

# PRIVATE DANNY'S WAR BOOK

BY FRAZIER HUNT.

Well if I were to describe Camp Merritt out here in New Jersey where all us soldiers who are about to go to France are gathered I suppose I would get this war book all confused and probably get into a lot of trouble too. So I won't tell so awful much except that this camp is a couple of miles long and about a mile wide and has hundreds of small barracks that hold 50 men each and are built something like our own draft cantonment barracks, only of course being much smaller. All the troops that are to be shipped out of New York harbor are sent here and they stay here any way from a week to a month until the ships are ready to carry them to France.

Well we got our first look at some of these regulars and national guard troops when we arrived here yesterday, and I would like to state right now that people who have got sons and brothers and sweethearts and etc. in the draft register can get around with their chests stuck out from now on hence. We got these other birds looking like a bunch of amateurs and I might add that so have our officers—even most of our Second Lieutenants.

But do you think that these regulars and guards have given us a real tumble yet? I should get-a-hun not, a-hun not. Last night there was three or four of us hunting around the post for change and we passed a gang of National Guards and when they seen what we was one of them said to one of his pals: "Ugh, some of them draft soldiers! I don't see why they're sending all these birds over when there's some more volunteers left over here."

Of course they wanted us to hear that but they didn't think we would have come back. But I guess they didn't know Sandy Spitta was along with us.

"Oh, you fellows are some of them tin soldiers they tell about, are you?" Sandy began. "What's that funny thing on your collar—oh, Commissary salt? I enlisted in the commissary department two days before you got caught in the draft, eh? Sure, we're draft soldiers—they made us fight, but, oh boy, watch us fight. What's army beans worth now anyway?"

Well for about nine seconds it looked like they was going to be a battle of the Marine right there, but some of us cooler heads stepped in and got things quieted down. Why get a lot of black eyes and stuff like that when you're not even fighting with friends that you know?

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# RANDOM REELS

BY HOWARD L. RANN.

## THE SPRING SUIT.

The spring suit is a gift from a man to his wife which is more appreciated than her husband's vice versa. Nothing illustrates the reckless extravagance which dominates this age more clearly than the refusal of a man to be satisfied with one suit of clothes a year. What is more revolting to the mild and humane instincts of the average husband than to be asked to buy a new suit for his wife with \$12.75 which he had saved for a fishing trip? This practice, which is growing to alarming proportions, is making it more and more difficult for a drowsy husband to spend all his salary on fancy vests and neckties.

It is getting so in some quarters that husbands who have no will power are not only obliged to pay for the spring suit, but in many instances are forced to help pick it out. It is a painful thing to see a dejected, web-begone husband dragged into the suit department by an exuberant wife, with the idea of getting something classy for \$18.50, and then be compelled to choose between a damask boulevard velvet at \$49 and another one just like it. If we had a law in this country prohibiting clerks in the suit department from showing anything over \$15 to wives who are accompanied by their husbands, how much brighter this world would be.

The spring suit is so constructed that it cannot be worn after four weeks old without creating comment, and this is due to the pernicious system of exposing summer suits in the show windows. It would seem as if the style shows could be a little more liberal in their views and turn out a robust spring suit now and then which could be worn until late in October without causing the owner to be debarré from the bridge club.

The spring suit is made in several different styles, in order to harmonize with the complexion and figure of the wearer. A neat-fitting spring suit which does not cost more than a tie-dyed garage is an ornament to any wife, and when she buys it with her own money it becomes a work of art.

# PEPPER TALKS

BY GEORGE MATTHEW ADAMS

## Author of "You Can," "Take It," Etc.

### THE LUSITANIA.

This is the anniversary of one of the most cruel and brutal crimes ever committed by a nation in the history of the world.

To prevent the occurrence of such a wanton deed, Civilization is now locked in merciless battle.

A thousand voices from the silent spirits of helpless women and children cry for victory against the nation guilty of a deed so black.

America will not forget the Lusitania! But the nation that ordered its destruction will want to forget it. For the world must and shall be made "safe for Democracy." Safe for men and women and children to come and go through the world as they will.

America, Britain, France, Italy are not fighting for revenge, but for a CHANCE. A chance for every human soul to be free.

This conflict is one for equal opportunity. To glorify the Edith Cavell, and to crush to earth—never to rise again—her murderers and the despots of Louvain, Rheims and Belgium.

"Scrape of paper" must be respected. There shall be no more Lusitania sinkers. No more bombers of hospitals and houses of prayer! No more wars of gas and stealth and frightfulness.

The Lusitania MUST be remembered until such acts are ended and forgotten in the world.

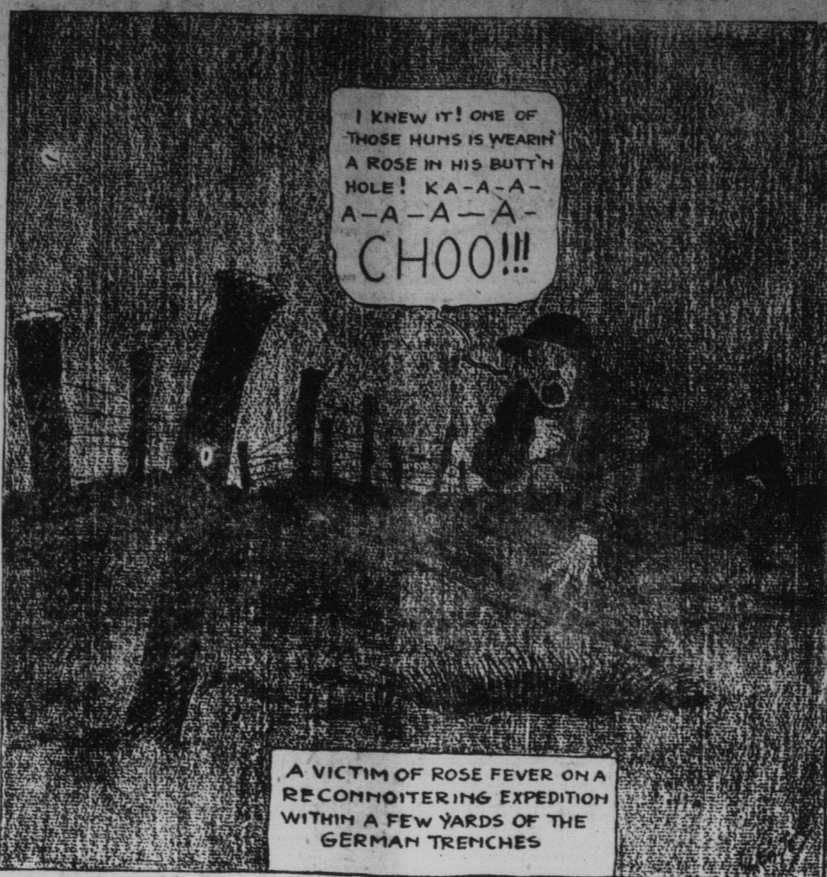
# RIPPLING RHYMES

By WALT MASON.

## THE OLD RAIN.

The wind is cold, the sky is wet, the rain's continuous and moist; and many people sigh and fret who on the sunny days rejoiced. Some voters are so poorly built they view a dark day with affliction; they think that all the beans are split if there should be a cloud in sight. But I have made a gaudy fire. I hear it roaring 'o the blue; and here I sit and sweat my lyre, and raise a happy howdy. I look out at the liquid rain that hasn't sense enough to quit, and see it washing down the pane, and do not throw a morbid fit. The rain will make the fields more fair, and that should cheer up dismal souls; and it will purify the air, and make the microbes hunt their holes. The rain will save the oats and rye—that's what the good old rain is for; and thus we see, if we have eyes, that storms like this will win the war. How often, through a lack of rain, has this drought stricken country groaned! So it is sinful to complain because your picnic is postponed. The country roads are dripping wet, no motor cars along them purr; but it's a wicked thing to fret because your joy-ride won't occur.

# EMPEROR BILL'S POSY PICKING HAS ITS EFFECT.



# IS MARY PICKFORD LOST TO THE MOVIES?

Rejection of More Than \$1,000,000 a Year Unparalleled in Life of Any Other Girl — But Star is Determined on Six Months' Vacation, and Mother-Manager Says She Must Quit Movies for Life.

Is the screen to lose its most famous star, Mary Pickford? Is the girl whose fame has spread all over the world and who is admittedly the greatest of moving picture actresses to retire into peaceful obscurity? No more startling news could come at this time to the hundreds of thousands of devoted followers that eagerly watch for each release that bears the name of "Little Mary," and perhaps it may not be true after all, but that the question of her permanent retirement is being seriously considered by herself and her mother is an indisputable fact.

The rumor that "Little Mary" was thinking of closing her working career came a short time ago when she was in New York City adding to the drive for the third Liberty Loan.

It was known that her contract with Adolph Zukor, president of the Famous Players-Lasky Corporation, which expires on June 26, had not been renewed, and it was also known that all endeavor on the part of Mr. Zukor and other officials in the Paramount-Artcraft organization to "talk business" with Mary had been for naught.

The first inkling that it was not a question of money with "Little Mary," that she was not holding back for the best offer before signing up again for picture work, came from her legal adviser, Denis O'Brien.

"Miss Pickford hasn't renewed her contract with Mr. Zukor," he said, "and she isn't considering any offers at all. Her plans for the future are very vague, and she herself is the only one who can tell what she has in mind."

"Little Mary" was found in a sumptuous suite at the Plaza Hotel in New York with her mother, Mrs. Charlotte Pickford, and her brother Jack, who had just received his uniform from the navy, in which he enlisted in March, and was proudly showing it off to the assembled family.

## No Contracts and Rest.

"What are your plans for work after June 26?" was the first question put to the screen star, who was lying on a couch, tired out from her speech-making in the loan campaign.

"Not to sign any contracts," she said, "and absolute rest for six months. My mind is fully made up on that point."

"And my mind is fully made up that Mary will do no more work at all after her contract with Mr. Zukor is ended," broke in Mrs. Pickford, who

contract. This offer was made early this year, and M. Lynch is still trying to induce Miss Mary to change her mind and accept.

Adolph Zukor, president of the Famous Players-Lasky Corporation, exact figure not known, but said to be a guarantee of \$600,000 for one year, with a large additional percentage on the picture profits.

Perhaps the most persistent of all the heads of the big picture concerns is Mr. Seelye, who now presides over the United Picture Theatres Company.

When an official of the Pathe company, from which he recently resigned to assume control of the company to which he is now attached, he was commissioned to go to California and try to persuade the star to sign her name to a contract naming a sum of seven figures. Mr. Seelye would not take "No" for an answer, especially when he found out that Miss Mary's mind was not made up as to exactly what she intended to do after June 26.

For weeks he became her shadow, saying little but allowing his presence to be a constant reminder of the offer he was ready to make.

## World's Biggest Screen Offer.

At last Mary told him her mind was made up and that she would not consider any offer until after she had had a long rest. Only then did Mr. Seelye return. On assuming his place with the new firm he consulted with his associates, with the result that the stupendous offer referred to was made to the star.

The immensity of it staggered her for a moment, for it included not only a guarantee of \$1,000,000 but the paying of her income tax, representing at least half a million more.

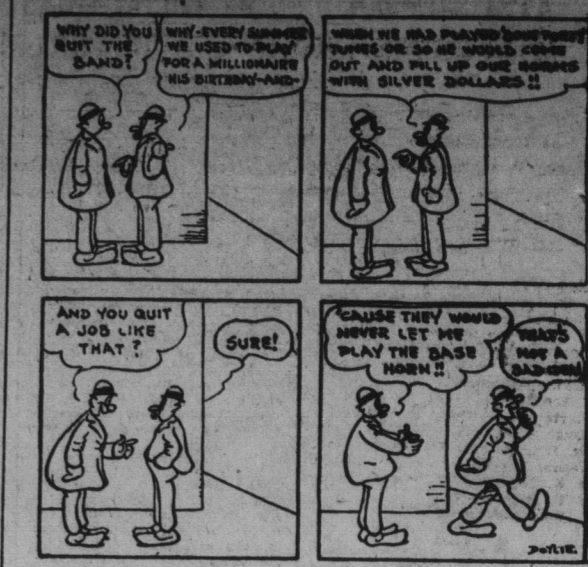
This offer also, however, was refused. "No," said Mr. Seelye, when seen in New York. "It is true we have offered Mary Pickford \$1,000,000 net for a year's contract for her pictures, the net meaning that we will pay her heart and income tax. It is by far the biggest offer ever made to any picture star, and it will hold good as long as I am at the head of this company."

Here, then, is a remarkable picture, unparalleled in history, of a girl still in her early twenties (she is just 24 years old) standing on fame's pedestal with a group of financial and industrial geniuses kneeling before her.

With outstretched hands, holding forth millions in rich, red gold. Behind her she sees the appealing faces of her mother and brother, whose hands are also outstretched seeking to save her from the giant of work that has proved so hard a taskmaster.

No woman in the world has ever been confronted with such a problem. As Gladys Smith, coming from an obscure little town in Canada, "Little Mary" has had a unique and amazing career. Her success in amateur productions caused her to go on the stage, where her scant earnings for some time supported the family, consisting, besides herself, of her mother, Brother Jack and Sister Lottie. After two years with various theatrical com-

# THAT'S NOT A BAD IDEA.



# LAUGH WITH US

At a legal investigation of a liquor that I might condescend to sell to some fellow, the judge asked and unwillingly I took a fancy to him.

"What was in the barrel you had?" His reply was: "Well, yer honor, it was marked whiskey on one end and Pat Murphy on the other. So I cannot say for certain which was in it, as you know I am on my oath now."

"You're under arrest," exclaimed the officer as he stopped the automobile. "What for?" inquired Mr. Chugstins. "I haven't made up my mind yet. I'll just look over your license and numbers, and so forth. I know I can get you for something."

"Are you going to town in your working clothes, Hiram?" exclaimed Farmer Cornkloss's wife. "That's what I mean. When I walk up High Street I don't want to be mistaken for any city chap. I want to look like I had a barrel of potatoes or a load of hay were they selling?"

Miss Oldbird was airing her views on marriage and men to Miss Flap-pette, and it was evident that she was what is known as a man hater.

"Don't care for 'em, my dear," she said to her young friend. "In fact I have a misgiving about any ready sale. 'No to several of them.'"

"Indeed!" said the Young Thing, with a twinkle in her eye. "What were they selling?"

# EATING AFTER FORTY

BY H. ADDINGTON BRUCE.

Author of "The Riddle of Personality," "Psychology and Parenthood," etc. When a man turns forty there are several things he ought to do in the interest of his health. One of these is to begin to cut down the quantity of food he eats daily.

Few men after forty need nearly as much food as they did before they reached forty. This for several reasons, not least the fact that few men are physically as active after forty as they were in their younger years.

Unhappily, most men have acquired in those years a habit of overeating, and mental dulling are a consequence. Consequently, when they begin to reduce their food allowance they do not reduce it as much as they should.

They think that they are now moderate eaters, when actually they still are overeating.

In especial, many persist in eating an unduly liberal allowance of protein in the form of meat.

This would not be so damaging if they continued to exercise as vigorously as they did in youth. But they do not—and they should not, their heart and arteries being now less able to stand the strain of hard exercise.

The excessive amount of protein they eat after forty is therefore im-perfectly consumed. As a result several important organs are directly, perhaps disastrously, affected. In the picturesque language of the hygienist Curtis:

"The combustion of protein within the organism yields a solid ash, which must be raked down by the liver and thrown out by the kidneys. When this task gets to be overburdening the laborers are likely to go on strike."

panies she attracted the attention of David Belasco, who brought her first into the limelight in "The Warrens of Virginia."

Then the great Griffith saw her and her career in pictures was started. For a long time she was a favorite in the old Biograph pictures under Griffith's direction, and since then has devoted her entire time to the movies, with the exception of a short return to the

—By LEO.

# WEDLOCKED.



# NO WORRIES.



Optimist—Yes, sir, there's one thing I'm never troubled with, and that's punctures. Pessimist—Punctureproof tires? Optimist—No; I haven't got a machine to worry about the trouble.

# HALF-MILE

## AT ST. STEPHEN'S

### WERE INTERESTING.

Over a Thousand Trotting Park-sees With Seven Starting—L. Evelyn B. as the Winner.

Special to The Standard. St. Stephen, May 24. The trotting park today by over one thousand, though the races were always interesting. Edw. Hamilton of starter Dr. McQuaid Lamb of Houlton, and St. Stephen, judges; Calais, James Green J. P. Dutton of St. B. D. Budd, clerk. The summaries follow:

Class 1. Lady Ashbrook, McBride Little Gilling, Keys, Lady Fondley, Love. Best time—1:08 1/2.

Class 2. Evelyn B. Haley, Moak Grattan, Graham Colonel D. McKay, Mary Har, McBride, Northern Star, Balka, Ozen D. Coffey. Best time—1:09 1/2.

Class 3. Bud Axworthy, Hyslop Rose Lumps, Johnson Highland Laddie, Key, Lady Mac, Haley, Ben Bourbon, Forbe, Marion Todd, Groves, Nollin, B. Love, Todd Jr., McLaughlin. Best time—1:16, in day is closing with a grand ball.

A CHALLENGE. The Acadia baseball team to a series to be played during the month of June, arrangements through The Standard Manager Pyne.

# BIG LEAGUE

NATIONAL L. Cincinnati 2; Philadelphia 1. Cincinnati, Ohio, 1000. Cincinnati, Ohio, 1000. Cincinnati, Ohio, 1000.

Batteries—Frederick Adams; Toney and W. St. Louis 2; Boston 1. St. Louis, Mo., 1000. St. Louis, Mo., 1000. St. Louis, Mo., 1000.

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