

ROOSEVELT MAY BE GIVEN CHANCE

Washington, May 5.—Authorization by Congress in the conference report on the army bill of the Roosevelt division is regarded now as a probability rather than an outside possibility as the result of a decided switch in the House. The Senate already has gone on record and has in its bill an authorization for the division.

Representative Kahn, who led the fight for the administration selective conscription bill and who fought the adoption of the Roosevelt amendment in the House last week, said that he would in conference suggest a plan which would make it possible for the Roosevelt division, or as many other divisions as the President desired to accept, to be taken into the government service without at the same time throwing the bars down to general organization of volunteer units.

"I opposed and still oppose striking down the principle of selective conscription by establishing, in addition to the regular army, the National Guard and the new national army chosen by conscription, a fourth class of volunteers just to take care of Mr. Roosevelt," Representative Kahn said. "But I think Colonel Roosevelt's offer is a patriotic one and that he ought to be given an opportunity to serve the country in the war in which we are engaged. This can be done without striking out conscription by authorizing the President, in his discretion, to accept one or more organized units to build up the present regular army establishment and the National Guard to war strength.

"We need more than a half-million volunteers to fill these establishments, and by such authorization it might assist materially in filling them rapidly. By this plan no new volunteer force would be created. It would be merely taking an organized unit into the regular army instead of by individual enlistments. I believe that something along this line can be worked out that will be acceptable to the House."

REIMS CATHEDRAL CRUMBLING AND ALMOST DEMOLISHED

Paris, May 5.—Caroline Lucien describing the present condition of Reims cathedral, in a letter to a friend, says:

"The outside apse is destroyed, three flying buttresses are broken, numerous pinnacles are smashed off or thrown down, the main body of the edifice in greater part knocked down, the walls have received injuries which threaten their stability and the towers are seriously damaged. The roof and vaulting have collapsed in five places, the south transept and chancel are in ruins and the baptismal fonts are crushed, while the high altar is buried beneath the fallen debris. The angle where the south transept joins the apse is so badly damaged that a single shell striking above or at the side would bring down the whole and with it the blind arcade."

CIVIL DISTRICT COURT

Mrs. Annie Solomon Patterson, wife of Andrew L. Patterson, vs. James B. Polittier, claim, \$300; Carrie Gross vs. City of New Orleans, injunction.

Succession

Euphrosie Yrie.

VITAL STATISTICS

Births

Mrs. James Mahoney, 3036 Burgundy, a boy.
Mrs. Eugene Bal, 2725 Tulane avenue, a boy.
Mrs. John J. Casey, 1403 Patterson, a girl.

Marriages

Alfred Lucein and Miss Celestine Foster.
Daniel Kahn and Miss Henrietta Sullivan.

Deaths

Saraphine Larocca, 43 years, 3919 Makazine.
Henry Chavigny, 50 years, Tulane and Carrollton avenues.
Marie Roussel, 1 year, 1213 Baracks.
Virginia Sneed, 81 years.
Emile Jeunesse, 26 years, 1880 Galvez.
Florence Hamilton, 36 years, 340 South Daibond.
Rose Mailey, 4 months, Charity Hospital.
May Diebold, 1 month, 3711 South Rampart.
Josephine Singer, 83 years.

BRITAIN, TOO, PLANS NATIONAL BABY WEEK

Washington, May 5.—Plans for a British National Baby Week are under way, according to letters received by the Children's Bureau of the United States Department of Labor from the Provisional Baby Week Committee.

TAKE FILM PRODUCERS WHO STING K.G.'S WOULD-BE MOVIE STARS

The following story from the Kansas City Times seems to have a local application:

About a year ago two men came to Kansas City, took up quarters at one of the leading hotels and announced that they were financing a drama of life in Kansas, to be known as "The Sunflower Princess."

The two men were revolutionists. They didn't believe in producing motion pictures along the staid and accepted lines. What the movie business needed, they said, was new blood, fresh faces and genuine people.

Why, they pointed out, there was no end of dramatic talent right in Kansas City. There was even more in the small towns throughout Kansas. Anyone could act if they wanted to. It was only a question of two things—training and "breaking into the game." Both of these difficulties the two men were in a position to overcome for the ambitious applicant.

Peculiarly enough, there were a large number of persons in Kansas City and the vicinity who had exactly the same idea. Most of them had long cherished the conviction that they were born movie stars. Inside of a week the revolutionists had so many applicants they could have reproduced all the mob scenes in "The Birth of the Nation."

Naturally there had to be a weeding out process. In this, according to Mrs. Katherine M. Clark, 1109 East Eleventh street, who belonged to the company, the genius of the directors appeared with especial force.

"It was the easiest thing in the world," Mrs. Clark said today. "The applicants that had money and were willing to buy stock in the company remained. Those that didn't had to give up their motion picture aspirations."

Mrs. Clark was one of those who had money. According to the story she told Shannon C. Douglass, Jr., assistant prosecutor today, she started with it to the extent of \$12,000. As evidence, Mrs. Clark produced a check for \$500 a week, and a check for \$50 a week.

"I never got any salary," said Mrs. Clark, who is of an age when most professionals abandon hope of anything except "mother" parts. "Neither, so far as I know, did anybody else. It was just a skin game from beginning to end."

Among those, Mrs. Clark says, who were victimized, was a stenographer friend, who lost \$2,500, and another individual whose investments in the production reached \$12,000.

One of the features of the production was a "pretty girl contest" extending through the small towns of Kansas. The winner of the contest was to be given a part in the film. Mrs. Clark says that some of those involved in this manner were among the losers.

"The Sunflower Princess" was filmed for the most part in the downtown district and at the studio of the Overland Park Film Manufacturing Company.

NEW YORK TO BAR EXECUTION OF INSANE

Albany, May 5.—Governor Whitman instituted today a method of procedure designed to forestall last minute confusion in executing the death penalty at Sing Sing, such as accompanied the electrocution of Von Don Corput and has marked the Stiel-w and many other murder cases in this state.

A commission of well known alienists will examine each condemned man for signs of insanity after the Court of Appeals has passed on his case and set a time for execution.

"The state does not desire nor do any of its citizens wish to have an insane person electrocuted," said the Governor. "It has become customary for friends of condemned murderers to wait until the week during which the murderer is to be electrocuted and then make an appeal to the executive upon the grounds that the prisoner is insane. This causes much anxiety on my part, and in very many cases it is necessary to grant a reprieve or a stay in order that the fact of the sanity of the person can be properly determined."

PREDICTS LONG WAR WILL BANISH SKIRTS

Denver, Colo., May 5.—Skirts will go if the war does not stop, is the prediction of a prominent Denver woman.

Miss Anna Laura Force, principal of the Lincoln school, addressing the Jane Jefferson Club, said:

"If the war continues there is no doubt the women of this country will rid themselves of the dangerous, troublesome skirt, and adopt the simpler male attire."

facturing Company. W. B. Strang of the Overland Park concern said today that he had suspected the two producers from the start, and had warned against them all those who had come to him for advice.

"However," he added, "most of those who lent went in with their eyes open. They were victims of their own vanity. While there is no question the whole thing was a doubtful proposition, I doubt that the producers laid themselves open to the law."

The two revolutionists were known as G. L. Kellar and H. G. Elstick, and their company as the Crescent Motion Picture Producing Company. So far as any of these concerned have ever been able to learn, "The Sunflower Princess" never got beyond the private exhibition stage.

As for the promoters, they left. One of them is now believed to be in New Orleans, the whereabouts of the other being unknown.

Mr. Douglass told Mrs. Clark he would see whether the producers were attempting to do in New Orleans the same thing they did here, and, if so, have the prosecutor's office there look into their operations. If it turned out otherwise, he said, he would file complaints against them himself.

Besides the contract with herself for \$50, Mrs. Clark showed the prosecutor one for \$35 with her daughter, Ethel Florence Clark, ten years old.

"We were both to be in it," she explained, "playing mother and daughter parts. And all we ever got out of it were a few rehearsals."

LORD KITCHENER ALIVE AND GERMAN PRISONER?

Denver, May 5.—A startling intimation that Lord Kitchener was not lost when the Hampshire went down last June is conveyed in a letter received here by the parents of a student of a New York private school.

According to the letter, a Miss Edgar, a teacher in the school, has received a censored postcard from an aide-de-camp of Kitchener, who has been mourned as lost since the Hampshire went down.

Although the matter on the postcard has been deleted, according to the letter received here, it contained this significant sentence:

"You would be surprised to know that a big man is numbered among the prisoners held by the Germans who is supposed to be dead."

INSECTS THE NEXT WORLD FOE

Death Toll from Vermin in the War Will Arouse Humanity

From the Youth's Companion: A writer in an English journal has suggested that the next great war will be between man and the insect world. This war would be waged not only on insects that actually kill man himself, but also on all those winged or creeping things that are his enemies in less direct ways—those species that, to use the writer's phrase, "exist at the expense of human progress and happiness."

We all shudder with horror at the thought of a scorpion or a centipede, although few of us ever see one of them, but we do not shudder enough at the thought of the untold millions of disgusting things that we are battling up with all the time. Perhaps it is unfortunate for us that many of these harmful, and even death-dealing, insects are very small. If they were as large as they are bad we would soon rid ourselves of them. When we see the housefly or the mosquito hugely magnified, we realize at once that, compared with them structurally, the tiger is a charming and beautiful thing; but we go away and forget the magnified picture and submit to the original of it.

The death toll that vermin have caused in the present war has so enforced its lesson that the world has roused itself to clean things up. The knowledge that certain insects were disgusting and unclean did not seem to be sufficient reason for action, but the knowledge that these same insects are quite as dangerous as so many bullets is a stronger argument.

England has to thank the militant suffragettes who came under arrest for one thing at least—the clamor they raised on their release with regard to the vermin that they had encountered in English prisons.

The extermination of these pests is a duty that the world faces—a righteous crusade in which we should all join. The scientists will tell us the best way to wage the fight, but scientific methods must be reinforced by a public opinion that will cease to tolerate unclean dwellings, stagnant pools, uncovered tanks, accumulations of exposed filth, and everything else that invites vermin and menaces human beings.

The Ban of Silence

By Mary Grace Hetherington

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"We all liked Djalma—first, because she was a loyal, tireless servant; next, for the reason that he was unique and interesting. A peculiar history attached to him. He had appeared in our little village one day with a tired out child of a girl, bronzed with the sun of far-away India, but bewitchingly beautiful in eyes and features, intelligent beyond her years, full of bustle and liveliness, a striking contrast to her close, dusky escort, who was grim of face, statuesque of form and ever silent."

The girl did the talking. They were to find Miss Eunice Mason; the child was her niece. Everybody knew Miss Mason, an humble but thrifty spinster who lived in the next town, conducting a little millinery shop.

"She is my aunt," announced the sprightly little creature. "My dear father told me she is my only living relative in all the world. We have come thousands of miles. My name is Colla Brentwood, Djalma is my only friend. He is good, but he cannot tell you that, for he is under a ban."

"A ban?" I repeated, fully mystified, and brother Ronald, about the same age as the little girl by my side, stared in wonder, and curiosity, too.

"The ban of silence," explained Colla in her pretty, prattling way, "was placed by the Hindoo priest."

For seven years Djalma, for leaving his native land, must not speak a word, or he becomes an outcast, here, and solemnly uttered the strange child, pointing upwards. "Where papa is, Djalma was true to his master, my father. When the fanatics killed him and burned our bungalow, we had to flee. It was Djalma's brother who helped, the good Kuriza."

Miss Mason welcomed her niece and for a long time the strange child and her more strange story interested the country round. Colla speedily adapted herself to her new surroundings. There was no place for Djalma, however, and he sought work, for he refused to leave the child to strangers. He seemed impressed with a loyal sense of sacred guardianship over Colla. We needed a man about the place and my father hired Djalma. He never regretted the act.

Every Saturday Djalma would don his native dress and go down to visit Colla. Miss Mason permitted it. In

fact, as did all of us, she liked the humble, faithful fellow, who seemed to have no motive in life except to toil uncomplainingly for others.

Colla was eighteen; Ronald had grown into a young man. It was not strange that he had been attracted by the charming girl whom time had developed into a charming young lady. It began though Djalma taking him with him to the next town when he made his Saturday visits. As he grew older, Ronald doubled his visits. The natural sequence came about—one day he announced that Colla and he were engaged.

We were not sorry for it, although father advised a delay of a year or two. Miss Mason died one day. She led to a peculiar situation. She had left what little she had to Colla. It was little, indeed, for there were a great many debts. Miss Mason had supported a crippled and helpless brother in a sanitarium for years. Colla assumed the responsibility of continued care of her uncle. She went about her new duties like a genuine business woman. Ronald objected to the strenuous strain, but Colla was determined.

"I could not rest if I did not clear up the debts of poor, dead aunt," she said. "It would be a sin to neglect Uncle Waldron. You must be patient, dear, and wait. I love you and I shall be—oh! so proud and happy to be—"

K. BOY LOSES FOREFINGER

While doing guard duty at the head of Barracks street yesterday morning, Private George Roberts, of Company K, of Lake Charles, First

Elva stammered out a laughing acquiescence, and the two were soon on the best of terms. So engrossed was Colla with the girl that Janet, feeling very much out of it, excused herself, and left them together.

Mrs. Bentley laughingly drew Janet's attention to the rapid progress her friend was making in the conquest of young Mr. Cass. Later in the evening Janet had a short conversation with him. She found the stranger bright, original and thoughtful. She was bound to admit he had attracted her as no man ever had before. Then a great wave of—yes it was jealousy—surged over her. Elva in her rattlebrain way had made the real impression on this man. So after all the miscellaneous flirtation was no obstacle to the regard of a real gentleman. Her mother's teachings, and her own delicate sense of womanliness had always kept her from this. She believed that a girl of good breeding shrank from making herself conspicuous in any way among strangers. But perhaps she was very much behind the times.

Elva after this frequently told Janet of the car rides, suppers and various attentions of Stuart Cass.

"Are you engaged?" she asked.

"Not yet," answered Elva in a tone that meant it was a foregone conclusion.

One day she laughingly said: "Stuart has been asking me questions about the 'mid-Victorian lady,' meaning you."

"Oh," said Janet emphatically, but with an inward pang the other entirely failed to sense.

"Yes, and he asked me to bring him to call on you. I'd be horribly jealous, if I—well wasn't pretty sure of him."

After Stuart Cass was brought by Elva to call, he continued to come without his companion. He began to send Janet flowers, and to ask her with her aunt to the theater and opera. She knew she had given this man her heart, and she wondered how it would end. She felt she must know if he cared for her friend.

"I wonder," she said to him, "if you are reading the 'mid-Victorian lady,' as you would Jane Austin, just out of curiosity to get some idea of the period."

He looked at her quizzically.

"I see she told you. No! No! No! I protested. 'I wanted to know you first because I saw the touch of refinement, womanliness which would not let you do what—what so many young girls think nothing of. I want to go on knowing you because—I love you.'

"But," stammered Janet, "Elva—you have made her think—"

"Nothing!" he broke in quickly. "I have only been matching her at her own game. She likes nothing so much in the world as a flirtation. She couldn't be in earnest."

"Oh, yes she is—this time, and—"

"I'm sorry," he said, "if that's true, but I don't think so. At any rate I wouldn't marry a woman who would flirt with any man who attracted her. Do you think a man who brings all the respect and devotion of his life to the woman he loves would choose that kind of a girl?"

"I had—had thought not, but—"

"But now are you sure?"

She let him take her in his arms with a smothered "Yes."

You Can See the Wind.

It is said that anyone may see the wind by means of a common hand saw. All that is necessary is a hand saw and a good breeze. On any blowy day hold the saw against the wind. That is, if the wind is in the north hold the saw with one end pointing east and the other west. Hold the saw with the teeth uppermost and tip it slowly toward the horizon until it is at an angle of about 45 degrees. By glancing along the edge of the teeth you can "see the wind"; it will be pouring over the edge of the saw much after the manner that water pours over a waterfall. This is doubtless due to the fact that there are always fine particles of dust in the air, and in a strong breeze the wind forces against the slanting sides of this saw, slides up the surface, and suddenly pours over when it reaches the top.

It is doubtless the tiny particles that make the air dust-laden that can be seen falling over the edge of the saw as the wind current drops, but it is about as near as anyone can get to seeing the wind under normal conditions.

Ingredients of Soap.

White soaps are usually made of olive oil, cottonseed oil or other fine vegetable oils and carbonate of soda. Common household soaps are usually made of soda and tallow, and yellow soap is generally composed of tallow, resin and soda to which palm oil is added in some cases. Marine soap, or "sea soap," which will lather and dissolve in sea water, as well as in fresh water, is usually made of coconut oil, soda and water. Soft soaps are made with potash instead of soda and with whale oil, seal oil, or the oils of linseed, rape seed, hemp seed or cotton seed with the addition of a little tallow.

Friend Hippo's New Name.

In spite of its clumsy build, the hippopotamus can trot fast. That is why he was given the name of river-horse. The hippo's feet are kept far apart by the wide body and make paths with a ridge down the middle, so as to be recognizable at once. They swim well, but go at their greatest speed when they can gallop along the bottom in shallow water. They can stay under water a long time, and when they come to the surface they send little jets of spray from their nostrils. The cow is devoted to the calf. The young one stands on her back as the mother swims.

Louisiana infantry, allowed his gun to slide to the ground and the weapon exploded. The forefinger of his right hand was shot off. According to the police, Roberts did not have the safety device on at the time.

MAYOR THOMPSON N.Y. PERVADED TALKED TOO MUCH BY MARTIAL AIR

Chicago, May 5.—The first storm of criticism aimed at Mayor Thompson, who is under fire for a alleged disloyalty, came last Thursday when it was first suggested to invite General Joffre and other allied commissioners to come to this city.

The mayor showed hostility in the matter of an invitation to the hero of the Marne and his associates. He said he thought it was no to the council rather than the mayor to issue an invitation to General Joffre, and he asked Corporation Counsel Etzelson to prepare a legal opinion on the question.

"Is it your idea," he was asked at that time, "that some of the people might not like the idea of inviting General Joffre here?"

"Well, my idea is that some of the people might not like the idea of inviting General Joffre here," he replied.

The mayor also issued a formal document called a "food shortage warning," which contained matter that placed him in the role of "unscientific objector."

His document included an attack on conscription and the war policies of the government.

"In the words of the present Speaker of the House of Representatives," the mayor said in the statement, "an attempt is now being made to bulldoze Congress into passing the administration bill under which the young manhood of Chicago could be forced or drafted into the army and sent into the trenches on the battlefields of Europe. The history of conscription or draft is that it leads to trouble and it is a drastic measure which should never be invoked until the life of the republic is threatened. I am unalterably opposed to a draft for the purpose of forcing on young men into the trenches of Europe."

"Hunger will stalk through our fair land and grim want will visit the homes of Chicago unless Congress puts into effect a policy of conservation under which the exportation of food will be restricted to make it certain that our own people shall not suffer the agonies of starvation and from the disease and pestilence which follow its wake."

Some of the comments of the mayor that brought down upon him general condemnation were:

"Our national officers seem to have their minds set on seeing how much they can spend and how much food they can ship. It's time they considered their firebrands at home."

"Chicago is the sixth largest German city in the world, the second largest Bohemian, the second largest Swedish, the second largest Norwegian, and the second largest Polish."

How widespread is the criticism of Mayor Thompson's remarks is indicated in a cable from Floyd Gibbons, in London, who says:

"The Westminster Gazette to-day prints the following regarding 'Big Bill': 'The mayor of Chicago certainly is going it; he has refused to welcome Marshal Joffre to what he describes as 'the sixth largest German city in the world.'"

"Incidents of this kind were almost bound to occur, though this mayor seems to be particularly anxious to show himself a bad American."

P. S. Lambros, publisher of the Greek Star, issued a statement attacking the mayor:

"The reason why Mayor Thompson expressed himself the way he is because he attempted to play politics, thus plainly casting reflections upon the loyalty and the patriotism of the foreign born citizens."

"The woman of to-day has no definite knowledge of the value of time or money. Mrs. Brooks declared she buys clothes that are unnecessary and is attracted more by the pleasing exterior of textiles than by an assurance of long wear and service."

WOMEN SPEND TIME ON TRIFLES, SHE CHARGES

Seattle, Wash., May 5.—The American woman is too busy fattening and crocheting things of little value and playing cards, declared Mrs. Helen Brooks, professor of domestic economy at the Oregon Agricultural College, at a housekeepers' conference at the University of Washington here.

The woman of to-day has no definite knowledge of the value of time or money. Mrs. Brooks declared she buys clothes that are unnecessary and is attracted more by the pleasing exterior of textiles than by an assurance of long wear and service."

CAN HOLD OUT TWO YEARS

New York, May 5.—Dr. Paul Kurt Sauer of El Paso, Tex., and Dr. Maximilian Erick of New York, who have been attached to American hospital units working in Germany, have arrived here from Copenhagen accompanied by eight American nurses. Members of the party said there was no evidence of starvation in Germany when they left, and the progress of exhaustion is so slow it will take fully two years before internal troubles can possibly force peace.

By International News Service.

New York, May 5.—From the deck of a Staten Island or Bay Ridge ferry boat these days one can get a splendid view of both land and sea war preparations and so the chagrined, dumpty little craft are crowded with enthusiastic sight-seers.

Although the patriotic voluntary censorship prevents the revelation of all details, it is safe to say that the world's greatest port bustles with the activity of Mars and sight after sight comes into view which stir the blood of an American.

Probably the first thing noted is a graceful aeroplane circling thousands of feet above the Statue of Liberty. It comes swooping down in big circles to the field on Governor's Island, where scores of Uncle Sam's flying boys are training hard to protect the city.

The ferry lines pass close enough to the island to see the line of hangars and the long, level stretch where the mechanical birds are tuned up for the start.

The eye is distracted from the fliers to the island drill ground where thousands of rookies have been laboring perspiring for many weeks. All sorts of aggregations are seen—the trim, perfect regulars, the half-drilled men and the newcomers, some still in civilian clothes. The latter are armed with "broomsticks" or wooden rifles. The bars have been let down this spring so that almost anyone who wants to drill can come over to the island on the government ferry boat and join in some sort of work. On Saturday afternoons big crowds wave through the drill manual under the hoarse guidance of the drill sergeants.

Further down the harbor the navy engrosses attention. It would betray no confidence to tell what particular ships are seen, for they only come in to spend a few hours and are then off on unknown missions again. But for the sake of principle they shall be nameless.

Giant breadcrouths are in a minority—their station is known to almost no one outside the navy itself. But formidable looking older battleships, cruisers, colliers with their forests of derricks, oil tenders and miscellaneous craft are always on hand.

Swift destroyers whip through the water and wash up mosquito vessels, converted yachts and motor boats dart here and there.

If you are lucky you may even in the sight of a lone line of low, whale-like shapes, our own U-boats, slipping calmly through the water, with a monitor or other above-water ship conveying them.

The submarines always excite great interest and brings crowds from the merchantmen they pass.

In the distance as the ferry boat approaches Bay Ridge or Staten Island, a glimpse may be caught by keen eyes of the outer harbor defenses, the forts, the buoys over the great steel nets and the sentinel craft—but of these no more must be said.

CHURCH MOVIES AS SUNDAY SCHOOL BONUS

Denver, Colo., May 5.—Denver's Billy Sunday, an old baseball star, believing in amusement as well as religion, will pen a movie show and thereby keep his church up to date.

A staid Methodist house of worship soon will enter into competition with theatres of Curtis street, Denver's bright-light district, as a place of entertainment.

And an endorsed, sugar-and-water, mammy-pammy program will this new "playhouse" offer. Bill Hart, Mary Pickford and Anita Stewart will smile and live and fight through many exciting adventures, and the villain will be laid out cold in retribution many a time.

Grace Methodist Episcopal Church, at West Thirtieth avenue and Bannock street, will be the scene of this carnival of canned drama. The audience will be the children of the neighborhood, and every youngster who attends Sunday school will be admitted free.

The man who is responsible for this innovation is the Rev. Charles Odell Thibodeau, pastor of the church and all-round live wire.

The day is not far distant when, as "Chuck" Thibodeau, star catcher of North Dakota, has paid \$25 a day to catch in a series of games in which his team won the championship of the State.

"I never was meant to be a minister," says Mr. Thibodeau, "but now that I'm in it, I love the work. I look on it with the eyes of a professional baseball player. The church, I am positive, has to amuse people as well as enter to their spiritual needs. I want to play with my people as well as pray with them."