

Chairman of the Allies' Purchasing Commission

With the recent creation of the Allies' Purchasing Commission the buying of supplies on the American market for our allies across the seas has been simplified and placed on a business basis. The members of the commission, of which Bernard M. Baruch of New York city is chairman, are also members of the recently created war industries board of the Council of National Defense and will thereby be able to thoroughly coordinate the purchases of the United States government and those of the allied powers.

Chairman Baruch is still a young man, a native of South Carolina, where he was born forty seven years ago.



Photo by Associated Press Association
BERNARD M. BARUCH

At the age of eighteen his father's family removed to New York city, where they have since resided. After being graduated from the College of the City of New York Mr. Baruch began his business career in a humble position in Wall street. Soon his ability to finance became evident and he began to take a prominent part in the financial district. He became a member of the firm of A. A. Hirschman & Co. and at the age of thirty two, when he retired from that firm, was reported to be a millionaire. Since then he has been famous as a daring capitalist and has acquired a fortune somewhere between \$100,000,000 and twice that amount. When named a member of the Council of National Defense Mr. Baruch sold his seat on the Stock Exchange and retired from active business.

Smartly Said

Never look backward unless you are going that way.

It is better to speak well of your friends even if you have to lie.

The man who stands behind his ways is ready to pre-achieve what does not hold true with the rest of the stuff.

Lowly like a chimp, said a wise old sage, begin at home.

If we prepared what we planned, one of us would have any fine job for the other.

Whenever you are annoyed by a neighbor, grouch him to remember that it beats the dog to be beat.

If you expect to achieve everything you hear, better not listen much of the time.

Mother's Doll Story

The Night Ride

One evening there was a great commotion in the house. The children were screaming.

They fixed their eyes on that longed to be a toy, a doll, and a little girl.

The doll had been given to the little girl of the house, who was the sister of the boy who had just come home from school.

One day the boy had a bad cold, and a doctor came to the house. The doctor said to the mother, "Take care of the child, she will be well again in a few days."

"She soon got up and the children were all quiet again."

"Her hair is too long," said the boy, "I will never let her have my brush with me I would paint it red this minute."

"She has red hair on her petticoat," said the boy, "I will never let her have my brush with me."

"I can drive him," cried the white pony.

So the white pony helped the new doll into the dappled pony's cart, and off they went around and around the horseshoe for a nice drive.

Shedding Letters.

I'm a worker most active, most useful, most kind. Of all the letters in country and town, Take from me the letter and yet my good name.

In spite of this loss will continue the same. Take from me the two letters and still you will see.

That precisely the same in effect I shall be. Take from me three letters, or even take four.

Yet still I continue the same as before.

Answer—The postman.

Forming an Acquaintance

By RICHARD MARKLEY

Field of Aviation

American Aircraft.

Tests of the first of the standardized United States airplane motors designed and built under direction of the aircraft production board make it practically certain that American machine fighting machines will be available to service in France early next year.

I was jogging along in an old fashioned horse car for this happened twenty two years ago, reading a newspaper when something moved me to look up. There sat a girl holding a gun designed for air duels and straight at me, in a chair with a pair of great dark, heavy eyes which looked keenly and intently in me. On meeting my gaze, she had blushed, turned her head, and a slight blush passed across her cheeks like the flush of an angry

the road, for I was passing through the sand at the moment called "Lovers' Lane."

This was evidently a relief to the girl's embarrassment. Opening a portfolio she carried in her hand, she began to look for change. She took out several samples, a tiny bit of paper on which were written voluminous memo- manda, and finally held up which she showed to the conductor.

"Don't give change for more than a dollar," she said, handing her back a dollar.

"But I have nothing else," she said again.

"Can't help it, you must pay your fare or get off."

In a jiffy I had a pocketful of my money and handed it to the conductor. He dropped it in his pocket and passed out of this story.

But the girl did not. She thanked me in a motherly voice that penetrated my soul and asked me to my address to invite to return my book. I told her that it would be a lot of trouble for her to send a book and the amount was not worth it. She insisted and I gave her what she needed.

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