KODAK TELLS WAR ZONE STORY WITH PITILESS DETAIL

Thousands of Kodaks Are in Kits of Soldiers and Civilians, and Their Pictures Are Reaching The Sunday World.

THE war establishes the kodak in the role of news-gatherer. From a popular pastime, it turns to chronicle world events. From the romance of the summer wood, it turns to tell the romance and the realities of war.

Thousands of kodaks are in the kits of soldiers at the front. Thousands more are in the hands of civilians within the war zone. And the shutters of all these are busy "getting" the story of the greatest of all wars, as only picture can.

For obvious reasons most of this story will not be read until the smoke of battle has cleared away. Difficulties of communication, and a strict news censorship will see to that. But much is getting thru the lines—sometimes via the traveler's satchel, and sometimes even on the stretcher of a wounded soldier.

As these pictures show, the kodak tells the story of conditions within the war zone, with pitiless detail and absolute impartiality. The stories of Belgium's plight are tender, stirring and heartrending, and told with all the intimacy of kodak records. Other pictures show the devastation of cities that stood in the path of the destroyer. Still others show, at close range, the work of the Red Cross, its mission of humanity shining like a torch above the passions and fierce conflict of contending armies. The kodak is bringing all this home to us with a fidelity and graphic realism the pen can never approach. Just as fast as it can get them The Sunday World will eagerly show kodak pictures in its illustrated sections.

KITTY GORDON, BY WIRE, KEEPS EYE ON SOLDIER HUSBAND

SINCE the world went to war a change has come into the life of the entrancing Kitty Gordon, that peerless beauty who will be seen as the headline attraction at Shea's this week in Jack Lait's comedy playlet, "Alma's Return." For, as every person knows, the stunning actress is in private life the wife of the Honorable Captain Beresford of the British Regular Army. And now with Kitty in Toronto, the Honorable Beresford is somewhere in the Belgian trenches.

While the gallant soldier-husband is standing to his neck in water-filled trenches, Kitty is living on the best that can be provided. But that doesn't say that the fair lady is not worrying about her soldier boy. So intense is her interest that she has arranged with the head of the most prominent news agency in America to send her a detailed report of all engagements in which her husband's regiment has taken part.

Having attended with the utmost care every possible connection that would keep her in touch with her soldier-husband, the actress who is intently religious, sought the spiritual. The Tiffany Studios built, according to plans arranged by Miss Gordon, a miniature portable altar. This altar is packed in an asbestos-lined case which resembles a large jewel box and before it at all times candles are kept burning. As a devoted wife and patriotic Englishwoman, the actress who the public has learned to know only because of her beauty and talent, presents an entirely different phase, that of a devoted wife and patriotic Englishwoman, interested only in her domestic affairs and the success of her country in this the greatest of all wars.

Knows 300 Songs Sophie Tucker's 'Mazing Memory

COMMONLY the most exacting work of stagefolk is supposed to be the avocation of the actor in a stock company. That he must study a new part every week at the time he is playing another character in a current production is usually considered about the limit of human endurance and of mental capacity. A memory that will grasp and retain for the week the lines of another part and differentiate them, separate them, indeed, as they are required, is surely an unusual mind and the task is one under which many intellects fail.

A much more difficult task, it may seem, is that which Sophie Tucker, "The Mary Garden of Ragtime," has set for herself, Miss Tucker, who plays at Loew's Theatre, has committed to memory a repertoire of more than 300 coon songs and lighter modern ragtime ditties. She sings on an average of one hundred to one hundred and fifty different songs every week of her season and sings them all at the request of her audiences. The selection is left entirely to the discretion of the people who sit across the footlights and it is the guarantee of Miss Tucker that any song named will be immediately rendered by her. This involves not only committing to memory all the words of all the songs and the retention of them indefinitely, but also committing to memory every note and bar of music. Indeed, she must know the music so well and her voice and herself must be in such perfect harmony that she can strike the pitch instantly and be off on a gallop of syncopation before you have been able to whistle "Jack Robinson." This necessarily involves the absorption of every new ditty that comes out and the accumulation of a repertoire, judged from the number of coon songs that are being turned out for the music shops, must ultimately reach into thousands. It is Miss Tucker's testimony that she never forgets a song once it is committed to memory and that the little ditties of her childhood are as fresh in her mind today as they were when she sang them in the red schoolhouse by the countryside in which she was reared. Her mind is a storehouse of the old quirks and twists of syncopation and she laughingly declares that now she thinks and talks in broken measure.

Toronto Women Who Have Made Good In the World of Work

-:- -:- *Mrs. Josephine De Witt*

Fifty cents; some debts, and a lot of enthusiasm and persistence, her chief possessions six months ago—a business of $3,000 a month her possession today. That is the big point in this week's story of women who have made good.

* * *

THERE is always coming up a new and vivid example of the fickleness of fortune—of how, after turning her back on an individual for a long time, she will suddenly turn about and lavish upon them all her lapful of good luck. Such would be the poetic way of viewing the success which has come to a Toronto woman, Mrs. Josephine De Witt, in the last six months, after years of struggle, but the more practical way of viewing this business woman's remarkable venture, and its successful outcome would be to say that golden opportunity came to her, and she seized it, and made most of it with remarkable business and executive ability. "Six months ago I didn't have more than fifty cents to my name, and had debts amounting to $850. I was in my own kitchen with little prospect of anything else," said the little woman, as she sat at her desk in her artificial flower manufactory on Shepherd street.

She chatted and laughed, but never for a moment forgot the time that the various orders should go out, or failed to give the closest attention to the various telephone calls that came in.

"I had two losses thru partnership," she continued. "The last time was in this very building last summer, when my partner, a man, and I dissolved partnership, and then, with only my debts I started up again. Our sales have been on an average of $30,000 a year since then, and we hope to complete $3600 for the month of February.

"We have thirty girls working here, and expect to take on thirty more before spring is over. I am training my own help. I have some that have been working for me for four years. I wont take any girl on who is not well recommended as to character. We are getting all the select work, and dealing with all the best houses on Wellington street. At first, when I started up, I used to solicit orders myself, but now we hardly have to go out at all—the work comes to us.

"This is going to be one of the leading industries in Canada. The importation of artificial flowers from Germany, before the war, reached a very large sum annually. This avenue has now been closed.

"We are going to get that trade ourselves now. We are not trying to equal German work; we prefer to set a higher stander, for there's no proper foundation to go on in the German goods. We go on the French plan in our work, and I can say without boasting, that we can equal anything that comes from Paris in the flower line. We have the most up-to-date plant in the country. Even the plants in the United States cannot touch us. For instance, we make all our own foliage, which flower manufacturers seldom do, and we make all our own fruit. The blackberries, for instance, which are in such demand this year, are made here.

"I divide my outside trips between New York and Chicago, and when the war is over I will go direct to Paris." "No, I am not a Canadian by birth, tho I am by naturalization," in answer to a question. "I was born in New York, where I learned my business, and while there I was the designer and copier of Parisian styles. I have been in Canada for the last five years in this work, but it was not until the war broke out that I have been able to go out and make it a paying concern.

"We have $2000 worth of machinery in our factory now. Our plant is worth many thousands of dollars. We are as busy as we can be. We have had a night shift of men all this week. The girls work in the daytime, and do all the fancy hand-work parts, while the men make all the foliage, and starch, cut out, and press.

"We have a lot of orders for decorations. This is a different department that we have added to the flowers. The business is growing steadily all the time, so that the landlord is holding open the two flats extra here, realizing that before long we shall need the space.

"Canada can make this as big an industry as in any country," said the little woman, her eyes kindling. "In fact, Canada can make this one of her leading industries. The States has two or three hundred of such manufactories, and yet a few years ago New York was no better off in making her own flowers than Toronto. It used to be that in New York all was imported. Now you can count the importing places on one hand in comparison to the manufactories.

"In the future I feel certain that Canada wont have to go outside of her own country to buy one artificial flower. There isn't one thing in the way of a novelty that they can bring here that I cannot copy. Look at these," and she held up two wreaths for inspection. "One was brought from Paris, and the other I made." In an attempt to guess which, the choice fell to the Canadian product, at which the little flower artist laughed gleefully.

"We buy all the material in white by the yard, then cut and dye, and make every bit of the flowers, all by hand." An interesting little story of how some flowers came from Marshall Field's, in Chicago, to a local wholesaler, and how the designer was asked to produce something along the same line, with the result that the Canadian house got an order for 16 dozen in comparison to four dozen of the American product, was interpolated just here, while the visitor marvelled over the soft bands of cut material, of which mignonette is fashioned.

"The next step this season," went on the designer, "is making white leather flowers, and we even back all the leaves with silk that our work may go out even better than the sample. Yes, these are all my own design," waving her hand to a big table, on which were arranged boxes upon boxes containing rose wreaths, daisies, forget-me-nots and every kind of flower under the sun, besides exquisite little bunches of fruit and flowers. Novelties of all kinds and descriptions, all with that perfection of detail which we are accustomed to associate with French flowers—the winding of the stems with silk, the thick rubber-like stems on the roses, etc.

"If only the Canadian women will ask for Canadian flowers," continued the designer. "There is no reason why we cannot form our own fashions here in Canada. I am ready to help with all that is in my power. The wholesalers can buy very much cheaper, and can sell the Canadian article 50 cents or a dollar cheaper than imports. The women of the United States are leaving off imports. There is no reason why Canadian women should not do the same.

Mrs. Josephine De Witt, Flower Manufacturer.

"We must keep up with the outsiders. That's one of the secrets of the business, to know what your competitors are doing, and tho it costs me a lot, I go away every month. The reason why we are getting our success is because we take care to finish up everything. We are getting the confidence of our customers. Then, again, we use the very best material we can possibly get into our flowers. But the great point is the originality. I have got to have different designs for every firm. For instance, one afternoon I sat down and made about thirty samples, and one of the travellers came in and ordered from every one, and I had to go to work and make a lot more. I make it a strict rule that what one firm gets another firm knows nothing about. One of the buyers came in at six o'clock yesterday and bought up every design I had made, then I had to go ahead and make more right away. I must have about 200 new samples all the time to choose from.

"To meet the comparison with the imported stuff we use better material and make it a point to give the public a fair deal. We are here to stay, and that's the way to make good."

We are in the factory itself by now, and the designer pointed out a number of flowers which had been arranged by some of her assistants.

"For every new design," she said, "that a girl makes that sells, I give her one dollar. That develops talent, and I am thus training them to take my place in designing some day.

"Here is a new idea," she said, lifting up what looked like a very silky looking white osprey. "It is made right here, and there's nothing cruel about that. This osprey is what started me in work here in Canada," she said, smilingly, "and there has been a tremendous call for them. We are going to have a good flower season, for people are tired of so many feathers, the designer went on. Women must have a change you see."

She was intensely full of her subject, and thoroly in love with her work, this woman who has done so well in so short a time, and is so truly optimistic and patriotic about the future. Every petal comes under her artistic eye, and she speaks truly when she says she thinks it would be as easy to manage a plant of 500 hands as of 30.

It would be an eye-opener to the average Torontonian to walk thru this fascinating factory—fascinating, from the dye house, where great sheets of material hang drying, to the order room, where the exquisite finished flowers lie in French looking boxes, ready to be sent out; and to realize the pulse of it all is a little woman who would tell you that nothing could persuade her to go back to New York, for Canada had given her health, happiness, and a business which has her whole heart.

All In.

"How is that young brother of yours getting along since he went to the city?" said one Rockaway oyster to another.

"The last report we had from him was that he had got himself into a stew."

The Retort Soothing.

"Go away!" said the sick man to the doctor. "I'd rather trust myself to a horse doctor than to you."

"Well, I admit," replied the doctor, "putting on his hat, "you are more in his line than in mine."

-:- SERVED AS A SOLDIER -:-

Miss Marie Weissman, a young Viennese, who was discovered serving in the ranks of the Austrian army. She was recommended for her bravery. Miss Weissman is much admired in Vienna Society, besides being well known because of her high social standing. She enlisted in the army as a one-year volunteer, having obtained a sword, uniform and necessary military papers. One-year men serve at their own expense and are treated more as officers than ordinary soldiers. After serving two months on the Russian frontier, her bravery resulted in her being promoted to officer's rank. The "slim young hero" was sent to headquarters and their her secret was discovered. She is now doing splendid work in the Red Cross.

Saved the Scene.

Miss Anne Bronaugh is the leading lady of the Lawrence Stock Co. in Winnipeg. The other night they put on for the first time, "Fine Feathers." In the third act she shoots a man. On this occasion, as upon many like occasions in the past, the "sure-fire revolver" did not live up to its name. Anne pointed it at Mister Villian, shouted "Die," and pulled the trigger.

Nothing doing.

She pulled harder. She grasped it with both hands—and pulled desperately at the trigger. "Silence was her answer." The villian still stood there waiting to die. Finally, in desperation, Anne pointed the balky revolver at him pulled the trigger and shouted "Bang!" And the villian died and the scene was saved.

WILDS OF CITIES HAVE GOT A GRIP ON R. W. SERVICE

(Continued From Page 1.)

was there I wrote my first novel, 'The Trail of '98,' telling of the big stampede into Dawson

May End Days in Paris

"When that was finished I made a voyage in search of new material. I travelled 3,000 miles from Athabasca. Landing back to Dawson by way of the Mackenzie River, crossing the Rocky Mountain Divide near the Artic Circle, and paddling my birch-bark canoe down the Porrcupine River till it met the ukon, and so on to Dawson. That gave me "Rhymes of a Rolling Stone.' On the outbreak of the Balkan War I went as a special correspondent, and when I had seen all the fighting they would let me see, I wandered thru Europe by leisurely stages to Paris, getting there in February, 1912. And in France I have stayed ever since, and probably may end my days in Paris. There is no other city which satisfies me. There is no danger of one becoming too respectable there.

"What about my work? Oh, I don't know that I have much to say about it. I have no special illusions about my work. I write of the things of today for the people of today. I am not interested in resurrecting the times before I was born, or in imagining what will be after I am dead. The lives of the people I see around me hold enough romance for me. My aim is to write of the things I feel and know as truthfully and sympathetically as I can. The only critic I fear is the man I write about: the types I am trying to tell about.'

PAY NO ATTENTION TO BULLETS AS THEY ENTRENCH IN DARK

(Continued From Page 1.)

officer returned to the front, and in a letter posted at the end of last week writes to a friend about the changed condition of affairs owing to the continuous rains. The river was still rising when he wrote, and the billet of his battery was threatened with inundation. He adds:

The floods have brought trouble in their wake to all sections of the army, and our great consolation is the Germans are even worse off than we are ourselves, as they occupy lower ground in the majority of cases. The infantry are paying the greatest price and are still carrying on their almost superhuman tasks with a cheerfulness that baffles explanation. Some of their trenches are four feet deep in water, and these have to be held, as they are in close proximity to the enemy's trenches. In these trenches the men stay for six hours at a time, and their reliefs are arranged so that those who have been in for six hours obtain 24 hours rest. In other places high breastworks have been made behind which the men take cover from the half-hearted fire of their inundated and less fortunate opponents.

The German infantry are in an even worse plight than our fellows. Much of the ground formerly held by the Germans is now a large lake, and the only evidence remaining to show that it has not always been a lake is the presence of German barbed wire poles whose tops just reach above the level of the water. By these guides we can form an idea where the German trenches used to be.

One of our airmen reported yesterday that he observed the Germans endeavoring to salve a battery of their field guns from a position they had held near the banks of the river. They soon abandoned this project, however, and he reported that the horses came away, leaving the guns behind them. One of our forward observing officers also saw a team of German horses endeavoring to extricate something from an inundated patch. The horses were almost shoulder deep in mud and water.

Corrected.

"The heavy explosions of a battle always cause rain. It rained after Waterloo. It rained after Pontenoy. It rained after Marathon."

"But Marathon was fought with spears and arrows, my dear."

"There you go again. Always throwing cold water on everything I have to say."

SONGS of WAR and PEACE

Gypsy Music

Come, gypsy, play, thou hadst thy pay
in drinks.
Let not the grass grow under thee;
strike up!
On bread and water who will bear
life's ills?
With flowing wine fill high the
parting cup.
This mundane life remains for aye the
same;
It freezeth now, then burneth as a
flame:
Strike up! How long thou yet wilt play
who knows!
Thy bow strings soon will wear out, I
suppose
With wine and gloom are filled the cup
and heart,
Come, gypsy, play, let all thy cares depart.

Strike up! But no! Now leave the
chords alone;
When once again the world may
have a feast
And silent have become the storm's
deep groans
And wars and strifes o'er all the
world have ceased—
Then play inspiringly; and at the voice
Of thy sweet string the gods may e'en
rejoice;
Then take again in hand the songful
bow;
Then may thy brow again with gladness glow
And with the wine of joy fill up thy
heart;
Then, gypsy, play, and all they cares
depart.

—The Journal of the Gypsy Lore Society.

Ballade of the Stokers.

Our muscles ache from stretch and
strain.
Our eyes are sore with salty sweat;
Our blistered skins are gnawed with
pain.
Our souls the devil claims for debt.
Before us there a gauge is set—
The only oriflamme we know!
Above, they fight the foe we've
met—
Who gives a damn for us below?

The great guns boom across the main,
The steam boss comes with curse
and threat.
We stuff the hot, red maws in vain
Another pound of steam to get!
With senses taut, we toil and fret
And wonder how our fortunes go.
Above, we know they battle yet—
Who gives a damn for us below?

A crash—a roar—and cries profane!
We slip, we sprawl—our floors are
wet!
The bulkheads close, and we—remain!
The steam boss lights a cigaret,
The hot steam scalds, the waves
abet—
We choke—we die—we have no show
To save the rest! But where's regret?
Who gives a damn for us below?

L'ENVOI.

Prince! And you of the epaulette!
The world on you will praise bestow.
From Admiral to young cadet,
(Who gives a damn for us below?)

—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

The Brave at Home.

The maid who binds her warrior's sash
With smile that well her pain dissembles,
The while beneath her drooping lash
One stary tear-drop hangs and
trembles,
Tho heaven alone records the tear,
And fame shall never know her
story,
Her heart has shed a drop as dear
As e'er bedewed the field of glory!

The wife who girds her husband's
sword,
'Mid little ones who weep or
wonder,
And bravely speaks the cheering word,
What tho her heart be rent
asunder;
Doomed nightly in her dreams to hear
The bolts of death around him
rattle,
Hath shed as sacred blood as e'er
Was poured upon the field of
Battle!

The mother who conceals her grief
While to her breast her son she
presses,
Then breathes a few brave words and
brief,
Kissing the patriot brow she blesses.
With no one but her secret God
To know the pain that weighs upon
her,
Sheds holy blood as e'er the sod
Received on freedom's field of
honor!

—Thomas Buchanan Read.

Human.

"Have you heard how Rumley drank himself to death?"

"Yes. Terrible, wasn't it? It unnerves me completely. Let's go and have a drink."

Fishing.

"The young lady doctor is making a dead set at Brewster."

"How do you know?"

"She told him cigarets are not injurious."

Popular.

"I wonder why Miss Winslow is such a social favorite. She doesn't sing or play or even recite."

"Probably that's the reason."

Ow!

Mildred—I think I'll have my beauty nap now.

Mehetabel—Well, take a long, long sleep.

They Clash.

"What is the matter with the parson and the doctor that they cannot agree?"

"The parson says the doctor is so contrary. Just as soon as he gets a man properly prepared for the next world the doctor goes to work and cures him."

FRENCH'S SISTER LEADING RELIEF WORK IN ENGLAND

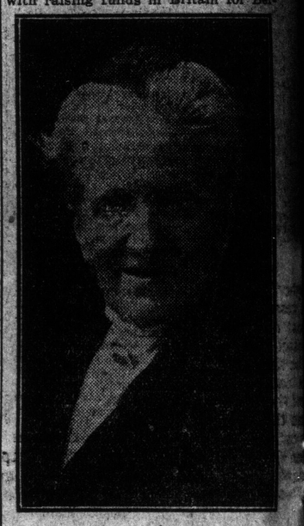
Mrs. Despard Has the Famous Fighter's Qualities of Generalship and Energy and Is Foremost in Activities.

WHILE Sir John French is commanding the British forces in France, his valiant sister is generalissimo of the grand army of British women at home, who are waging victorious warfare against suffering and want in behalf of Belgian refugees, British out-of-works, and others in need of help on account of the war.

"John thinks there is no game equal to war," said Mrs. Despard, sister of Gen. Sir John French, Mrs. C. Despard is also playing the game now in grand British style on relief work lines in England. A letter just received from Miss Hodge, of Australia, who visited Toronto in the interests of equal suffrage, states that Mrs. Despard recently gave a house party in aid of the Belgian fund, and proved to be a most captivating hostess. A photograph of Mrs. Despard, taken just before the war broke out, with the date upon it in her own handwriting, is a prized possession of Dr. Caroline Brown.

In Suffrage Work

While her brother is in France doing his utmost to avenge the wrongs suffered by the Belgians, Mrs. Despard is working, not only in connection with raising funds in Britain for Belgian relief purposes, but is also taking a leading part in the efforts being carried on to alleviate the suffering caused among the women of the English poor as a result of the war.



Mrs. C. Despard, sister of General French, and a leader in women's relief work in England. —Photo courtesy of Dr. Caroline Brown.

Mrs. Despard has become president of the Women's Suffrage National Aid Corps, which was organized by the Women's Freedom League, and which in addition to the work they are doing in London, is doing work that is of real help all over the country in every town where the league has a branch.

Chief among the wants of those in need is food, and the National Aid Corps members base the main part of their work on this fact. Many eating places have been opened. In them are to be seen leading lady novelists, actresses and society women cooking and serving meals for those who cannot afford to spend more than a penny or so on their dinner. These restaurants are a great boon to those who have been hard hit by the war. For a two-cent piece soup, bread and pudding can be bought, and it is possible for those who wish, to have an extra hearty repast to dine quite well for the sum of three cents.

Many a customer has been heard to say when looking upon the busy scenes to be witnessed at these restaurants at midday that "she'd never have thought the suffragetts were such good sorts." Customers can either take their meals in the restaurants or carry them away to their own homes, an arrangement which shows well the practical and sympathetic lines on which the corps works.

Employment for Women

Various workrooms, to give employment to women out of employ, have been organized. In some of these workrooms women, who would otherwise have been in distress and want, are happily engaged in making soft toys. Some of the artistic members of the corps have designed surprisingly novel dolls and animals, and one soft doll, known as Polly Atkins, became so popular with the buying class of the English public, that she has been registered. The workers are paid six cents an hour, and they are busy from 9 a.m. to 5 p.m. On Saturdays and other occasions that the women may be able to find more remunerative work elsewhere they are allowed the time off to do so.

In other workrooms women and girls are engaged making clothes for children at six cents, eight cents, and ten cents an hour. A good sale is found for the clothes, chiefly shirts and complete outfits for children. An order has already been received from the war office for some hundreds of shirts. The children's outfits, which are sold for less than two dollars, include not only a suit, but underclothes as well.

Some of the members of the corps have thrown open their houses as hospitals for women and children crowded out of the general hospitals by wounded soldiers. A number have house hospitals fitted up on an extensive scale, including all the necessary appliances required for surgical work. Gen. French's sister is a leader in all such methods of keeping up the spirits of the left-at-homes.