

WHERE LEADS THE FLAG WE FOLLOW

WHAT are these stars that men should die,
 And dying, hold them yet on high?
 Do they the stars of night outvie?

The stripes that you so boldly bear
 To battle—can their glow compare
 With blood of men left lifeless there?

Or can this azure compensate
 For home-ties broken, or abate
 The grief and tears your deaths create?

Those stars—the stripes, the blue, the white,
 No power but God's can disunite;
 Symbol of Freedom, might and right—
 Lead on! Lead on, we follow thee!

All o'er the world loud paeans swell,
 Which proudly to the nations tell
 That to the very gates of hell,

If that flag leads, we follow it!

BABY SOPRANO.
Wee Two-Year-Old Girl Who Sings Grand Operas.

The youngest musical wonder in all New York is little Marguerite Mandelkern, just 2 years and 3 months old. The wee girl has not yet learned to lisp plainly the mingled English and German in which she expresses herself, but there is no music too difficult for her to sing with absolute precision after once or twice hearing it upon the piano.

The little treble voice is as clear and true as a bell, and most intricate measures are given with a strict adherence to time that would make a prima donna envious.

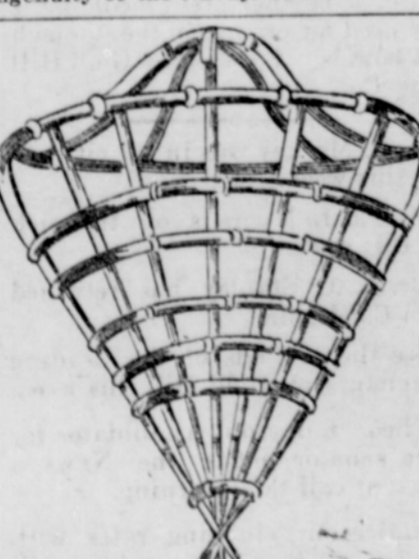
The child is a daughter of Joseph Mandelkern, of No. 106 East One Hundred and Twentieth street, and has doubtless inherited her marvelous ear from her father, whose ruling passion is music. For hours, while her sister Elizabeth, a pianist of no mean order, is playing, Baby Marguerite will creep into the room and lie silently listening. This had been going on for some time before the family observed the little one's habit and became aware of her devotion to melody.

It was when near her second birthday, however, that the infant musician essayed her own powers. Her choice was grand opera, and her debut made in an aria from "Aida." As the first note was struck "Gracie," as she is known at home, stopped suddenly in her play, threw back her head, parted her red lips and to the surprise of every one present sang in a sweet, pure thread of tone the entire aria.

Once having found her voice the little maid, tremulous with delight, went on to make her own every theme that appealed to her. And Gracie knows,

too, everything that she sings. It is a matter of moment to this small music lover whether it be Verdi or Mendelssohn that occupies her attention.—New York World.

Bird Cage Made by Navajos.
 Here is another illustration of the ingenuity of the Navajo Indians. It is



ORIGINAL AND SERVICEABLE.
 a bird cage made of bamboo. The design is original and the material very serviceable.

He Promised.
 "Oh, George," she cried, after he had kissed her, "you'll never tell any one, will you?"
 "Never have the slightest fear on that score," he replied. And it must have been the way he said it that made her angry.

A good-sized whale yields about one ton of whalebone.

INDICATE CHARACTER.
What Different Kinds of Noses Mean to Their Owners.

A thick nose and flat is an unfavorable feature with men as well as women, usually signifying that the character is predominated by material instincts, while a turned-up nose with wide nostrils betokens a vain disposition.

Especially wide nostrils are signs of courage, strength and pride; small nostrils of weakness and timidity. Noses large in every respect are usually found among men, and when a woman possesses a large nose it indicates she is masculine in character.

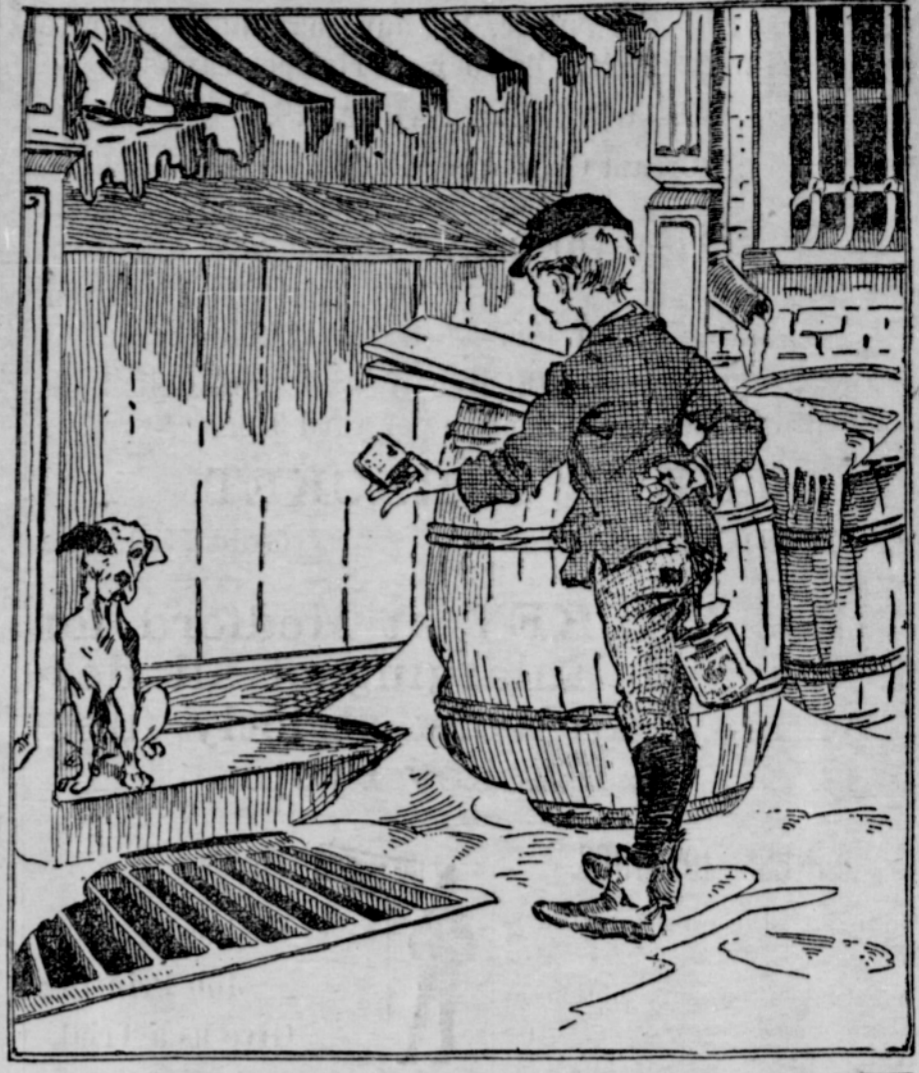
The nose, the form of which has so much to do with the beauty of the face, is amenable to culture, and we have it on the authority of a German physician that it is beyond dispute that during half an ordinary human life the nose is capable of receiving more noble form. The mental training of an individual has a great deal to do with shaping the nose.

The small, flat nose, found among women and called the *soubrette* nose, when occurring with an otherwise agreeable cast of countenance, indicates a gracious and cheerful nature, combined with considerable curiosity. Such a nose is seldom found among men, and when a man is unfortunate enough to possess it he is characterized by weak and definite sagacity.—Philadelphia Press.

Female.
 "Any mail for me this morning?" asked the lawyer.
 "No, sir, but there was a lady," replied the bright boy.—Philadelphia North American.

One pound of sheep's wool is capable of producing one yard of cloth.

CHARITY.



THE STOKER A HERO.
On Men-of-War There Is No Position More Trying than His.

Stripped to the waist, perspiring in the terrible heat of the furnaces, the stoker never knows how the battle is going, whether his ship will be blown into the air or sent to the bottom, as he throws the coal into the fiery maw of the furnace.

Among the heroes on a battleship none have so onerous a position and none more dangerous than the men who tend the furnaces and pass the coal. However the conflict above him may range, the stoker hears only its distant murmur and feels only the shock as the shells impact themselves against the steel sides and the great guns recoil from the thousand pounds of steel and powder hurled at the enemy. Perhaps a chance shot may pierce the 10 inches of armor that guard the engines and boilers and the rushing water may drown him as he vainly seeks to escape. Perhaps the 50 tons of explosives in the magazines may be reached by a projectile from the enemy's guns and he may be blown to pieces in the steel cell where he is at work.

At any time the crisis may come, and small chance is there for him to catch on the floating spar or wreckage. In such cases the stoker always proves the coffin of the men who feed the furnaces and lend the initial assistance towards making the war vessel a thing of life.

The stoke-hole in a battleship is situated far below the water line at a point almost amidships. A long, grimy room it is, hemmed in by steel walls

and in the burning fuel, and nicety of experience keeps the great furnace at an even heat. The steam gauge over his head is watched and every fluctuation noted. The assistant engineer, who superintends the work of stoker, is constantly on the alert. The life of a battleship may often depend on a proper handling by the engineer. If one of the furnaces is disabled by a chance shot, no harm may result, but if more are disabled the ship may be at the enemy's mercy.

In spite of their hard duties the stokers are healthy, strong and vigorous men. The intense heat in which they work tans their skin a dark brown. They are fairly well paid and have many liberties. They are idle more or less when the vessel is in port and little steam is kept up.

When the battle begins the men in the stoke-hole are able to tell only that the ship has gone into action. They hear the roar of the batteries as they are fired and feel the shock of the shell as it bursts on the armored sides; but the terrible anxiety of a half day's conflict is greater to them than to the men who work the guns or direct the ship's movements.

As the battle goes on there are many who win praise for bravery in action, but to the stoker there is only to toll on in the furious heat, each one doing his small share. He helps to win by keeping his integral part of the engine of war in working order, at the direction of the commander.



STOKERS AT WORK.

The Use of the Great Toe.
 The negroes of the West Indies use the great toe constantly in climbing. Several years ago, while spending some time at one of the famous resorts in Jamaica, I had an opportunity to observe the skill with which the black women, who do a great part of the manual labor, carried stone, mortar and other building materials on their heads to the top of the five-story tower in a part of the hotel not then finished.

Much of the unerring accuracy with which they (women and girls) chased each other up and down the long ladders, with heavy loads skillfully poised on their woolly pates, was due to the firmness with which they grasped each rung of the ladders with the great toe. They did not place the ball or the hollow of the foot on the rung, but the groove of the foot on the rung, and they held fast by making the back of the other toes afford the other gripping surface. In much the same way the Abyssinian native cavalry grasp the stirrup. And I have seen a one-armed Santo Domingan black, astride the near ox in a wheel yoke, guiding a lead mule with a rein held between his great and second toes, while his only arm was devoted to cracking his teamster's whip.—Overland Monthly.

Horse Brains.
 An East Hebron (Maine) horse proves his wit in this wise: Two nights in succession the nag slipped his headstall off and pushed an inner door of the stable open and slid the outer railroad door with his teeth and went into the field and helped himself to grass. He was detected by the prints of his teeth on the cross-bars of the door.

Great Time-Saving Scheme.
 "No," he said, "I don't care for poetry. Fact is, I haven't time to read much of anything."
 "Why," she sweetly asked, "don't you try to learn to roll your cigarettes with one hand?"

A horse will live twenty-five days without food, merely drinking water.
 The Peruvian condor's wings are sometimes forty feet from tip to tip.