A Test of After-War Strategy.

The wounded doughboy, once he has started along the road to recovery, requires two essentials to keep up his spirits and bring about a quick return to health—amusement aplenty and the companionship of sympathetic women. The trio shown in the picture consists of a Y. M. C. A. woman worker and her charges, two convalescing young American soldiers, at one of the French hospital camps, making the hours pass speedily and pleasantly through the medium of a good, old fashioned game of checkers.

FIFTY-SEVEN "Y" WORKERS WENT WEST IN WAR

Thirteen Women Among Those Who Made Supreme Sacrifice.

Croix de Guerre Conferred Upon 13 of 152 Cited for Distinguished Service.

At a cost of 57 lives the Y. M. C. A. carried the Red Triangle into the camps and trenches abroad, and on many occasions right up to the front firing lines. This sacrifice was proportionately one-quarter as great as that of the American army overseas. Of these fatalities 39 were due to disease, and the remainder to shell-fire, bombs, gas-fever, drowning and wounds. Thirteen of those who "went west" doing their bit in the service of the "Y" were women; one of whom was killed by shell fire and another in a German air raid.

There also were 55 non-fatal casualties. These were due principally to machine gun fire, gas, shell fire and motor transport accidents. Numerous cases of slight wounds and gassings, which were attended at dressing stations but were not reported to headquarters, are not included. These casualties occurred in a force which at no time exceeded 9,000 workers, of whom it is reckoned that more than one-half never were sent to the front, being employed in the hundreds of huts maintained throughout the training areas and the "leave" areas.

Sixty-three "Y" workers were decorated, while in all more than 152 received official recondition for distinguished service. Thirteen were decorated with the Croix de Guerre, while fifty received other decorations. Of these, three received the Distinguished Service Cross, three the Order of St. Stanislaus, five the Italian Cavaliere del Corona; thirty-eight the Italian war cross, and one the French decoration of the Corps d'Armee. Seven were cited for the Croix de Guerre, and seven for other decorations; six commeded for meritorious conduct, and twenty-nine received honorable mention in dispatches. Several units were cited in their entirety; that serving with the Third Division, consisting of thirty-four men and six women, being cited twice. More than a score reported decorations have not yet been confirmed.

Not one of these men under thirty was fit for military duty, but the citations show that they carried on with the same courage and spirit that identified Americans throughout the war. These records show that they went over the top with the assaulting waves, that they exposed themselves under machine gun and shell fire to minister to the wounded, that they worked indefatigably as stretcher bearers and that they drove ambulances into the midst of battle to rescue the wounded. Others were sacrificed in the less heroic but no less necessary work behind the lines. Among these stands out Miss Winona Martin of Rockville Center, L. I., a Y. M. C. A. secretary, who was the first American woman killed in the war. She was killed by a bomb during a German air raid upon Paris and her death made a deep impression on American minds. Miss Marion G. Crandall of Alameda, Cal., killed by shell fire near Chalons March 26, 1918, was another of the women sacrificed in helping the soldiers.

Officials were quick to see and appreciate meritorious work on the part of the secretaries and prompt to recognize it officially. The citation of the units attached to the Third Division by Major General Dickman, in part, reads:

"The commanding general desires to make of record in the General Orders of appreciation of the part taken by the members of the Y. M. C. A. who have been attached to this division and actively carried on their work in all its phases during the time that this division was in contact with the enemy from May 31 to July 30. During the days beginning July 14, when the enemy made their attack, and for days and nights afterwards, the Y. M. C. A., through its faithful members at their posts of duty, not only with chocolate and cakes and tobacco cheered our soldiers, but were of efficient assistance to our medical staff in caring for wounded.

While the men of the Y. M. C. A. were with the troops in the front line the young women of the Y. M. C. A. were detailed with the hospitals, and the medical staff of this division bear testimony of their most efficient help during these two weeks of great strain. The conduct of these self sacrificing and brave men and women who have so unhesitatingly given their services to their country, establishes a standard of prestige, exceptional courage, devotion and resource, which the commanding general particularly commends."

Among the Y. M. C. A. workers from the Eastern Department, which embraces the states of New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Delaware, Maryland, Virginia, West Virginia and the District of Columbia, the following figured in the official lists sent from abroad:

Died in Service (Men)—Judson Hart Beecher, Mt. Kisco, N. Y., in hospital; R. D. Bush, Camilla, Ga., influenza; Leon A. Carley, Caldwell, N. J., accident; Hugh B. Chamber, Bardstown, Ky., pneumonia; Raoul Chauvin, New York city, pneumonia; Hedley H. Cooper, Piermont, N. Y., gas attack; Joseph Edward Colwell, Ridgefield Park, N. J., pneumonia; Charles C. Edwards, Ellabelle, Ga., pneumonia; R. Bayard Cutting, New York city, operation; Harry S. Gibson, Avalon, Pa., shell fire; Pierre F. Guth, Allentown, Pa., pneumonia; John T. Johnson, West Point, Ga., pneumonia; Thomas B. Jones, Brooklyn, N. Y., pneumonia; John Adams Linn, New York city, shell fire; Walter Rue Murray, East Orange, N. J., shell fire; Roy B. Pace, Swarthmore, Pa., pneumonia; H. L. Richardson, New York city, pneumonia; W. C. Rose, New York city, pneumonia (gassed); H. P. Seymour, New York city, accident; W. W. Sent, New York city, dysentery; H. S. Smith, Nyack, N. Y., gas attack; John B. Van Schaick, Huntington, L. I., wounded; G. H. Walsh, Philadelphia, Pa., pneumonia; Robert J. Wellwood, New York city, shell fire; Harry G. Fisher, Washington, D. C., pneumonia.

Women—Daisy Adams, Baltimore, Md., pneumonia; Dorothy Gay, New York city, pneumonia; Winona Martin, Rockville Center, L. I., air raid; Jeanette Zinn, Philadelphia, Pa., pneumonia; Bessie Gale, Schenectady, N. Y., heart; Miss Blanche A. Rowley, Rochester, N. Y., pneumonia.

Awarded Croix de Guerre—Edwin E. Ely, New York city; William MacDonald, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Stanley Modra, Brooklyn, N. Y.; William Murray, Douglaston, L. I.; E. A. Starks, New York city; Henry Wharton, Philadelphia, Pa.; Harry White, Bound Brook, N. J.

Cited for Croix de Guerre—Frederick Ames Dawes, Newark, N. J.; Murray Bartlett, Rochester, N. Y.; Rev. Henry Johnston, East Orange, N. J.; Miss Cornelia Colt Davis, New York city.

Awarded Italian Croix de Guerre—Sidney Robert Clark, Rochester, N. Y.; Howard Cline, Westfield, N. J.; John Beatty Carey, Elmira, N. Y.; Harvey Sigafoos Haney, Quakertown, Pa.; Abraham Perry Harris, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Henry Seymour Jewett, New York city; Watson Kenerdine Phillips, Ambler, Pa.; Guiseppe Ronca, Rochester, N. Y.; Thomas Arthur Ruddell, Milford, Del.; Paul Savage, New York city; Leroy Crobin, New York city; Elliot Harvey, Parkersburg, W. Va.; Robert Appleton, Passaic, N. J.

Awarded Order of St. Stanislas—Samuel B. Vaisey, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Awarded Cavaliere del Corona—Le Roy Corbin, New York city (twice decorated by Italian commander); Paul Savage, New York city; Joseph F. Slicker, New York city.

Awarded Decoration of Corps D'Armee—Evelyn Garnet Smalley (by General Petain), New York city.

Distinguished Service Cross—M. J. Barker, Jr., Uniontown, Pa.

Commended—Charles M. Mims, New York city; Ira H. Van Emden, Mount Vernon, N. Y.

MOTOR SERVICE OF "Y" A SHOW IN ITSELF

New York, March 5.—Purchases of automobiles and accessories to a value of $827,126.20 since the armistice show that the overseas motor transport department of the Y. M. C. A. still is one of the biggest buyers in the industry. The trucks, passenger cars and motorcycles which have just been bought will carry supplies and "Y" workers into Germany with the Army of Occupation.

Over $1,756,215.13 was spent by the Y. M. C. A. for motor transport during hostilities, including expenses of drivers, garage and repairs. Much of this equipment was worn out before November 11, and to replace it and meet the new demands of the American fighting forces the additional equipment has been purchased.

In December the Y. M. C. A. bought in this country 163 cars, at a cost of $164,579.89, and accessories valued at $40,733.31. During the same period 119 trucks were purchased in England and Switzerland, for which the "Y" paid $416,500. Over $162,902 was spent for tires. It takes a lot of equipment to transport "goodies" to our doughboys, but they surely accomplished enough while fighting to be entitled to all possible comforts now.

Peculiar Beauty Treatment.

A musical-comedy actress, who prides herself on the beauty of her limbs, suspends herself daily from a cord fastened across her room, and suffers a sister professional to work her legs pumphandle for ten or twelve minutes. This treatment is beneficial in several ways, exercising the muscles and imparting strength and hardness—both essential to a burlesque dancer. Artists' models undergo similar treatment.

A Parisian beauty specialist achieved reputation and riches by inventing a round-shoulder cure. Hundreds of afflicted beauties placed themselves under his care, spending hours daily in a prostrate position, and wearing a peculiar backboard with an ingeniously formed neckpiece.—Exchange.

Stranger in Town.

"Can you tell me where I can find a policeman?" inquired the lady.

"Want somebody arrested?" responded the male officer addressed.

"No; I want to borrow a powder rag."

HE GOT HIS CHANCE

Young Fireman Charged With Cowardice Makes Good When Test Came.

The chief had sent for John Harrigan. John knew why he was summoned. He left the fire station under the disapproving looks of his companions. Nobody spoke to him; that was far harder than if they had reproached him. Reproaches are forgotten, but they had given him the silence.

The old chief turned round at his desk.

"Sit down, Harrigan," he said, glaring at him under his busy eyebrows. There was a tense silence. Harrigan sat upon the edge of his chair, fingering his cap.

"What's this I hear about your being a coward, John?" asked the chief, yet so mildly that Harrigan took courage to glance up at him. Chief Bethany had the reputation of being a martinet. The least infringement of discipline meant one of those never forgotten talks. For any serious offense the penalty was dismissal. Bethany would have none but the best men under him.

"They say," said Bethany mildly, "that at the fire in Winpole street last night you hung back instead of going up the ladder."

"Yes, sir," said John and began stammering out his excuses. It was

"What's This I Hear About You Being a Coward?"

his first big fire, and the sight of that flaming hell had paralyzed his limbs, although his heart was brave enough. He had only wanted some one to lead him, some word of encouragement to do heroic deeds. But alone, he could not take the initiative.

"John Harrigan," said Bethany "I've been on the force for seven and thirty years. When I was a youngster I was a coward. At my first fire I hung back. Because of that a woman died. I've never told anyone but you, Harrigan, because I've never met another coward but you. John," he continued, "go back to your company and act like a man."

Harrigan found the tears running down his cheeks when he got outside. Chief Bethany a coward? Why, everyone knew that he was the bravest fireman in the country. Well, if he had done that and yet redeemed himself, Harrigan could.

The fire men received the news of his reinstatement badly. Some voted for hazing him, others for blackjacking, but finally they agreed to give him rope. "He'll do worse for himself than that," was the general verdict.

Harrigan could endure their silence. He knew that, if only his chance came, he could redeem himself. But Mary Connor, his sweetheart, was told of the affair by a rival. She wrote him a curt little note of dismissal. "I don't want to marry a coward," she said. When he met her on the street she cut him dead. Soon he heard that she was engaged to another.

And his chance never came. That was the crown of his tragedy. He was put on detail work, set to copying documents in the sub-chief's office. He was never allowed out again. There was the Fourth avenue fire, when three men were killed by a falling beam. If he had had the chance—but it never came. For a whole year he did not don fireman's clothes.

One day he walked into Bethany's office.

"Chief," he said, "I haven't had my chance. I have been doing a clerk's job. Give me my chance to show that I'm a man."

Bethany looked at him, looked under his beetling eyebrows clear into his heart.

"I thought you'd resign, Harrigan," he said. "We don't like cowards on the force, but we hate more to put a man off for cowardice. You'll have your chance now. Report back for duty."

For a whole year he had seen nothing of Mary. Somebody told him that she was married. He knew that her family had moved away. He never expected to see her again. He longed now for his chance, not that he might regain the esteem and friendship of his comrades, but so that he could die worthily.

His chance did come, about three months after his talk with Bethany. It was a little fire at first, but it spread swiftly, and by the time that the call came to his company, from the other end of the town, a whole block of tenement buildings was ablaze. And, mounted on the fire truck, he felt the whizzing air sweep by, he saw the horses plunge madly in answer to the deafening bell, and his heart leaped up in his breast. He was a man! He would show them that he was a man.

The hose was playing upon the fire; it might as well have been a child's squirtgun for all the effect it had. Above him—far above—he saw white faces of women at the windows. He heard their cries faintly in his ears. He was working upon the hose, and other men, more trustworthy than he, were climbing up the long ladders to bring the women down to safety.

Suddenly he saw a burst of fire that leaped out from a window and engulfed the ladder nearest him. It ate through the side bars as though they were match sticks. Crash! Two men fell from a hideous height and struck the street close by. He did not look at them.

He did not look for he had other work in hand. Already another ladder was being raised. Harrigan sprang forward and began to ascend. He heard shouts beneath him. The captain was ordering him down. This was not for him; he was a coward and this was no coward's work. He climbed steadily, though the frail ladder trembled and shook beneath his weight. Now he had reached that awful gulf of fire. He felt it scorch his skin; he heard his hair crackle as it singed.

He swung from the ladder to the narrow coping, just out of the reach of the flames. He did not dare look down. Above him—only one story above, he saw those women's faces. Even as he looked two disappeared. They had run back into the room, seeking madly for an outlet. One, immediately above, looked down. He choked. It was Mary.

Now he had no more fear. He braced himself backward, standing upon the narrow ledge, half an inch from eternity. He bent his knees and leaped, stretching wildly upward. One hand found the window sill above and clung to it; the other hand groped and found it; now he was drawing himself up by an effort superhuman. In another moment he was on the ledge by Mary's side. He clasped her in his arms.

He looked down into the cluster of awed faces. No men had ever done such a deed before. And he had gone to his death, for there seemed no chance of reaching him. They clung together on the ledge, fire over and under them. One minute of life remained.

"Mary—my love!" he whispered, pressing his lips to her cold cheek.

She opened her eyes. "John!" she answered, smiling.

"You are married, dear?"

"No, John. I was—waiting," she answered.

"For me?" he cried.

"To show that you were a man, John. And you have shown me."

Shouts came to him. The men were bracing ladders. An elongated snake of wood crawl up the side of the wall. The fiery tongues beneath were quenched. John felt for the ladder top with his feet and found it. He placed his feet upon the topmost rung, supporting Mary in his arms, and fainted in the arms of the man who had climbed to save him.

"Well done, John Harrigan," a voice was murmuring far away. He listened in amusement. What was the voice saying—"Bravest man on the fire force?" He opened his eyes. He looked into the keen blue eyes beneath the thick eyebrows of Fire Chief Bethany.

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'Y' RELIEVED OF CARE OF POST EXCHANGES

In Making Requested Change Pershing Again Praises Accomplishments of Red Triangle Workers.

Paris, March 5.—General Pershing has just relieved the Y. M. C. A. of the operation of post exchanges with the American Army at the request of E. C. Carter, head of Red Triangle work abroad.

In a letter to Mr. Carter, in which he thanks the Y. M. C. A. for its service in handling the exchanges, in spite of difficulties of transportation and tonnage, General Pershing announces that the army will immediately take over and operate the exchanges, as soldiers may now be spared from other military duties to perform this work. The Y. M. C. A. asked for relief from the post exchanges in order to throw all its energy toward the educational, athletic and entertainment activities, which commanding officers and Main Headquarters have asked the "Y" to assume.

Mr. Carter wrote to General Pershing as follows:

Dear General Pershing—A year and a half ago you requested the Y. M. C. A. to undertake the operation of post exchanges for the American expeditionary force, in order that officers and enlisted men might not be taken away for that purpose from their paramount military functions of training and fighting.

Recent general orders from Main Headquarters and requests from large numbers of commanding officers have laid on the Y. M. C. A. increased responsibilities in promoting educational, athletic and entertainment activities in the American expeditionary force. This is placing a rapidly increasing burden on our personnel. The army also is now preparing for the delivery of all supplies for the post exchanges, which heretofore have been imported, manufactured and delivered by the Y. M. C. A. In view of the changed situation I wish to know whether you do not think it would be possible for the army at a very early date to assume full responsibility for the maintenance of the post exchanges throughout the American Expeditionary Force.

General Pershing replied as follows:

As you correctly state, the Y. M. C. A. undertook the management of the post exchanges at my request at a time when it was of the greatest importance that no available soldier should be taken away from the vital military functions of training and fighting. As the reasons which impelled me at that time to request you to undertake this work no longer exist, I am glad to approve your suggestion. In reaching this conclusion consideration has been givn to the new burdens that you have assumed. I have accordingly given directions that the army units themselves take over and operate their own post exchanges.

In making this change, permit me to thank you for the very valuable services and assistance which the Y. M. C. A. has rendered to the American Expeditionary Force in handling these exchanges. Handicapped by a shortage of tonnage and land transportation the Y. M. C. A. has by extra exertion served the army better than could have been expected, and you may be assured that its aid has been a large factor in the final great accomplishments of the American army.

HOW CLEOPATRA'S NEEDLE WAS SAVED

New Process Invented to Preserve Surface of Monolith in Central Park.

HIEROGLYPHS OBLITERATED.

Rigors of Western Climate Caused Khedive's Gift to Disintegrate. Painting Ancient Obelisk With Special Preparation Stayed Decay—Ruined Portions Restored.

New Yorkers awoke one morning to find in their breakfast headlines the news that a zealous park employee had discovered signs of disintegration on the surface of the city's most treasured antique—Cleopatra's Needle. Photographs revealed that the monolith was peeling, large pieces of sandstone having fallen from the tall shaft, carrying with them part of the prized hieroglyphs.

London's twin sister of Cleopatra's Needle was reported as resting comfortably and enduringly on the banks of the Thames, and the rival port wondered whether a preparation would be found to stay the attacks of their harsher climate.

Such a preparation was soon forthcoming. A new paint combination as a preservative for stone was invented by Dr. William Kuckro, chemist of the Metropolitan Museum of Art. Many years previous coating with paraffin had been tried, but the application had not entirely accomplished its purpose. The new painting process, however, proved a success. Disintegration was halted and the damaged parts restored. New York breathed easily again.

THE OBELISK.

The Obelisk was presented to the City of New York by the Khedive of Egypt. Lieutenant Commander Gorringe, U. S. N., after a three years' effort, obtained possession of it and moved it to its present position, at an expense of nearly $100,000. It was finally swung into position at noon, January 22, 1881.

The height of this monument, from base to tip, is 69 feet, 2 inches. The measurement of the base, square through its axis, is 7 feet, 8¾ inches. The entire weight of the monolith is 219½ tons.

Since it was quarried near the torrid zone, it has traversed the entire length of Egypt, most of that of the Mediterranean Sea and the width of the Atlantic Ocean—a distance of 6,400 miles—proving itself a first rate traveler for one whose age has exceeded thirty-five centuries. In the course of its existence it has seen Pharaoh and his host going to their destruction in the Red Sea; Shishak marching to the Conquest of Jrusalem; Cambyses desolating the land; Herodotus, Plato and other Greek students engaged in pursuit of Egyptian lore; Alexander the Great on his victorious expedition through the land of Goshen; six and a half centuries of Roman sovereignty and Christian struggle at Alexandria; all the long line of Moslem rulers since Caliph Omar; and now, leaving altogether its native land, it stands looking upon the million dwellers in this metropolis, whose site was unknown to the Eastern world at a time when the Obelisk had been in existence for two thousand years.

PAINT PROTECTION AND ITS ECONOMY.

The preservation of structural materials, which may be obtained through the application of paint, constitutes a most vital means of furthering the conservation of our natural resources. It is, moreover, the most economical method of sustaining the appearance and general upkeep of any community.

A structure coated with sheets of India rubber would not be as well protected from decay as a structure coated with a good oil paint. This is due to the fact that a sheet of rubber is not so durable or as waterproof as a thin dried film of paint. The latter material when applied dries to a continuous elastic film containing finely divided particles of metallic, wear resisting pigments. A square foot of such a film upon a wooden surface costs less than a penny, yet it will beautify and protect a dollar's worth of surface for many years. This is a low rate of insurance.

Dwellings, barns, outbuildings, sheds, posts, fences, stock enclosures, wagons, implements, windmills and other structures, whether of wood, iron or cement, should be preserved, through the use of paint, from rapid decay. High grade paint may be used successfully for all such purposes. Colored paints will be found the most serviceable, the coloring matter in the paint adding from two to three years to the life of the coating.

Something of the Sort.

"Are there any historic ruins about here?" asked the visitor.

"Well," replied the proprietor of Jiggsville's leading hotel, "it's true we haven't got any historic ruins in the way of tumbled down buildings, monuments an' things like that, but I might point out to you old Judge Hicksbee, who's been defeated four times for the United States senate."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

MAKE IT CHEERFUL

There's generally some excuse for tired, non-smiling faces. Nevertheless, it is the duty of all of us to keep on smiling. We can't frighten away burdens and inconveniences by frowning at 'em.

When you give a number to the operator, give it in a voice that smiles. And when you converse over the telephone, let a bit of the smile creep into your conversation. Make your talk cheerful and brief.

We ask you to make it short because the wires are in great demand. The operators are busy. Make their work lighter and help to keep then smiling.

THE CHESAPEAKE AND POTOMAC TELEPHONE COMPANY

KHAKI SOLDIERS DID NOT LET UP

And the Nation Will Show That It Stands Behind Them in the Victory Liberty Loan Drive.

More than a million of Uncle Sam's boys are "over there" looking after the common good of the world. And they will have to stay upon the job until it is done; until things are righted again; until order is brought out of chaos.

While they are overseas they must be taken care of adequately; they must be clothed and fed and lodged comfortably. Uncle Sam estimates that it costs $423.27 a year to equip and maintain a soldier in Europe.

Part of the proceeds from the coming Victory Liberty Loan will be devoted to caring for the "doughboys." Part of it will go into the rehabilitation fund for putting the injured soldiers back upon their feet. Part of it will go for insurance claims. The rest of it will go to meet the hundred and one other demands for this greatest of world emergencies since the dawn of civilization.

Every mother's son of them did his part, helped insure liberty and justice for the world at large and restore Uncle Sam to his rightful position in the estimation of the nations of earth.

They did their duty fully, these boys who won. They fought to the end, through fire and flood. They never talked about letting up.

This is no time for Americans to think of letting up. The nation must stand by its guns, by its records; by Uncle Sam and must make the next loan another big success.

FINISH THE JOB

Success of the Victory Liberty Loan, the fifth government war loan, will depend largely on the savings of the people of the nation.

To insure its success, we must save NOW—to practice anew the great lessons of the war, thrift and economy. Aside from the loss of respect for ourselves as a nation, every family will be unpleasantly affected, if the coming loan is not fully subscribed. Uncle Sam's war exchequer is compelled to spend money to maintain the army of occupation, to rehabilitate the wounded, to bring home the victors and to carry out the program of reconstruction.

This money is being borrowed from the banks of the country, and Uncle Sam is issuing short-term certificates of indebtedness in anticipation of the coming Liberty Loan and of the federal income taxes. If the banks were not speedily paid back, their resources would be gone, and as they could make no loans, credit operations would be hampered and businss stagnate.

How about it? Will we finish our job—that of paying the war bills, as our immortal heroes finished theirs of vanquishing the Hun? They were not quitters, even when called on to make the supreme sacrifice. Will we be quitters, when there is all to gain and nothing to lose?

A little saving now is all it will cost and this saving will mean a stronger grip on the future. The Victory Liberty Loan will soon be offered. Will you be ready to do your part?

FREE DAY IS BIG DAY FOR U. S. SOLDIERS

Following its policy of combining with its free distribution of athletic supplies, its free entertainments, etc., the Y. M. C. A. in France has set apart certain days when the inner man may be satisfied without cost at "Y" huts. Reports from one camp, that at Pontanezen, show that on a recent "free day" 12,500 soldiers were served at seven different centers. It happened to be "hot chocolate day" and they stowed away 260 pounds of cocoa. With it they used 1,297 cans of milk and 600 pounds of sugar.

UNFILLED PLEDGES STILL HOLD GOOD

Earnest Request is Made to All Subscribers to Redeem Promptly Their War Savings Stamp Pledges.

Pledges made to invest in War Savings Stamps have been automatically extended to 1919 by the government, which has made official announcement that persons who, for any reason, did not complete their pledges by December 31, 1918, may and are expected to liquidate these pledges by investing in War Savings Stamps of the new 1919 issue.

The 1919 War Savings Stamps are blue in color and a trifle smaller than those issued last year. They bear a likeness of Benjamin Franklin, the apostle of thrift and economy. The 1919 War Savings Stamps which yield their owners four per cent interest, compounded quarterly, may be obtained from any postoffice, bank, or other authorized agent.

Thrift Stamps and Thrift Cards used last year remain in use during 1919, and filled Thrift Cards, that is, Thrift Cards on which sixteen Thrift Stamps have been affixed, may be exchanged for 1919 War Savings Stamps upon the payment of the few additional cents which represent the difference between the price of War Savings Stamp and $4, the value of the sixteen Thrift Stamps.

Purchasers of 1919 War Savings Stamps should bear in mind that 1919 War Savings Stamps are to be affixed only to 1919 War Savings Certificates. Although one may have a 1918 War Savings Certificate (the parchment on which War Savings Stamps are affixed) which has unfilled space on it, such 1918 certificate should not have 1919 War Savings Stamps pasted on it; nor should 1918 War Stamps be placed on the new 1919 War Savings Certificate. Keep the two years separate.

How "Black Watch" Got Name.

In the old days the regiments of the British army were known by the color of their uniforms, as the White regiment, the Blue regiment, or the Red regiment, and so ad infinitum. It is quite possible, therefore, that there was a Black regiment, from whence came the Black Watch. The Red regiment, incidentally, was Cromwell's Ironsides. But the term "Black Watch" was also used for the Guards of the Dominicans or Black Friars, and came to be applied also to the scullions in the kitchens of the great houses, whose business it was to look after the pots and pans.

Curious Coconut Crab.

The coconut crab of Christmas island earns its name by the way it makes its living. Except for its annual visit to the sea, it lives in a hole in the ground lined with coconut fibers and climbs up the coconut trees to procure its food. According to American Forestry, this "robber-crab's method of carrying coconuts is to strip them of their husks and then to hold the nut under some of its walking legs, while it retires, raised high on the hips of those legs not used for this purpose." After removing the husk from the coconuts the crab "hammers on the round depressions at one end till entrance is effected."

Keeping a Diary.

Every once in a while we read of men who have kept diaries for years and years—since babyhood or longer.

What a weird idea to be locked up in that relentless manner with the past! Only of course they don't really. They say they did, but they lie about it.

We saw one of these diaries once. Six months of it were filled with two entries repeated over and over: "Saw May;" "Did not see May." The last entry was, "Married May."

That was the only sensible diary we ever saw, and we haven't a doubt in the world that it was all faked up afterward to jolly along May.—Los Angeles Times.

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