CLASS HATREDS THAT THROW PEOPLE INTO DISCORD MUST BE OVERCOME BY MAKING CHRISTIANITY WORLD WIDE

Chaplain Tiplady, Famous British Field Officer In France, Says Christian Forces Must Unite To Extend Gospel.

"Must Unite To Make Democracy We Won Safe For Entire World," Tiplady Asserted.

"The war will not be completely won until the enthusiasm and moral energy which wore down the Hun is applied to industry and Government, to man's social and spiritual relations, to the whole body of present-day problems, summed up in the one word—reconstruction."

Chaplain Thomas Tiplady, with the British forces in France, and now on a tour in the interests of the Methodist Centenary campaign, made this statement in a speech that thrilled his hearers, at a complimentary luncheon in Baltimore. Tiplady gave a warm tribute to the American soldier.

"We won in France and saved the world for humanity," Tiplady said, "but Americans and those of other lands, enlisted under the banners of Christianity, must now unite in a gigantic program to make the democracy for which we fought and won, safe for the entire world. Evils that would destroy these principles, class hatreds that tend to throw people and nations into discord, must be overcome by the extension to all parts of the earth of the principles of the brotherhood of man."

"The American soldier is one of the gamest fighters I ever saw," Tiplady said. "It was inspiring to us veterans who had gone through many bitter struggles in the Somme and other areas, when we saw the steady stream of chaps coming over from the States.

"Your boys came to put new blood and energy in the Allied fighting calibre, just at a time when it was a case of life or death to check the unonrush of the German hordes. Through many campaigns Americans were side by side with us, battling for the cause that was sure to triumph.

Tiplady has a vision of the new era, as seen through the eyes of the man in the furnace of war.

Chaplain Thomas Tiplady

Tiplady first won fame by remarkable uplift work in London.

His miraculous escapes from death provide a story that sounds like fiction. Tiplady believes that he has a message for the world.

"After the battle of Arras in 1917," he said, "I decided to stop sleeping in a dugout and risk a tent, six by five feet square, pitched in the open. While fast asleep one night a great shrapnel shell came from a German Howitzer eleven miles away and burst over head. Apparently it was a clean hit. Eleven bullets went through the tiney shelter top. The ground around the tent was swept by ragged fragments of the projectile. A box of books at my head was shattered, but I was not touched. At daybreak I found six of the eleven bullets." The fighting chaplain exhibited a couple of the bullets which he carries around along with other interesting souvenirs.

While stationed at the British base of Abbeville, toward which the Huns aimed their spring offensive a year ago, Tiplady stated he went through German air raids night after night, without suffering bodily harm. Tiplady said during these raids he slep flat upon the ground rolled in an army blanket.

"Y" Retraining Wounded Doughboys.

The most complete and modern camp organization in the United States for the retraining of wounded soldiers is at Camp Dix, New Jersey, where a school has been established by the Y. M. C. A. with the co-operation of the army. Here a soldier who has been incapacitated for his former vocation, or the man who wants to make a new start, is given, free of charge, a thorough course of instruction in his chosen field, under trained technicians and with the most modern equipment, so that when his cure is complete, and his discharge is given him, he is ready to face life and a new job with confidence. The men in this photograph are learning automobile mechanics, one of the most popular courses offered. Practically all of the wrecked cars, sectioned models and separate parts have been donated by manufacturers to the school, which is operated by the Y. M. C. A. Wireless operating, shoe repairing, tailoring, sign lettering, stenography and typewriting also are offered at Dix and are much in demand by soldiers who have lost a leg, or possibly both legs. Farming is taught in a short, practical course, especially designed for shell-shock patients and soldiers who are nervous and tired after the strain of the trenches. In all, about a dozen different trades are taught at this "Y" school; and in addition to these, the three R's.

INDIAN PRINCESSES ENTERTAIN DOUGHBOYS

The Princess Tsianina is one of the three full-blooded Indian princesses who have gone abroad for the Y. M. C. A. to entertain the doughboys of the A. E. F. Tsianina is at present in Germany, where she goes from one division to another telling Indian folk

PRINCESS TSIANINA.

lore stories, singing Indian chants and dancing Indian camp fire dances.

This all pleases the American soldiers immensely, though the strange figure of a copper colored girl in leather, beaded robes, her hair down her back, and her feet in moccasins, is quite too much for the limited imaginations of the German inhabitants who see her! Uniformed "Y" girls are no longer a novelty in Germany, but the none too agile minds of the Germans will never become accustomed to Tsianina. The other two Indian maids who are entertaining the Americans are the Princess Blue Feather, direct descendant of Montezuma of the Aztecs and the Princess Galilohi of the Cherokee tribe.

REJECTED BY ARMY, WON D. S. C. AS "Y" WORKER

His eyes were not good enough for the army but they served Thomas W. Wilbor, Jr., of New Britain, Conn., very well, after all, for he discovered when he went to war in a Y. M. C. A. uniform that he could see anything on the whole battle line—except danger. Day after day and night after night Wilbor fought it out with the Sixth

THOMAS W. WILBOR, JR.

Machine Gun Battalion of the Marines, disregarding orders to go to the rear, giving out cigarettes and chocolate while they lasted, and then jumping in to help with first aid to the wounded. He was under almost constant shell fire, for the Sixth Battalion had some hard fighting, and they never went into a single engagement that the faithful Wilbor wasn't right with them, in the front ranks, usually.

In October, while he was working with the medical attendants in a dressing station at Blanc Mont, he was hit in nearly a hundred places by fragments of a shell which smashed through the roof. For brave conduct under fire during the St. Mihiel drive he was awarded the D. S. C.

HELPING TO ADJUST DOUGHBOYS' INSURANCE

New York, June 20.—Because of the failure of thousands of soldiers and sailors to convert their war risk insurance into civil insurance under the government plan, the Y. M. C. A. Eastern Department, (which comprises New York, New Jersey, Maryland, District of Columbia, Pennsylvania, Delaware, Virginia and West Virginia) has undertaken a special campaign to assist the War Risk Insurance Division in this work.

The Y.'s part of the job will be to explain the system to the men in camp and station, to hold conferences, and in every other way possible to bring the government scheme, which is extremely attractive as an insurance proposition, before men in uniform. All of the "Y" work along this line will be under the direct supervision of District Insurance Officers of the Military. Moving pictures, bulletin boards, lectures, personal conferences, will all tell the insurance story in "Y" huts throughout the Eastern Department. The government has been enormously handicapped in the insurance division by the neglect of soldiers to take any action on the conversion of policies.

RUSSIAN BOY "VETERAN" RESCUED BY THE "Y"

Dmitri Veteschenski enlisted in the Russian army at the age of nine, spent two years in the trenches, was wounded three times, captured by the Austrians, and finally rescued by the Y. M. C. A. along with 1,500 other small boys in the Austrian prison camps. The "Y" succeeded

DMITRI VETESCHENSKI.

in having the youngsters segregated from the men prisoners, whose burden and hardships they had been sharing, opened a school for the boys, and provided them with games, movies, libraries and medical attention.

Dmitri went to war as a water boy and ammunition carrier. He got a bullet through his arm, and then, later was wounded twice by shrapnel. He was wounded when captured, and was in an impoverished physical condition when the "Y" discovered him. He is a real soldier, however, soon recovered under the program of activities that the Y. M. C. A. provided, and shrugs his shoulders, just like all other veterans, if attention is called to his exploits in the army.

Dmitri is now on his way to northern Russia, where he will continue his "Y" schooling.

"Y" WAS FIRST, WILL REMAIN TILL THE END

Sticking to the doughboy through thick and thin has been the work of the Y. M. C. A. during the war, and now that hostilities have ceased and peace is on its way, the "Y" workers more than ever are on the job wherever the man in uniform needs them. The thick of it was war, but any soldier will tell you that the thin of it is peace, and it is to fill these long, lean hours of idleness that have come with the armistice, that the Y. M. C. A. has taken up its new duties with the A. E. F., increasing generously its program of athletics, entertainment, and amusement.

Just as the Y. M. C. A. was the first to greet the Americans when they arrived in Europe, so it will remain until the end and bid goodby to the very last doughboy that leaves France, no matter how far in the future that time may be. At the time of the signing of the armistice, the Red Triangle was operating overseas fifteen times as many service buildings as all other war organizations combined, with the exception of the Red Cross, and it has no intention of doing anything else but keep up this work so magnificently started. "Y" men and "Y" women are still being sent to France, England and Germany, to bring fresh cheer to the Americans there. "Y" huts are the last buildings to close in home camps on this side, and will be the last buildings to close on the other side. The Y. M. C. A. is in to stay.

Superior Knowledge.

A young man was walking through a wood with a gun over his shoulder and his bag full of game which he had shot. He was not satisfied with what he had, and was looking for more, when an excited man with a large tin badge on which was inscribed the one word "Sheriff" came running up to him and demanded: "Haven't you seen the signs which I put up on the trees in this woods?"

"Oh, yes, I saw them," answered the young man; "they said 'No Hunting,' but I found some."

A New Viewpoint.

"Your boy appears to enjoy working around the place."

"Yep," replied Farmer Corntossel; "the fact that he was willin' to get out an' fight for it has sort o' woke Josh up to how much he really appreciated his home."

In Jemima's Place

By JANE OSBORN

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Whenever the wives of any of the men who worked in the office of Burt & Co. asked their husbands to match a sample of ribbon, to take advantage of a well advertised bargain sale—in short, to buy anything from a nutmeg grater to an opera coat—it was Sally Benham who did the actual buying. Sometimes the wives knew about Sally, and some of the husbands preferred to take the credit for her wise purchases. So even if Sally had not been a good stenographer she would have been indispensable, just because she was such a good shopper—but Sally was, as a matter of fact, a very good stenographer.

Aside from that she had no very great distinction, save a pair of round, blue eyes, a complexion that owed none of its brilliance to the arts of the dressing table and an amiableness of disposition that had won for her among her employers the reputation of being a "nice little girl."

For over a year shehad been making herself useful to the husbands of her concern as proxy in their work in doing their wives' shopping. In fact she had selected all of Mrs. Smith's hats for a year and spent more time in selecting Mrs. Jones' dress accessories than she did her own. So Sally became rather better known to the married men of the office than the other girls, because one by one they came to depend on her for the work of making purchases.

But Newton Holt was not married. There was no Mrs. Holt for Sally to make purchases for, and Sally was not

Enjoyed Picking Out the Apartment.

the stenographer assigned to Newton Holt. So, excepting that he had rather passively registered mentally that she was a "nice little girl," he had no well-defined opinion regarding Sally.

Then came Christmas, a day fraught with the unexpected for Newton, and after that the look of distraction and of worry that was gradually wearing the lines in his forehead deeper and deeper.

"I wonder whether you would do a little shopping for me?" Newton ventured one morning in mid-January, and those were the first wordsaside from a perfunctory "good morning" or "good evening" that had ever passed between them. Sally assured Newton that she would and his first commission was a package of the "best five o'clock tea wafers that can be bought"—perhaps an odd order from a bachelor, but Sally would not have given the matter a second thought had it not been for Mr. Holt's rather embarrassed expression at the time.

Then came an order for a pound of candied violets. Even more embarrassed than before did Mr. Holt seem at this, and as Sally left his office after she had handed him the rather costly sweetmeat she distinctly heard him say to Mr. Smith, with whom Mr. Holt shared his office:

"Jemima will eat no other sort of sweets. She sulked for an hour Sunday because I got her rock candy."

Sally's first thought was not one of surprise at the tactlessness of any man who would attempt to please a young woman with rock candy—though this did occur to her, too. But, even to her own surprise, her first impression was one of real hatred for this person Jemima—Jemima who must have candied violets. No doubt it was she, too, who insisted on the tea wafers, and perhaps it was because of her capriciousness that Mr. Holt wore the look of anxiety that was daily engraving deeper furrows on his brow.

Then came the request extraordinary. Mr. Holt asked Sally to select a little uptown apartment for him. He stipulated quite distinctly that it must be warm. He also asked Sally to bring him a copy of the lease that he would be required to sign so that he might see what restrictions there would be.

Eventually Sally found the apartment that satisfied her, and in making the wise choice that she did she employed the same method that she had in all her previous shopping. It was, in short, the secret of Sally's shopping success.

When she bought a hat for Mrs. Smith she fancied herself that fat, pompous lady, fancied herself the attendant at many bridge parties and the president of a woman's club or two, and when she had fully put herself in her place, then she felt certain of buying a hat that would be as much in Mrs. Smith's taste as though she had bought it herself.

So when she went to select the little dovecote—for what else but a dovecote could it be?—she tried to put herself in the place of the one for whom Mr. Holt was making all these preparations.

All she knew of her was that she was named Jemima, that she detested rock candy and liked candied violets and tea wafers, and she loved sunshine, and that she must have led Mr. Holt a merry chase to have produced the look of anxiety that still engraved his brow.

That wasn't much, but with an imagination like Sally's the work of reconstructing a flesh and blood young woman from that meager data was not difficult. Especially when she had the additional data that she was the beloved of Mr. Holt, who, Sally was frank to assure herself, "might have had any girl" he choose to make his wife. So Sally enjoyed picking out the apartment.

That is, she enjoyed it while she pretended that she was Jemima. Then when she came down to earth and realized that it was all for some one else—well, there are times when even "nice little girls" with round blue eyes develop streaks of jealousy that are almost feline.

Mr. Holt was charmed with her selection. Then he made the request that seemed impossible. To buy the furnishings for that apartment—to have feathered the nest—would ordinarily have been a veritable orgy of enjoyment to a girl like Sally.

But with this growing jealousy—yes, Sally had to admit it—it seemed almost impossible. To make charming Jemima's boudoir, to select the drapery for Jemima's dressing table—this was too much to ask even of Sally. Then came a surprise.

"You know a bachelor doesn't like any fuss and frills," Mr. Holt told her. "I have always been happiest in my club, but you know Jemima has upset all my plans. With her around I had to take an apartment. But I want it just as devoid of frills as my room at the club. No use trying to make a home when you haven't got one. So get just plain things and get 'em substantial."

Sally's first thought was that perhaps it was all off with Mr. Holt and his Jemima and that it was for that reason that he had put in the order for bachelor simplicity. But apparently from what he said Jemima was still a member of his household. Who was Jemima—this young lady who apparently did nothing to create the touch of home comfort for the man who loved her, this person with the passion for candied violets?

Then came another surprise.

"Oh, wait a minute," Mr. Holt delayed Sally as she was about to start out in quest of the bachelor furnishings. He led her back to his office, closed the door, fumbled in his pocket as if he were looking for something, though he had nothing in mind, and then began what he had to say abruptly.

"What's the use of furnishing up that place in bachelor style? It's the apartment that you would have chosen for yourself.

"Frankly you are the woman I want to marry. Why go dragging through a courtship and engagement? If there is a ghost of a chance that you could love me, believe me I'll win you, and you'll marry me sometime. So, there is that chance, you might as well tell me now and we won't have to wait. I can't endure that apartment alone with Jemima.

"Jemima? Oh, she's that cantankerous parrot that my great-aunt gave me for Christmas. I couldn't offend the old lady by failing to keep her, for the old lady drops in to see me in my room occasionally, and they wouldn't have her in the club—she swore too much. And I tried a hotel and they couldn't stand her there.

"I thought you knew. That's why I asked about the restrictions. The lease barred dogs and cats, but it didn't say anything about birds. Could you let me keep Jemima—just for great-aunt's sake?"

"I really dote on parrots," Sally assured him, as she made a hasty effort to replace her old vision of Jemima with the new one. "You see I wasn't quite sure. It might have been a cockatoo. Parrots are so much better."

And though Sally was not given to deceit, she never explained how high had once surged her jealousy of Jemima.

Replace The Receiver

The operator's report, "Line's Busy," is occasionally due to a subscriber's failure to replace the receiver after a conversation. Many calls of importance are lost through this bit of negligence.

When a receiver is not replaced on a party line it is much worse; not only are several parties cut off from incoming calls, but they are also unable to make any calls. Please replace the receiver after each conversation.

THE CHESAPEAKE & POTOMAC TELEPHONE COMPANY

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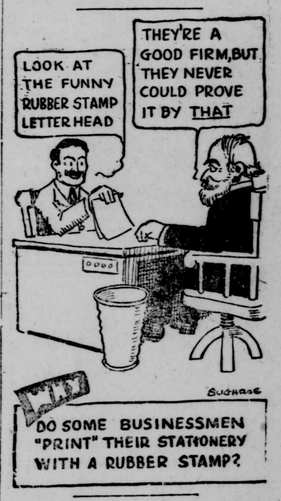

FINE TREES IN PHILIPPINES

Nowhere Are There More Enormous Trunks Than in the Lowlands of the Islands.

Until we fell heir to the Philippine islands we had no dense virgin tropical forests belonging to the United States. The Hawaiian islands are well within the tropics, but the topography of the islands is not such as to induce the gigantic growth of trees. There are no denser or more enormous treegrowths anywhere in the world, however, than are to be found over great areas of the Philippine lowlands. The soil is of excessive richness, the rainfall is heavy, and the climate combines to induce a riotous tangle of vegetation which is unimaginable to those who have not actually seen it or are familiar only with the orderly and usually comparatively scant growths of the temperate zone. Even the great forests of the far West, which cut more board feet to the acre than any other forest lands in the world, cannot compare for a moment in luxuriance and profligacy of growth with the tropical forest. They impress you, it is true, with having been many centuries in the making, but on the other hand the rank and enormous growths of the lowland tropics make you feel that they have always been there since the world commenced. The northern forests are reposeful; the tropical jungle is savage, overwhelming.—Exchange.

Time for Politeness.

There is nothing chivalrous about the young man who steps aside to allow a woman to enter a car before him and then, in his haste, steps on her heels or on her dress. There is nothing very generous or kindly in the favor of a business man who gives someone an interview, at the same time making the interviewer feel that he is encroaching on the time of a man who earns several dollars an hour. There is no virtue in the hurried handshake that is not accompanied by a welcome light in the eye; no affection in the kiss that is given from force of habit or from custom. Every personal touch that does not bear the stamp of genuine courtesy is akin to an insult.

Bricks Not Chinese Invention.

So old is the story of brickmaking that even China cannot claim to have seen the beginning of it. The Chinese it is true, do not give in without a struggle. They claim the most venerable antiquity for their clay industries, but modern research is all against China as the home of this art, and pictures the knowledge of brickmaking traveling eastward from Babylon across the whole of Asia. It is insisted even that the art of making the glazed bricks, so highly developed afterwards by the Chinese, was not indigenous to China, but found its way across Asia from the West, leaving behind it a track of glowing buildings through Persia and northern India.

NEW YORK MADE RAT TIGHT

Phrase Means That Enemy Agents and Spies Were Driven From Great United States Port.

"The port of New York is rat tight." This is the phrase in the vernacular of the sea which is going around the world to every quarter of the globe since the customs intelligence bureau was organized in New York a year ago. Paraphrased in the speech of the average American it means that it has been impossible for an alien enemy or spy, any article of contraband, or any secret message or forbidden information that might benefit the cause of the enemy, to come or go out of this port without being detected by the vigilant eyes of Uncle Sam's guardians, a New York Pittsburgh dispatch states.

More than 75 per cent of the immense volume of munition shipments sent from the United States to Europe passed through the port of New York, which has been the most important war port in the world. Moreover, it has been the main gateway through which travelers have passed either in going to allied or neutral countries or coming from such countries to the United States. Because of this volume of travel and traffic New York has been the spot from which enemy agents have worked most assiduously to send information and supplies to enemy countries. And it is because of these conditions that it has required more force, more determination and constant scrutiny to afford the protection which the vast interests centering here have received.

The best evidence that these conditions have been adequately met is found in the motto of seamen quoted above: "New York is rat tight." It sums succinctly the full measure of value which has been rendered to allied nations by an agency of the government which has worked so quietly here that many citizens even have not known of its existence. This agency is the customs intelligence bureau, organized at the beginning of last year by the collector of the port. Up to the time that America entered the great world war persons desiring to travel abroad found no trouble in leaving the United States. But with the opening of the war the customs branch of the government became an agency of grave importance. And the work they have accomplished without any question has saved many lives and millions of dollars.

Paying War Debts.

There is no uniform rule of action regarding the payment of war debts. Some war debts have been entirely paid off, and others have been greatly reduced. In 1793, following the Revolutionary war, the public debt of the United States was $80,352,634. It was reduced year by year until 1812, when it was $45,209,737. During the war of 1812, it increased until 1816, when it was $127,834,933. Then followed a long period of steady yearly reduction till in 1835 it stood at the nominal figure of $37,512, with much more than that balance in the treasury. Circumstances brought a long period of growth in the public debt till 1868, following the Civil war, it was $2,773,236,173.

GAVE TITLE TO RED CROSS

Indianapolis Man Found Pleasure in Putting His Contribution on a Business Basis.

He was a little old man, clad in the garb of a workingman. He stood back from the canteen information booth at the Union station and waited until the Red Cross women had checked the baggage of a group of men just back from overseas. Then he eased up to the desk and thrusting his arm quickly forward, laid a $20 bill in the hand of one of the attendants.

"Take $16.90 out of that," the old man said in a whisper.

"What for?" the canteener asked.

"It's my tithe," he answered. "Take $16.90 out of it. I must be going."

"May I ask you who you are and why you give your money in this way?"

"It doesn't matter who I am. I am just me. The money I'm giving is my tithe to the Red Cross and it makes me happy to give it. It really is $16.93, but you won't want to bother with pennies."

The canteener gave him his change and placed the money in the donation box under the counter. He disappeared in the crowd in the Union station. A few minutes later another canteener arrived. She was told of the incident.

"Yes, he comes regularly each month and leaves his tithe," she said, "but he won't tell who he is. He seems to enjoy giving to the Red Cross in this quiet way and always wears a smile of satisfaction after he has done it. He seems so happy when he turns to walk away."—Indianapolis News.

Name It.

Shall the man or the woman who operates a tractor be known as a tractorator, a tractorist or a tractioneer? That is a question an answer to which is desired by large numbers of students at the tractor schools now being established in various parts of the United States. Tractor operations have been carried on in a somewhat hit-or-miss fashion thus far, but now the industry is being stabilized and permanent terms of expression are needed. Farming, in its relation to tractors, has apparently been set forward a good ten years by the war. Tractor production has outstripped the training of operators. Every farm boy was brought up to manage a horse, but this big steel beast must be handled in quite a different way. State tractor schools provide a short cut for turning out tractor operators, whatever they are to be called.—Christian Science Monitor.

Feeding the Doughboys.

Food stores for the army on hand in the United States, its possessions, France, and in transit to France on Jan. 1, 1919, were valued at $300,000,000. At the time of the signing of the armistice approximately 10,000,000 pounds of food were being consumed by our troops in France each day, and there were on hand in France at that time 1,000,000,000 pounds of food in reserve. All this food has been transported on an average of 5,000 miles. It is estimated by the subsistence division that 3,000,000,000 meals were served to the army during the nineteen months of warfare with Germany.

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