

Advertiser News Pictures Right Out of the Camera

RED CROSS WORKERS ARE THANKED FOR GOOD WORK

Letters From Canadian Hospitals In England Say Towels Are Needed By the Carload — Work Must Be Continued.

Copies of the following letters have been received by the Red Cross Society here this week—forwarded from Toronto—and it is again interesting to note the harmonious interplay of the Red Cross Society, and the Canadian War Contingent Association:

"Duchess of Connaught Red Cross Hospital, Cliveden, April 20.
"Dear Mrs. Plumptre—Col. Hodgkiss tells me that he is sure that you and the kind ladies who have helped so splendidly would be interested to hear from us how greatly appreciated all your efforts have been, and how useful and sensible the gifts are, i.e., blankets, sheets, dressing gowns, wonderful bed-spreads filled with everything a man needs, even to a pipe and paper! The jam, syrup, biscuits, apples, etc., and lovely plum cake we gave them on Easter Sunday. They all came over in splendid condition, and the men enjoyed them so—a treat after the trenches.

"Then surgical dressings, banders, slings, etc., are so useful, and saved us such a lot, as we only had to make up for our first dressings for the operating room, also from supplies sent from home.

"All the little parcels around here have formed their committees, and are collecting for us, and sending us twice a week a lot of fresh eggs, also, once a week, cake for Sunday tea.

"Poor boys, they certainly deserve all the good things of life, they are so brave and cheerful, and in many cases it's only a case of getting fit and well to return to the trenches. Others, of course, never can. I wish I could better express their thankfulness and ours: theirs for all they receive; ours for the joy of having such things to give, and to work with. Yours sincerely,

"EDITH CAMPBELL, Matron."
"Steady Stream of Goods.
The second letter, on the other hand, shows how well and steadily our stream of goods is going forward. All these boxes and bales have been forwarded by the Red Cross free of charge.

"Canadian War Contingent Association, Victoria Street, London, Eng.
"Dear Mrs. Plumptre—Today we have finished the week's work of unpacking about eighty cases received from Canada, most of which have come through your Halifax office.

"Col. Ryerson has paid several visits to the ladies' committee of the association, and is, I think, quite satisfied that we, at our end, are doing our best to finish worthily the work which is begun and carried through at your end.

"As you know, the British war office has requested that only socks and handkerchiefs be forwarded to the troops at the front. The warm weather coming on, and the prospect of the terrible trench life coming to an end, makes it unnecessary for us to supply such a variety of supplementary garments as we have done hitherto. But socks and handkerchiefs we still need, and shall continue to need, week by week, as long as the war lasts.

Little Pretender to Throne of Austria and His Mother Who Eloped With Millionaire's Son.



Marie Vetsera Hayne, now Mrs. Donald Andrews, and her son Rudolph by her first marriage, whom she claims is heir to Austria's throne. She is just eloped with her present husband, who is the 18-year-old son of Matthew Andrews, of Cleveland, millionaire partner in the M. A. Hanna Company. Detectives, said to have been acting under orders of his parents, took his clothes from him at the Vanderbilt Hotel in New York, but Vetsera claims she is his mother, and he was married. Mrs. Andrews claims that she is the daughter of Crown Prince Rudolf, son of Emperor Franz Joseph, and of Marie Vetsera, the baroness with whom he was found murdered.

Chicago's New Mayor Taking the Job



Mayor William Hale Thompson, of Chicago, answering the plaudits of the crowd during his review of a parade of 75,000 persons on day of his inauguration.

SUNDAY CALLS 400 MORE TO SAWDUST TRAIL

Paterson's Total Is Brought Up To 8,000 — Dramatic Scene As the Evangelist Asks List For Prayers.

Paterson, N. J., May 7.—"Thousands didn't raise their hands," God pity them," exclaimed Billy Sunday last night in the Paterson tabernacle after he had concluded his sermon and called upon all who felt they were living right to raise their hands. Only a few hundred in the gathering of more than ten thousand men and women responded.

Then four hundred of them walked up the sawdust trail, bringing the total who have hit the trail to date in Paterson to eight thousand. Sunday preached to about seventeen thousand at both meetings yesterday.

There was a dramatic moment in the night meeting when he asked anyone to announce whom they wanted prayed for.

"My boy," sobbed more than one woman, "Father, Brother, and 'My friend' came from hundreds of men and women in different parts of the tabernacle.

THE SERMON.
Text—11. Kings, iv, 26: "Is it well with thee? Is it well with thy husband?"

"I bring to you tonight a message. God wants to teach us importantly in prayer, determination to accomplish the thing upon which our heart is set, no matter what difficulties or obstacles may be in the way. 'Is it well with thee?' I will answer that much of it for every man here tonight.

"I know, men, that there are trials and temptations. There is many a young man going to hell tonight because he was influenced by the gang he runs with. He goes with the wrong mob, and they will put any fellow into the penitentiary and hell if he stays by them long enough.

"They will make him do things that he will despise himself for afterward when he is alone. He will hate himself because he did not have decency and manhood enough to say 'No.'

"There are men in heaven tonight because they chose the right company and there are men in hell who didn't.

"Is it well with the man that will sit at the gaming table and run the risk of becoming a black-legged gambler? Is it well with the man who will take even an occasional drink and run the risk of becoming a hog-jowled, spitting drunkard, staggering to the spit of hell?

"Is it well with the man that will take God's name in vain? Is it well with the man or woman that is careless of his or her associates, or of the Sabbath day and the laws of God?

"You Can Be Born Again.
"You say: 'Mr. Sunday, I had a bad start in life. I have come from bad stock. I have had blood in my veins. I was born with the devil in me and with evil inclinations.' You can be born again with the devil out of you, if you want to be, if you will give yourself to Jesus Christ and turn from your sins. Don't blame your parents. They brought you into the world, it is true, but you yielded yourself to sin.

"Don't blame the church, if you don't go there and follow Christ and set a good example for others. Don't blame the devil. All he can do is tempt you and there are not devils enough in hell to make you a drunkard if you don't want to be one, and there are not enough angels in heaven to make you walk home sober if you don't want to. So be fair and square. Look yourself right in the face and say: 'I'm the duck; I'm the lobster.' Be decent. 'Is it well with thee?'

Delay Is Dangerous.
"It is too late to take swimming lessons after the season begins to sink. It is too late to send for the insurance agent after the flames have burst through the roof. It is too late to telephone for the life insurance agent after the doctors have shaken their heads and they have telephoned for the undertaker. You wait too long. You are too late with your prayers, with your song, with your tabernacle. You wait until the devil wraps his hands about them and drags them off shrieking to the pit; then you rush and try to save the pit; then you say: 'Is it well with thee?'

"Nearly thirty years ago, one dark and stormy night in Chicago, I groped my way into the arms of Jesus Christ. I cried: 'God be merciful to me, a sinner,' and thus I am here preaching to you and trying to help you to do the same thing. 'Is it well with thee? Is it well with thy husband? Is it well with thy child?'

Draws 5,000 Crowd at Montclair.
Five thousand persons stormed the opera house in Montclair, N. J., yesterday morning to hear Billy Sunday preach on "Hope." For two hours before the doors were opened they jammed the street in front of the theatre. The seating capacity of the place was only twelve hundred, but more than fifteen hundred managed to crowd their way in, utilizing every inch of standing room on the stage as well as in the auditorium.

When Sunday arrived he had to fight his way through the crowd to the stage door. They still lingered while he was inside, and the police reserves and members of an engine company had to be called to preserve order. Men in working clothes rubbed elbows in the surging crowd with handsomely-gowned women and their well-dressed escorts, who had left their automobiles a block away to fight for a chance to hear the noted evangelist. All had to take the same chance, and some of the wealthiest residents of Montclair were among the disappointed ones.

Before going to the opera house Sunday stopped at the Montclair Military Academy and made a brief address to the three hundred students.

NO PRICE FIXED

LONDON, May 6.—Concerning the report published in London this morning to the effect that the British Government had agreed upon a price to be paid for the cargo of foodstuffs on the steamer Wilhelm, the attorney for the owners declared that so far as he knew no agreement of this nature yet had been reached.

Ludlow Labor Leader Convicted of Murder Still Idol of Persecuted Miners and Their Wives.

By William MacLeod Raine, Staff Special.

Trinidad, Col., May 6.—John R. Lawson, the labor leader, convicted of and facing life imprisonment for the murder of a mine guard named Nimmo, still is the hero of the miners and their wives—the people who are fighting against the oppression of the Rockefeller interests.

Trinidad has been shaken by the conviction of Lawson. Its people—not those who ride about in motor cars, but toil worn figures with a patient look in their eyes borne of long suffering—they talk of nothing but the tragic outcome of the big trial—and aftermath of the bloody days when murder and sudden death stalked through Las Animas County.

And the women—the wives of these men who have suffered—they idolize big, kind John Lawson. They are the "women of Ludlow."

Some are Italians, with scars over their heads, who have come to Trinidad dressed in their poor best, to get a glimpse of Lawson and to tell him to have courage. Some are French, others Russian, a few American.

When Lawson started to leave the court after his conviction the women made him the centre of a little reception. They pressed about him and shook hands. They held babies up for him to kiss.

For Lawson has fought their battles. Has been sentenced to spend the rest of his life in a prison cell for them. On the day of the battle when Nimmo was killed he spent his time looking after their safety. It seems to them an inconceivable tragedy that he can be made to pay for what he did by imprisonment for life.

Among these women are Pearl Jolly and Mrs. Domieski, who have been east and shaken hands with President Wilson. Pearl Jolly was one of the heroines of the day of the massacre. She took her chance when the machine guns were belching to get food for the hungry children.

Another woman who broke down and wept when Lawson was found guilty is a little woman dressed all in black, an Italian with the youth not yet wholly stamped from her face. She too is a tragic figure, for this is Mary Petrucio, the sole survivor from that "black hole" at Ludlow, when a dozen little children were suffocated. Three of the children were hers. They died innocent martyrs for a cause they were too young to understand.

LAWSON AND THE HOBO

[By Elbert Hubbard.]

To give a man something for nothing tends to make the individual dissatisfied with himself.

Your enemies are the ones you have helped. And when an individual is dissatisfied with himself he is dissatisfied with the whole world—and with you.

A man's quarrel with the world is only a quarrel with himself. But so strong is this inclination to lay blame elsewhere, and take credit to ourselves, that when we are unhappy we say it is the fault of this woman or that man.

And often the trouble is he has given us too much to be nothing. This truth is a reversible, back-action one, well lubricated by fate, working both ways—as the case may be.

Nobody but a beggar has really definite ideas concerning his rights. People who give much—who love much—do not haggle. That form of affection which drives sharp bargains and makes demands gets a check on the bank in which there is no balance.

There is nothing so costly as something you get for nothing. My friend, Tom Lawson, magnate in ordinary, of Boston and the east side of Wall street, has recently had a little experience that proves my point.

A sturdy beggar-man, a specimen of decayed gentility, once called on Tom Lawson with a hard-luck story and a family Bible and asked for a small loan on the Good Book.

To be compelled to soak the family rider.

Map of Austria-German Drive On Russians



The latest battle line in the Carpathian Mountains. Arrows indicate 60-mile battle front, where the Austrian-German forces are attacking the Russians.



Mrs. Pearl Jolly (left), and Mrs. Joe Domieski, heroines of the Ludlow massacre, who testified on behalf of John R. Lawson, labor leader, found guilty of murder. Lawson is shown in the lower picture.

SON OF A SOLDIER AMONG WOUNDED

Bible would surely melt a heart of granite. Tom is not religious, especially, but he was melted.

Tom made the loan, but refused the collateral, stating that he had no use for it. In a few weeks the man came back and tried to tell Tom his hard-luck story concerning the Cold Ingratitude of a Great World.

Tom said: "Spare me the slow music and the recital—I have troubles of my own. I need mirth and good cheer—take this dollar, and please be with you." "Peace be multiplied unto thee," said the hobo and departed.

The next month the man returned and began to tell Tom a tale of Cruelty, Injustice and Inequity.

Tom was riled—he had his magnate business to attend to, and he made a remark in Italian.

The beggar said: "Mr. Lawson, if you had your business a little better systematized I would not have to trouble you personally. Why don't you just speak to your cashier?"

And the great man, who once took a party of friends out for a tallish ride, and through mental habit collected five cents from each guest, was so pleased at the thought of relief that he pressed the buzzer. The cashier came, and Tom said: "Put this man Grabbeimer on your payroll, give him two dollars now, and the same the first of every month."

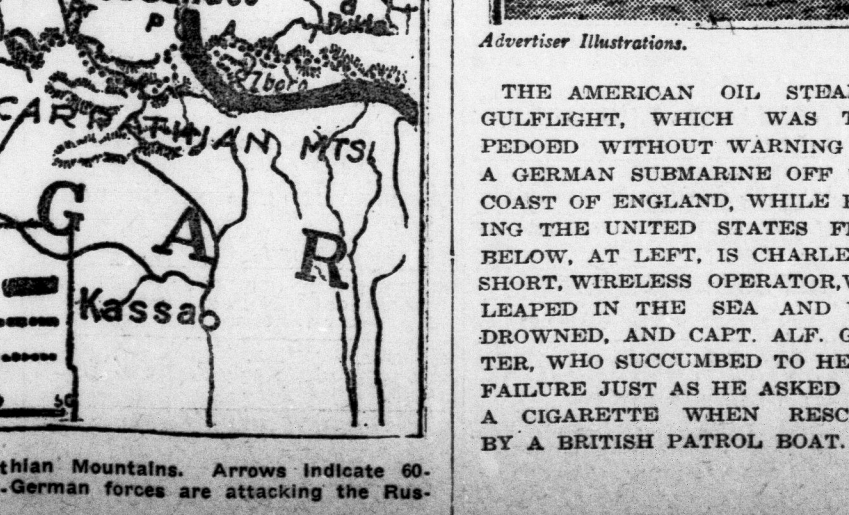
Then turning to the beggar-man, Tom said: "Now, get out of here—hurry, vamoose, hike—and be damned to you!" "The same to you and many of them," said His Effluvia politely, and withdrew.

All this happened two years ago. The beggar got his money regularly for a year, and then in auditing accounts Tom found the name on the payroll, and as Tom could not remember how the name got there, he at first thought the payroll was being stuffed.

Anyway, he ordered the beggar's name off the roster, and the elevator man was instructed to enforce the edict against beggars.

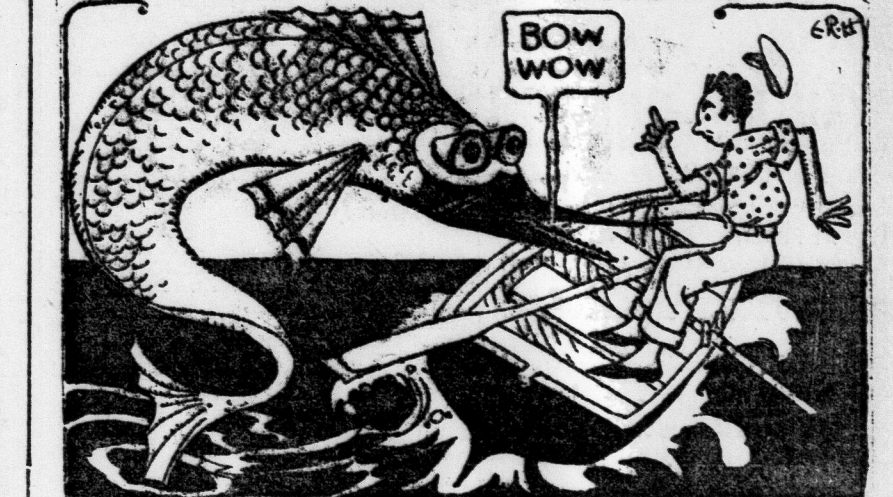
Not being allowed to see his man the beggar wrote him letters—denunciatory, scandalous, abusive, threatening.

Finally the beggar laid the matter before an obese limb of the law, Jagers, of the firm of Jagers & Jagers, who took the case on contingent fee. The case came to trial, and Jagers



Advertiser Illustrations.

'NOTHER REPORT FROM FRONT! AND IT'S NO MORE FISHY THAN SOME OTHERS.



Advertiser Illustrations.
Jolly, Ill., May 7.—Censored reports of a 20-minute battle on the banks of the drainage canal bring hair-raising accounts of a blood-spilling engagement between Lem Northern, the hotelman, and a mad dogfish.

No one knows where the dogfish came from—nothing bigger than a ballhead was ever before seen in the canal—and no one knows where he went to, but Lem declares that while he was sailing age canal.

proved his case so offensively—argal! It was shown by the defendant's books that His Bacteria had been stricken off of Benzoncia. When Tom was in the count it was proposed to put up a tow clock. Tom kicked on the expense and offered to furnish us with a reliable timekeeper.

He trained Henry from a chick. Every hour Henry would fly up onto the post in front of the M. E. Church and crow the hour. Everyone in Benzoncia set their clocks by him and he never was off a second until two weeks ago.

Then he began to run faster and faster, gaining three to ten minutes to the hour.

Tom was suspicious. He thought someone had been monkeying with Henry. Day before yesterday he caught Hank Hammer's small boy throwing something to Henry to eat. Examination proved that Hank's boy has been feeding Henry so many wood ticks he gained time.

WOOD TICKS SPEED UP BENZONCIA'S TOWN CLOCK

Benzoncia, Ont., May 7.—Benzoncia's famous Town Clock, Rooster Henry, again is running regularly, and keeping perfect time. Tom Newsom discovered what the trouble was and regulated Henry. It must be told for the benefit.

What Wars of Past and Present Have Cost Britain

| Year. | GREAT BRITAIN'S NATIONAL DEBT. | Dollars. |
|---|--------------------------------|----------|
| Cost of the American war | | 1,250 |
| 1778 Total after American war | | 1,250 |
| 1816 Total after American and Napoleonic wars | | 4,500 |
| 1837 Total at Queen Victoria's accession | | 3,940 |
| 1854 Cost of Crimean war | | 145 |
| 1890 Total at outbreak of Boer war | | 2,150 |
| 1904 Total at end of Boer war | | 2,850 |
| 1914 Total | | 3,255 |

THE PRESENT WAR.

| | | |
|--------------------------------------|-------|-------|
| 1915 Cost of first 8 months | | 1,535 |
| Loans to Great Britain's allies | | 1,000 |
| Estimated cost for another half year | | 3,950 |
| Estimated cost for another year | | 5,680 |
| Estimated daily cost | | 10 |
| 1915 Present total of national debt | | 5,825 |

Even the Roses Have Troubles of Their Own—Falling In Love Is One of Them

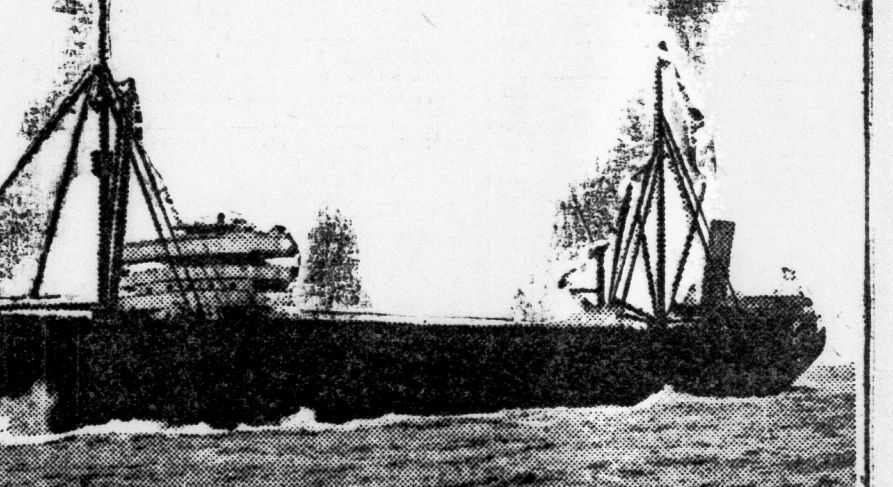


Advertiser Illustrations.

oh, you don't believe the roses fall in love, and make love?

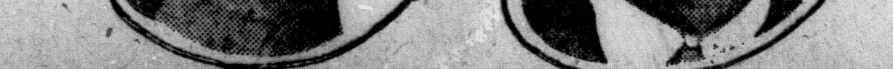
Then listen to what Prof. Henry G. Walter, head of the Plant Research Institute, says about it: "Scientific research proves that roses fall in love. If raised by gay old Killarney, the rambling has a 'case' on the tea rose, the 'bride rose' is looking for a beau—running overtime."

AMERICAN STEAMER TORPEDOED BY SUBMARINE AND TWO VICTIMS



Advertiser Illustrations.

THE AMERICAN OIL STEAMER GULFIGHT, WHICH WAS TORPEDOED WITHOUT WARNING BY A GERMAN SUBMARINE OFF THE COAST OF ENGLAND, WHILE FLYING THE UNITED STATES FLAG. BELOW, AT LEFT, IS CHARLES C. SHORT, WIRELESS OPERATOR WHO LEAPED IN THE SEA AND WAS DROWNED, AND CAPT. ALF. GUNTER, WHO SUCCEumbed TO HEART FAILURE JUST AS HE ASKED FOR A CIGARETTE WHEN RESCUED BY A BRITISH PATROL BOAT.



Advertiser Illustrations.