

SEEN AT THE FRONT

IDIOSYNCRASIES OF SHOT AND SHELL ARE MANY.

Correspondents Tell Remarkable Stories of Scenes They Have Witnessed—Lives Saved by Articles Carried.

In a photograph which comes from the front I see a man has had his hair neatly parted by a bullet in the center with the art and exactitude of a hairdresser. A visit to the hospitals at the military bases in France made me acquainted with some idiosyncrasies of shrapnel which are well-nigh unbelievable. One man, whose name was Williams or Williamson, I forget which, had his initial W plainly outlined upon his back by a fragment of shrapnel which finally settled in his boot. The man was very proud of his wound. "I wouldn't have missed that for a quid," he earnestly remarked. It certainly was a distinction. I told this story to one of the king's messengers, a noble and hard-working duke, and he capped it by telling of a case where a trooper mounting his horse was hit with a piece of shell which cut round the top of his trousers like a pair of scissors, dividing the leg part from the body.

At Hartlepool a 12-inch shell went clean through a house, continued its career up the street and went through another house. Each dwelling was occupied by a person of the same name. The signalman who was on the bridge of the British ship which sank the Emden writes: "A shot cut away the port signal halyards, cut through the range finder—about six feet of brass—blew off the range taker's leg, cut a rail off, came through the hammocks lining the inside of the bridge, through the screen and through the ship's awning, which was launched outside the screen, and then burst. One lump of shell hit the deck only a foot away from me (I have the piece), shooting by my head by inches, and another piece hit the deck and then bounced up and through the bridge screen, taking exactly half a pair of binoculars with it. Not bad for one shot, was it?"

I saw many prayer books, watches and buttons with marks of rifle bullets upon them, and other souvenirs treasured as the saviors of men's lives, from which the owners drew various inferences. A dent in a cigarette case or a hole through a pocketbook seems to give rise to graver thoughts than do actual wounds. The British soldier reaches down into the unknown further than people think, and he draws conclusions which cause him to relapse into silence as he smokes his pipe over the campfire. The idiosyncrasies of shrapnel and the eccentricities of shot supply him with all kinds of weird inferences, which he weaves into his belief, and the soldier's creed is no mere piece of formalism. It is a real spiritual compass, very different in its ethical value from the mawkish platitudes of the "piously pious" who remain at the base and shirk duty and the firing line to distribute tracts of sickly sentiment. The soldier man, when he faces the unknown, is not weighed down by his creed. He rises buoyantly where many of his sectarian superiors would founder in the storms of warfare.—London Globe.

Suggested Use for Aeroplanes.

A novel use for the aeroplane is under consideration by owners of sealing vessels as a result of the failure of the seal hunt this year. It is proposed that two experienced aviators be engaged to visit the east coast and the Gulf of St. Lawrence, respectively, just before the opening of next season and find the herds. The information thus obtained would enable the fleet to sail directly for the scene of the hunt instead of spending much time searching for the animals.

MEMORIES OF QUILTING TIME

One of Life's Simpler Pleasures That May Be Classed With Things of the Past.

Probably we don't have much of it in the cities any more, perhaps there never was much of it done in the cities, but out in the country and in the hamlets and villages and towns quilting time used to be an occasion of merriment combined with utility; it was in the early home what the log-rolling was outside; it had its place and prestige along with the sugar-making, with the husking bees and the apple cuttings, the comfort knittings and a lot of other happy functions of an earlier day.

Today we buy our comforts and our quilts and our sugar and practically everything we use; we have our corn husked in the fields either by hired hands or machinery; we live in a hurrying, labor-saving age, and maybe we have sacrificed much of quality for quantity, value for something esteemed more pleasing to our esthetic senses.

But the old-fashioned quilt, which would withstand the kicking of lusty young savages in the attic bedroom for at least a year, was some quilt. Mother and aunts, sisters and nieces, neighbors and friends came in to help make it; the home became a social center, where quilts were made and perhaps where some little gossip at the expense of absent ladies was indulged in.

Usually, at such times, there was something good to eat, rather better than the ordinary bill of fare, prepared—and that's where the kids came in for a good time, though often they had to wait, like Lazarus, at the gate, or door, until their superiors had feasted, when they fell to and left not even crumbs.

Quilting time was always a fine time; perhaps the snowflakes were flying, but usually the work was done along about the time the bees were buzzing and the flowers were in bloom, with the sunbeams flashing from the flying needles.—Evansville Courier.

Thousands of German Nurses.

"The nurses of the German Red Cross are divided into three classes," says a recent bulletin of the American Red Cross, "the first being the Red Cross Sisters, who for years have carried on the profession of nursing. Second class, the volunteer auxiliary sisters, who undergo one-half year's training, pass an examination, and who are called out from time to time to take part in repetitive courses and practical service in military hospitals. The third class comprises the volunteer helpers of the Red Cross. They are employed only in the home military hospitals, and even then only under the supervision of trained nurses.

"Over 60 per cent of the Red Cross nurses, about 5,500 in all, are now on the battlefield or in the field, war and base hospitals. The remainder are at home, not only nursing sick and wounded soldiers, but also men, women and children of the civil population."

A Bird Mystery.

One of the most curious and interesting of the unsolved problems relating to bird migration, according to Mr. W. W. Cooke's recent memoir on this subject, is connected with the chimney swift, more often called the chimney "swallow," a very common and well-known bird of the eastern United States. After the breeding season the flocks drift slowly south and concentrate in vast numbers on the northern coast of the Gulf of Mexico. Then they disappear as completely as if they hibernated under the water or in the mud, according to the old belief regarding birds in general. The last week of March they appear again on the gulf coast. "Their hiding place during the intervening five months," said Mr. Cooke, "is still the swift's secret." (Chapman's Handbook says they winter in Central America.)

ALLOW NOTHING TO WASTE

Everything of the Slightest Value Is Utilized by the Thrifty People of France.

What becomes of old sardine boxes, tomato cans, meat cans, fruit cans, and cans of all kinds?

In this country they are usually tumbled into some waste lot or down by the side of the road, where they are left in unsightly heaps.

But the people do better in France, where nothing is allowed to go to waste. They gather them up, and use them—to cut into tin soldiers. The making of tin soldiers is not an insignificant or unimportant business, by any means. There was published not long ago an item saying that the manufacture had reached "great artistic excellence," and that "a certain eminent German officer has found it possible to represent military operations on a large scale by their means." He has "thirty-five thousand tin soldiers," foot soldiers, horsemen, and artillerymen, with all necessary equipments, and toy scenery; and with them he goes through evolutions, and works out interesting problems of military tactics.

In France, too, the old boots and shoes are collected, and every part is used over again. The work is mostly done by convicts in prisons. They take the boots and shoes to pieces and soak them; then the uppers are cut over into children's shoes; or, if they are too far gone for that, a peculiar kind of pressed leather is made by some chemical action. The nails are saved and sold, and the scraps go to the farmers to fertilize the soil.

Who would have thought it possible to make anything out of old saws? Yet it is said that many of the finest surgical instruments, and some of those used by engineers, are manufactured from the steel that first did duty in saws. The steel of saws is of the very best quality and finest temper; and since it is good in the first place, it is always good.

After that it is easy to believe that there is a place in Canada where they make paper from sawdust. It is a kind of paper pulp, rolled out in great sheets, for the purpose of sheathing; that is, for using on buildings before the clapboards are put on. Wood pulp, made of poplar and spruce, has long been used, mixed with the rags in the paper mills, in the process of manufacture; but it is a new thing to convert sawdust into paper.

Where the largest quantity of lead pencils is made, the sawdust of the cedar wood is saved and distilled. "A valuable oil is extracted, every ounce of which is sold at good figures."

So an old sardine box, a tomato can, a cast-off shoe, and a rusty pruning saw may be made over into something entirely new; and a heap of sawdust and the waste from a lead-pencil manufactory may furnish employment and be of actual use in the world.—Youth's Companion.

Get Rich Slowly.

The American Bankers' association, through its savings bank section, is circulating some facts that the Herald is very glad to pass along, because they emphasize and enforce the strength and possibilities of personal thrift.

It is no "get-rich-quick" scheme the bankers offer. But if any experience in life is proved, it is that "get-rich-quick" schemes do not work. They work just often enough to prove the rule, and to prove the companion rule that nothing is appreciated, nothing does any good, that is not worked for and earned. Riches gained quickly are lost quickly.

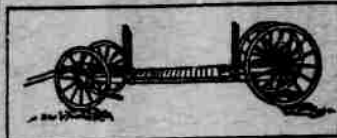
The plan proposed by the bankers is based on this proposition: That if a man earning \$20 a week saves \$5 a week he can double his income by the end of 20 years; and, of course, he will be increasing it all the time.—Duluth Herald.

LOW WAGON IN FAVOR

On Good Roads They Are Far Superior to High Ones.

Coming into Universal Use on Farms Because of Convenience and Labor Saved in Lifting—Two Good Racks Are Shown.

When bicycles and automobiles first came into use they had high wheels. The first ones that came with low wheels looked queer and caused one to smile, but they have proved the best. Now a bicycle or an automobile

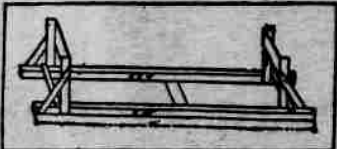


Low-Down Wagon.

with high wheels would look queer indeed.

Farmers have been accustomed to using wagons with high wheels for so long they have come to believe that high wheels are best. But they are not, with our modern roads and modern farming conditions. With bad roads, wagons with high wheels run easier than wagons with low wheels. On good roads low wheels are better in every way.

The modern low-down farm wagons are fitted with wide-tired wheels. This kind of wheels tends to smooth and make the roads good. They preserve



Rack for Hauling Roughage.

good roads after they have been made.

For farm use only the wide tire is much better than the narrow tire. The wide tire holds up the load on soft field soil, preventing the cutting of ruts and making draft easier. Private roads on the farm are thereby made smooth and can be kept in good condition at slight cost. For hauling in soft fields and on plowed ground wide tires can be used when it is not possible to go into the field and haul loads of any size with wagons having wheels with narrow tires.

Wagons fitted with wide-tired wheels are ideal for use in hayfields when the ground is soft, and the low-down wagon is the only economical wagon in use for haying, hauling sheaf wheat, manure, fodder and farm feeds in general. The lift to the low-down wagon is light and saves labor, the equivalent of saving money. Owing to the short lift and general convenience of the vehicle, one man can load and haul as much fodder in one day with a low-down wagon as two men can haul with a high wagon. The low-down wagon is the coming universal wagon for general farm use.

ADVANTAGES OF SPRING PIGS

Less Food Required for Pound of Gain in Warm Weather Than in Cold, With Young Animals.

Some of the advantages of having pigs farrowed in the spring, fed well during the summer and marketed in good season in the fall, are that nearly all of the feeding is done in warm weather and it requires less food for a pound of gain in warm weather than in cold.

The gain is greater in proportion to the feed consumed on the young animal than on the older ones. By reducing the period of feeding to nine months or less, the risk of loss by disease or other causes is greatly lessened.