

HOW PERSHING GOT INTO THE ARMY

Newspaper Article Leads Him to Seek Admittance to West Point.

SISTER TELLS OF HIS YOUTH

Kept Appointment to Academy Secret From Family—Head of Expeditionary Force Was of Quiet, Serious Temperament as Boy.

Lincoln, Neb.—It was a newspaper article which diverted John J. Pershing from his purpose to become a school-teacher and started him upon the military career which led to his appointment as general in the United States army and commander of the American expeditionary force in France. The story is told by General Pershing's sister, Mrs. Butler and Miss May Pershing, who are residents of Lincoln.

It was while General Pershing and his sister, now Mrs. Butler, were attending the Missouri State Normal school at Kirksville, Mo., that his attention one day was called to newspaper announcement that examinations were to be held for appointment to the West Point Military academy. Young Pershing asked his sister's advice as to whether he should try for the appointment and she advised him to do so. Then followed a short season of intensive study in preparation.

In a few days he was called before the examining board and, although improperly prepared, received the highest mark among the contestants and soon afterward was notified of his appointment. Up to this time his action had been a secret between his sister and himself and it remained so until he was ready to start for West Point.

Assumed Responsibility Early.
As a boy General Pershing, his sisters say, was of a quiet, serious temperament, assuming, as the oldest of six children, many of the responsibilities of the family.

"John," Mrs. Butler said, "although of a quiet disposition, liked a good time and enjoyed fun as much as anyone. Yet when he started anything he wanted to get the result, and he generally attained that object before he gave it up."

After having been graduated from West Point and having served with General Miles in a campaign in New Mexico against the Indian chief Geronimo, Pershing was stationed as military instructor at the University of



Gen. John J. Pershing.

Nebraska. His friends there remember him as a fun-loving young man, who enjoyed music and dancing, parties and other social activities and who appreciated a good joke.

"Old Jack Best," the veteran trainer at the university, remembered Pershing intimately. "He was one of the finest men that I ever worked with," said Mr. Best. "It's true he was mighty strict with his work, but the results he got were so good that everybody he worked with loved him for it. When he was here we had a regiment the university could be proud of."

"Usually he was mighty dignified in his work, but he had a way of getting next to new men," continued Mr. Best. "The first time I ever saw him he walked right up to me, slapped me on the shoulder and said: 'Well, Jack, they tell me you got along mighty well with my predecessor. If you did, I am

darned sure we'll get along just as well."

General Fond of Gardening.
"The boys at the university got a surprise the first day Pershing drilled them," said Mr. Best. "It had been their habit before that time to come to drill with shoes blackened or not, just as they pleased. When Pershing took hold the first thing he looked at was to see that all shoes were well blacked and that the heels looked as good as the toes. He was just that thorough-going in everything all the time. He was A1 in every way, and you can ask anyone who knew him if that isn't the gospel truth."

Odd as it may seem in a fighting man, General Pershing's one fond, according to his sisters, is gardening. His father was an expert gardener, and the taste descended to the military man. Whenever he was on leave he immediately would don working clothes and go into his father's garden seemingly enjoying the work over the vegetables as much as he enjoyed social activities.

DEATHBED TALE AIDS ALIEN

C. Lobert of St. Louis Learns He Was Born in Brazil, Not Germany.

St. Louis.—A deathbed secret, just disclosed to Charles Lobert of St. Louis by his sister, Miss Emma Lobert of Saginaw, Mich., reveals to him he was not born in Germany, as he has believed, and consequently is not an alien enemy. Neither does he have to ask for naturalization papers or a zone permit.

SPY GOES ABOUT FREELY IN PARIS

German Says It Is More Exciting Than Running a Submarine.

NET IS SPREAD EVERYWHERE

American Tells Some Anecdotes Showing the Extent of the German Spy System—Experience of American Girl in Leipzig.

By HERBERT COREY.

(Correspondent of the Chicago News.)

Berne, Switzerland.—Last week a German U-boat captain visited Paris. This story is told on the authority of the man who saw the U-boat captain there. I know the man. He is a conservative, solid, reliable American. His work is worth 100 cents on the dollar wherever he is known. For some years he was in business relations with Germans, and learned to know many of them very well.

"I was standing in front of the opera house in Paris," said this man, "when a green car whizzed by. I just caught a glimpse of a familiar face. Beside the man I knew was a Frenchman wearing a black beard. Two minutes later I remembered whom the familiar face belonged to."

"Von Hutten," I said to myself. "Why—why—dang it—last I heard of Von Hutten he was commanding a U-boat in the North sea."

Futile to Chase a Green Car.

The man puzzled over it for a moment. Then, being a good American, he told the American authorities in Paris. He had not been able to get the number of the car or a description of the chauffeur. Chasing green cars in Paris is like trying to catch wild geese by the salt plan. Next day the man was walking down the Avenue de l'Opera when the green car whizzed by again. He tried to catch the number, but that old oil and dust trick that American speeders invented prevented him. He walked on down to Ciro's for lunch.

"I had so-and-so from the consulate and so-and-so from the embassy and so-and-so of the United States navy as my guests," said he, naming them. "We had a good time together, for we were old friends. I told of seeing my German acquaintance on the avenue. Next day I came to Berne. Shortly after I met my German friend."

"I like the looks of your naval attaché in Paris," said he. "Nice boy."

Lobert always believed he was born in Germany. He served in the Spanish-American war. He used his honorable discharge papers whenever he was questioned at a polling place on election day. Last week he went to a recruiting office to join the United States Guards and was rejected because he was a German citizen.

He wrote to his sister and received word from her that he was born in Brazil while his mother was on a trip. She had kept it a secret through pride in Germany, but on her deathbed had related it to her daughter, on condition that she not reveal it to her brother.

ARMY AND NAVY PASS UP 97 POUNDS OF GINGER

Portland, Ore.—"I'm going to France to fight, if I have to go by myself," says Lloyd Banks, twenty years old, five feet tall and weighing 97 pounds.

Banks applied to army and navy recruiting stations in San Francisco when war was declared. Owing to his small stature he was rejected. Leaving San Francisco, he tried to enlist in other cities en route to Portland. After many rejections he registered for the selective draft in spite of his being only twenty years old. But his number was so far down in the list he found there was no possibility of being called.

He went to Vancouver, B. C., and tried to enter the Canadian service, but met with no success. He is now trying to enlist in the aviation corp. Banks has two brothers and his father in the service.

POULTRY CATARRHAL COLDS IN FOWLS

Simple Cold Prepares Way for Early Stages of Roup and Diphtheria—Prevention is Best.

(By W. F. KIRK, Connecticut Experiment Station.)

One of the commonest and most frequently occurring diseases of poultry is simple catarrh or just plain cold. This disease appears in a large number of flocks regularly every season. In and of itself a simple cold does not cause much trouble, but inasmuch as it prepares a way for the early stages of roup and diphtheria it especially behooves the poultryman to combat colds the moment that they appear. Affected birds usually do some sneezing, do not look quite as bright nor have as good appetites, and what is perhaps most characteristic, there is a thin mucous secretion discharged from the nostrils, or in other words, the birds are running at the nose. If the case is not taken in hand at once this secretion likely will become cheesy or gelatinous, the bird will have to breathe entirely through its mouth and presently there is a well-developed case of roup to deal with instead of a plain, ordinary cold.

Weak birds that are improperly nourished are more likely to contract colds than stock that is well fed. As in the case of most other diseases, prevention is simpler than cure. One of the chief causes of this condition is the overcrowding of young, growing chicks in poorly ventilated sleeping quarters.

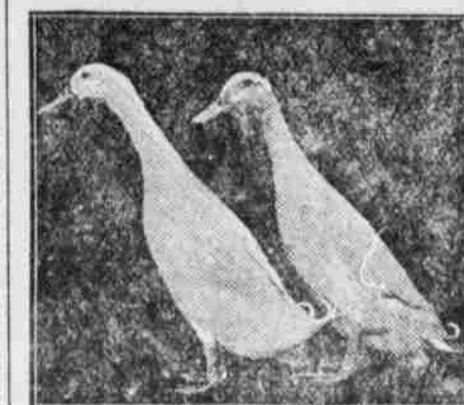
Much trouble can be avoided if fowls are provided with dry, well-ventilated coops, with the accent on "ventilated."

GIVE RUNNER DUCK A TRIAL

They Are Easy to Raise, Persistent Layers and Excellent for Table When Fattened.

Those who like raising ducks should give the Runner ducks a trial. They are easily raised, are persistent layers, and although they are not nearly as large as the Peking ducks they are more profitable, considering the large number of eggs they lay, and the fine-grained, juicy meat.

When fully matured, the female should weigh something over four pounds, and the male over four and



Runner Ducks.

one-half pounds. When the young are forced for market they can be made to weigh three and one-half pounds at ten weeks of age. There is a good demand in large markets for fat Indian Runners.

ECONOMICAL FEED FOR HENS

Soak Oats Until They Begin to Swell If Fowls Do Not Take Kindly to Them—Feed Dry Mash.

If the hens do not take kindly to oats, soak them until they begin to swell. Buy clipped oats if you must purchase them. Scalded oats may be fed to chicks four or five weeks old, with as good results as to hens.

Dry mash, being made of mill feeds or by-products, has not advanced as much as whole grains. Beef scrap has shown the least change.

An economical and satisfactory dry mash for growing stock and laying hens is composed of 100 pounds each of wheat bran, flour or standard middlings, cornmeal, ground oats and beef scrap.

Skim milk or butter milk can be used in place of beef scrap if it is available. Hens having milk usually eat more grain, but production per pounds of grain consumed is greater.

FOWLS NOT WORTH KEEPING

Hens Showing Characteristics of Poor Layers Should Be Marketed to Save Feed Bill.

Hens showing the characteristics of poor layers, and very old hens, are not worth keeping over the winter and are better marketed. By selling these birds their feed is saved and the birds that are left have more room and more chance to produce eggs when they are confined to the house by bad weather.

USE HOPPERS FOR DRY MASH

Furnish Protection Against Dust and Dirt and Keep Out Rodents and Wild Birds.

It is always best to use hoppers for feeding dry mash to fowls because the hoppers protect the supply against dust and dirt. Some are constructed so that they will keep out the rats and wild birds when closed.

NEWS and GOSSIP of WASHINGTON



Women of Nation Are Doing Their Full Duty

WASHINGTON.—The first flush of war enthusiasm has passed. The nation has settled down to war business. Not to be counted any small factor in the war business are the women. In the first place, of the 75,000 and more clerks in the government department in Washington at least 60 per cent are women. Women are filling the clinics in the departments left vacant by the departure of men to war.

In the great war machinery women are more than half. True it is that in most instances they are but cogs in the great machines, but, nevertheless, they are important cogs, and the machine would not operate without them. Then there are the thousands and thousands of women throughout the nation who are engaged in war work. The food administration, one of the most important of the great war engines of America, admits openly that it may as well close its doors if the women of America will not work with it. But the women of America are working with it, as the campaign pledges for food conservation continue to pour in.

Another great organization which depends almost entirely upon women for its life is the Red Cross. It is a fact that the Red Cross leaders are men, but the mass of Red Cross workers are women. You can readily realize this if you visit Red Cross headquarters here and watch the mail that goes out, the first address line generally begins with a "Mrs." or a "Miss."

Way back in April a Washington official attempted to look into the future. He spoke of the war and said: "The hand that rocks the cradle is the hand that rules the world, and the war will not be won without the backing of American womanhood." His remark went wild then, perhaps, for America was too new in the war game to realize that it was serious business. Now the time has come when woman is an important part in the war and the importance of womanhood will increase.

Leaders of Women's Suffragists at the Capital

THE most curious women in Washington are the suffragists of the women's party. Leader of the party is Miss Alice Paul. Miss Paul is not a handsome woman. Her features are not clear cut or even and her complexion is anything but attractive. But she has wide-open, deep eyes, and back of them a personality. There is something of magnetism about her, and she is a leader, undeniably.

Second in command of the suffrage host is Miss Lucy Burns, a big, brawny woman, militant in her every move. Miss Burns, despite her militant bearing and air, is soft-spoken and a woman of refined training.

Totally different is Mrs. Abby Scott Baker. She is the mother of three sons, all of them in military service. Mrs. Baker has the grace of a true Southern lady. Her deep brown eyes speak only kindness. Her low, melodious voice brings back memories of a cradle song. One pictures her rather presiding at the family dinner table rather than on the picket line courting arrest.

In and out of the women's party headquarters there is a steady stream of motley women. Little, thin, emaciated girls, with bobbed hair and raddled heels. Little gray-haired women, little pudgy women of militancy, tall, dignified ladies and women of every sort.

There is an air of freedom and camaraderie about the headquarters that is homelike. They laugh at their jail experiences and then they make loud protest against the administration. The spirit of rebellion runs high.

These are the women who declare they are fighting for the cause of women. They declare they are fighting the only way. Maybe they are. Maybe they are not. At any rate, every one of them is in earnest.

How Officers Helped Augustus to "Do His Bit"

ONE more cold-weather story. This is about something that wasn't on the program when the Drama League Players gave Shaw's "Augustus Does His Bit" at a local theater. The performer who was the Augustus of the evening gave such a finished performance of the role that many in the audience were heard to remark upon the completeness of his interpretation.

Every detail of line and action was brought out. As to costume, Augustus was English army regulation from head to foot. Those English officers in the left-hand box were responsible for that. They demonstrated that night, unknown to the audience, the sportsmanlike qualities for which the British are famous. It was shortly before the curtain went up on "Augustus Does His Bit," which, by the way, received its American premier that night. The British officers had come behind the scenes, and stood talking to Augustus.

"I want to apologize for not having your regulation coat," said Augustus. "This was the best we could do."

"Take mine," said one officer, and out of his coat he came at once. Despite protests Augustus soon stood clothed in a real English army coat. There was just one fault remaining in his costume, and this was spotted at once by another of the Englishmen. "Your collar is white, and it ought to be khaki," said the officer. "Here, take mine."

"But I can't take your collar," protested Augustus. "You must," replied the Englishman.

So Augustus did his bit.

Now I'm in regulation outfit—hey!

And All He Could Do Was Sit and Watch Friend Eat

"B O B" ROBINSON, a resident of the Pacific coast, at large and nowhere in particular, is a visitor here for the purpose of working up interest in an invention which he claims is going to revolutionize things. He hasn't told anybody what it is yet. It probably has to do with eating, for he tells this story to listeners. His venturesome spirit once led him into the Klondike country during the palmy days of its golden resources, where he proceeded to accumulate and lose a series of fortunes without batting an eye.

The time came when he got to the end of his financial rope. One day he had but ten cents left, and after mature deliberation he concluded to invest in a stew in a cheap hushery that was the rendezvous of all the down and outs in the town at the time.

"Just as I had finished my repast," he said, "I ran into an old Klondike pard who had cleaned up a million by a lucky strike. We fell into each other's arms like long-lost brothers, and then he said to me:

"Old scout, you're the very man I've been looking for! I don't know a soul in this town, and I have got to mosh back to Alaska on the next train, so get busy and take me to the swellest grub factory in these diggings and we'll have the best that money can buy!"

"Well, I steered him up against the most expensive cafe in the town and he ordered things that would place a feast for the gods in the piker class—and there I sat, chuck full of stew, and had to watch him eat!"

LARGE INCREASE IN CRIME

Takes Amazing Leaps Since America Entered War.

Number of Complaints Throughout Country Increases 20 Per Cent in Six Months.

New York.—Since the United States entered the war the crime percentages in practically every city in the country have taken amazing leaps. The number of complaints reaching various detective headquarters throughout the land for the last six months was 20 per cent higher than during the same period a year ago. The increase has extended to practically all forms of crime except murder and assault.

Commissioner Woods of the New York city police department, has made a special examination of the records with a view to answering the question as to the effect of the war on crime and criminals. His conclusions are as follows:

"Crimes against property have increased steadily since the United States entered the war, and the reason may be found directly in the economic conditions which have been brought about by the war. Crimes of violence, except robbery, have tended to decrease, but the decrease is to be attributed not so much to gangs and the imprisonment of the gangsters who formerly afflicted New York city."

Like Commissioner Woods, District Attorney Swann holds that the causes of increased crime are economic, due to the war.

"The explanation," he says, "is in the increased value of property. Silks, copper, brass, foodstuffs and almost every commodity have such an increased value and are so readily salable that it is worth while to steal most anything, and the thieves act accordingly. With the increase in values is a corresponding increase in temptation."

SIX-SHOOTER IS PASSING

Pitchforks and Shovels Replace Firearms in Equipment of Oklahoma Sheriffs.

Tulsa, Okla.—The day of the six-shooter, the Winchester and the Colt is passing in this state. Recently pitchforks and shovels were added to the equipment of the office of the sheriff of this county.

The new equipments are to be used in the unearthing of illicit liquor traffic. Recently these instruments unearthed an automobile load of liquor on a farm north of the city.

Wild Geese Break Glass.

Two Rivers, Wis.—During a severe storm that swept over Lake Michigan a large number of wild geese were sighted. The largest flock was seen at Twin River Point lighthouse. The flock consisted of more than 300 geese. The geese were confused by the flash of the light and broke the lower glass, one-half inch thick. One of the geese killed in the impact with the tower glass weighed over five pounds.