen was serving the soup. "But her mind's not on her work—she's thinking of those elevator boys."

"I don't quite like her eyes," mused Mrs. Stevens, talking off one of Emma's aprons. "She doesn't look straight at you."

"That's part of her furtiveness. Oh, she's the slickest thing! I never knew when she's telling the truth—and she's dishonest, too! When her month's up, I'll have to let her go."

"You can't let her go now," broke in Warren. "Can't discharge a girl right on top of an accident like that?"

"But, dear, I've already told her. She expects to go on the 20th."

"Don't care what you told her—we're going to keep her another two weeks."

"Then we'll have trouble with the Gordons. She simply lives in their kitchen—I can't keep her out. I know Mrs. Gordon's going to complain about it. I'd rather pay her for an extra half month and let her go."

"Well, we'll not pay for any two maids—that's sure. Lucky if we can pay the rent this year."

Perhaps it was Mrs. Stevens' presence that gave Helen unwarranted courage, for she answered with a show of firmness: "Then I'll pay her for the two weeks—and do the work myself."

"You'll do nothing of the sort! The girl'll stay right here and do the work until she's in shape to take another job. With with a shrug he turned to Mrs. Stevens. "Now you see a sample of Helen's obstinacy."

"It's not obstinacy," hotly. "It's simply that Emma's so dishonest we shouldn't keep her. At first she took only my perfume and a few ribbons, but yesterday I found one of your ties—"

"What's that?" brusquely. "One of my ties?"

"It was under the paper in her bottom drawer."

"The deuce it was! A good tie?"

"One of those silk poplins you got in London. I suppose she wanted it for the elevator boy."

"See here, this won't do! We'll not stand for that—not by a long shot. Why, you can't get those poplins in this country! When's her month up—the 20th? Well, she don't stay a day longer! And you see that my room's kept locked until she goes."

With deepening color Helen averted her eyes to the bread she was crumbling by her plate. Her finesse was successful. She had avoided a further quarrel before the Stevenses and had won her point as to when Emma should go.

That it had been a lace collar of hers and not a tie of Warren's did not disturb her. Emma's dishonesty was the same. And Warren would have only sniffed at the purloining of her "frumperies," while he took most seriously the appropriation of any of his own.

Flameless Airship Guns.

Airships equipped with machine guns run a certain degree of risk from an explosion caused by the flame at the muzzle of the gun. Hence considerable study has been devoted to obviating this danger. This has now been accomplished by a young Florentine chemist named Guido Fel. He is said to have recently given a demonstration before an Italian military commission of a new powder invented by him which burns without either flame or smoke and does not flare up on detonation. While specially useful for the guns of aircraft, it will be of value in artillery and infantry engagements from the fact that it will not betray the firing line to the enemy.