

CHRISTMAS ON THE FIELD

Incident of the Time When the Germans Were Pressing Closer to Doomed City of Paris.

One day in December the soldiers of the Sixty-ninth battalion, in which several artists were enrolled, received orders to guard the bridge at Suresnes.

An air of melancholy pervaded the whole camp. The clock struck 12 and a voice cried "midnight!" Then a soldier of singular height left the battalion, advanced toward the plain and with a magnificent voice sang the Noel of Adam.

The enemy's bullets which this time spared the unexpected singer were to strike him dead 25 days later in the fight at Buzenval.

PROFESSOR HAD BEEN THERE

His Advice to Students Proved He Knew Something of the Ways of Women.

The president of the faculty of a medical college once addressed a graduating class with reference to the necessity of cultivating the quality of patience in their professional, as well as in their domestic relations.

The professor said: "Gentlemen, you are about to plunge into 'the sphere of action.' No doubt you will, in some degree, follow the example of those who have preceded you.

"And, I assure you, gentlemen," the professor concluded, with delicate irony, "you'll be astonished at the vast fund of information you'll accumulate in this way."

"VOX POPULI."



Tramp (just out of Wormwood Scrubs) to suffragette (just out of Holloway)—"You have all my sympathy, miss.—Ally Sloper.

IVORY AS A SPRING TONIC.

"Some physicians," said a druggist, "give an infusion of ground ivory and milk in the spring to stimulate and strengthen listless patients.

He opened a medical magazine and pointed to this quotation from Schroeder's Zoology, a work published in 1637:

"Elephas (elephant)—His teeth are only used in medicine and vulgarly called ivory. The virtues: It cools and dries, moderately binds cuts, strengthens the inward parts.

JUST BEFORE A DANCE.

"Now, Jimmy!" "Yes, dad?" "Try to keep that Boston girl out of the conservatory. A sudden drop in temperature would kill them flowers."

HIS PRODUCTS IN DEMAND

Miners in Early Days in Montana Were Willing to Pay High for Vegetables.

Ray Woodworth of Moscow, Idaho, was one of the early arrivals at Bannack, when the placer gold was discovered in Grasshopper gulch, and also moved near Virginia City and resided there when that famous placer field was in its glory.

Mr. Woodworth says that he came to Bannack from Denver in 1863, and took up a ranch near what is now known as Taylor crossing, between Dillon and Bannack.

He brought a lot of garden seed along with him, believing that garden vegetables would be a delicacy so craved by the miners that they would pay handsomely for them and that he would make more money with his spade and garden rake than with the rocker and pan.

He succeeded very well near Bannack, and when there was a rush to Alder gulch, he went there and took up a ranch in the Madison valley, not far from Virginia City, where he continued raising vegetables, and selling them to the miners.

He raised the first wheat crop ever raised in the territory of Montana, and sold his wheat for 28 cents a pound.

"I lost \$2,000 on one load of rutabagas, and it was this way," he said: "I hired a freighter to haul a big load to Helena, paying him four cents a pound, and told him to sell them for nine cents a pound, thinking that was high enough for them."

"A few days after he left the ranch I heard that the vegetables were retailing at 50 cents a pound, and I sent a courier after him to tell him not to sell for less, but the messenger arrived at Helena a few hours after he had sold the load for nine cents a pound. The dealer retailed them at 60 cents.

"I also lost some money on a load of turnips. They froze en route, and I secured only 18 cents a pound for them."

"I sold many potatoes to the Alder gulch miners for 35 cents a pound, after cutting all the eyes out of them to save for seed."—Anaconda Standard.

BROWNING'S TRUE POSITION.

Some time ago the Bookman published a most adverse criticism of Robert Browning in which the waning popularity of the poet was discussed and the writer gave the dying out of the Browning clubs as a proof of his argument.

"The idea of the Browning clubs dying out should be a sign of the popularity of the real Browning. It seems a desecration for a lot of club women to squabble over the interpretation of Browning. Any great poem should be a message from one soul to another, and it should mean just as much to the receptive soul as it is capable of appreciating through its own experience."

THE CIVILIZED SAVAGE.

In the older days, when "Indian wars" were still frequent, many accounts were printed of the savagery of Apaches and Sioux. Yet it is doubtful if in most essential respects the red men themselves were worse savages than some of the predatory, sneaking, brutish beings often to be found in and about great cities.

WHAT IS "CHINA"?

There should be clear understanding of the use of the word "china." As a matter of fact, amazing though it seems, china collecting is mostly not of china.

Technically, "china" means only porcelain, writes Shack, in the Saturday Evening Post but by the usage of all collectors and writers, and from the lack of a more adequate term, it includes also the fine products of the early English potteries.

KNEW THE NEXT WARNING

American Satisfied There Was Only One More Precaution to Be Insisted Upon.

Not long ago a passenger who arrived in Bloemfontein from the cape related a yarn in connection with Norval's Point bridge.

He had not been long out from England, and while in Cape Town someone, on hearing that he was going north, "pulled his leg" with regard to the safety of the bridge, which was blown up by the Boers in the early days of the war, and then repaired by the British.

He and an American refugee who was returning to the Rand, were leaning out of the corridor window, when, as they neared the bridge, they rolled by a notice board which, in letters a foot high, commanded—"Whistle!"

The train went slower and slower, and then glided by another notice board which entreated "Go slow. Do not touch your fires till over the bridge."

The Englishman began to feel that crossing the bridge was undoubtedly a serious matter.

Then they crept by a notice which ordered: "Speed not to exceed two and one-half miles an hour."

Then they crawled by a notice which implored: "Do not stop on the bridge."

"Say," drawled the American, nasally, "I know what the next notice enunciates."

"What's that?" "Passengers must not breathe against the girders!"—Stray Stories.

SURPRISES OF FUR TRADE.

It will astonish most of our readers, writes Agnes Laut in the World's Work, to be told that on the American side of the Canada line the volume of the fur trade is the largest ever known in the United States—greater than in the days when the buffalo and beaver had the whole continent as a stamping ground.

Buffalo as a fur yielder has been exterminated. Beaver in the most of the states is practically extinct. Sea otter, from yielding 100,000 pelts a year, now give at the most only 400, at the least 200, for the trade; and the fur seal is on the way to extermination, falling from 100,000 a year to 10,000 and 14,000. But other furs have taken their place. There is more money going to trappers to-day for skunk and muskrat and fox than was ever made out of beaver and sea otter and seal and the rare furs. The swamps of New Jersey and Delaware alone yield millions of muskrats a year.

DOVE OF PEACE HATS.

"Women's hats, my dear," said the well-groomed woman, "reflect the psychology of the nations, or rather the temper of the nations at the moment. Our hats are not arbitrary creations of French designers and artists, as is sometimes averred. They are the 'outward and visible sign' of a mental state of mankind. Last year, when Russia was in such turmoil that all the nations of the earth thought war and read war and talked war, women's hats towered aloft and bristled with rampant curves and whirlings, with battered dents and aggressive, mighty loops and bandeaux. This year, with the peace congress in thought and in actual operation, our hats became meek, submissive. You will notice that they droop demurely, and have long, meditative bows, close-furled veils and humble, wilted, downcast brims. Rip Van Winkle might know, to look at us, that peace was brooding over all."—N. Y. Press.

HAND-WOVEN REVIVAL.

Within the last few years there has been a great revival of old-fashioned, handmade weavings; in fact, the demand for all kinds of handmade products is continually on the increase. This demand brought about the revival of the rag carpets of our grandmothers, resulting in the making of hand-woven rugs that are beautiful in texture and artistic in color.

The modern hand-woven rugs, says Interior Decoration, are quite an improvement on the old-fashioned rag carpet, as only new material is used in their making; therefore they are much more durable, and instead of being put together in a haphazard manner they are woven into quaint and artistic designs.

REBUKE FOR THE VICAR

Farmer's Remark Put an End to Further Laudation of Clerical Gentleman's Achievement.

To test the safety of the church steeple, a North-country vicar climbed it with a scaling-ladder—a feat requiring no small amount of nerve. Naturally he was proud of his achievement, and talked rather more about it than was, perhaps, consistent with clerical modesty. He even called a meeting of his parishioners, and described to them, with a wealth of detail, his feelings while aloft.

"When I reached the top and saw the huge golden weathercock gleaming in the sunlight, what do you think I did?" he asked.

An old farmer, who looked the picture of boredom, hazarded a guess.

"You cheated the weathercock," he said.

"What do you mean, sir?" sharply demanded the vicar.

"Why, you did it out of the job of crowing," the unperturbed old farmer replied.

The vicar cut short his discourse then.—London Answers.

THE "DRAGO DOCTRINE."

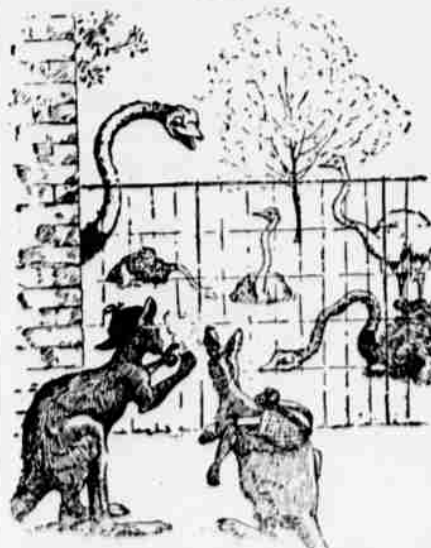
What is the "Drago doctrine," which is to be excluded from the deliberations of The Hague conference? It has nothing to do with the late Queen Draga of Serbia, but derives its name from Dr. Drago, foreign minister of the Argentine Republic, who, imitating the example of President Monroe, enunciated the convenient theory that debts owed to the citizens of one government by those of another may not be "collected" by force. This was when the combined fleets of England, Germany and Italy in 1902 appeared off Venezuela and caused Mr. Kipling to write his "Rowers." This "Drago doctrine" was naturally hailed with enthusiasm by all the money-borrowing republics of South America; but they were told from Washington that it could not be regarded as a subclause of the Monroe doctrine.

POORLY PAID TEACHERS.

It is a notorious fact that schoolmasters were once regarded as a servile class and treated accordingly. Their remuneration was ridiculously small, often amounting only to the right of living from house to house.

But it is doubtful if a more peculiar method of paying schoolmasters was ever devised than that which prevailed in certain English counties, notably Cumberland, during the early eighteenth century. Just before the beginning of Lent the boys would arrange to hold a cock fight, and each boy would make a payment to the master for the privilege. The "cock penny" was regarded a legitimate item in the master's income.—Sunday Magazine.

THE ZOO SPRING CLEANING.



Kangaroo with the Bag—I say, bill! ere's some of those new vacuum cleaners we've 'eard so much about."

SHE SMACKED OF BOOKS.

"They tell me you kissed Miss Sonnet, the poetess, on yesterday's automobile excursion."

"Yes; that is true."

"Indeed! And how did you—ah—find her?"

"Miss Sonnet has a marked literary taste."

WITH A GOOD DELIVERY.

"These are the days when the young divinity student has a mental struggle."

"As to what?"

"Whether to preach or pitch."

JUST WHY HE DID IT.

"John, why are you raising that window? Don't you know I will be unable to speak above a whisper by morning?"

"Yes, sir."—Houston Post.

TEA FOR THE EMPEROR

Elaborate Precautions Taken to Preserve Delicate Aroma of Beverage for Royalty.

It is well known how sacredly the emperor of China is guarded and how every detail of his household menage is a matter of utmost importance, but few people realize how carefully the tea imbibed by his royal highness and his immediate family is grown and picked.

In the first place, it is grown in a garden surrounded by a high wall, so that neither man nor beast can gain access to the sacred precincts.

Then when harvest time arrives the gatherers must not eat fish (one of the staple articles of food) for fear their breath might contaminate the aroma of the precious leaves. They must bathe at least three times a day, besides wearing gloves. Apropos of this fine tea, there is a true story of a wealthy San Francisco lady who was in China, and one of the court officials, wishing to do her great honor, promised to send her a casket of some extraordinary tea.

In due time an exquisitely packed box arrived containing tea. She bade many of her society friends to a series of "afternoons," at which this tea was served, its delicious qualities expatiated upon and all seemingly enjoyed the beverage.

At the end of the season, when the casket was almost empty she found a very small beautifully decorated box, which on opening contained the priceless tea.

What she had used was the dried tea leaves that had been used probably time and again by coolies. It seems that rare and costly tea is packed in tea to preserve the aroma and flavor. It was such a rich joke that the hostess told the story, and the old society set in San Francisco had a good laugh.

QUEER SUPERSTITION.

An amazing story of credulity and superstition has just been detailed before the assizes court at Freiburg, Germany. The case was that of the village grave-digger at Kuhnheide, who was accused of having profaned the grave of his own daughter, a young woman who died a year and a half ago. With sobs, the man related that before her death his daughter had doubts about obtaining eternal peace, and had promised to appear to him. He, on his part, had promised not to cover her with earth, and had contrived an arrangement which nearly filled the grave, and only needed a thin covering of soil. Having recently seen his daughter in a dream, the man, in company with several neighbors, opened the grave by night, and each person present abstracted a tooth from the mouth of the corpse to be used as a talisman. One of his neighbors, a woman, giving evidence on his behalf, plainly said that she had lost her tooth, and everything had begun to go against her.

A CONSIDERATE MUSICIAN.

Many stories are told of the jealousy and ill feeling among musicians; so it is refreshing to note that at least one genius did not fail in good natured appreciation of a fellow artist. It is related how Rossini, walking one day on the boulevard with the musician Braga, was greeted by Meyerbeer, who anxiously inquired after the health of his dear Rossini.

"Bad," answered the latter.

"Frightful headaches; legs all wrong."

After a few minutes' conversation, Meyerbeer passed on, and Braga asked the great composer how it happened that he had suddenly become so unwell.

Smilingly Rossini reassured his friend. "Oh, I couldn't be better. I merely wanted to please Meyerbeer. He would so like to see me go to smash."—Sunday Magazine.

EASILY EXPLAINED.

"No, Mr. Wingle, I can't give you any hope, but I have an elder sister who might look upon your suit favorably."

"A sister? And why do you think your sister would be more kind than you are?"

"Well, you see, sister has reached an age where she can't afford to be particular."

A NATURAL PREFERENCE.

"The greatest runner in the world eats meat three times a day."

"That's a fact, no doubt."—Cleveland Dealer.

DOES WORK OF BOOKKEEPER

Intricate Machine of English Invention Can Calculate Better Than a Human Being.

A new wages calculating machine of English make has recently been brought out. The design is free from small and intricate pieces of mechanism which are generally a prolific source of trouble. This instrument is a time and labor saving device employed in the case of piece-work, for quickly finding, without calculation, the total balance of money that is due individually to any number of men sharing profits on the same contract, the divisions being proportional to each man's fixed daily or weekly money rate. When work is paid for on the premium system the instrument can also be used for finding the time allowance that is to be added to the actual time occupied on the contract.

The instrument consists of two large wheels, with broad, flat faces, mounted on the same spindle. The spindle is carried at each end in bearings fixed to the wooden supporting stand. One of the two wheels is securely keyed to the spindle, and the other is free to revolve. A spring of sufficient strength to cause the two wheels to revolve together, presses the loose wheel against the other.—Technical World Magazine.

JUST A DRUMMER'S YARN.

"Yes," said an old commercial traveler, "I've been against all the slow and sleepy towns in this country, in New England, the central part of New York, Philadelphia and the villages of the south, but the worst I ever was in was a North Carolina town of about 500. I was handling canned goods, but the town had never heard of such a thing, and there was nothing doing for me, and after an hour's work I sat down in the hotel to pass away the hours till train time.

"While I was sitting there talking to the proprietor there was a terrible noise in the store next door. He ran to see what had happened, and people from various parts of the town came running to the scene, the marshal among them. He arrested a man on the charge of creating a disturbance. Actually, that town was so quiet that the noise we heard was caused by his breaking a dollar bill."

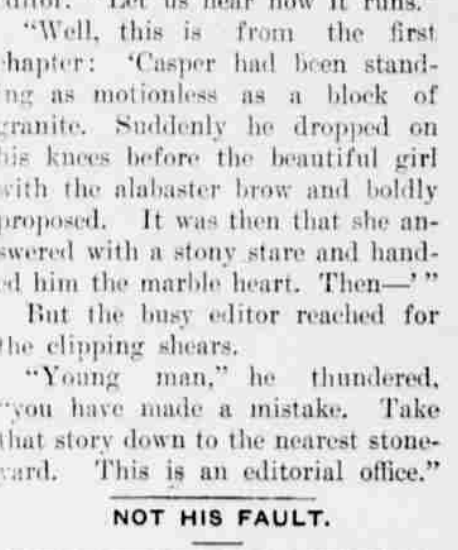
NEEDED A CHISEL.

The struggling author boldly entered the editorial sanctum. "I have come with my latest story," he announced. "That so?" ejaculated the busy editor. "Let us hear how it runs." "Well, this is from the first chapter: 'Casper had been standing as motionless as a block of granite. Suddenly he dropped on his knees before the beautiful girl with the alabaster brow and boldly proposed. It was then that she answered with a stony stare and handed him the marble heart. Then—'"

But the busy editor reached for the clipping shears.

"Young man," he thundered, "you have made a mistake. Take that story down to the nearest stone-yard. This is an editorial office."

NOT HIS FAULT.



Old Lady—Your face is very dirty, my little man. The Little Man—Is it, mum? Well, you see, I ain't been to church the last two Sundays.

PREFERENCE.

The Court—Six years at hard labor. You'll get a chance to learn a trade, my man.

Burglar—Judge, couldn't I be permitted to learn it by—er—correspondence course?—Puck.

SINCERE ATTACHMENT.

"Is Bliggins a book lover?" "He must be. He never returns any that he borrows."