

The Former German Emperor Wrote This Story For Use With Other Stories By Royal Authors

In the millionaire's restaurant not far from the Linden trees assembled on Christmas Eve a gay company of army officers and men about town, young men and old, many in uniform and all distinguished by a certain air of refinement, the result of birth and education.

All who know Berlin will recognize the place of rendezvous as Borchart's on Charlottenstrasse, the most aristocratic resort in the capital, because the prices asked are so high as to frighten away those who earn what they spend without recourse to patri-mony, found by more fortunate persons at the side of their cradle.

Is it right to call them more fortunate or extol their good luck? Philosophers without number have asked the question again and again, have denied and reasserted it. Self-made men despise those born with a golden spoon in their mouth. Who shall decide what after all is a matter of individuality? A strong mind is not easily swayed by good fortune, a weak mind often perishes under a small load of adversity.

When we ponder the life history of Prussia's foremost monarchs the Great Elector and Frederick the Only we find that both spent their youth in comparative penury, that they were deprived of the luxury and extravagance that as a matter of course falls to the lot of the heir of a crown, but these circumstances, which their contemporaries styled misfortunes only tended to strengthen the character of Frederick William and of Frederick, increase their vigilance, make them most expert students of human nature.

Don't reproach me for wandering off my subject. The above remarks eminently to the party of gentlemen just-encountered in the gilded resort.

Borchart's has none of the outside glamour by which similar establishments attract customers. It is located in a building bearing a strong resemblance to a private residence. There are neither show window nor signs. The doorkeeper in evening dress receives agreeable guests with a low bow and frowns away others.

In a corner of the big dining-room, discreetly inclosed by plants and screens, sat a party of three men, two of whom wore army uniforms. The other, in muffl was spoken of as "counselor." He had been rejected at two examinations held to establish his claim for a position on the bench. He failed, but being tolerably well off by inheritance cared little for advancement. Become gray in a secondary position, he holds his head high, disdaining the acquaintance even of superiors not privileged, like himself, by noble birth.

The young officer in fatigue uniform who has just risen to walk off a bit of tipsiness is his cousin. Both expect to retire to a landed estate when the relative from whom they have expectations makes ready to depart this life.

If the two of them ever do pray it is for the hurried dissolution of the worthy one who have the impertinence to keep out of their matrimony.

The third in the group is Lieutenant von—, 24 years old, blond and pink well-made, with the face and manner of a lady killer. They call him Baron for short.

If I were not afraid of increasing one of his chief faults—vanity—I would designate him the type of an improvident, reckless and conscienceless golden youth.

The Baron has practically not managed to conceal the fact under cover of a great name. His father was a colonel of the Guard Dragoons, squandered his fortune and left a widow besides this son and two daughters. Nothing stood between them and the poorhouse but a moderate pension, hardly sufficient to keep one of the four in comfort.

By the king's grace the girls were admitted to a home for indigent noble women; the privy purse also equipped the young army man for his present position, and occasionally provides him a little cash in answer to specific petitions.

A few days ago he received \$25 from that source "to replenish his wardrobe" for the New Year's receptions at court.

"I had a stormy interview with my tailor this morning," he heard him say to his companions after sitting down again. "The scoundrel of a commoner actually attempted to refuse credit to me, a Baron of the old empire. You bet I let him have the length of my tongue, and in the end he felt so cheap as to be quasi-compelled to send around the new uniform I am wearing."

The trio laughed boisterously and clinked glasses. "Confusion to obstreperous creditors, Baron."

The Baron not to be outdone, answered the toast with a sneering "Death to all relatives in our way."

The conversation then turned upon horses, women and good living subjects on which all present considered themselves experts. Reputations were demolished, the names of fair women blasted by innuendos and side thrust.

Who cared? If perchance a friend or relative of the abused persons overheard them let his step up and make himself known. He shall have satisfaction, sword or pistol in hand.

Maid-servants from the Antilles were imported by a group of French women. However, they did not prove altogether satisfactory. A quarter of the Negroes made fairly good servants, but were inclined to be restless. Another quarter had to be repatriated. The remainder have fully lived up to the expectations of their employers. Hard-working Czech-Slovak girls are now drifting into France as servants. They are hard working and know their value, which is far above that of the serving girls from Martinique.

The offer of the Rockefeller Institute to send a commission to Japan to inquire into the necessity for hospitals has been accepted by the Japanese government.

In Suce, South America, dolls are manufactured from pieces of wire, lace and tissue.

The head waiter, George, tiptoed to the Baron's chair and whispered: "Your Lordship's man craves a word with your lordship."

"Bring him in. I don't feel strong enough to waltz outside."

The orderly entered with military step, and saluting stood at attention. He brought his master a pair of white kid gloves, several handkerchiefs and a bouquet of roses, all in tissue paper.

"Call a cab and place those things inside," commanded the Baron. "And see to it that you get my regular man."

He turned to his companions and observed: "I hope the flowers won't spoil while Cheri delights her audience."

"You keep the box seat and wait," he added, looking at the orderly. When the latter did not retire at once he cried impatiently: "Anything else, blickhead?"

At your command, your lordship, A letter from madame the Baroness. "Parçun my indiscretion," put in the Counsellor. "I didn't know that mademoiselle had already assumed the title." He laughed loud and winked at his neighbor who joined in the merriment.

The Baron fairly tore the letter from the orderly's hand and looking at the envelope remarked coldly: "From my mother, if you please."

The Counsellor and his friend looked sheepish and murmured excuses, then applied themselves to the bottles and cigarettes to hide their embarrassment.

It was a poor envelope the Baron held in his hand and the ink on it had a rusty hue. An unsteady hand had inscribed it with name and title.

As the Baron opened the letter two five mark bills fell from it to the floor. The Baron volubly, fearing for Christmas Patent Inside Gally No. 2

that his bon companions might have observed the paltry inclosure. He would rather be penniless than incur their contempt.

A waiter rushed forward to pick up the banknotes, but the Baron gave him a withering look that made the man stop short. Then crushing his mother's letter in his left hand and placing a foot over her poor Christmas present he cried: "Two magnams, vintage 1878, George."

The Counsellor smote the table with his fist and said: "Bravo, Baron! You are right man to keep up one's spirits."

"Cheri is in luck," laughed the other officer as all set to demolishing the bottles.

Next morning one of the cleaners found two wine-stained five marks on the floor, which she made haste to bury in her bosom, and a letter which she turned over to George, the head waiter, who intends to sell it some day at a good price if the Baron ever makes a rich marriage. The letter reads as follows:

"My Dear Son—I did as you requested, and hope you will not find fault with your poor mother, as you are in the habit of doing.

"I sold your papa's foreign decorations and pawned the sword of honor, given his by officers of his regiment after the war. In all I raised 300 marks, which I intended to send you forthwith. But unfortunately the doctor, the grocer, the landlord and other creditors got wind of the bargain and insisted upon being paid. They fairly besieged me until I paid off my indebtedness to them.

"Twenty marks I saved out of the wreck, and half of the amount I inclose, trusting to God that you will not despise your mother's small Christmas gift.

"I know ten marks is not much in Berlin, but my dearly beloved son, when you spend it remember that you, your poor old mother manages to live three whole days on a pittance like this—pittance, I believe, is the word you use."

"Do not tell me, pray, that I could have done otherwise; that, indeed, I should have sold the sword of honor instead of merely pawning it. I couldn't bring myself to do it, my dear son. It would make me afraid that your father would turn in his grave."

"And, my son, you will not begrudge your mother that at last she is free from debt. It's the first time in many years that I can look my tradespeople in the face. And you know that I need their good will, for with it I would starve, seeing that I send you one-half of my pension every month."

"But what a price I paid for this monetary freedom from embarrassment. Ah, I must not think of it, though as a matter of fact I only acted upon your advice, and you the head of the family!"

"If you can afford to, buy yourself a little Christmas present with the money inclosed, and when you see it, give your mother a pleasant thought."

"And pray forgive me, my dearly beloved son, if I did wrong in this matter." And may God preserve you.

"Be embraced and happy Christmas to you.

"Your Poor Old Mother."

Here we have a man gay at the expense of his old mother. From her dry lips he snatches the very nour-

M. Carde, governor general of French West Africa, has issued a decree forbidding the capture, detention in captivity, sale or exportation of live chimpanzees, except at the request of scientific or medical authorities.

"Buddy," a Chicago traffic officer's horse, died of gastritis the other day. Too many well-meaning humans fed him candy and sugar.

Senator Caraway of Arkansas has the shortest sketch in the new congressional directory. It says "T. H. Caraway, democrat, Jonesboro, and stops.

Col. Charles McK. Saltzman has been selected to succeed Gen. George O. Squier as chief signal officer of the army. It is announced.

The Harbour Ford-for-resident club will not take part in the Ford-for-president conference at Detroit on December 12. It is announced.

ishment necessary to her existence, only to trample under foot the gift she holds out to him with trembling hands!

Abominable beyond words is this misnamed man, but what about the rich and the fabulously rich who bleed the near-bloodless corpse of toil for a few extra drops to faintly color the cup of their criminal extravagance?

There are millionaires and multimillionaires in every industrial center of the world, fattening on child labor, employing nursing mothers, expectant mothers even, and slowly killing the born and the unborn.

They use their brother's mother as the Baron used his own—to wring money from them and throw the tear-stained pittance to the winds—a shameful thing, a criminal thing, a murderous, unpatriotic habit, for whoever reduces the living of the masses beggars the state.

To oppose luxury is foolish, not to protest against extravagance a grievous fault.

The luxury of the rich is the proletariat's bread and butter, while their extravagance spells contempt of humanity.

You who employ other men's fathers, mothers, brothers and sisters ponder well on the difference between spending money to make life more beautiful and agreeable, to foster trade and the arts, and obtaining money under false pretences from the helpless and down-trodden, to foster vice and drunkenness, to lie, to cheat, to betray, even as the Baron of this story did, making himself an eyesore in the sight of God and man!

J. R.

THE USEFULNESS OF COURAGE.

Deal courageously, and the Lord be with the good.—II. Chron. 19:11. Courage is a servicable virtue.

There is hardly any place in which it is not useful.

There is no type of character, no sphere of action, in which there is not room and need for it.

Genius is latent set on fire by courage.

Fidelity is simply daring to be true in small things as well as in great.

As many as are the conflicts and perils and hardships of life, so many are the uses and the forms of courage.

It is necessary, indeed, as the protector and defender of all the other virtues.

Courage is the standing army of the soul which keeps it from conquest, pillage, and slavery.

Unless we are brave we can hardly be truthful or generous, or just, or pure, or kind or loyal.

"Few persons," says a wise observer, "have the courage to appear as good as they really are."

You must be brave in order to fulfill your own possibilities of virtue.

Courage is essential to guard the best qualities of the soul, and to clear the way for their action, and make them move with freedom and vigor.

"Courage, the highest gift, that scorns to bend

To mean devices for a sordid end; Courage, an independent spark from Heaven's throne,

By which the soul stands raised, triumphant, high, alone; The spring of all true acts is seated here,

As falsehoods draw their sordid birth from fear."

If we desire to be good, we must first of all desire to be brave, and against all opposition, scorn, and danger we may move straight onward to do the right.

MEN NOT CATTLE.

Thou madest him a little lower than the angels.—Ps. 8:4. Christ looks upon the children of men, not as herds of "dumb driven cattle," but as living souls moving onward to eternity.

He dies for men, not to deliver them brief sorrows, but to save them from final loss, and to bring them in to bliss that knows no end.

He speaks to men in solemn words before which the dreams of earthly pleasure and power and fame and wealth are dissipated like substantial vapors.

"What shall a man give in exchange for his soul?"

There never was a time in which Christ's doctrine of the dignity and value of a man as a man was more needed than it is today.

There is no truth more important and necessary for us to take into our hearts, and hold fast, and carry out in our lives.

For here we stand in an age when the very throng and pressure an superfluity of human life lead us to set a low estimate upon its value.

The air we breathe is heavy with materialism and commercialism.

The lowest and most debasing view of human nature are freely proclaimed and unconsciously accepted.

There is no escape, no safety for us, save in coming back to Christ, and learning from him that man is the spiritual child of God, made in the divine image, capable of the divine fellowship and an immortal life.

A Doleful Outlook!

From Science. Now that Turkey has gone dry, we shudder to think of the atrocities that the Turkish bootleggers will sell.

Stopping Wars.

From the Boston Transcript. The war cost 11,000,000 lives, which is one reason why preparedness against wars pays.

The war department is reported planning to book vaudeville acts for its 153 camp theaters next summer. Its full operation will start as summer approaches. Entertainment for the soldiers, including the national guard encampments, is the object.

The co-operative unions of Russia, totaling some 30,000 societies, whose purposes are to supply the population with its needs in the most economical manner, did 40 per cent. of the merchandise business of Russia in 1921. In 1924 they did 7 per cent. These unions are purely economic, and have no interest in politics.

Among early races death on the cross was the usual form of military punishment.

Bayberry Had Its Origin in New England

Christmas would not seem like Christmas without candles and the bayberry candle is the candle of candles. The bayberry candle is a New England institution, but it has been carried to all parts of the country by New England people and is burned by them and their descendants in every city under the American flag. It is one of the New England customs that has spread to the south. People of the south have always used candles at Christmas but the custom is not nearly so generally followed as it was a generation or two ago.

There is a superstition about the bayberry candle. It is burned not alone for its pungent fragrance but also for the good luck that it brings, for it has been said for two or three hundred years that a bayberry candle burned to the socket, brings luck to the house and wealth to the pocket.

The northeastern Indians soon learned the value of the bayberry for making candles, or "torches" after the coming of the whites. It has been said that they made wax from this berry and used it as an illuminant before the coming of the whites, but the evidence is shadowy.

Its light was known in New England at an early time. At the Abenaki Indian village on the Kennebec river, the learned Jesuit priest Pere Rale (or Rasles) lighted his chapel with great numbers of these fragrant candles. All the early settlers of upper New England had molds for candles before while oil became common and they used to "run" the wax of bayberries into those candle molds.

The plant from which the bayberry wax is obtained is the shrub Myrica cerifera (Myrtle wild wax) and it is common along the sandy coast line of the eastern and central states and on the sand dunes back of the beach. It grows on a salt-water neighborhood. The wax of the bayberry has been known in some parts of the country as "myrtle tallow" and "myrtle wax."

The bayberry comes from a famous plant family. In classic times, successful warriors and athletes, poets, and singers were often crowned with bay and it is sometimes written that they were crowned with myrtle wreaths. Botanists believe that these triumphal wreaths and chaplets were woven from the leaves of a tree which they now call "laurus nobilis" or the laurel of the noble.

Met "Injun" and Indian.

From the Daily Oklahoman. Oklahoma has Indians as well as "Injuns," Ben Eastman has learned to his satisfaction. From "Hill Ole N Yawk" came Ben with a line of fall clothing samples intended to loosen the purse strings of local Wannabeers and delight the eyes of Muskogee "lounge lizards."

Someone told him about the educational institution for Indians out at Bacone and accordingly Eastman clambered on a Muskogee car with the firm intention of viewing the "scalp hunting redskin" at a close range and getting some first hand "info."

"How! Heap fine teepee," said Eastman by way of introducing himself as he approached Henry Owl, a swarthy Creek, at the same time pointing to the recently completed Jeanetta Barnett hall.

"Smokum pipe peace," the tenderfoot continued as he offered Henry a cigarette.

Henry disdainfully declined the "rag" and reluctantly took Eastman's proffered hand. Finally he said:

"Sir, the language you speak is neither Greek nor Latin. Your words convey no message to me. Just what you are attempting to say, I know not. Please confine your remarks to the English language, if you speak it, and possibly I may be able to understand you."

Abashed but still determined, the dismayed Benjamin bade Henry a hurried "au revoir" and star-ted across the campus.

Johnny Beaver was emerging from the dining hall as Eastman appeared. The latter was all set for an hour's conversation.

"A wonderful institution you have here," Eastman informed Johnny in his second attempt to make the acquaintance of an honest-to-goodness red man.

"I'm sure I'd enjoy living here myself. How old are you? How long have you been here? Where do you live? To what tribe do you belong?" Eastman inquired in chronological order.

"Not like hell. Want sleep. No want pow-wow. You too much want know, Beatum," replied the aggravated Johnny.

"All of which probably accounts for Eastman catching the next street car back to Muskogee and his hurried departure for New York."

Wild Ducks Destructive in Oklahoma. Tyrone news in Hutchinson News.

Wild ducks are eating the feed crops of farmers here. The worst trouble is southwest of here about ten to twelve miles where the heavy rains filled all the low places with water. At any time of the day thousands of ducks fly to the fields where they feed. Some of the lakes are so large that the birds can stay in the middle and be in no danger of the hunters, being so far from the shore they are out of range.

Freight handlers and employees in clerical and station service working for the Maine Central Railroad and the Portland Terminal Company, who formerly received pay for holidays when they did not work, shall continue to receive the United States Railroad Labor Board has ruled.

A Debt Evening.

From the New York Evening Mail. "Owens is always promising to pay back that money I lent him, but he never does."

"Govens is an artist at the sort of thing."

"Yes, evidently a futurist."

American chefs, meeting in Chicago, have decided they have "long been artists without knowing it. Accordingly they have voted to doff the white cap and wear 'two quart hats."

Harry Polack of Detroit alleges that two hours after his bride had sworn to love, honor and obey him she belabored him over the head with a stove poker. He is asking for a divorce.

The average age of the presidents of the United States at the time of death is 69 years.

How Christmas Tree Originated

Milwaukee Journal.

One story of the origin of the evergreen tree as the Christmas tree among the people of northern Europe is given in one of the legends of St. Win-nifred. It is one of the many thousands of those simple and beautiful beliefs that have attached themselves to the great midwinter festival. It is related that St. Winnifred, a great Christian missionary among the pagans of the north, began cutting down a "sacred" oak which had been an object of worship by the pagans whom he was trying to lead aright. While he was hewing down the huge tree it was blasted and uprooted by a sudden whirlwind. Close beside the giant oak was a young fir tree which was not harmed either by the whirlwind or by the fall of the oak. Then St. Winnifred is reported to have spoken as follows:

"This little tree, a young child of the forest shall be your holy tree tonight. 'It is the wood of peace for your homes to be built of. It is the sign of an endless life for its leaves are always green. See how it points toward heaven! Let this be called the tree of the Christ Child! Gather about it, not in the wild woods but in your homes; there it will shelter you from the cold, but loving gifts and acts of kindness."

The fir tree, the common evergreen tree of the northern regions, became the holy tree of the converted pagans and in its honor or in the memory of the thoughts it stood for, they decorated it with lights and gifts at Christmas.

"Splendid Ruins" of Taxation.

From the New York World. When Jeath struck down Samuel W. McCall, former representative and governor of Massachusetts, he was preparing an address upon taxation, which is now republicanism.

Mr. McCall was a sage of republicanism, but he was also a New England town-meeting man, which is in principle, not so very different from a home-rule democrat. He found that in taxation he had been "driving ahead on dangerous lines."

The work of taxation and spending money had been "shifted from the different neighborhoods to a distant point." How strikingly this is true a diagram printed in The World, giving the recent trend of federal, state and local taxation, showed at a glance. Taxes "fall upon those who pay as if they had been imposed by a foreign authority. One taxes and the other pays. It has been easy to shift jurisdiction to this central Washington deity. The condition suggests a lesson from history:

I do not think we appreciate how profoundly taxation affects not merely the prosperity of a nation, but the character of its institutions. Exorbitant taxation has often lain at the foundation of destruction of states and of civilization itself. Governmental extravagance and a lack of intelligent financing have overthrown more than one mighty nation.

Mr. McCall reminds us how we may "see the hilltops of Italy studied with splendid ruins" which ran derelict because "the imposition of government grew so steadily that 'the produce of industry was not enough to pay the taxes.' He saw 'the same thing today in England' with the 'excessive tax-rate upon business supplemented by the inheritance tax. The process need not go very far before England will become like Italy, a country of splendid ruins."

There appears in such passages the pessimism of an aging man near death who had suffered from the ill-treatment of his political associates. England is not yet a land of "splendid ruins." The United States is far from that condition. Federal taxation passed the peak three years ago. But the time has come for further reduction. What Mr. McCall says of taxation at a distant point as compared with taxation for local is always true.

The older republicans in congress may still listen with profit to a former trusted associate whose counsel they valued in his time. Democrats in congress will find, in Mr. McCall's last word upon taxation, doctrine in no wise different from their own. As far and as fast as possible we should restore the condition, traditional in the republic when the greater burden of taxation shall be collected by local authority and expended for local purposes known to the voter.

FOREVER.

Forever is linked with Eternity, And endless time in the yet to be; But finite man though very clever, Has no desire to live forever; No, never.

If I was endowed with worldly wealth, A happy home and perhaps good health; I'd hesitate my life to sever, Still yet I would not live forever, No, never.

Or yet if my lot was poverty, And home and health were denied to me, With me reward for all endeavor, I certainly would not live forever, No, never.

"'Tis human nature to cling to life, Whether filled with pleasure or grief and strife; So Nature resorts to Time's old lever, To pry us loose, or we'd live forever, No, never.

T. I. Gugnsey, December 10, 1923.

Puzzles Others, Too

From the Chicago News. The younger son was a bit of a handi-capped and had now come to ask his father's blessing on his marriage.

The indulgent father promised to do what he could for him once more. "But," said he, "I hope you understand that you will never get on in the world unless you adopt a more rigid code and vow to keep straight."

"Rightly sounds all very well, dad," agreed the irrepresible one, "but I wish you'd make clear to me how a chap's to keep straight while he's trying to make both ends meet."

State licenses of 13 physicians whose qualifications were questioned have been revoked by Dr. Stanley H. Osborne, state health commissioner of Connecticut. It is announced.

Too Critical. From the Kansas City Star.

Hoffy was going to an art exhibit and an artist friend volunteered to accompany him. This seemed an excellent idea.

"You'll explain the pictures, er?" asked Hoffy.

"To be sure."

"Fine."

But when Hoffy got back to the club he vowed that never again would he visit a picture gallery with an artist.

"Why not?" asked one of the boys.

"Positively he wouldn't let me like anything."

A gland clinic has been opened in San Francisco and a large number of persons seeking restored youth and vigor are reported visiting the establishment for operation.

BY ARTHUR BRISSANE

Senator Willis, tall, handsome gentleman from Ohio, who might serve as model for all the ready-made clothing advertisements, has a program for the republicans in 1924.

"They must stand for the Constitution of the United States and not for any of the various proposals advanced by so-called reformers, who would like nothing better than to see it torn to tatters."

"I refer, for one thing, to the proposal now pending to substitute the transitory power of Congress for the power of our courts."

Mr. Willis, and some others believe that the people of the United States never really intended to rule themselves. The idea was to make a constitution, and then give control of the nation to somebody else and let somebody else run it.

Mr. Willis is mistaken and he and others will realize it when the time comes.

The people of the United States do mean to rule themselves.

Once in a while a man enters a police station and says, "I think I'm crazy and I'm afraid I may do something foolish, please take charge of me."

"The people of the United States are not that kind of crazy persons—not yet. They think they can take charge of themselves. And if they find that any power outside of the people has become greater than the power of the people then that thing will be changed.

It isn't necessary to "tear the Constitution to tatters" to have this a country managed, as its founders intended, by the people and not by a chosen few, whatever their label may be.

A very weak chain is the human race, if it is only as strong as its weakest link. And far is that poor human race from real civilization. From Rangoon, India, comes news that the effort of the British to stop slavery on the border districts between Burma and Assam, are bitterly fought by the slaves themselves. They have enough to eat, their brains are comfortably soaked with opium, they want to remain slaves.

That's bad enough, but in Nagas hills, human sacrifices still continue. The Papuan head hunters capture and sell Indian children to be used in the sacrifices.

That shocked us, but our own Supreme court declared unconstitutional a law that would have prevented United States head hunting under the guise of child labor. Whether you chop off a child's head to please a savage God by the sight of its blood, or kill a thousand children slowly to make money out of their small bodies, doesn't make much real difference.

Prince Youssouppoff, of Russia, demands two Rembrandt pictures held by Joseph B. Widener of Philadelphia. Mr. Widener says he will be delighted to return the Rembrandts when the Prince pays him back \$500,000 plus 3 per cent. interest now due.

Frederick Landis, brilliant brother of the famous Judge Landis, writes: "Youssouppoff is about the only Russian Prince now worrying about Rembrandts, most of them worry about ham sandwiches. If Rembrandt knows