

WASHINGTON CITY SIDELIGHTS



Outdoor Church Services Popular at Capital

WASHINGTON.—Washington's latest churchgoing is out of doors. At fresco vespers on the ellipse back of the White House grounds were held last Sunday at five and will occur regularly until October. The district war camp community service is in charge and the navy yard band provides the music. Clergymen from all denominations make addresses, while the congregation, drawn from every state and all ages and conditions of war workers, constitutes the choir.



These outdoor services offer many amusing incidents. Prayerful posture with bended head disappears when the birdmen cut capers in the sky directly over the preacher. The drone of the biplane drowns the minister's voice, and whispers of "Look, oh, look! a nose dive—now he's righted himself"—interfere with the dominie's exhortations. The religious character of these Sunday afternoons was repeatedly stressed by the earnest young man in charge, probably because the social and sentimental side stuck out so prominently. Pretty heads resting on manly shoulders, furtive handclasps—notes thrown from a group of sailors to a bunch of giggling girls—spurs entangled with fluffy petticoats—with the big congregation sitting around on the grass, it's natural enough that picnic manners displace proper church behavior.

Washington is a city crowded with unattached males and females, boys training at the navy yard or at Camp Meigs and Washington university—girls from every city and hamlet. They are the nicest, cleanest, happiest young people in the world, a slice of young America which is neither the upper nor the lower crust, but they're lonesome and bored in their few leisure moments and want to play together.

How the "Boys" Outwitted the Commanding Officer

A TROOP train stopped at Laurel, Md., one morning not so long ago. On that train were hundreds of Washington boys. The commanding officer, fearing that his train would be besieged by thousands of relatives if they stopped in Union station, had the train go through to Laurel, and there rest.



It was an all-day wait, too. The boys felt pretty much cut up about being deprived of the opportunity of seeing their folks, but, of course, they said nothing.

They just did something. Nobody can get ahead of American soldiers—no even the commanding officer!

The major or colonel, or whatever rank he was, I have forgotten, was just congratulating himself on his sagacity, when the first relative from the national capital put in appearance.

"Just chance," thought the commanding officer.

Then relatives began to stream into Laurel from Washington by the score, in flocks, in droves. They came in automobiles, buggies, wagons and on foot. They came all afternoon. The boys and their folks had a great time.

I'll bet to this day the commanding officer doesn't know how the men worked it. But here is the way it was done:

Two of the men decided they were going to see their relatives. Once they had determined that much, the rest was easy.

They hopped a freight back to Washington.

When they hit Union station they made for the telephone, called up their own people and told them that the train would be at Laurel all day, and instructed them to notify friends. Then they tackled the telephones again. Between them they called up the relatives of nearly every man on the train and told them where they could see their boy on his way to France.

Then they hopped another freight back to Laurel.

No wonder the Yanks are going through to Berlin!

Ride on Drawspan Recommended as Novel Thrill

YOU may have taken rides in airplanes, tanks, battleships, automobiles, choo-choos, etc., but unless you have swung around on Capt. Robert L. Tillert's "craft" you have missed a mild thrill. Tillert's "craft" is the drawspan of the Highway bridge. He is the senior operator and vessels which have to wait for the draw have to wait on Tillert. He doesn't keep them waiting very long.



There is a tremendous toot, a great grinding and the draw begins to operate. You are standing talking to the captain, when you feel the iron bar against which you were easily leaning begin to revolve. It revolves calmly, pleasantly, brushing you aside, as it were. But when you feel it revolving you jump as if you were shot, and nearly fall out the window into the river. Captain Tillert gesticulates at you, waving one arm. The draw is now well out over the river.

"What does he mean?" you wonder, looking wildly about. "Does he want me to jump out the window?"

The captain keeps on waving his arm at you.

You step to the door and look out. You see the great gap in the bridge, and on the other side the gates down and a policeman holding back automobiles.

Then it dawns upon you that the captain is merely trying to get you to a point of vantage, where you may watch the operation of the draw. So you stand at attention, while the great span screeches, the tug goes through and the span slides back into the bridge once more.

It's a novel five-minute ride.

Women Passengers Had Misjudged the Fat Man

THE car came to a sudden stop with the grinding noise that means the wheels have slipped the track. The motorman jumped out. The conductor and man passengers followed suit, and every last woman poked her head out of the window on the trouble side.



Only one passenger kept his place. He was a fat man with two chins and the symptoms of a third. He just sat there and smiled complacently as if the only thought he had in this world was of the good breakfast he had eaten and the good dinner that was to come.

You will have your thoughts! And if you are a woman you are bound to put them in words, which accounts for one market-basket lady saying to "I'd like to have an even dozen husbands like that—with one over for good measure."

"One would be an overdose for me. But that fellow's no marryin' man! He's too set on his own good times to tie himself down to any one woman. Bet he's a fast flyer, all right."

But he wasn't a fast flyer, for just then a husky black man came to the fat passenger put an arm around him, lifted him up, gave him a crutch and half carried him from the car. And the fat passenger accepted his own helplessness with the docility of a good, but not overbright child.

We are all right, women dear, take us by and large, but—

When we stop our criticizing of people and things we know nothing about this world will be wearing wings.

Settling Beatrice

By S. B. HACKLEY

"Responsibility for Beatrice's settlement is rendering me absolutely distraught, Doris. Living in a little place like this with so few social equals is enough to drive one wild."

Mrs. Eileen Campbell, wife of the fine manufacturer at Bardstown, rolled her china-blue eyes deprecatingly. "If it weren't that Frank is making money 'hand over fist,' as he calls it, here, I simply could not endure it."

Mrs. Carter, wife of the road-building contractor nodded appreciatively. "That's what I tell Gene. How long are you going to stay in New York with the Macons, Eileen?"

"Oh, two weeks, probably. Now that Bee leaves tomorrow with Alethea McCue for the house-party, I feel safe about her. Alethea has been begging me to let her stay on with them through the summer. Sammy—" she lowered her voice, "Sammy is going to be there!"

"How very opportune!" commented Mrs. Carter.

Beatrice, an involuntary listener, with her pliant face, her characteristic mouth and blue eyes, both dolorous and indignant, hastily left the library. Her father, a serious-looking man with red hair, met her in the hall. "Oh, daddy, let me stay home with you while mother is away," she whispered. "I want to go!"

"Your mother would have a fit if you missed that McCue blow-out, sweetheart. We can't go against her in this, I guess. It's late—you'd better run away to your bed. But wait, Kitten, here's a check I promised Pryor. Address it to him, and drop it in the box, will you?"

After an interminable time, it seemed to Beatrice, she heard her parents go to their sleeping rooms, but sleep would not come to her. She arose finally and drew on her dressing gown. "I wish I could tell daddy!" she thought as she went to her writing desk. "I'll write to Louie—he can't help me, but I've got to tell somebody now!"

"Bardstown, N. C., August 2, 1916. "Dr. Louis M. Acheson, Pendleton, Oregon," she wrote at the top of her page.

"Dear, Dear Louie.—I promised you I'd tell you the minute I found the price, but I couldn't, though it's been four months. I was too happy, for a little while, and since—oh, Louie—I've got to tell somebody my troubles, or I'll burst!"

"I guess I've told you in this tiny old place, there's a '400' only here it's a '50,' mostly the Macon family scions. The Macon father was an old scoundrel (I'm quoting daddy), but he owned the big resort hotel here and nearly everything else. Mrs. Altee Jeffers and Mrs. Felix Landrith, two of the daughters, live here. Mrs. Landrith married an old, old man, something like a Maharajah for wealth (he must have been a beast, judging by her unhappy face), and she's got a regular castle overlooking the town.

"Well, mother considers them, and her very special Mrs. Doris Carter, and a few others, her social equals. I wouldn't say it to anybody but you, Louie, but you know it already; mother and her friends just live for dancing and entertaining, and clothes—nothing else! Daddy told her yesterday their chief occupation as he sees it is the 'ornamentation of the chariots that carry them through this little arc in the circle of being!'"

"But because the Macon scions are sort of patrons of Arland, the little church here, and attend services once in a blue moon, mother does, too, and I've been attending the Arland Sunday school, and other services right along, without a protest from her. Early this spring, Mr. Lowrie, the old pastor, died and the board that pays the minister's small salary, sent Glenn Pryor. He isn't exclusive, and just 'churchy,' like Mr. Lowrie. He wants to help everybody and everything, and he makes friends with all the poor and neglected. He's started a branch of the Good Citizens' league, and now you can't find a rusty tin can or a homeless cat in the town. He doesn't trouble himself so much about the '50,' except that he calls on them and is pleasant to them.

"And he's started a Young Folks' circle for Wednesday evenings that does things like singing to sick folks, and the jail folks, and the county infirmary folks. I knew he was the 'prince' the first time I heard him speak. Of course, he didn't knock right off I was the 'princess,' but he came to know. (Louie, I'm like daddy—I love people, just because they're people), and he liked my way. I know, for he—he'd got so his eyes were glad when they turned to me! And I was happy.

"Then the first of July the season opened at the hotel, and they began those Wednesday and Saturday night dances. The first Wednesday night we were to go after the circle met to sing for old Mrs. Filbert (she'd been on her death-bed for a month), and I'd promised her I'd sing an old, old ballad she loved. None of the other girls knew it. But mother wouldn't listen to me, and made me go to that hateful dance. We didn't leave until one o'clock, and just as we came out of the gate where they've got a big electric light that lights up everything (I was walking in front with that horrid, rich

Sammy McCue, Mrs. McCue's brother-in-law), we met Mr. Pryor.

"His eyes looked positively reproachful when they met mine. He lifted his hat, sober and unsmiling, and passed, and I felt my heart break under the weight of his misunderstanding. I heard it break, Louie. And next morning I found out Mrs. Filbert had died at midnight. I couldn't make any explanation to him without appearing to censure mother, so I didn't make any.

"So, July, a wretched month, has passed. Mother's swept me into the hotel social life until I haven't had a minute (not even Sunday) for my friends. (I ought to have stood up to mother, but I hate a row; I am a coward, Louie, and because I am, I am miserable.)

"Tomorrow I'm to leave for Georgia and the McCue's party, to make further conquest of that Sammy toad. The prince is just gently courteous to me, as he is to everybody else, when we chance to meet now. He hears of my going to all those hateful dances and giving all my time to social frivolities, and he thinks I'm a breaker of promises, and shallow, and fickle, and untrustworthy! I'll never be able to redeem myself in his eyes. I believe I could, if I had a chance, away from mother, but I won't get it, and he'll marry somebody else! Oh, Louie!

"This is a wailing letter, but I feel better since I've told you my tribulations!

"Your cousin and friend in weal and woe (mostly woe at present).

"Beatrice Caswell."

Two days after, Mr. Caswell received a telegram from New York:

"Quarantined. Can't leave under six weeks. Beatrice to stay on with the McCues. Eileen."

On Wednesday evening a tan pongee traveling dress pounced down upon him.

"Oh, daddy—I've come home! I've come home!"

"But the house-party! Mother wanted you to stay, Bee!"

"Oh daddy—I never wanted to go! I started home the minute I knew mother had to stay in New York, and you're going to let me stay home with you!"

Her father laughed. "I won't send you back, Kitten."

When the Arland church bell rang, at eight o'clock, Beatrice jumped up. "It's the circle night, daddy; let's go!"

Two weeks later, Beatrice went alone for her favorite walk up Gray's mountain. At the summit she came upon the young minister sprawled on a mossy spot, some typewritten sheets spread out before him. He started guiltily at sight of her, and with unnecessary haste, folded the papers.

"Our next Sunday's sermon!" she bantered. "May I see how it looks on paper?"

He flushed and thrust the folded sheets in his pocket, then fished out of another pocket a strip of paper which he held out to her.

"I'm afraid your father has a bad opinion of me, but his generous check, mailed to me more than two weeks ago, reached me only this noon."

"Two weeks ago," murmured Beatrice, puzzled. Then the red blood dyed her cheeks. "Was—was it forwarded from Oregon?" she stammered.

"It was."

"I—oh, I must have mixed the envelopes!" she stammered. "Then you—that awful letter—"

He came and stood by her. "I remember the letter that was sent me by mistake," he said.

"But you read it!" her hands went over her burning face.

"Yes," he confessed. "I didn't realize what it meant until I'd begun it, then—it was beautiful reading! I wanted to go down to Georgia on the first train—I wanted to keep the 'princess' letter—but I didn't dare do that, either. So I copied the letter, and I've been carrying the copy here close to my heart ever since. Sometimes I've kissed it!"

She raised her drooping head. "Then you—oh, Glenn!"

It wasn't the letter that lay close to his heart that was kissing them. A month later Mrs. Carter, just returned from a six weeks' visit, calling on Mrs. Felix Landrith, met Beatrice Caswell and Glenn Pryor just leaving.

"Did you notice that child's face?" Mrs. Landrith remarked, as the pair passed out of hearing. "Love has made her beautiful."

"Love!" gasped Mrs. Carter. "You don't mean to say she's in love with him? Why, Mrs. McCue's brother-in-law was crazy about her when I left! Glenn Pryor, with those altruistic notions of his, probably never will have a penny!" She set her lips. "Why, it's suicidal! I'll write to Eileen today!"

"Doris Carter," the older woman laid a hand on her shoulder, "don't you do anything of the kind. It may seem to you suicidal to marry for love, without money, but it's worse than suicide to reverse it. I did that, and I know. Don't you write to Eileen Caswell, but even if you were to, it's too late for her to make the child unhappy. His Scotch uncle wants him to come over to France right away, to help him in his army work, and the board has reluctantly consented. Naturally, he wants to take his wife with him. I am going up to Frank Caswell's now to persuade him to let them be married tomorrow."

A Courteous Hen.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Hooker Wilson of north of Rushville have a most remarkable hen. Every morning she scratches at the door for admission. Entering, she sits in a large chair in the living room, lays an egg and walks majestically back to the chicken yard after she has been fed for her courteous service.—Indianapolis News.

Our Part in Feeding the Nation

(Special Information Service, United States Department of Agriculture.)

COMMUNITY FAIRS SPELL CO-OPERATION



The Schoolhouse Makes a Central Place to Hold a Community Fair.

COMMUNITY FAIR FOSTERS RIVALRY

Farmers and Families Co-operate With Neighbors in Exhibiting Best Products.

PEOPLE BROUGHT TOGETHER

First Step is to Interest Leaders, Then Elect Officers and Appoint Committees—Ribbons Usually Awarded as Premiums.

John Jones' basket of potatoes takes the blue ribbon at the fair, and immediately every farmer in the community secretly plans to take that prize away from Jones next year. And Jones, seeing Jim Brown's winning corn, resolves that next time he will add that premium to his other trophies.

And so on down the line of all exhibits, the community fair fosters the spirit of friendly rivalry. It calls not only for the exhibition of the best products that have been grown and the best work that has been done, but it includes as well games, athletic contests, pageants and other features which bring the men and women and the boys and girls together for wholesome recreation.

The first step toward holding a community fair is to interest the leaders of the community; the second is to call a meeting of the whole community to elect officers and appoint committees to have charge of the work. The fair should be well advertised, and effort should be made to secure exhibits from as many persons as possible, rather than to secure exhibits of exceptional quality. For premiums ribbons are usually awarded rather than cash payments. As most of the preparations for the fair are made by volunteer workers, the small amount of money required for incidental expenses can be raised by subscription or by the sale of advertising space in the catalogue or on the program. There should be no entry fees or admission charge.

Grouping the Exhibits.

While it is to be expected that the exhibits at a community fair will receive special attention for the purpose of exhibition, nevertheless they should represent as nearly as possible the normal production of the community, for one of the purposes of holding a community fair is to stimulate a desire to increase the quantity and to improve the quality of the average product. Freak exhibits of all kinds are to be avoided.

Personal solicitation has been found to be the most effective means of inducing people to make exhibits. Each exhibitor should realize that he is in competition only with other members of the community and that it will not be possible for some stranger to take all the prizes.

Satisfactory results are usually obtained in community fairs by grouping certain classes of exhibits. Thus, in the live stock department, horses, cattle, swine, poultry, and pets are exhibited. In the farm products department are shown different varieties of grains and seeds, grasses and forage crops, field beans and peas, peanuts and potatoes, together with dairy products and bee products. The orchard and garden department includes such exhibits as fruits and vegetables, ornamental shrubbery, and flowers.

The woman's work and fine arts department includes prepared foods, canned goods, jellies, preserves, and pickles, and all kinds of needlework, together with such exhibits as paintings, metal work, raffia and reed basket work, pottery, painted china, and handmade jewelry.

cludes all exhibits from organizations in the community which wish to bring the results of their work before the community in this way.

The historical relics department includes firearms, swords, caps, and other war relics, old looms, spinning wheels, and articles produced on them, old pictures, drawings, documents, Indian relics, family relics, geological specimens, and objects of interest from other lands.

Ribbons for Prizes.

Experience has proved that the awarding of money prizes not only makes the cost of a fair prohibitive, but, by placing the emphasis on money instead of on the honor of achievement, defeats the purpose of the fair. The best results have been obtained where ribbons have been awarded, the color of the ribbon denoting the grade of the prize. If money is available for printing the ribbons, each one should be so printed as to show the occasion, place, and date. Awards should be made on the basis of the excellence of the exhibit, and no premium should be awarded to a poor exhibit. Accordingly, for the information of exhibitors, it is well to publish for each class of exhibits the requirements that are to be considered by the judges in awarding premiums.

The managements of county fairs are beginning to realize the value of the community exhibit as a factor in making the county fair serve its purpose as an agricultural exhibition. Liberal premiums have been offered for these community exhibits, either in cash or in such form as to be of community use, as, for example, reference books on agricultural subjects to be kept in the community library, a watering trough conveniently located, or a drinking fountain. One state has recently passed a law providing for the holding of community fairs and appropriating money for the purpose of packing community exhibits and transporting them to the larger fairs.

EXHIBITS IN ONE COUNTY.

An interesting county fair, made up of 72 community exhibits, was recently held in a county in the Middle West. There were no races or side-shows. The 10,000 people in attendance spent their time for two days in visiting and inspecting the exhibits and in wholesome recreation under the supervision of an expert recreational director from a neighboring city. The exhibits, occupying in all about 15,000 square feet of floor space, and 55,000 square feet of wall space, were housed in vacant buildings on the business street and in tents. Each community had its booths, and the several committees vied with each other in making attractive exhibits of the products of the farm, home and school.

Money in Place of Sugar.

The simplest way of using honey is to serve it like jam or sirup with bread, breakfast cereals, boiled rice, pancakes, and other mild-flavored foods. An ordinarily used on bread, an ounce of honey "spreads" as many slices as an ounce of jam. When it is to be used in the place of sirup some people dilute it by mixing it with hot water, which has the effect of making it not only less sweet but also easier to pour.

Honey or a mixture of honey and sugar sirup can be satisfactorily used for sweetening lemonade and other fruit drinks. Sirup of any kind is more convenient for this purpose than undissolved sugar, and when charged water is to be added it has a further advantage, since it has less tendency to expel the gas.

The fact that honey consists principally of sugar and water and is slightly acid suggests that it is a suitable substitute for molasses in cookery.