

# The Appeal of Khaki

By JANE OSBORN

"I shall shriek—I certainly shall shriek if I come to another khaki rafter." H. B. Shanley mumbled this rather to herself than aloud as she sat before her high piled desk in the editorial offices of "The Purple Book," all-story, five-cent weekly.

Truman, the remainder of the editorial staff, laid a gentle hand on his bald head and looked over his shell-rimmed spectacles at his colleague on the other side of the room.

He looked just in time to see Miss Shanley dash off her own shell-rimmed spectacles, lean supinely back in her swivel chair and at the same time emit a stifled yell.

"There, I said I'd do it, and I did. The very next manuscript I turned to began right in the first paragraph with 'Her hand dropped on his khaki shoulder. Good-by, she whispered and pushed him away,' and then at the end: 'If I thought you were there waiting for me I could fight a thousand Huns.' They are all like that. If the hero isn't in khaki he is in sailor blue and half the heroines are nurses."

"Was that what made you make that funny little shriek noise?" asked Mr. Truman, obviously relieved.

"Certainly, why shouldn't I? Every blessed story that comes in is the same. How I am going to get enough possible stories for you to make up the magazine out of here I am sure I don't know. They are all alike. The contrivances have lost their balance. They think that all they have to do is to bring in a little trench slang, a lot of mush and twaddle about broad khaki shoulders, clinking spurs and that sort of thing and their story is sold."

Mr. Truman suggested that possibly the readers of the Purple Book liked clinking spurs and khaki shoulders; there were a good many men in the camps who read the magazine and they should be catered to.

"To be sure," agreed Miss Shanley, sitting the next large envelope that lay before her and unfolding the manuscript mechanically. "But I've found it out. There are only about seven days a soldier can fall in love, and we've used each one of those plots at least five times over. It's monotonous. There is the man who doesn't know he loves the plain little girl at home till he gets away in the trenches, and there is the girl who doesn't know she loves the awkward, frank-eyed, broad-shouldered hero till he gets away. Then there is the girl who wants to be a suffragette or something and won't marry the man till he's gone and then she gets an idea that she ought to 'keep the fire burning' and she sends for him or something and—"

"Yes, I know," said Truman, who was rather bored than otherwise at his assistant's analyzing tendencies. There were times when she was delightful, really too delightful for his own peace of mind. But in this mood she was trying.

"Well, please don't shriek about it next time—you gave me quite a scare. I thought you were having a fit or something."

"I told you I was going to," argued Miss Shanley.

"I thought you were jesting. Suppose instead of doing that you whistle joyously when you come to a hero out of khaki? Really I quite agree with you that we do need some really gripping stories of a nonmilitary nature."

Then Mr. Truman went back to his editorial work, and gradually there began to creep over him a pleasant consciousness. He had had an undercurrent of conviction that his colleague disapproved of him because he had not enlisted; he had feared that it would be necessary as a means of winning her permanent esteem for him to don the khaki or sailor blue. But apparently he had been mistaken. She could not have spoken as she had about broad khaki shoulders if she had admired them, as much as most young women were reputed to do.

Suddenly Mr. Truman started in his chair so violently that his spectacles fell off from his nose. Miss Shanley had emitted a whistle so piercing and sharp that it had violently agitated his delicately strung nervous organism.

"That," she announced, "was to let you know I'd found the gripping story you were wishing for. It's a thriller, and the hero is an Argentine cowboy, and there isn't one reference to war, and I'm going to accept it without waiting for you to read it, I'm so sure it is what you are looking for."

left little suspicion in its abrupt businesslike wording that H. stood for Helen and B. for Beatrice. Perhaps Patrick Henry Madison had seldom received editorial letters so encouraging, perhaps he read between the lines—at all events he wrote a letter of considerable length sending in his next nonmilitary story—the hero this time was a South Sea island planter, without a suspicion of khaki—and of so friendly a character that H. B. Shanley was constrained to write an equally friendly letter in reply. Again that editor congratulated him on his rare discernment in keeping his heroes out of the war game. "Unless you can tell your story like a genius and have an entirely new twist, any war story now would be deadwood. They have all been written except the really great ones." The correspondence continued for several months and the stories appeared at close intervals. Then "Patrick Henry" asked permission to meet H. B. Shanley and the interview was carefully arranged to take place in the Purple Book editorial office on the afternoon in the week when Mr. Truman played golf. He had quite set himself at ease on the matter of enlisting now, so sure was he of Helen's attitude on that score, and it was only because he had not definitely decided whether when he did ask this colleague of his to become Mrs. Truman he should stipulate that she should continue her post in the office—he dreaded the presence of anyone else—or whether he should arrange to have her do the house-keeping in some conveniently arranged little flat, that he had not as yet taken her into his full confidence as to his intentions. He was planning to settle this question for himself that afternoon on the golf course. Perhaps the next day he would make his declaration.

But the next day he was in no hurry. Helen was in a wonderfully joyous mood and this seemed decidedly auspicious. It would be time enough at five o'clock to ask her.

"Patrick Henry turned out to be of the feminine gender, I dare say," he asked, as he glanced over proofs on his desk of that writer's latest contribution.

"Miss nothing," laughed Helen, "and the funny thing was he—"

"So it was a man after all?" Mr. Truman felt an irritation that he could not account for.

"It was so funny. He is really perfectly wonderful. I hadn't told you, but we had got very well acquainted with each other through the letters we have written. I knew I liked him, but I imagined he was going to be some quiet, studious little man of about your build."

"Well?" Mr. Truman was distinctly irritated at that remark.

"Well, he wasn't at all. You see he had discovered in the third letter that I wasn't a man, and—well, I don't know how it happened, but we got awfully fond of each other, and—well, he asked me to marry him, and I said I couldn't say yes till I'd seen him. And he said there was something about him that I might dislike very much. He thought I would, he said, from something I said in one of my first letters. You see I told him I was glad his heroes didn't have broad shoulders, or something like that, and—well, you see he has, and he turned out to be Capt. Patrick Henry Madison. Isn't that wonderful?"

"I explained, of course, that what I said about stories had nothing to do with the way I felt about a girl. So I just said 'yes' right away, and I thought I'd tell you first because you and I have always been such good chums, and—Patrick and I will be married in a week or so. I thought you ought to have time to find some one else to fill this chair."

Mr. Truman was signing letters with an air of considerable preoccupation. He gently stroked his bald patch and straightened his blue serge shoulders.

"It's very funny that a man in the service would be content to leave all patriotic fervor out of his stories. I should think he would be so enthusiastic he would want to." Mr. Truman had definitely decided he wouldn't like Captain Patrick.

"Oh, he's enthusiastic, all right, and he's going to write one great big thrilling war story. He's just been waiting till he could write a really great one. You'll take it, won't you, Mr. Truman?"

"Yes—unless I'm not here either. You see, I've been thinking of getting into the war myself. There is a mighty strong appeal about khaki and all that sort of thing, and the associate editor assured him that there was."

Why Buttoned Shoes Have Passed. Every woman with her eyes open must have noticed that button shoes are little worn, and no doubt the fact that lace shoes are as a general thing neater and trimmer and more easily kept in condition has a good deal to do with this.

The fact that button shoes were more popular than lace shoes is the big reason behind their disappearance from fashion, say those who know. It does seem a very little leather to save, doesn't it? But then this is the day when we appreciate the importance of very small things; the saving of a slice of bread a day, a lump of sugar or a half pound of meat—trifles that we are assured amount to enormous proportions in the aggregate.

Gas Meters and Guitars. The gas meters of the houses in New York city are now recorded by camera, which yields a permanent record of each of the regular readings. The guitar was introduced into Europe by the Spaniards, who copied the instrument from the Moors.

## HOW SCIENCE PROVES GREAT ANTIQUITY OF DISEASE IN MANKIND

The immense antiquity of disease is shown by scars and malformations on the fossilized remains of animals that lived hundreds of millions of years ago. Evidence would seem to indicate that living things did not suffer from disease until the carboniferous age, according to Prof. Roy L. Moodie, writing in the Scientific Monthly. In that period of rampant life, when the enormous quantities of vegetable matter were being deposited on the earth to become our coal beds, disease seemingly began its melancholy career. The oldest known evidences of pathological conditions among animals are to be found in the remains of a very primitive wormlike type of the coal age. During this age there was a widespread development of bacteria, which doubtlessly had its meaning in the origin of disease. Germ diseases are indicated; teeth of fossil fishes show evidences of gangrenous conditions.

The period immediately succeeding the carboniferous age was marked by the great development of huge and curious reptiles. Fossils of these reptiles show widespread disease conditions and give the first evidences of injuries as they prevailed among the early forms of life. The prevalence of disease reached a height during the age of huge reptiles, and their extinction apparently brought about the disappearance of many diseases which attacked them. At any rate, the incidence of diseases went down sharply with the disappearance of the reptiles and remained low until the rise of our own mammalian type, when it reached a very high point, which still continues.

We know from medieval history that diseases become extinct—and doubtlessly many of the maladies from which prehistoric animals suffered are now extinct, and many that we suffer from did not exist among them.

## PREPARE FOR SALVAGE WORK

How British Government is Protecting Cargoes Sunk by Submarines Near the Coast.

Experts employed by the British government have already been at work devising schemes for salvaging cargoes from sunken vessels round the coasts of the United Kingdom, France, and Belgium when the war is over. Many thousands of tons of foodstuffs in hermetically sealed vessels are likely to be reclaimed with comparatively little difficulty. Tinned meats, preserved fruits, and concentrated foodstuffs in vast quantities will assuredly be salvaged. The British authorities have not been so remiss in anticipating the salvage of sunken cargoes as the public may imagine. Many commodities of an edible nature have been encased in tallow or white lead to withstand the action of the water. Most of the tea which has been arriving in that country for some time has been doubly secured against the action of salt water by means of double lead casings.

Why Trappers Will Be Idle. Mining and fur trapping in Siberia this season has been practically stopped. Alaska miners and trappers who each summer go to the shores of Siberia from Nome have been barred from their usual occupations.

Nome is about 160 miles from the Siberian coast, and small American trading vessels in other years built up a thriving business on this route. This season, owing to uncertainty of economic and political conditions, there have been no expeditions to the Siberian side of the Bering sea.

Miners who have been on the Siberian coast predict that after the war the Russian territory will become a second Alaska as it is rich in metals and furs.

Why Big Guns Erode. Prof. H. M. Howe draws attention to the fact that many points connected with the erosion of guns were rendered intelligible by a consideration of the iron-carbon diaphragm. It has long been known that the interior surfaces of a gun become hardened on firing, the effect being perceptible even after as few as five shots. Professor Howe believes that this hardened layer is not due to carbonization of the metal, but is merely a result of heat treatment. The liner of a 14-inch gun has been worn out by 170 shots, and therefore, the total effective working life of this gun was only about 3.4 seconds.—Scientific American.

How "Doughboys" Used Dubbin. You can't blame the "doughboys," but when the quartermaster issued a concoction labeled "dubbin," they knew it was for something, but weren't quite sure what. Some of them used it for massage cream, others utilized it for shampooing while others rubbed it on their sore feet. The latest bulletin from headquarters says it is intended for greasing shoes "and should not be used under any circumstances but as a foot grease or applied to the skin."

## DOCTOR FITTED FOR LEADER

Much in Knowledge of Medicine to Equip Man for High Public Service.

There is much in the knowledge of medicine to fit a man for the high calling of lawgiver and leader of the people, says Dr. Frederick Peterson, in the Century. He continues: "To reach the goal of national health, the physician's accumulated knowledge and experience must be brought to bear upon the laws which relate to marriages, to housing and the food supply, to education, occupations, recreations, hygiene and sanitation, to contagious diseases, alcoholism, poverty and crime; in short, upon every law which relates directly or indirectly to the health and well-being of the people. His interest reaches into the depths of sociology, biology and philosophy, to the relations between persons and groups, between nations and races. The interests of medicine are fixed only by the boundaries of life itself. When the great state, with its great free municipalities is at length established, when war and poverty and disease and unemployment, as we know them, have been banished to the vast rubbish heap of man's outgrown ignorance and folly, it may be that the physicians of that nobler time will be expected to frame wise laws not only to insure individual health but to prevent the disease to which the organism of the state, the body politic, has in all earlier social stages been subject."

## WOMEN DRIVE MOTOR TRUCKS

Not So Dressed as Some Jobs, but It's Healthful, According to One of Them.

To release skilled mechanics for other work and thus give some help in the war, there are seven girls at one motor factory whose daily tasks consist in driving newly finished cars from the factory to the shipping dock.

And the girls won't trade jobs now for any of the purely feminine pursuits, says the Washington Times. They get greasy and dirty—they have had to throw away chignons and powder puffs because they are futile—but still they like the job and they all say they would not trade it for a place at the kitchen sink or on the firing end of a sewing machine.

"It's a much better job than being a department-store detective," Mrs. Lotta Dupuis, who formerly tripped shoplifters and sneak thieves in a downtown store, says. "Of course it isn't so dressy, but it's healthier and I like it better. Also I can make more money for the support of my three kiddies."

Mrs. Wanda Ludeman backs up Mrs. Dupuis. She formerly was a government operative in rounding up violators of the Harrison narcotic law. "I took the job because I wanted to help the government, and every woman who does one man's work releases a man for the firing line," said Mrs. Ludeman.

The Modern Way. The conversation in the lobby of a Washington hotel turned to the subject of modern methods when a little story along that line was contributed by Congressman Claude Kitchen of North Carolina.

Some time ago a young man became enamored of a beautiful girl, and after a courtship of some months he mustered sufficient courage to tell her of his great love.

"Tonight," said he as they sat one evening in the aluring gloom of the veranda, "I am going to your father and ask for your hand in marriage."

"That is very fine, Harry," the pretty one replied, "but don't be so old-fashioned."

"Old-fashioned," returned the lover, thoughtfully. "I don't quite understand."

"Don't ask him," was the prompt explanation of the girl. "Tell him," Philadelphia Telegraph.

Welsh Intermarrying. A remarkable instance of Welsh family intermarrying is given in a quaint chronicle of local events kept by one Peter Roberts, notary public, of St. Asaph, who died in 1646. He wrote: "Upon Saturday evening, the xviii day of Novr., 1624, Thomas Mostyn, Esq., and Gwen Parrie, widow, the late wife of the late revd. father in God, Richard Parrie, late Lord Bishop of St. Asaph, deceased, were married; and also William Mostyn, gent, son and heir apparent of the said Thomas Mostyn, and one Anne Parrie, one of the younger daughters of the said late Lord Bishop, were likewise married the day and year aforesaid; and Richard Parrie, son and heir of the said late Lord Bishop, and Marie Mostyn, third daughter of the said Thomas Mostyn, were then married."

Lusty Old Age. What time of life can be compared to the time of lusty old age? Does white hair betoken falling powers? Nay, no more than the snow that crowns the giant old pine betokens any weakness or decay of the tree. The head and the hairs of our coming Redeemer shall be "white like wool, as white as snow." Herein is the mystery of the strength of old age.

As is a lusty tree, so is a lusty old man. He knoweth the secrets of heaven and earth, and he beareth fruit to the last. He dieth not easily, like a great oak, whose roots go deep into the earth; he is laid low only by a mighty cataclysm of nature.

## WHY Redbird Is Well Worthy of Full Protection

Redbird the Cardinal is a member of the Grosbeak, his full name being Cardinal Grosbeak. Therefore he is a member of the Finch family. Being a Finch he could hardly be less than a songster. As a matter of fact this aristocrat among birds is doubly blessed, having a coat of rare beauty and a charming whistle. He is a delight to both eye and ear. Perhaps it would be nearer the truth to say that he is doubly unfortunate instead of doubly blessed. In the past, these exquisite birds were much sought as cage birds and many were shipped to Europe.

The cardinal is found from Florida to Iowa, and as far north as southern New York. He is, however, most familiar in the South. His coat is a bright rosy red and he sports a jaunty cap of the same beautiful color. Even his bill is red. His throat is black and there is black about the base of the bill.

Mrs. Redbird is not so handsomely dressed, being quite soberly gowned as becomes one on whom family respect heavily and who, therefore, cannot afford to be conspicuous. She is, however, a charming singer, many ranking her song above his.

Redbird is a faithful husband and father. He delights to sing to his mate while she is on the eggs, and when the little birds are big enough to leave the nest, he will take charge of them and lead them out for their first lessons in the great world while their mother prepares for a second brood.

Like all Finches, the cardinal is a seed-eater and renders splendid service in keeping in check a variety of weed pests. He also eats some insects. All in all, he is a citizen to be encouraged and he should be protected everywhere. Especially during the nesting season the Redbirds become very useful in destroying insect-people's home journals.

## NO EXCUSE FOR LOSING PEN

How Recently Invented Safety Device Operates for the Benefit of the Absent Minded.

Have you the habit of walking away and leaving your fountain pen on some one's desk? If you have, you will be interested in a device invented by Dermot Donagan of London, which is described in the Popular Science Monthly.

It requires a special kind of pen, which has a case with spring holders, having one side free to move by means of their own elasticity. Chains attached to these holders are fastened to a lever, which, by means of a spring, holds in place a flexible striker for the bell.

When the pen is in the case and the plug for the cover has been put on, the holders are forced away from the sides and the chains are slackened. When the pen or the plug are removed the holders contract and the chains are tightened.

The bell does not sound so long as the person carrying the case is still. When he moves, the striker sets up a pendulumlike movement and the ringing of the bell follows, continuing until the pen is put back in the case.

## Why Picture Postals Are Wanted.

Old picture postcards and photographs of France and Belgium, or any of the territory now occupied by the Germans, are needed by the war department, according to an open letter written by William Guggenheim, chairman of the American Defense society, to the American people. This letter reads: "I urge patriotic Americans to forward any picture postcards, photographs and prints of any of the towns of the country now occupied by the Germans in Belgium and northern France to the American Defense society at 44 East Twenty-third street, New York. They will be sent to the war department, as they will be of value to our officers abroad, who can familiarize themselves with the appearance of localities to ward which they are advancing. This will undoubtedly be a distinct aid in military operations. I especially urge persons who have traveled abroad and who have collected postal cards to carefully sort these, with a view to their being used by the war department. Written descriptions of territory already mentioned will be of considerable value."

## Why Standard Eye-Glasses.

Announcement that the opticians throughout the country will eliminate thousands of styles in spectacle and eyeglass frames, as a measure to conserve gold, was made by the war service committee of the optical industry. With one-fourth of the nation's population wearing glasses, it was stated, several million dollars' worth of gold, of \$55,000,000 used annually in manufacturing, goes into optical products, and a reduction of this consumption will increase the amount of the precious metal available for coinage.

## How U-Boats Are Foiled.

"Baffle painting" is the latest development of marine camouflage, the idea being not to make the ship invisible, but to break up all accepted forms of a ship by masses of strongly contrasting colors, distorting her appearance so as to destroy her general symmetry and bulk, the result being to keep her from being seen by the U-boats guessing as to whether she is "going or coming." A practical use has been found for cubism, after only by a mighty cataclysm of nature.

## ESKIMOS ARE HAPPY PEOPLE

Have No Fear of Death, Are Children in Nature, Humorous and Inquisitive.

In Herschel Island, where the sun shines continuously for eight weeks in summer, the Eskimos had a sun dance, not always clothed in the garments of propriety. They had an idea that when the sun came back its movements were directed by an invisible power, but they had no tangible conception of a God. They had no belief in a future life, either of reward or punishment. Today they are religious, truthful, kind to their children and to the aged. They are ambitious to learn; they are practical, extremely industrious, sanitary in their habits, well clothed and well housed. Insignity is unknown, but tuberculosis is quite common.

They whale in summer and trap in winter. They are clever in trading, good workers on land, water and ice, and take excellent care of their household effects. Tools, if broken, are neatly repaired. When at Herschel Island or Fort McPherson they eat the white man's food with great relish. In summer they eat their fish and blubber raw and in winter frozen.

The Eskimos have no fear of death; if told that death is approaching they will respond with a complacent smile. They are a very happy people. Their natures are childlike and they do not continue in the same frame of mind for two minutes at a time. They are good-natured and humorous and very inquisitive. Their emotions are sudden and short-lived—spontaneously happy one moment and almost crying the next.

## SWIM TEN FEET A SECOND

Interesting Facts Developed in Scientific Study of Habits of Fish.

The speed at which fish can swim is summarized by the Scientific American from recent studies as follows: "A Belgian authority, G. Deull, while studying fishways, concluded that salmon could swim at a speed of 3.15 meters a second for at least 14 meters. A Canadian, G. R. Napier, from investigations in the Fraser river, expressed the opinion that the limiting velocity of a steady stream up which a sockeye salmon could swim a very short distance was between six and seven miles an hour. Finally, H. von Bayer of the United States Bureau of Fisheries declared that the velocity of the current in fishways should not exceed ten feet a second. The various figures, arrived at independently, are substantially in agreement. From his own studies on fishways in Massachusetts, Emerson Stringham found that a common species of alewife could swim for at least a few feet through water flowing about ten feet a second, about the limit for fishways."

Get Out of the Rut. Have you ever stopped to consider how much like a machine you are becoming?

True, your daily duties are performed in a way which seems to suit the boss, but you jog on in the same old way, day in and day out, with movements purely mechanical. How long do you figure that you can continue to make good by this course? Ever think of changing the methods used by you for the past several years, and which lifted you out of the ranks of the ordinary at the time you adopted them, but which are passé at the present time? Oh, you are becoming too prosaic. There is not enough variety in your life.

Seek outdoor exercise; you need it, and you should mingle with men of up-to-date ideas; you should visit other establishments in your line of work and see how things are being done there. You are in a rut. Get out before it is too late.

Every-Day Courage. The courage of the rush forward, a moment of high purpose born of a sudden impulse, that is one sort. There is the stick-to-it courage, and that is of great value. Still another is the simple resolution to do the obvious right and bear the consequences, without demur or thanksgiving, and that is the most important of all.

The quiet courage of every day, that does its best hour by hour, and accepts as part of the day's work the losses and penalties that the steadfast going right must often bring—this is the highest courage of all. It wins no medals, it is never lauded as heroism, even its possessors seldom think of it as bravery or fortitude, yet it is the quality which keeps the moral world from defeat, and makes the common life of the common people strong and safe.

Japanese Villages. Few people realize that in the United States there is a village composed entirely of Japanese, who live their lives just as they did before leaving the Flowery Kingdom. This quaint spot of interest is north of the long peninsula of Santa Monica. Here is the home of a number of Japanese fishermen. Their native dress, food and the daily routine of their lives are carried out as though the little village were on the far shore of Nippon. On Sundays are to be seen the native sports of the Japanese. The girls serve tea and bonbons to visitors, while the young men display their prowess at wrestling, Judo, and other oriental pastimes.