

PARIS "ALL RIGHT"

"Doughboy" Fairly in Love With the French Capital.

Pettiness of the Men and Pleasant Manners of the Women Impressed American Soldier—Saw Little Gloom in City.

I know you are crazy to hear what I thought about Paris, it being the first time I ever seen it. Well, Joe, all I can say is that Paris reminds me of Philadelphia with a bun on! The streets is all called "rues" and the main one is the Rue de la Paix. It's a whole lot like Broadway would be without the electric lights, theaters, hotels and cabarets. Every other place is a restaurant, and the ones in between is cafes.

The people here are so stuck on their home town that they won't even go indoors to eat, but sit right out on the pavement at little tables for all their meals, so they can keep right on lookin' at dear Paris all the time, not to say the dames which parades up and down.

The girls is pretty near all knock-outs, and none of them is too stuck up to give a guy a pleasant smile and pass the time of day. I must say that anybody which gets lonesome here ain't got no one but himself to blame, Joe! The men is all in uniform and great little guys. I think us doughboys is mixin' with the French better than anybody else. They go out of their way to make things nice for us and don't laff at us when we try to speak French and call eggs "woofs" instead of whatever it is.

Joe, a Frenchman is the politest guy on earth. If you go into a place of business here and ask a guy how to get to a certain street and number, he closes his desk, calls a taxi, stops on the way to buy you a shot of vin ordinaire and delivers you personally, right outside the door, the while beggin' your pardon for not gettin' you there sooner! Can you imagine anything like that in New York? You go up to a guy on Broadway and ask him how to get somewhere, and what does he do? He says: "I never heard tell of it; I'm a stranger here myself." Am I right, Joe?

I heard a lot of talk about Paris bein' up against it on account of the war, the people all downhearted, and food bein' as scarce as heat prostrations in Iceland. Joe, that is all the bunk! There is plenty of food here for everybody, and I put away some of the finest steaks I ever seen. If the people is downhearted, then I'm vice president of Egypt! Joe, they are the gamest nation on earth, and we are proud to be in the lineup over here with 'em. They've had a tough time for four years, and they know they been to the war all right, but that ain't gloomed 'em a little bit. They're as full of pep as a steam drill, and pretty near everything that was runnin' before the war here is still doin' business at the old stand. Why, Joe, one of these French guys could kid the kaiser to death, on the level! —H. C. Wittwer in Collier's Weekly.

Upheld Traditions of His Corps.
Fighting on his own hook or helping out when it is somebody else's fight, a United States marine is pretty likely to be on the job. Private Garrell Mabe, a marine attached to the Boston navy yard was ill at the United States naval hospital at Chelsea, Mass. There was not much fight left in him. Near by, in the same hospital, was another patient, desperately ill, who could not make his fight alone. He had to have a transfusion of blood. Private Mabe volunteered, and his blood saved the day. He risked his life as cheerfully for a fellow servant of the flag as he would have done for the flag itself, and the commanding officer of the hospital in his report warmly praised him for volunteering this dangerous and trying service. The marine proved that there is as much opportunity for heroism on a sick bed as on a battlefield, and has been personally commended by Major General Barnett for his self-sacrifice and heroic act. Private Mabe enlisted with the marines at Winston-Salem, N. C., in November, 1916.

Doctor in Wooden Shoes.
A great Dutch daily publishes information which throws a peculiar light on the condition of public life in occupied Belgium.

"At Malines," says the correspondent of this Netherlands paper, "the rich are more and more setting the example of wearing sabots, since the shortage of shoes has grown so acute. Mr. G. H. H., physician and alderman, can regularly be seen going around in sabots. He is dressed as was formerly his habit, not forgetting his high hat, but instead of wearing the usual shoes he wears black sabots. He is setting a good example in overcoming false pride also. A number of ladies are already following his example."

These Summer Furs.
"I'm kind o' hopeful it's goin' to be a cool summer," remarked the man with the subdued air.
"Are you a weather prophet?"
"No. But my daughter is wonderfully smart. And she's buying more furs this spring than she did last."

Some Solace.
"I suppose it is the ambition of every girl to marry a millionaire."
"Many have hopes."
"And many of those hopes must be blasted. However, there seems to be enough lieutenants for all."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

DISCOVERY CLAIMED BY MANY

Spanish Adventurer, However, Is Given Credit for "Putting Australia on the Map."

The claim to have been the true discoverer of Australia has been put forward by many men and many nations. Thus the French allege that Captain Paulovier de Gouneville made the discovery in 1504. Recent researches have, however, proved that it was Madagascar, and not Australia that this French navigator sighted. There is little doubt the latter was discovered prior to 1542 by the Portuguese, but no record remains of the details of the discovery. The Dutch yacht Duyfhen, from Bantam, which had been dispatched to explore New Guinea, sighted the mainland in March, 1606, and in June of the same year Louis Vaez de Torres, a Spaniard, accompanied by Fernandez de Quiros, made the same discovery. The name of this first navigator is the first authenticated one known in connection with Australia, and his discovery has been perpetuated in the nomenclature of the Straits of Torres. William Dampier was the first Englishman to visit Australia, and Captain Cook the first explorer to give any really authentic and valuable information as to this then unknown continent.

GAVE IMPETUS TO INDUSTRY

Effect of Application of Principles of Sewing Machine to Manufacture of Boots and Shoes.

On April 29, 1862, a patent was issued to Gordon McKay for a sewing machine for shoes. After the breaking out of the Civil war, Mr. McKay began to make army shoes. He set up five machines in Rayham; secured a factory at Farmingham; took government orders and manufactured on his own account.

The practical utility of his machine was demonstrated by his success, and in June, 1862, these machines were first ordered for sale. Mr. McKay adopted the plan of leasing rather than selling his machines, and in 1862 made contracts with 62 firms for their use. In 1876, 1,500 were in operation throughout the country. These machines are now used in foreign countries and Canada.

Over 100,000,000 shoes are made annually in the United States by these machines. The application of the principles of the common sewing machine to the manufacture of boots and shoes was an important addition to industrial science and entitles Mr. McKay to a prominent position among inventors.—Chicago Journal.

WHAT AN OFFICER SAYS.

There is a glamor and a pathos about the private soldier, especially when, as often happens, he is really only a boy. When you meet him in the trenches, wet, covered with mud, with tired eyes, speaking of long watches and hours of risky work, he never fails to greet you with a smile, and you love him for it, and you feel that nothing you can do can make up to him for it. For you have slept in a much more comfortable place than he has. You have had unlimited tobacco and cigarettes. You have had a servant to cook for you. You have fared sumptuously compared with him. You don't feel his superior. You don't want to be "gracious without undue familiarity." Exactly what you want to do is a bit doubtful—the major said he wanted to black his boots for him, and that is the best way of expressing it.—Donald Hankey, "A Student in Arms."

CURTAIN JUTE PRODUCTION.

Owing to the rather critical conditions prevailing in the jute industries in Scotland the Dundee jute spinners and manufacturers are largely in favor of resorting to a stoppage of a certain proportion of machinery in their works. The government has made known its desire for a reduction of 10 per cent on the 1916 consumption of raw jute, and at a recent meeting of the spinners and manufacturers it was unanimously agreed that the reduction should be effected by a curtailment of machinery rather than by running on short time.

BOASTFUL.

Patience—My brother is in the cavalry.
Patrice—Oh, is he? How many horses does he have to drive?
"Why, one, of course."
"Well, my brother is in the artillery. He drives a four-in-hand."

SLEEP SEEN AS HANDICAP

Imperative Demand of Nature the Cause of Nonaccomplishment of Many Natural Ambitions.

One of the correspondents at the French front sends a vivid description of the gallant attempts of the British troops to hold back the Germans at the height of the big drive in spite of their overpowering need of sleep, remarks the Providence Journal. Between the demands made upon them they slept anywhere, even while leaning upon the parapets of trenches. They charged half asleep. They fought with grim resolution against nature as well as against the Germans.

Every man knows the distress of keeping at the routine duties of life in spite of lack of sleep. There comes times to all of us when there are duties that must be done, no matter how much we require rest. Up to a certain point the performance of these duties is tolerable. Then nature asserts herself and we must leave our task and our responsibility to somebody else.

Sleep interferes with the accomplishment not only of individual labors but of natural ambitions also. It might be instructive to discover what great aims have been unattained in history by reason of this strange human handicap. An aim unattained by one side in war means, of course, a corresponding advantage to the other side. If goals have been sacrificed to sleep, so sleep must be credited with the rescue of armies and causes from perilous situations.

CATCHING A BASEBALL FAN



"Did she sue him for breach of promise?"

"Yes; the poor fan spoke of a diamond and she said it was so sudden."

GAVE LIFE FOR HIS MEN.

"He was game to the last." This is what the men on rafts in an open sea said of Lieut. Stanton Frederick Kalk when death claimed this brave young officer of the United States navy after he had fought to save his ship and then gone to the rescue of his men. Kalk was the officer of the deck of the Jacob Jones when the destroyer was torpedoed. When the submarine was sighted he at once took prompt and efficient measures to maneuver the ship clear of the torpedo. The explosion, however, could not be avoided, and the ship began to sink eight minutes after being struck. Although in a weakened condition, Lieutenant Kalk, with no thought of self, swam from one raft to another among the men afloat in a turbulent sea, trying to equalize the weight of each raft. He finally succumbed to exposure, his life a sacrifice for his shipmates. Lieutenant Kalk was born in Alabama October 14, 1894. He was appointed to the naval academy from Nebraska in 1912, his appointment as ensign dating from June, 1916. Previous to serving on the Jacob Jones he was attached to the U. S. S. Florida.

DIG, PLANT AND HOE!

America has assumed the task of feeding the armies of liberty. Not only the fighters on the battle front, but all the men and women of the embattled nations look to America for food. Producing food is one of America's most important duties, and it is a duty that is not shirked. . . . Dig! Dig and plant! Plant and hoe! It is all for the welfare of the world. Every lot that is untilled, every weed that chokes an American radish, is an ally of Hindenburg's Huns.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

VICTIM OF THIRST.

"I'm getting to be a slave to drink!"
"Thought you lived in a prohibition town?"
"Yes. But I work fourteen hours a day at a soda fountain!"

COLONISTS HAD LAST LAUGH

"Yankee Doodle," Composed by British Officer in Ridiculous, Became War Song of Free Men.

History tells us the origin of our national march—the famous "Yankee Doodle." For more than 150 years it has led us to victory. Few, perhaps, remember that to an English wit and musical genius we are indebted for the old tune. But true it is, although it was composed in a spirit of raillery, awakened by the sight of the "Yankee Doodles who came to town" in answer to General Amherst's appeal to the colonists for aid.

It was in the summer of 1755 that the British army was encamped on the east bank of the Hudson, a little below Albany.

They were to open a campaign against the French Canadians, and the well-disciplined and uniformed troops awaited the arrival of the volunteers.

In they came, a motley crowd, old men, middle-aged men and young men, but all with brave hearts beating and strong arms ready to do battle. Some were mounted on ponies, others on old farm horses, taken from the plow, and many, with a zeal which knew no fatigue, hurried in on foot.

Each carried his own outfit and provisions. No two were dressed alike; there were long coats and short coats, and no coats at all; there were high hats and low hats, covering closely cropped heads, or wigs with flowing curls. In they marched, and the regular soldiers made merry at their expense.

Even the officers were not better mannered, and the surgeon, Doctor Shackburg, entertained his friends at mess by playing "Yankee Doodle," which he had composed in derision of the volunteers.

Greatly to the amusement of the British officers, the provincials received the tune in good faith, when Doctor Shackburg gravely assured them that it was a "celebrated air of martial music," and daily it was heard played in their camp.

Little did those merry Englishmen realize that the time would come when to those ringing notes the same colonists would march to freedom.

Twenty years later "Yankee Doodle" cheered the heroes of Bunker Hill, and later still, more than ever endeared to American hearts, it was exultantly played as Lord Cornwallis' army marched into Washington's camp at Yorktown.

French Rainfall Statistics.

The investigation of French rainfall, as planned by the central meteorological office, has been carried out for a portion of the country—the northwest provinces. Maps of the average rainfall for 50 years—1851-1900—have been compiled, and comparison has been made with the records of 16 stations in France and across the border in adjacent countries. The leading rainfall features for each month and for each year have been summarized. A wide variation over small patches of territory is indicated, and while the annual precipitation is more than 40 inches at very few stations, it is 48 inches in the Monts d'Arree, and only 20 to 24 inches in the basins of the Seine, the Loire and the Oise. In nearly all parts of the territory, the wettest month is October. The rainfall for this month exceeds four inches in the country of Caux, the department of the Manche, the western part of Brittany, and the heights of Gatinne, reaching the maximum of six inches at Saussemesnil, and the driest areas, with a fall of two to three inches, are the middle valley of the Seine, the basin of the Eure, and in the Beauce. The driest month is February.

Hoe as Freedom's Weapon.

"We, the people of the United States, in gardens assembled, might well be the beginning of a new preamble of American liberty, stating that the people had decided to fight for freedom with hoes, proclaiming to the world the declaration that the welfare, prosperity and happiness of this nation are to be maintained; that the freedom of other peoples is to be guaranteed against oppression," writes Charles Lathrop Pack, president of the national war garden commission, in the People's Home Journal.

This preamble could state that it had been decided by "an American people armed with hoes" that they would help to raise enough food to win the war. Every man in the army would be doing his duty in the trenches of his own back yard or a near-by vacant lot. The work in these trenches is just as important as that in the front battle lines of Europe. It will constitute as vital a factor in the final result.

Deposit of Mineral Salt.

Experts employed in the department of biological studies of Mexico have reported that after careful investigation of the lands reclaimed by the drainage of Lake Texcoco, in the vicinity of Mexico City, there have been rendered available some 30,000,000 tons of mineral salts, including common salt, caustic soda, bicarbonate of soda, etc., for all of which there is a large demand in the republic in various industries.

Beneficial All Around.

"This food economy is proving beneficial in several ways."
"Yes. We are reducing the national waistline to protect the coast line."

One Exception.

"That run-down feeling is particularly a spring symptom, isn't it?"
"Not since the speed maniacs got in the running."

ONE DISADVANTAGE OF YOUTH

Undoubtedly a Fact That Older Persons Inspire Confidence in Those Associated With Them.

When a man of noticeably youthful appearance goes to a cautious banker seeking to finance even the soundest kind of a proposition, his line of argument is discounted before he says a word by his youthful looks, asserts a writer in American Magazine. The banker is afraid of being carried away by mere boyish enthusiasm, and is on his guard. If I were much under thirty-five and had a tip-top business scheme to finance I would get an older man of established reliability and conservatism to present it for me to the bankers.

Youth is not always so good, either, in the production end of a big business—handling a force of men and getting the best out of them. In the first place the man who is bossing the job should have occupied all the lesser jobs between him and the bottom rung of the ladder. This requires time. And, furthermore, men do not like to work under a boss who looks too much like a mere boy, no matter how smart or capable or experienced he may be. It isn't necessary that he should be old enough to give an impression of maturity. The average workman doesn't care much whether the boss is thirty or forty, but it might make a difference whether he is thirty or only twenty.

MADE STAND AGAINST RUSSIA

Only Genius of General Skobelev Enabled the Czar to Acquire Mastery Over Turkomans.

The Turkomans used to be the most dreaded robbers in all of central Asia, and the Russians had a hard time conquering them. The last stand of these magnificent rascals was at Dengil Tepe, where Skobelev stormed their great mud fortress after a siege of more than three weeks and defeated 25,000 armed men with one-fourth their number. In those days the Russians were fighters, but one wonders how they ever had the courage to attack these desert giants, whose cruelty was well known. Maynard Owen Williams writes in the Christian Herald. The Turkoman cape must have had much the same effect as did the heavily mustached war masks of the Japanese samurai.

When one sees how well the erect Turkoman with his stalking camel or his loping horse fits this desert vastness he wonders why the Russians wanted to conquer them and humble them as they did. Was it the valley of the Indus that beckoned them as it had Alexander's army, or was it protection against these robber bands?

PLAQUE FOR BRITISH MOURNERS.

"He Died for Freedom and Honor," is the inscription on the memorial plaque or medal in bronze which will be given to the next of kin of each man of Great Britain's forces who has fallen in the war. The simple and dignified design of the medal shows Britannia, with her lion attendant, holding a wreath of laurel above the field or panel inclosing the name of the dead hero. Each name will be cast with the medal. E. Carter Preston of Liverpool, a comparatively unknown sculptor, won the \$1,250 prize offered for the design in competition with more than 800, including many soldiers at the front. Scarcity of material necessarily will delay the distribution of what will be treasured heirlooms.

VETERAN'S EFFECTIVE PLEA.

Every conceivable method is being used here to work up the patriotism of Liberty loan slackers and make them loosen up. Recently a crowd surrounded an old horse on Broadway, that was decorated with blue ribbons, and the following placard: "I am an old veteran thirty-six years of age. I have worked on the streets for 25 years for one man until he retired me. Now I am doing my bit for the horses over there. Won't you help me?" And the patriotic old Dobbin caught many passing-by sympathizers who enrolled their names for a bond.—New York Tribune.

SHE GOT THEM.

Patience—Wonder if Peggy is out yet?
Patrice—Why, yes! Has she been sick?
"No, but she said she couldn't go out until she got her new shoes."
"Well, I saw her limp by today."

LEFT LITTLE OF LIGHTHOUSE

British Skipper, After Collision, Made Port With Its Fragments Littering His Ship's Deck.

The merchant skippers who traverse the Bay of Biscay or join the slow convoys that trail coastwise become accustomed to the vicissitudes of the trade and are not easily startled, Ralph D. Paine writes in the Saturday Evening Post. One of them was hailed by a commander of an American yacht, who displayed a pardonable curiosity to know why the foredeck of the cargo steamer should be littered with brick, stone and mortar in disorderly heaps. The troubled mariner, who hailed from some English channel port, bawled through a megaphone from one end of the canvas-screened bridge:

"Oh, you noticed the extraordinary muck, did you? It's what's left of a bloody French lighthouse that I ran into last night while tryin' to find the channel. The thing just toppled over on deck with a frightful crash, and the crew thought we were torpedoed. The blighters made for the boats, but I drove them back. The mate was a bit dizzied by this silly performance of a lighthouse comin' aboard and he stood there beggin' its pardon for bowlin' it over. Odd, wasn't it? Deep water made in close to the rock and I was proceedin' cautiously, so the steamer was merely dented a bit. Fancy arrivin' in port with a lighthouse spilled all over your decks. It's quite new to me. Will the French government compel me to put up a new one, do you think?"

The American naval commander courteously agreed that strange things were bound to happen in time of war.

CONTORTIONIST



Tommy Toad—The angleworm seems to be all tied up.

Bertha Butterfly—He was giving an imitation of a pretzel and he sprained his back.

TO BUILD BASILICA.

From the commencement of the war a few pious souls cherished the project of building at Jerusalem a Basilica in honor of the Sacred Heart. It was taken up by the Archconfraternity of Gethsemane at Toulouse, France, and resulted in the solemn formulation of the "vow" at the Chapel of the Visitation there on the feast of the Sacred Heart last year. The project is now being promoted enthusiastically by a larger public, since the conquest of the Holy City opens the way to its realization. It is expected that the nations whose representatives participated in the entry into Jerusalem will combine to make this Basilica an international work of thanksgiving for the liberation of the sacred places from the hands of the Turks.

REPRESENTED.

A certain regiment in one of the big eastern cantonments became very impatient to go abroad some weeks ago, so one of our correspondents writes us, and was very much disappointed at the likelihood of having to undergo several weeks more of training.

Two members of the command succeeded in getting transferred to a battalion that was going across immediately.

Whereupon the rest of the regiment hoisted a service flag with two stars on it.—Sun Dial.

GARDENER IS A PATRIOT.

I believe there is no greater patriot in the country, except the man who goes to the trenches, than the man or woman who can say: "I have helped to feed myself." This is patriotism of the highest order. A nation of gardeners means a nation determined to win the war.—Charles Lathrop Peck, in the People's Home Journal.