

Kaiser Orders Plain Rations for Army; Applies Rule to Self



In the commissary department of the German army. The Kaiser recently issued an order that the same bread which was eaten by his men in the field should be served at his own table. It is the belief of the Kaiser that in order for his men to keep rugged and well they should have the plainest rations and he extends this rule to apply to himself and the men on his staff. Some members of the commissary department are here seen distributing a day's rations in bread, coffee, sugar and vegetables.

Armies of Europe Eat 11,250 Tons Food Daily

Feeding Fighting Men a Big Problem—Each Nation Has Its Own Methods.

The soldiers who are fighting in the many armies of Europe eat 11,250 tons of food each day. These figures are based on the allowances made by each country for each man in war times, and averaged by an authority on commissary.

It is figured that the average for each man is two and one-half pounds of food a day. It has been stated that there are from 3,000,000 to 16,000,000 men now on the battle lines. Just what the real figures are it is impossible to determine, but 10,000,000 is probably nearly correct.

In thirty days the 10,000,000 men have eaten 337,500 tons of food. The extent of this can be better realized when it is considered that the population of New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, St. Louis and Boston, according to the last government census, was 10,344,000.

A box car on an American railroad will carry about 250 tons. This means that to transport the food of one day for 10,000,000 men, 500 of these would be needed. If these 500 cars were divided into trains of forty cars each, it would mean fourteen trains drawn by the largest engines in the country.

Each nation has its own system of feeding its men, and now it is realized everywhere that to enable the men to fight at their best they must be fed properly. England, like the United States, feeds its army from behind. That is, it sends food trains to follow each division, and these trains, equipped with the different foods, food out to each regiment provisions, which are served to the men or are cooked and served from the kitchen. The French also furnish their men with food, especially when they are fighting on the defensive, but when they are in the enemy's country they follow largely the system of the Germans, that the country should support the army as far as possible.

This system of making the country

through which they are passing support the army, has its advantages and its disadvantages.

The fighting part of the army sweeps on to some new point and after the battle has ended and the men have settled down for some hard-earned rest, the kitchens come up and furnish the soldiers with the evening meal, and again in the morning, unless the men are surprised by some early attack of an order for an early attack, more food is furnished. As soon as the new territory has been conquered, foraging parties visit all the farmhouses and villages, and seize everything of food value for the army.

The inhabitants are told that they have to furnish food for so many men. Every vestige of food that is growing in the fields is gathered, the hay is seized, for the horses, and when the army moves on it has devastated the country, house and field, just as an army of locusts would. That works well for the army unless it meets with a reverse, and then should it have to return over the same ground there are no more stores to be seized, no more food to be obtained, the retreat becomes a rout and the men, hungry and tired, rush on to get away from the enemy and to get back to their own country to find more food. It is the same for horses as for man.

Catering for the army has become a science. Each country has its experts at for the men at home and when in the field carrying arms. Each has figured just what is necessary for all climates, and men who are sent to fight in cool climates have different food from those sent to war in the tropics. They have learned, too, what foods will be best to nourish and sustain men in their tremendous work, and have selected food easy of transportation, and which have as little waste as possible in preparation. This has been done for two reasons. It is absolutely necessary that the men should have good, wholesome food, and it is also an important item that this food should be put into as little space as possible in order to facilitate transportation.

Just how long the armies will be able to stand the strain they are now under no one can figure. The men in the field are eating up all the food

supplies and those at home will soon be starving. This is particularly the case where the fighting has been serious, in Belgium, in the northeast portion of France, on the eastern boundary of Prussia and in Austria, and the longer the war lasts the more serious will be the work of those in charge of the feeding of the vast bodies of fighting men.

WORLD'S BEAUTY.

Lives in Africa, Says Edward Wilber, Globe Trotter.

In faraway Morocco, that land of dreams and romance, in the city of Tangiers, lives the most beautiful girl in the world. So says Edward Wilber, 33 years, wealthy bachelor of Cincinnati, who spends most of his time globe-trotting, and thinks because of his vast experience he is competent to judge of woman's beauty.

Wilber says he hopes he will never see her again, although he keeps her picture always where he can see it. He calls the attention of his friends to her charm, and they claim that America has far prettier girls than this Moorish dancer.

"What country has the prettiest women?" a friend asked this man who is ever haunted by the charm of one girl's face.

"Ireland. If you speak of all the women," answers Wilber; "but here is the most wonderful girl in the world," and he shows again the picture of the girl of Tangiers.

"She's a Moorish dancer," explains Wilber. "To see the real Oriental beauty you must go to the Orient. It's the poetry of motion. This girl is a poetic romance. She is a brunette and her eyes."

Wilber is so afflicted with wanderlust that his friends never knew whether he is at home or the Fiji Islands or at the North Pole.

Interesting Inventions

A novel vacuum cleaner for use in houses where electric power is not available has a bellows, which straps on a person's back, and is operated by a handle at one side, to provide the suction.

RANGE FINDING WITH BIG GUNS

Wonderful Devices Which Make Accurate Marksmanship Comparatively Easy.

EACH SOLDIER DOES HIS PART

How United States Soldiers Determine Distance for Effective Fire Upon the Enemy.

The gray battleline seems strangely deserted and bare, for her decks are denuded of men, white sails and other unsuiting incumbrances have been laid flat on deck.

The gun turrets, five of them, are trained round, with the long, lean muzzles of their twin weapons pointing out over the sea, and every now and then one of the guns twitches ever so slightly or a turret revolves a little, as the gunlayers keep their sights on the distant target.

The 12-inch gun which carries the powerful weapons. Each one of them is over 60 feet long and weighs close to eighty tons, while their 1,250 pound shells can be hurled a distance of sixteen miles. The enormous projectiles, too, leave the muzzle at the rate of 1,800 miles an hour, and can penetrate the thickest armor afloat at a range of 5,000 yards.

But now, as the ship moves on through the water, with her sharp bow sending up two little cascades of spray on either side of the stem, she looks like a great mastodon uncontrolled by man. There are no signs of life on board—nothing except the twirling gun turrets and the black smoke rolling from the squat funnels, which tells of the men laboring below. But every man on board is at the station he would occupy in action, and before long the uproar of the guns will have begun.

In the conning tower, with a 12-inch armor, stands the captain, his navigating officer, a midshipman or two and several other officers and men. The small circular erection, barely 10 feet in diameter, seems very cramped for all it has to contain.

Above the conning tower is another moored erection, containing a range finder, and inside this is the gunnery lieutenant, with half a dozen more officers and men. He is surrounded by strange looking instruments, with the man at the rear of the turret, with his eyes at his rubber eye piece, is monotonously chanting out the distance of the approaching target.

Inside the turret themselves the expectant men crowd round their guns. The great projectiles, and the cordite charges behind them, have already been pushed home by the hydraulic rammers, and, since the weapons are not fully loaded, the crew are idle for the time being.

But the gunlayers—the men who aim and fire the guns—and the trailers—those who keep the gun pointing to the right direction—are anxiously keeping the sights on the target, and every now and then, as they move their small brass handles, there is a wheezing of breeches rise and fall ever so slightly, while the whole armored structure containing them revolves an inch or so at a time to keep it a sights on.

A minute or two later, after an order has come through from the control position, the lieutenant in charge of the foremost turret suddenly raps out the order, "Bring both guns to the ready!"

The men standing by the breeches flick over their small levers. "Right gun ready! Left gun ready!" they report in rapid succession.

The range, meanwhile, is decreasing rapidly, and about 10 seconds later there comes the strident rattling of an electric bell.

It is the signal to open fire. The gunlayer holds his breath, as the crosswires of his telescope cutting the latticework of the target, and then presses an innocent-looking brass thumbpiece. As he does so there is a roar, and with a blaze of orange flame and a pall of brown smoke, a projectile, weighing more than half a ton, is sailing through the air on its way toward the target.

Outside the turret the concussion is terrible, but inside it is barely felt, and the only means the crew have of knowing their weapon has gone off is by the rocking of the turret and the recoil of the gun. Back all the way with the water whistling and gurgling through the hydraulic valves far below. She stops, and then, as the running-out springs exert their strength, is driven back to the firing position.

The men, meanwhile, are working like demons. Some one, by moving a small lever which actuates a hydraulic engine, has opened the breech. A cloud of acrid cordite smoke fills the turret but another man, turning a tap, sends a jet of water spouting into the chamber to extinguish any still-burning fragments.

Everything seems chaos, but every one knows what to do—they have done it time after time, and in less than thirty-seconds we have a sharp order: "Right gun—load!"

A man moves an upright lever, and an arrangement looking like a miniature lift climbs into view through the floor. It has come up from the shell-room below laden with the new charge and projectile, and stops dead in the rear of the gun.

Repeating in a tray is the shot itself. Another lever is worked and a flexible chain hydraulic rammer, looking like a snake, darts out of its resting place

and pushes the shot before it into the breech of the gun.

It is driven home with a dull thud. The rammer is withdrawn, another handle is moved, and two enormous brown cylinders of cordite fall into the tray just vacated by the projectile. They, too, are rammed home, and before we quite realize what has happened, the breech of the gun has been swung home and the great weapon is ready for firing.

In the fire-control position the gunnery lieutenant has seen the first shot tear a jagged hole in the target and to their eyes, the gunlayers whisper an order to a man at his side. The latter moves a small handle and thirty seconds later there is another discharge.

In about ten minutes it is all over and the ship is approaching the target to see the result of her shooting. The structure is badly battered, but most of the lattice work is still standing and is riddled with holes.

The captain and gunnery lieutenant are both on the bridge with telescope to their eyes.

"Very good shooting!" murmurs the former.

"Not so bad, sir," agreed his junior. —London Answers.

COW WITH RUMPLED HORN LOSES HER HEAD

Comes to Grief After a Series of Adventures on a New Jersey Farm.

This is the Collingwood Farm that Edwin H. Hatch, a New York banker, built at Maplewood, N. J. And this is the cow with the crumpled horn that was stung by a hornet on the farm that Mr. Hatch built.

This is the dog that was kicked by the horse that was bitten by the cow with the crumpled horn that was stung by the hornet on the farm that Mr. Hatch built.

This is the mare that was bitten by the dog that was kicked by the horse that was bitten by the cow with the crumpled horn that was stung by the hornet on the farm that Mr. Hatch built.

All of which happened in quick succession, like the fall of a row of standing dominoes. Dr. G. Herbert Taylor, the county physician, could not find the hornet, the original cause of the trouble, so he ordered the cow with the crumpled horn killed and its head sent to New York City for bacteriological examination to determine if she had rabies. In the meantime all the other animals involved have been placed under surveillance, and Hatch's wound has been cauterized.

A Virginia inventor's respirator for persons exposed to smoke or gas filled rooms is in the shape of a vest, the pockets containing oxygen tanks that are connected with a nose and mouth piece by tubing.

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FRENCH ZOUAVES IN BATTLE WITH A GERMAN AEROPLANE



A German taube aeroplane was spied flying over the French camp and trying to drop bombs into the ranks of the men. A squad of zouaves with an aerial machine gun and a lighter were sent out and after a sharp interchange of projectiles the aeroplane was put to flight.

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