

Side Talks

THE SKIN-OUT-OF-IT LIE.

There are many kinds of lies. There are lies that are comparative. For instance, there is the untrue statement we make simply because we don't stop to think. This, and the lie protective—the lie which we tell to protect someone else—are surely the least blameworthy of all lies. Told by a person who dislikes lying, who would not lie to help himself and lies in this instance because he thinks more of others than of himself, they may even take on a tinge of virtue.

The Meanest of all Lies.

But at exactly the other end of the scale, to my mind, stands the skin-out-of-it lie. Of course you know what the skin-out-of-it lie is,—the lie one tells to get oneself out of a scrape or free oneself from blame.

The skin-out-of-it lie not only conceals deceit but meanness and cowardice. It is deceit uncolored and unredeemed by any decency of purpose. One tells it simply for the selfish, unworthy purpose of escaping blame.

The Half Dozen Things I am Most Ashamed Of.

Among the half dozen things in my life that I am most ashamed of is such a lie. One day when I was about fifteen I had been kept after school and the teacher left the room for a

few minutes, leaving me alone with a boy who was very fond of teasing me. Of course he seized the opportunity. And said something which made me particularly angry. Whereupon I picked up the big blackboard eraser and threw it across the room at him. And that moment the teacher came to return. She heard the noise, and immediately asked the cause. And then my tormentor won my everlasting admiration by saying that he had thrown it. And I—I lied by not denying it. I had one extenuation in my own mind,—whereas as a boy he might be excused, I, as verging on young ladyhood, would have been deemed unforgivable. Moreover he was one of her favorites and I emphatically, was not. As a matter of fact he was only reprimanded. But I should like myself so much better if I had not told that skin-out-of-it lie.

What a Splendid Record that Would Be

I don't mean to imply that is the only one I ever told. But somehow it sticks out. I can forgive myself things technically worse, far more easily than I can forgive that.

Happy indeed is the man or woman who can look back over his life and say "I never told a skin-out-of-it lie."

Seems to me that would be a pretty fine ideal for any young person who chances to be reading this to set before himself or herself.

Reject Hun Toys

New York, Nov. 5.—The consignments of German toys recently arrived here via Holland have been rejected by its purchasers, though bought and paid for prior to the outbreak of the great war.

Walter Scott, vice-president of Butler Brothers, 482 Broadway, made that announcement yesterday.

"For many years prior to 1914," said Mr. Scott, "Butler Brothers, like many other jobbers in the country, imported toys and china made in Germany and Austria. In the spring of 1914, prior to the declaration of war, we made our usual annual purchase in Germany for our five houses, paid for the goods as was our custom and had them forwarded to Rotterdam in the spring of that year for ocean transportation.

Our total purchase for that amount to a considerable volume. A number of cases containing our merchandise reached us and a great many other cases containing our property were held in Rotterdam. It was impossible for us to move them because of war conditions.

Long ago we eliminated these goods from our catalogue, charged them off our books, accepted our loss and forgot all about them.

"We were surprised this week to learn that 100 cases containing German toys and china consigned to us had been received at this port via the Holland-America Line. These goods were shipped without any instructions whatever from us.

"We have therefore notified the government, through the proper

channels—the Custom House officials—that Butler Brothers will abandon the consignments and will not accept delivery of its own merchandise.

"We feel that Germany's willingness to permit these goods to come safely to us is prompted by a desire to rehabilitate herself in this market. "We have set ourselves against the German propaganda designed to reintroduce into America, German-made toys and china. We have encouraged American manufacturers for the past several years to manufacture goods to replace those formerly imported from Germany.

"American manufacturers have succeeded so well that today America does not need German-made goods and we will in no way encourage the German propaganda designed to place German-made goods back in the American market.

"We feel that the American children should have the American-made toys. The first is, therefore, willing to accept any loss which may be occasioned by the refusal of this shipment, because we feel it will help to keep German-made goods out of this market."

Protesting against the importation in this country of 5,000,000 pounds of toys bearing the words "made in Germany," Miss Elizabeth Marbury, president of the Women's National Committee of the American Defense Society, yesterday called upon the women of America to decline to purchase these toys.

'Hand Shaking

The practice of clasping or joining right hands as a pledge of sincerity or as a seal of a promise is of very early origin. The Apostle Paul, in his Epistle to the Galatians, says: "And when James, Cephas and John, who seemed to be pillars, perceived the grace that was given unto me, they gave me and to Barnabas the right hands of fellowship; that we should go unto the heathen." In this case, evidently, a

friendly agreement was sealed by giving the right hand of fellowship. From this the custom of giving the right hand of fellowship upon suitable occasions spread throughout Christendom and joining right hands became a part of the Christian marriage ceremony. The custom of hand shaking certainly existed before Shakespeare's day, for he refers to it many times as a kind of pledge or social greeting. It is not confined to English-speaking nations.

An Experiment

Wet a piece of wrapping paper and dry it near the stove. When dry, lay it upon a varnished table and rub it briskly with a piece of Indian rubber. Soon it will become electrified and when you toss it against the wall or a mirror it will stick some time. Test tissue paper into one-eighth inch square bits, and the electrified paper will draw the bits to it. Place a tea-tray upon three tumbler and lay the

electric paper on it—touch the tray and you will get a spark.

To apparently burn water, fill a glass lamp with water, but instead of wick use a strip of gun-camphor. Do not fill the glass quite full, and the camphor may float upon the water. Touch a lighted match to the camphor and it will send up a clear, steady flame which appears to sink below the surface so that the water looks as if it were burning.

Rules in Rhyme

Illustrating use of "ei" and "ie." When "ei" and "ie" both spell "e," How can we tell which it shall be? Here is a rule you may believe, 'That never, never will deceive, And all such problems will relieve. A simpler rule you can't conceive. It is not made of many pieces, To puzzle daughters, sons and nieces; Yet with it all the trouble ceases.

After "ei" an "e" apply; After other letters "ie." Thus a general in a siege Writes a letter to his liege, Or an army holds its field, And will never design to yield. While a warrior holds a shield, Or has strength his arm to wield. Two exceptions we must note, Which all scholars learn by rote, Let us be the first of these; For the second, we have seize.

Pathetic Figures—The Proud Mother Hearing for the First Time What the Gang Have Nicknamed Her Darling Boy.



"WITH BACKS TO THE WALL," SAID HAIG, GREAT GENERAL, WHO IS NOW DRIVING HUNS

Famous Field Marshal of the British Army on the Western Front said in 1916: "We Must Impose a Peace That is Really Valid, as We Shall Have Paid for It."

Does Britain owe the able leadership of her military forces to a boy's chance war? There is a rumor that Field Marshal Sir Douglas Haig, commanding the British Army on the western front, entered the army 32 years ago as the result of a bet made with a friend. How authentic the rumor, it is hard to say. And after all, the important point is that he did enter—so that when Field Marshal Lord French was retired from command in 1915, Sir Douglas was ready not only with his inherent capacities but with his admirable training to all the post. He was appointed commander-in-chief on December 19, 1915, and in his three years of service he has demonstrated the wisdom of his country's choice, and has won for himself a warm place in the hearts of her people.

From the land of Bruce and Wallace comes this other Scottish chief for valiant participation in a struggle the magnitude of which those earlier heroes could never have imagined. He is possessed of many of the characteristics typical of his race, among them being a remarkable tenacity that amounts almost to dogged stubbornness. He showed this when in July, 1916, with the outcome of the struggle far less certain than it is today, he declared: "We must impose a peace that is really valid, as we shall have paid for it."

"With Our Backs to the Wall,"

He showed it again in April of this year when at what was perhaps the most critical moment of the war, with the fate of the Allies trembling in the balance and the civilians of the allied countries breathing with horrified uncertainty, he addressed a special order of the day to "All ranks of the British Army in France and Flanders," declaring: "Every position must be held to the last man. There must be no retirement. With our backs to the wall, and believing in the justice of our cause, each one of us must fight to the end. The safety of our homes and the freedom of mankind depend alike upon the conduct of each one of us at this critical moment."

He knew and frankly stated that the enemy was aiming to separate his forces from the French, to take the Channel ports and to destroy the British army. His men were tired and his losses had been heavy. The men

corps. He earned distinction at the Battle of the Aisne. In his dispatch of September 14, Lord French wrote: "The action of the First Corps on this day, under the direction and command of Sir Douglas Haig, was of so skillful, bold and decisive a character that he gained positions which alone have enabled me to maintain my position for more than three weeks of very severe fighting on the north bank of the river."

Held the Line at Ypres.

In the first battle of Ypres, he "held the line with marvelous tenacity and undaunted courage," as Lord French declared in an official dispatch. He gained further distinction a little later at Neuve Chapelle. Early in the nineties, Sir Douglas devoted careful study to the German army, standing him in good stead today. Twenty years ago, he wrote a letter to Field Marshal Sir Evelyn Wood, indicating with remarkable fidelity to subsequent events the probable military intentions of the Teutonic Powers.

The British commander is described by all who have come in contact with him as being unusually prepossessing in point of physical endowment. He is tall and powerfully built, but without giving the impression of heaviness. No uniform is needed to mark him as a military man. His broad chest bears proudly the rows of service and order ribbons whose khaki background tell their story of loyalty and devotion. His eyes, clear and steel blue, are keenly searching. His voice is low and musical, and in his speech there is just the faintest suggestion of the land of heather. He is very sparing of words, though far too kind and human to be labeled taciturn. He is an excellent listener, and has a talent for placing his finger at once upon the essential point in any discussion. He is modest, as most really big men are, and is ever ready to listen to and accept suggestions. He knows the value of teamwork, and no love of the spectacular ever tempts him to ignore it.

Planning Military Moves.

He lunches at 1.30, and after that he isolates himself in his study, where it is understood he must be absolutely undisturbed. Here he sits out all the information and suggestions he has received during the early part of the day, and plans, carefully and with infinite pains, the orders which mean life or death, success or failure. Following that, and to keep himself fit, he goes for a gallop on horseback, preferably along unfrequented roads,

Just Folks

I've never dreamed the joy untold That really lies in growing old; I used to grieve that age was mine And thought that only youth was fine. But now I've learned from one who knows The real source of human woes And human blisses—that a man Must age as swiftly as he can.

I've read in eyes that never lie, That boyhood's days must travel by And years must come for one to smile And find the joys that are worth while And I have heard a splendid sage Explain the glorious thrill of age And learned how happy I should be Since Time has been so good to me.

I should be glad I'm getting old, That nearly all my tale is told; I should not mind the weight of years, Nor feel the heartache and the tears That now more frequently return As lower down life's candle burns; I should not sigh for years long fled But only see the joys ahead.

But yesterday I learned from him That Age is laden to the brim With happiness and splendid things, And every year more gladness brings That youth is very dull and cold And he is glad he's growing old. Time was perhaps I thought the same As he, when my sixth birthday came.

Pests



Gave 554 Men to Service

In recognition of the 554 members of the staff who have entered some branch of his majesty's service since the beginning of the war the London Times has issued a most attractive booklet in which those from each department of the Times are listed with the branch of the service and regiment added. To make the record complete the names are marked to indicate "Killed," "Died," "Wounded," "Missing," "Died of Wounds," "Disappeared," "Retired," "Retired (killed)," "Decorated and Mentioned in Despatches."

A summary is given of the number from each department, with apparently not one department of a great newspaper missing. These are divided as to officers and men, the Times having sent a total of 62 officers and 492 non-

coms and men up to June 30, 1918. Another page gives the casualty statistics, with a total of 135, of which 45 have been killed in action or died in the service, 79 have been wounded and 6 are prisoners of war. Only one is reported as missing.

On the page devoted to the honors conferred on members of the staff in military service five decorations are mentioned, conferred upon fourteen officers and men.

In the list of names which accompanied the Roll of Honor appears this statement: "I believe you will find such a Roll of Honor almost typical of all newspaper offices in this country, and it may interest you to see how the staffs of the newspaper businesses of the United Kingdom answered the call of their country."

accompanied by some of his young staff officers. Occasionally he devotes the afternoon to a visit to some of the nearby Allied headquarters. On these visits, he uses a motor car flying a small British flag.

Then comes tea—and conferences; dinner—and conversation about all sorts of non-war subjects, such as the newest play or the most popular novel; more conferences—and retirement. But that does not mean bed. It means, usually, solitary vigil over maps and reports; it means the working out of important points of strategy; it means, in short, added effort to leave no stone unturned in the British participation in the struggle for Allied success.

He knows the virtue of a rested mind, however, and sleeps long hours. His time is apportioned with clock-work regularity, and his appointments are kept with absolute exactitude.

He lives in a chateau, guarded by two sentries, with his private secretary and his aids, who are officers incapacitated by wounds for actual warfare. There is a room on the ground floor whose walls are hung with maps, including a series which have been crowded on a roller. Any portion of the front in all its details may be referred to in a moment. There is a

desk in the center of the room and a table against the wall, crowded with maps and drawings and photographs.

In 1905, Sir Douglas married the Hon. Dorothy Vivian, a twin daughter of the late Lord Vivian. A daughter was born for a number of years his only child, but several months ago a son was born to him. It has been told of him just before he went into the battle of the Aisne, he received a letter from his daughter. His men—so the story goes—saw him put the letter in a protected pocket, and then sweep his hand across his eyes. Then, according to the observer's testimony, "came the grim look of determination, and Haig rode forward into battle."

Navy League. And the ladies, ever knitting. Never sitting, still are sitting. Knitting things so bring mortal Ever, ever saw before; And no single word they utter Simply sit and knit and mutter, 'Till at dusk they softly tutter From their rockers to the door, And a voice comes from the shadow, Where they cluster near the door, "Thursday next, at half-past four." —The Optimist.

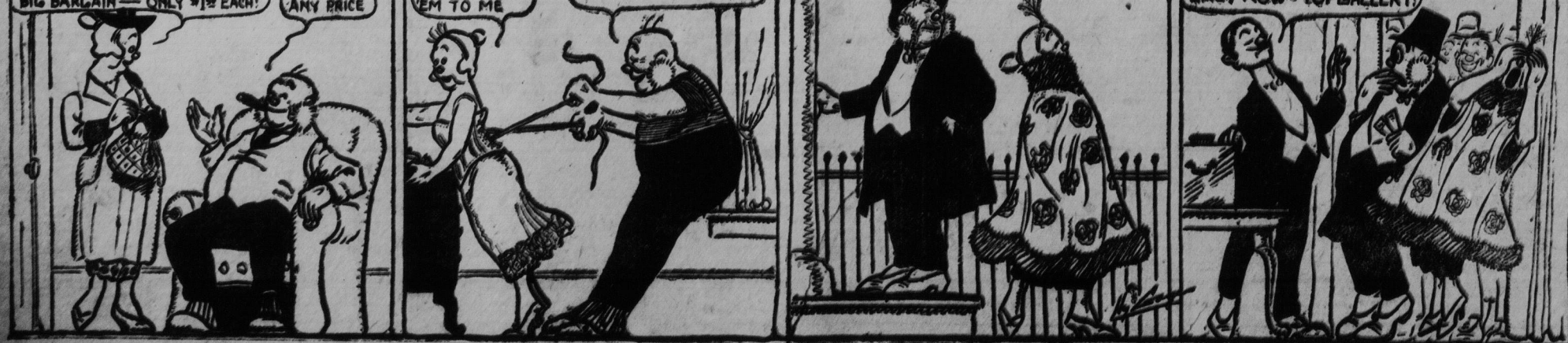
MRS. RUMMAGE.

SURPRISE, OBIDIAH! I GOT TICKETS FOR THAT WONDERFUL SHOW AT A BIG BARGAIN—ONLY \$12 EACH!

FINE! I COULDN'T GET 'EM AT ANY PRICE

A MAN ON THE STREET SOLD 'EM TO ME

I ALWAYS SAID YOU CO SPOT A BARGAIN A MILE!



SHE CAN SPOT A BARGAIN A MILE.

—By HENRY GAGE.