

Between the Lines

By
FRANK FILSON

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A baby between the lines of trenches!

The troops had advanced by night under the searchlight; they had taken up a new position within a hundred yards of the enemy, on that had been a farm. And at dawn they could all distinctly see the child sitting up in the hole made by a ten-inch shell, one hand extended toward the ruined buildings.

It was a raw and foggy morning, and presently, while the men still gaped, the mist came down and hid the child from sight. To show a head above the sandbags ordinarily meant instant death. But now a dozen men leaped from the trenches and ran forward.

There came a fusillade from the enemy, and half of them fell dead in their tracks. The rest staggered onward, wounded, to collapse one by one. Only one man reached the edge of the crater before he collapsed, shot through the heart.

The fog lifted. By a miracle the child had escaped injury. She was still seated there in the shell-hole. From the opposing trenches a dozen men came crawling forward through the wires. Those of their opponents opposite them forbore to fire. But to the right and left were soldiers who were ignorant of the situation. A fusillade rang out, and of the dozen men only three were left to work their way forward.

"Cease firing!" came the order. But it was to control a body of troops that stretches away for un-



Carrying in His Arms an Enormous Rag Doll.

known miles on either side. A second volley, and not a man remained to rescue or to fly.

The child was still uninjured. The bullets had passed over her head, and none had struck her. Both sides, each distrusting the other, waited till nightfall. All through the afternoon, at intervals, the baby could be seen, when the fog lifted. Each side formed a volunteer party of half a dozen to make the rescue after night had fallen.

The two parties started simultaneously, crawling through their barbed wire and working their way across No Man's Land. They met in the middle. There was no chance for explanations. The rifles spoke, the bayonets did their quick work. Star shells, shot up, revealed the twelve in deadly struggle. Buoyed up by the sense of their mission, neither side would yield. They fought each other to death there, in that desolate waste of water-filled craters. Not one man returned.

On either side the soldiers waited in increasing apprehension until morning showed the heap of bodies around the crater. Within it the child could still be seen. She had fallen forward on her face. She might be dead, but there was still the wild hope that she was living. Perhaps she slept. And the soldiers, many of whom were married men, were filled with anguish and the resolution to save her, or to bring back the little body for burial.

It was evident that another day could not be allowed to pass without the rescue. Projects were mooted. It was suggested that the artillery should be brought to bear upon the enemy trenches, with a view to a general advance into them. But this was deemed too dangerous an undertaking. It was not humanly possible that a general advance could be made without a stray bullet striking the little form within the crater. It was an Irishman who solved the problem.

"Sure, who wants to hurt a baby?" he asked. "Let's ask them to send out six men to meet ours, and we'll save her."

The idea found general acceptance. Notice boards were quickly written in three languages.

"Don't fire. We are going to pick up the kid," ran the English one. And the French ran similarly—it was at the junction of the two armies. On the opposite side of No Man's Land the Germans had put up a notice to the same effect in their own language.

They quickly exchanged it for another. "When?" they asked.

"At twelve o'clock," answered the English.

It meant an hour to wait. All the eyes were strained upon the baby. She had not moved since the morning. There was every fear that she was dead. And half an hour before the time set the artillery behind the British lines began to rumble. Showers of shells broke upon the opposite

trenches. The artillery of the Germans answered. And since nothing was known of the fate of the child, and because its life or death was a small matter in the general run, the attempt was abandoned.

All that day the soldiers on either side crouched in their trenches and waited for the artillery to cease. A general attack had been ordered for six o'clock on the Franco-British front. There were few now who cherished any hope of saving the baby's life. Yet none of the shells had fallen near the crater, and the little body was still visible there.

At six o'clock the British artillery suddenly ceased. The men leaped from their trenches and ran forward, cheering.

But to their surprise their opponents did not wait for them but ran forward also, perhaps inspired by the same motives. The two parties met on a half-mile front. Bayonet clashed with bayonet, there was fierce thrust and parry, men fell dying, the cries of the wounded rent the air, and neither side would give way.

It was not until the combat had been thinned out by the loss of thousands that the two lines of enemies suddenly withdrew and made for their respective trenches. But there were those on either side who remembered.

And, moved by a simultaneous impulse, six men from either of the conflicting armies rushed toward the shell crater. Tacitly they ignored each other. A big Scotman leaped into the hole and emerged, carrying in his arms an enormous rag doll, with a painted face of blue.

It was riddled with bullet holes, and had evidently been abandoned by the former owners. Perhaps the very child whose playing it had been had long ago grown tired of it.

Yet it was strangely human in appearance, and the head, with the golden curls, drooped forward like that of a tired child sleeping.

There was a stunned silence on either side. With no thought of fighting, the men intermingled and clustered about the figure. How many thousands had died for this rag doll! It was grotesque and pitiful.

The Scotman laid the doll down in the crater and flung a little earth over it with his foot. He looked up at the faces of the enemy.

"It's for a trifle like this that good men's lives have been flung away!" he said bitterly.

There was silence, till a young student answered him:

"Are we any wiser?" he asked quietly.

The other appeared as if about to answer him; but instead he turned his back, and, calling his men, marched them back toward the trenches, under the muttering of the guns.

Sunflower Secrets.
Varying from gold to pale yellow, the handsome sunflower stands merely for decorative purposes in our British homes, says London Answers.

But other countries—Germany, America and Russia among them—realize its economic value, and cultivate the flower for its many other virtues.

Excellent oil can be extracted from sunflower seeds, and Germany, who has none too much of the former just now, has planted sunflowers along her roadsides for the sole purpose of obtaining the oil, the quality of which is hardly inferior to that of the famous olive oil.

Again, sunflower seed makes an excellent bread; both the stalks and leaves are given to stock, while the stalks can be used for fuel.

Bracken—a fern which overruns almost every portion of our isles—is another hardy plant that can be turned to good account. Scotch people use it in place of straw, and sometimes for manure. An old-time soup recipe included it among its ingredients, for bracken ashes contain a large percentage of alkali.

Old country folk burn bracken, and roll the ashes, sprinkled with water, into balls. The "lye" obtained serves the purpose of soap quite well.

England, Ireland and the Pope.
In the twelfth century Pope Adrian IV, the only Englishman that ever occupied the papal chair, granted the hereditary lordship of Ireland to Henry II of England. In 1172 Henry II visited Ireland in person, and the clergy and great princes acknowledged his supremacy and he was recognized "Lord of Ireland." In 1177 John, the youngest son of Henry II, was granted this lordship, but his authority was only nominal, and he left the government to John d'Courcy, a member of a celebrated Norman family of Oxfordshire and Somersetshire, and whose parentage was entirely unknown. In 1210 John visited Ireland, but in 1213 resigned the kingdom to the Pope, and for a second time the papal claim to Ireland was formally recorded.

Checks Against Future.
We repeat—when you're tired, quit. That doesn't mean, necessarily, quit work. It means quit spending so much time in other ways that you don't get enough sleep to furnish you with the proper working energy. You can, of course, keep going on black coffee and your novels. But, whenever you are spending more energy than you are getting, you're issuing checks against the bank's balance of future health. And as these checks are cashed the balance dwindles. One "night" to-night must be repaid later in life—with compound interest. —Fresno (Cal.) Herald.

Untruth Traced to Egotism.
Here is the most pathetic circumstance connected with lying. It is essentially self-deception. And yet it comes from the desire for self-protection and for selfish advantage. In nearly every instance it can be traced to egotism and to the weaknesses that egotism is bound to engender.

What's the Answer?
Little brother always wishes to know the why and wherefore of everything and he was much puzzled when the electric lights went out, following the accident at the power plant. Finally, he said: "Mamma, did the wires die?"

WHEN A BACHELOR TAKES A WIFE

By LAURA JEAN LIBBEY.

Whom first we love, you know, we seldom wed. Time runs us all. And Life, indeed, is not The thing we planned it out 'ere hope was dead.

The problem which worries many a bachelor is whether or not he could content himself to conform to the ruling of one woman after having been a free lance so long. He hasn't the home spirit in him and never had. He has been used to living here and there as long as he found it pleasant—striking out for pastures new when his surroundings became irksome to him. It was the same case with his loves. He discarded the old



for the new, to suit his fancy. He grants that love usually changes a man's entire nature. But the question is, how long will it remain changed? By no possibility would he drift into his old ways and notions? Of all men the bachelor should be the most clever in choosing the right kind of a wife to make him happy.

The callow youth, who has not had his experience, is apt to make the mistake of his life by imagining fervent admiration to be the grand passion. When all is said and done, the man in his thirties is not much wiser. He is just as apt to stray far afield in search

ing for the right kind of wife. It is often the matter of simple luck that he gets the right one.

The well-seasoned bachelor has had so many lessons in the book of life that his studies on woman and her nature should be valuable to him. He knows the pouting sweetheart would evolve into a grumpy wife. He knows there is nothing like a sulking wife to make homelife unhappy. He is wise enough to steer clear of the young woman who would do all the talking. He can see far enough ahead to realize that her tongue would run on incessantly through all the years. No matter how much the flirt has attracted the bachelor in other days, he is wise enough not to take her to the altar. A flirting sweetheart is had enough, but a wife whom other men were making eyes at—oh never! The bachelor can judge with much accuracy whether or not he would be suitable for a woman when he has been in her society a few times.

There is one great and glorious good trait about the bachelor when he does meet the right woman, he surrenders straightway and loses no time in asking for her heart and hand. He makes one of the best of husbands. Places outside of home have no longer a lure for him. He is forever grateful to the woman who has married him; realizing that the first and best years of his life have been squandered and that only the husks of life's fruitage remain for her. His devotion makes up for all else. The bachelor does not exist who does not secretly admire modest, noble womanhood.

(Copyright.)

SOME SMILES

Power of Will.

Holax—There goes Mrs. Jim Jones. They say she married Jim Jones to reform him, and has succeeded by mere force of will.

Tomdix—But she's such a frail little thing! How did she manage it?
Holax—By giving him to understand that if he didn't brace up and do better she would will him money to charity.

Friendly Comment.

"Yes," said the newly-elected freightpayer, as he lighted his trusty old pipe, "it was a case of love at first sight for mine."
"Well, it's too bad," replied his old bachelor friend, "that you didn't have time to take a second look."

Fresh Roasted.

"What are you doing, my pretty maid?"
"Gathering chestnuts, sir," she said. Smilingly he watched her saucy capers. Gathering them from the funny papers.

A Hurried Manner.

"Now, this naturalist tells us that we never heard of a squirrel worrying himself to death?"
"Perhaps not, but I've seen squirrels in revolving cages that seemed to have something on their minds."

Asked and Answered.

Mrs. Newed—Why don't you get your life insured, my dear?

Newed—I'm afraid people might say I was too cowardly to take chances on my own cooking. That's why.

Getting Paw on a String.

Willie—Say, paw, will you buy me a nickel's worth of fly paper?
Paw—What do you want with fly paper, my son?

Willie—To make a kite.

An Explanation.

Smith—Old man Green was forced to start his son in business.
Jones—Forced to?

Smith—Yes; he couldn't induce anyone to pay him a salary.

Our Sawed-Off Sermon.

A woman says there is no accounting for taste, but a man can merely always account for that dark brown taste he has the morning after the night before.

RELATIVES

The affected ties.
The enforced interest.
The unaccountable tastes.
The compulsory visits.
The clumsy kisses.
The clinging neglect.
The apology for not coming oftener.
The inquiry about bedridden Hester.
The assumed sympathy.
The cooling at the baby.
The pretended wish to hold him.
The real wish to drop him.
The alleged wish to hear Dorothy play.

The outward joy at her progress.
The inward boredom caused by her playing.
The making of conversation.
The introduction of a pet topic.
The intellectual response.
The squelched feeling.
The furtive glances at the clock.
The repressed yawn.
The forced brightness.
The invitation to stay for tea.
The hasty excuse for not staying.
The inward thanks.
The rising to go.

Power of Flight That Is Possessed by Birds One of the Wonders of Nature.

There is nothing more wonderful in nature than the power of flight possessed by birds, and no subject which more startling facts upon investigation.

"The way of an eagle in the air" is one of those things of which Solomon confessed himself ignorant; and there is something truly marvelous in the mechanism which controls the scythe-like sweep of wings peculiar to most birds of prey. Yet even naturalists of the first order have had little or nothing to say about the power of flight in birds, while some of them speak on very insufficient evidence, says the Boston Transcript.

Witness Mitchell's statement that the swallow flies at the rate of 240 miles an hour. Roughly this gives us 1,000 miles in four hours, but naturally, even in its swiftest dashes, the swallow does not attain to anything like this speed. But the Dutch Argyle is rather under than over the mark when he computes the speed at more than 100 miles per hour.

The mechanism of flight in the swallow is carried through an ascending scale, until in the swift it reaches its highest degree, both in endurance and facility of evolution. Although there are birds which may, and probably do, attain to the speed of 150 miles per hour, this remarkable rate is not to be looked for in any of the birds of the swallow kind.

In their migrations swallows stick close to land, and never leave it unless compelled. They cross straits at the narrowest part, and are the most easily fatigued of all birds. Apparently, though they possess considerable speed, they have no powers of sustained flight.

Mistletoe an Odd Parasite; Has No Use for the Earth.

The story of how the mistletoe gets on the trees is a most interesting one. Covering the mistletoe twigs are pearls white berries. These come in the winter season, when food is comparatively scarce, and hence some birds eat them freely. Now, when a robin eats a cherry he swallows simply the meat and flips the stone away. The seed of the mistletoe the bird cannot flip. It is sticky and holds to his bill. His only resource is to wipe it off, and he does so, leaving it sticking to the branches of the tree on which he is sitting at the time. The seed sprouts after a time, and not finding earth—which, indeed, its ancestral habit has made it cease wanting—it sinks its roots into the bark of the tree and hunts there for the pipes that carry the sap. Now, the sap in the bark is the very richest in the tree, far richer than that in the wood, and the mistletoe gets from its host the choicest of food. With a strange foresight it does not throw its leaves away, as do most parasites, but keeps them to use in winter, when the tree is leafless.

The clinging together of all parties. The seemingly hearty invitation to return. The promise. The slow parade to the front door. The reiterated invitations and promises. The final getaway. The closed door. The sighs of relief on both sides of it.—Harvey Peake in New York Times.

BRILLIANTS

"Don't spend your time explaining mistakes, spend it preventing them."—Anon.

Anger wishes that all mankind had only one neck; love that it had only one heart.—Richter.

"I see no use in having anything to do with a 'past' except to get a 'future' out of it."—Anon.

A wide-spreading, hopeful disposition is your only true ally in this vale of tears.—T. B. Aldrich.

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Here Are Simple Tests by Which to Tell Whether You Are Physically Fit.

In the last analysis, the condition of the fibers of a man's heart determines his physical fitness. Or, stated in another way, a man is not physically fit unless his heart fibers will stand certain tests. These tests have recently been reduced to such simplicity by French army surgeons that they may be applied by any intelligent person, and they offer an excellent hygienic suggestion for persons in civil life for determining their physical condition.

The tests as described in the bulletin of the French academy are made as follows: The first test consists in having the subject, after the pulse rate at rest in the standing position has been determined in the usual manner, execute running steps on one spot, with the thighs, at the rate of two steps a second. At the end of one minute the subject stops and remains standing, while the pulse is counted for fifteen seconds in each minute, and continuing the count until the pulse rate has returned to normal, or nearly so. If the pulse rate has returned to normal by the end of the second minute, the subject is considered fit for any kind of hard physical exertion. If, at the end of the second minute, the pulse rate is over thirty in the fifteen seconds—that is, 120 beats per minute instead of about seventy-five or eighty, it is a sign of slight weakness of the heart. Such a condition, however, may be corrected by proper treatment, and treatment should be undertaken at once.

In the second test the subject, while standing, raises a ten-pound weight over the head, then brings it down between the legs with the body bent forward, repeating this for one minute at the rate of one cycle in two seconds, or one second for each upward and each downward movement. The pulse rate is then tested as in the first exercise.

This second test is considered somewhat more exacting than the first; but either is adequate for practical purposes.

The First Sponge Farm.

Around the shores of an island on the west coast of Florida has been established the first sponge farm in existence. It is believed. It is estimated that 500,000 sponges are thus being cultivated. The method is simple. Concrete disks, about ten inches in diameter, are sunk, the bits of sponge being first attached by a small piece of aluminum wire; this is to hold them in position as a safeguard against being washed away. One disk is planted or dropped for every square yard. Fully 80 per cent of the sponges planted mature. The water possesses sufficient nourishment for them, and, unlike other farming, sponges require no cultivation during their growth. They may be left alone after planting until they are large enough to gather.

Much Soil Washed Into the Sea.

An average of 95 tons of soil and loose rock is washed into the ocean every year from every square mile of the United States. This estimate does not include the Great Basin. The immensity of this contribution may be better comprehended when it is realized that the surface of this country covers 3,688,500 square miles.

May Issue Iron Coins.

Copper appears to be as scarce in Scandinavia as it is in France. A dispatch from Stockholm states that the governments of Denmark, Norway and Sweden are seriously considering the advisability of issuing iron coins for the smaller currency, and three national banks are in favor of this project.

How He Lost His Friends

He was always wounding their feelings, making sarcastic or funny remarks at their expense.

He was cold and reserved in his manner—cranky, gloomy, pessimistic. He was suspicious of everybody.

He never threw the doors of his heart wide open to people nor took them into his confidence.

He was always ready to receive assistance from them but always too busy or too stingy to assist them in their time of need.

He regarded friendship as a luxury to be enjoyed instead of an opportunity for service.

He never learned that implicit, generous trust is the very foundation stone of friendship.

He borrowed money from them. He was not loyal to them.

He never hesitated to sacrifice their reputation for his advantage.

He measured them by their ability to advance him.—Success.

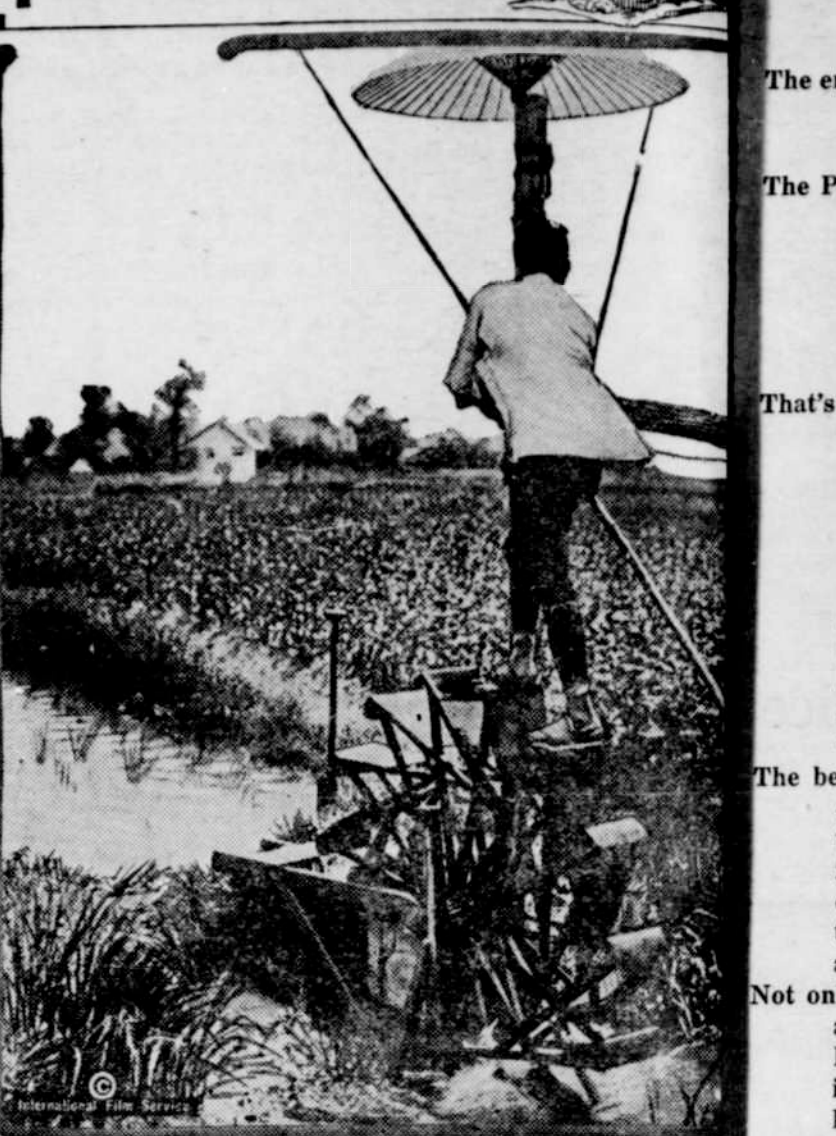
Suited All Parties.

The proprietor of a Georgia seed store adopted a novel method of extracting the seeds from a special variety of watermelon which he wished to introduce, and of which he had a number of specimens. The melons were cut and a great crowd of negroes were invited in from the street to eat their favorite fruit free. All that was required of them besides eating melon was to save the seeds.

Keep Henhouse Clean.
The fowls will not do well if the manure is allowed to accumulate under the roosts. If they are well fed and have free range the ill-effects may not show on them for some time, but the egg yield will decrease, and lice and mites will be worse, and disease may develop suddenly among the fowls.

Fashion in Thought.
We are taught to clothe our minds, as we do our bodies, after the fashion in vogue; and it is accounted fantastical, or something worse, not to do so.—Locke.

IN PROSPEROUS FORMOSA



TWENTY years ago, when Japan took it over, Formosa was a haunt of pest and crime. Today the island can show a collection of clean, modern, prosperous towns. The present governor general, Baron Ando, is a fine looking man with a clear eye and a kindly manner. His guests at the palace experience Japanese hospitality at its best, and no pain is spared, with the help of interpreters and courteous officials, to show what can be seen of the island and its workings even in a tour of ten days. The most favored visitor in such a short space of time, however, cannot hope to gain more than a series of interesting pictures.

In answer to a question as to the problem that interested Baron Ando most keenly regarding the island, he answered that the problem that always held him was how best to govern for the good of the people, says a writer in the London Times.

The impression gained of Taihoku, the capital of Formosa, is of a large clean government city. It is situated in the beautiful northern plain and is ringed around by hills that would make an enchanting frame to any metropolis.

The sky blue, the sun hot, but not too hot, palm, acacia and banyan trees in groups, or in avenues, on all sides, and white roads some inches thick with fine dust, make a background for the Formosan people.

Long Period of Chinese Rule.
There is something appealing in the faces of these Formosans. Their history is an ugly one. From the beginning of time, in the case of the aboriginal savages, who are mostly headhunters, it is a series of horrors, bloodshed, plague, murder, sudden death, battle and exploitation.

The savage tribes preyed on each other and on the unlucky sailors and passengers whom terrible storms so frequently wrecked on the island shores. Then the settlers from China took revenge on the savages who made constant raids on the dwellers of the plain and the Chinese governors oppressed their own people.

Except for the forty years that Dutch adventurers, while filling their pockets, returned spiritual for material favors and did excellent educational and civilizing work among both savage and Formosan inhabitants—"even educating the women"—the island has had an unhappy history. From China's 280 years of squalid rule little good seems to have come.

The Formosan Chinese, however, brought with them that instinct for work that is their heritage. Neither ill usage, violence, oppression nor savage incursions have kept the Chinaman from being industrious. He was dugged and sowed and planted. He has woven and spun his garments and dyed them a beautiful indigo blue, evidently for the love of the thing. The great failing of this industrious man,

however, has ever been his unness. There is no doubt whatever John Chinaman and his wife, or are not to be moved either by smells or ugly surroundings. The der always is to see the love broderies that are evolved in haunts of disease and dirt.

Whoever speaks of Formosa authority tells the same tale. Japan took over the island 20 ago Taihoku was nothing but a Chinese town. And the visitor would see something of a genuine old style town and really contrast, should visit Roko.

City of Darkness.
Rokko seems chiefly to be an almost interminably long, street houses that face each other as from the sun's rays by heavy black roofing that stretches from side to side. The sun is an evil tropical sun that seems to burn the parrot and hair, scarcely a ray of light.

These Chinese houses that face each other are all alike in one thing—their whole front is an open space, and the back wall of one or two houses or ornate lanterns and the family shrine is visible. The family shrine is a place of spiritual quality it may be opinion. It is not for three.

Learn About Sanitation.
They appear to be peaceful, trifling folk, and to the casual observer thirds of them seemed enough to be had phylisical ease. The kindly policeman from Japan who piloted us through town said that he had little to do now in getting the people to clean their official orders for cleaning their

at the beginning they seemed not understand what was wanted. Great patience was needed. He had a name of old for pest scourge, which as recently claimed 1,000 deaths out of cases of infection, is now supposed to have been entirely stamped out.

In medical and sanitary matters Formosan has been whisked from the awful depths of the tenth century right up to the modern civilization of a blessed Japan has blessed the Formosans the benefits of progress there have come modern evils, but the accompanying our civilization to be less gruesome and leprous than of the Chinese era in this island.

Powerful Metallic Candies.
Candies made of metallic tin and aluminum for making pictures at night project about 33 times as far as ordinary lights.

Moral Legislation.
The trouble with legislation habits out of human nature many people seem to regard as a nuisance.—Columbus (Ohio) Star.

Such Is Perversity.
Good advice is so generally tionable that some men will even when you tell them to make fools of themselves.

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