Camp Cook Tooted Funeral March to Call Men to Diet of Wormy Pie.

"Hank" Peters, a veteran fife major of the Civil war, has been cook in a lumber camp for a score of years. The old soldier has an irrepressible Bense of humor, and still preserves the shrill fife which he used in many battles.

A shipment of "grub" was received at the lumber camp not long ago, 'n which was a box of coarse raisins. When the cover was removed "Hank" discovered that the dried fruit was filled with worms and shoved the box aside to await orders for its condemanation from the "woods boss." When the gruff old Scotchman arrived, however, he received the suggestion with

Indignation. "Dump those raisins in the lake?" he roared. "Ye'll do nawthin' o' the "kind. Bake some pies, ve lazy rascal. 'I'm thinkin' that'll keel the worms. an' as for the boys, they're wormproof!"

Without a word "Hank" baked the pies. As the "cookee" was about to tales the long horn from above the door and announce the evening meal. the old cook stopped him and reached for his tife.

"I'll call the boys this evening," he

From the doorway the astonished Jumberjacks heard the old fife drone the slow bars of a civil war funeral march. As he turned to re-enter the shanty "Hank" remarked to his assistants:

"If the boys have to eat that ple, It's a good send-off we'll be giving

COASTING AND ITS GLORIES

Columbus Editor Grows Some Enthuslastic as He Writes on the Subject.

During the last snow spell the boys had out their sleds and did a deal of coasting. There is no memory of youth as glorious as that sport. Nobody ever thought that the fun of sliding down hill was in the slightest diminished by the labor of trudging back uphill.

The swift and exhibarating joy of flitting down the hillside was a grand part of a boy's experience, and will inever grow stale in the memory. What a great thing it would be if the spirit of that sport would get into the humdrum of life and brighten it up some.

There is one feature of this coasting business that stands out like a promontory. That was "beliy-bustin'." There is no use to feel squirmish about the term or hesitate to breathe it aloud in a literary column.

That was the exciting feature of coasting, and was indulged in mostly iby the boys of daring and patched clothes. "Get out of the way!" he shouts; and bang goes the sled on the slippery hillside, with the boy's legs stretched far astern the sled in the endeavor to guide it, but, failing, off he runs into a boy here, knocks one down there, and turns another end for end out in the snow. Oh, but it was glorious! One can hear that yell yet.

If men would do that to one another in the grown-up world, there would be fighting and madness all the time. but in the boy world it belonged to the beautiful sanctities of life. To this day we take off our hat to the "belly-buster."—Columbus Journal.

Feminine Forgetfulness.

Women are growing more forgetful. At least that is what somebody has said who makes a study of such things, and the theory was proved the other day by a woman in a New York department store. When she had shopped in several places and consumed most of the afternoon, she found she had lost her muff. Returning to the shop in which she last remembered having it, she made a ferwent appeal to the clerk of the "Found" department. "I left my muff in one of your fitting rooms, I am "Bure." said the woman: "you have it. of course?" The girl looked at her calmly. "Probably we have. Fifty-Ssix muffs were found today." The woman gasped. "Oh, yes, that is about our average at this season," added the clerk. "We often have almost 100 on a cold day; sometimes we gather up only 40 or 50. But I should say 50 he the average."

Men the Biggest Beggars. Mrs. E. H. Harriman, at a dinner in New York, said of the begging letter nuisance:

"I am overwhelmed with begging letters. I received five thousand begging letters before I started on my recent Western trip. It isn't unusual for mato receive one hundred begging letters day.

"And most of them are from men. Women have a finer, bolder spirit than they used to have. The clinging, babyish type of woman is disappearingthe type of woman, I mean, who writes begging letters and who, if a married, has for her motto;

"Laugh and the world laughs with You. Weep and you get what you want."

Post-Bellum. First Italian-What was he deco-

Second Ditto-Bravery in the aerial service in Tripoli. His machine fell from a height of two hundred feet and crushed twenty Turks singlehanded -- Puck.

TO THE WAYS OF THE WHAD

Timid Doe Finds There is Some Good After All in the White Bipeds of the City.

The heart of a deer, a poor, timid, pretty little doe, must have been near to bursting with gratitude a few days ago. Somewhere up among the pines in the moonlight she must surely have found a way, dumb brute though she is, to tell her companions of the antiered tribe how good after all are the white bipeds of the city

when the hunting season is over. Out of the maelstrom of queer sights and scenes of snorting, puffing monsters that ran on wheels and uttered terrifying metallic sounds in which she found herself she was transported back to her native environment-in a motor car.

Poor, little trembling creature. She shook and cowered and looked as though she were gazing upon the end from her great liquid eyes. They took her back to the mountains, loosened their hold upon the soft neck and said to her: "Go, little girl."

She hesitated a minute, then, realizing what to her was doubtless something beyond all belief, she sprang from the tonneau of the motor car and in three bounds was out of sight.

Whatever caused the animal to stray into the city from some one of the nearby canyons no one knows.--Los Angeles Times.

PROFESSOR WAS THE LIMIT

Which Goes to Show That Wives Should Be Careful About Overburdening Husband's Mind.

The people didn't merely look at Professor Branefog-they stared. He knew he was absent minded at times, and he wondered whether he had rubbed his face with boot polish instead of cold cream after he had shaved, or whether he had forgotten to change his dressing gown for his frock coat. But a kind policeman put things

right. "Are you aware, sir, that you are carrying a joint of beef in your arms?" he asked.

"Goodness, me!" said the professor. "I knew something was wrong. My wife told me to put her Sunday hat on the bed, to place this joint in the oven, and to take the baby and the dog out for a walk."

"You've not put the baby in the oven, surely," said the law's guardian. "I put something in it," said Branefog; "but I don't know whether it was the baby or the dog."

With bated breath they hurried to the professor's house. Here, on the bed lay the baby and the dog, but his wife's Sunday hat that was in the

Doctor Defends Meat Eaters. In his recently published work Dr. Robert Hutchinson observes that energy is not to be confused with muscular strength. A grass fed cart horse is strong; a corn fed hunter is energetic. Energy is a property of the nervous system; strength of the muscles. Muscles give us the power to do work; the nervous system gives us the initiative to start it. Muscles do their work upon carbohydrates (starch foods), which are the characteristic nutritive constituents of vegetable foods; the brain appears to require nitrogen, which can only be attained in a concentrated form from animal sources. If proteid food, therefore, be regarded as a nervous food. a diet rich in it-will make for intellectual capacity and bodily energy, and it is not without reason that the more energetic races of the world have been meat eaters.

The Actor in China

If the new regime in China succeeds in abolishing class distinction in civil administration it will have accomplished a difficult task. Hitherto' three classes of the population have been esteemed by the Chinese "lowest of the low," these being actors, barbers and chiropodists. These and their children are barred from becoming Mandarins. Their grandsons, according to the letter of the law, are permitted to hold government posts, but this permission has seldom been granted. Some years ago a grandson of Cheng Chang Keng, the most famous l'ekin actor of his day, was appointed one of the secretaries of the Chinese legation in Berlin. The appointment aroused a storm of protest among official circles in China, and but for the support of the empress dowager would have been revoked.

Locking Up the Stable. The chancellor of the exchequer was putting up the iron shutters while the first Lord of the Admiralty stowed

away the show case. "There's no use takin' chances," says the chancellor, "Britannia's shop

must be protected at all 'azards." "Right you are," remarked the admiralty chap. "W'y, them stonethrowin' lydies busted enough window glass on their last suffrin' rampyge to build a battleship an' arf a dozen col-

** Promoting Pleasant Impressions. "What is leave to print?" inquired the lady who has the art of seeming

liers."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

interested. "Leave to print," replied Senator Sorghum, "is something that enables a man to pretend that he has delivered a speech, and which also enables his friends to pretend that they have made themselves familiar with its contents."

KIND PEASANTS OF BRITTARY

The section of the se

Will Willingly Share With You Contents of Cupboard and Will Not Ask for Pay.

In Brittany all peasants carry their own knives; and as for forks, they have no use for them. George Wharton Edwards tells, in "Brittany and the Bretons," of a visit to an inn where he met with the proverbial Breton hospitality.

An old withered Breton woman sat at the fireside, busily knitting at a jersey of blue wool, and three men sat at a table, playing some sort of game with dominoes.

The men gave no apparent heed to our entrance, but I knew we were be-

ing discussed in their patols, We asked for bread butter and a pitcher of cider, which was forthcoming, but no knives were brought. Noting our predicament, the three men at once produced their knives, immense born-handled affairs, and after wiping them very carefully and considerately on their coat sleeves, they opened and proffered them to us. "And now, madame," said I. "what

shall I pay you?" "Five sous for the cider, m'sieur. There is no charge for the bread for is not that the gift of bon Dieu?"

Thus it is throughout this strange land of Brittany. One may travel from end to end away from the large cities, and everywhere meet with the same hospitality. The peasant will willingly share with you what he has in the cupboard, and will not ask for pay.

I left an offering of silver upon the window sill among the balls of woolen yarn.

TRADE IN WOODEN SHOES

Scarcity of Willow Wood Has Steadied Market, Which Was Unsettled by Overproduction.

Last year was unfavorable to the wooden shoe manufacturers in Holland owing to the keen competition of the Belgians and a decided overproduction here. This year's prospects are somewhat brighter.

The scarcity of willow wood, from which those shoes were formerly made, has caused the market to steady up a little. Poplar and some Russian woods are also being used more extensively than heretofore.

The cost of the wod from which the shoes are made is about \$6 per cubic meter, out of which 100 pairs of ordinary size can be made. The wholesale price of these shoes is 12 cents. One workman is able to make 12 to 15 pairs in a day, from which it can be inferred how narrow is the margin of profit in the industry

Relatively few wooden shoes are produced by machinery for export, but with this exception all the wooden shoes are made by hand in Holland. About twenty different tools are required in the operation. A year or so ago several German capitalists started factories in this country to make wooden shoes by machinery, but failed. Machine-made shoes, it is said, are not well finished, and some handwork is always necessary to make them satisfactory.

Wanted by McGraw.

Stone throwing by children is not as common now as when the automobile was a novelty, but it still exists. A big limousine, occupied by a well known theatrical man and his wife, was running slowly down Riverside Drive, New York, a few days ago when a good sized rock, thrown by a boy not more than three years old. crashed through one of the windows. The chauffeur stopped the car and caught the youngster, who made no attempt to escape. The matter was referred to a policeman by the irate

"What do yez want me to do?" asked the representative of law and order. "Arrest this little lad?" 'Something ought to happen to

him," protested the owner. "Aw, well, he's only a kid. Ye can't do much," counselled the policeman. "Suppose, now, ye take him and turn him over to McGraw. He's looking for this kind of talent."

83 and 75 on a Lark, Mr. and Mrs. James Stead Biddell came into New York from their home in Passaic, N. J., yesterday to celebrate the fifty-fourth anniversary of their marriage.

"We always go for a lark on our wedding anniversary," laughed Mr. Biddell in their home last night.

"We've never missed it." Mrs. Biddell stood close to her husband and it was plain they were still sweethearts. As he talked she took

his hand. "We've always been happy," he said. "We never had a single quarrel." Then they laughed.

Mr. Biddell is eighty-three and his wife seventy-five. They were married in Flushing, L. I., but moved to Passaic haif a century ago, when it was a small village. They look much younger than they are. He retired from business 16 years ago.-New

York Telegraph.

Defects That Cause Failure. "Failures which a man makes in his life are due almost always to some defect in his personality, some weakness of body, mind or character, will or temperament. The only way to overcome these failings is to build up his personality from within. It is

only those efforts the man himself

puts forth that can really help him."

-John D. Rockefeller.

LIST OF 100 WORST BOOKS

Suggestion Is Offered That Some Wise, Broadminded Man Make Up the List.

There are some who have a passion for making lists of the "greatest," the "best" men, books, paintings, musical compositions. There is a famous list of the 100 best books, and any one reading them night and day to the exclusion of others would be a tiresome prig.

A list of the 100 worst books drawn up by a man of true critical acumen and cathoric taste, a human being, would be much more to the purpose, although it would include some volumes now ranked as classic and invaluable. Charles Lamb's essay on books is too familiar for quotation. M. Anatole France alluded to Gabriel Plequot of Dijon as a man who, writing volume after volume about books, yet wrote no book. Oscar Wilde divided books into three classes-books to read, books to reread and books not to read at all-and among the last he included Thomson's "Seasons." all John Stuart Mill except the saay on liberty, Hume's England, "all argumentative books, and all books that

try to prove anything.' To tell people what to read is, as a rule, either useless or harmful; for the appreciation of literature is a question of temperament, not of teaching: to Parnassus there is no primer. and nothing that one can learn is ever worth learning.-Philip Hale, in Boston Herald.

SHOES MADE OF SNAKESKIN

Fashionable - Women of London Being Tempted to Conquer Their Aversion to Reptiles.

From all reptiles the ordinary woman shrinks in disgust. Yet fashionable women are now being tempted to conquer their aversion to the extent of wearing snakeskin shoes. One of the smartest boot shops in the west end of London is "featuring" these shoes; but up to the present it seems to be uncertain if the fashion will really establish itself on widespread lines.

Choice of quite a variety of skins is offered. There is the dark and heavily-marked skin of the deadly cobra, or the lighter skin, with its more delicate pigment markings, of the rapacious python. The skins of the viper and the boa-constrictor have also been made up.

Snake skin is very soft, pliable, and durable. The shoes are expensive, of course, for the skins are not too plentiful, but this factor should rather commend itself to smart people, as it renders it much more difficult to copy the fashion on cheap lines.

Broken-Hearted Dog.

The Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals in Monticello, N. Y, will exercise its authority by putting an end of the sufferings of a little cocker spaniel named Buttons, which has apparently lost its mind, following the death of his master. The little dog for years has been the steady companion of Louis McGrain of New York who succumbed to suberculosis here last summer. Buttons since the death of his master has been grief stricken, and has refused to be petted or to take food from friends of Mr. McGrain. After she had roamed the streets for several months the animal's half starved condition was brought to the attention of the society. It has been decided that the only way to solve Button's problem is by taking its life.

More Appropriate. Representative Henry, condemning the international marriage, said at a

dinner in Waco: "What kind of men are these dukes and earls, anyway, that they can frankly admit marrying helresses for their

money? "I heard a story the other day, a story about an heiress who said to her titled flance:

"'My dear, I'm rather a new woman, you know, so do you mind asking the bishop to omit the word 'obey' in our wedding ceremony?'

"Lord Lucian stroked his mustache. smiled synically, and answered: "No, I don't mind, my love. I'll

just tell the old boy to make it 'love, honor and supply."

Pocketbooks in Walking Sticks. The latest styles in society walking sticks are practical as well as ornamental. One of the new canes is fitited with a coin box and a match box these being contained in the head. which is provided with a skillfully concealed lid. The coin box is so arranged that a person can easily deposit or remove the coin by a slight pressure of the thumb. Men who have used these canes say they are practical and convenient, for they do away with the annovance of fishing for coins in the pocket when boarding a street

In France there is quite a variety of uses which the cane is made to serve. A clever Frenchman has made a cane with a handle containing a complete outfit of the game known as "petits chevaux."

Mercenary. "You'll never again be the fighter you once were," said the expert in

"Well," replied the man with bulgy muscles, "I don't want to be. A man never gets a chance to make big lecture money till he's a has been."

BIT OF A SCOTCH PUZZLE

Because Scotch Policeman Is Not Poficeman on Sunday Leaves Question Unsettled.

When is a policeman not a policeman? This is a question that has seriously agitated the Scotch players appearing in "Bunty" at the Comedy theater, New York, since they received a letter from a distinguished resident Scotchman. In the letter he objected to the use of the word "policeman" in "Bunty," and suggested that "bailiff" or "sheriff" be used instead. "Policemen," he insisted,

would never be heard in Scotland. Scotch policemen, in certain communities, do not work on the Sabbath. There is no such thing as a Sunday policeman in Scotland, but upon any extraordinary occasion, the Scotch players contend, any self-respecting policeman, if called upon, would do his duty

Will Jaxone, who plays the part of the policeman, insists that, although he has had no personal experience with Scotch policemen, he has had a social acquaintance with many of them, and that the word "policeman" is the only description of these men he has ever heard. Also Graham Moffat, the author, has also used the word "noliceman" in the actors' lines.

"When we were boys we all had a good deal to do with a policeman," says George Ingleton, the stage manager.

However, the point made by the writer of the letter is not settled, because a Scotch policeman is not a policeman on Sunday.

THE MAN IN A PINK SHIRT

Plays Stiff Game of Poker, Hunts a Good Deal and is Familiar Figure at Ball Game.

The telegraphic story of the events which threw the fat into the fire in Mexico and started the war over again, mentions a man in a pink shirt as the one who led the attack on Juarez. Having touched the spark to the powder magazine just as the belligerents were shaking hands for peace and reformation, the man in the pink shirt passes out of the telegraphic narrative and out of the history of Mexico.

Unless this man in the pink shirt is an exception, those who live in a country town know him well. The pink shirt itself was bought at a racket store for 69 cents. The man plays a stiff poker game, bunts a good deal without reference to the game laws, and is a familiar figure at ball games, country fairs and foot races where betting is tolerated.

Wagering money on the outcome o a ball game is too slow for him. He bets on whether the next throw of the pitcher will be a ball or a strike: whether the batter misses or breaks his bat: whether the catcher running for a foul gets or is cut on the barbed

wire fence. It is disturbing to know that a manin a pink shirt could overrule the general of an army and scatter death and destruction as at Juarez; doubly disturbing to believe that he could change the destinies of a nation.

Her Luncheon Bag. While calling on a business friend

about the lunch hour yesterday I was greatly surprised to see his fair stenographer eating and drinking from what had the appearance of being an ordinary hand bag. Invited to inspect the article in question, however, I was amazed at the clever manner in which the "buffet" bag was arranged. It contained specially made places for sandwiches and pie, besides a flask-like arrangement with a screw top for the coffee. To can the climax salt and pepper shakers were set in the sides. "It's a little idea of my own," explained the young woman. "I had the bag, that looks just like an ordinary hand bag when you carry it on the

street, made from my own drawings.

-Boston Post.

The Man That Does Things, "It is not the critic who countsnot the man who points out how the strong man stumbles, or where the doer of deeds could have done them better. The credit belongs to the man who is actually in the arena, whose face is marred by dust and sweat and blood, who strives valiantly; who errs and comes short again and again because there is no effort without error and shortcoming, but who does actually strive to do the deeds: who knows the great enthusiasm, the great devotions; who spends himself in a worth cause; who at the best knows in the end the triumph of high achievement and who at the worst, if he fails, at least fails while daring greatly, so that his place shall never be with those cold and timid souls who know neither victory nor defeat." -Roosevelt.

The simplest article containing complete nourishment is milk. That is Dr. Mitchell's cure for obesity, but he putshis patients to bed while he gives it to them. An amount of milk sufficient for the nourishment of a healthy, active person presents digestive difficulties for many. It is not the simple liquid diet it seems, but presents a solid mass of curds in the stomach. Lime water makes it more digestible. In the form of buttermilk, it is easier to digest and makes a very effective reduction diet. It is wise to take with it a little gluten bread with butter, since the fats have been removed from

the milk.—Harper's Bazar.

Milk for Flesh Reduction.

FOR CURE OF PNEUMONIA

Physician Tells of Bensessful Use Camphor in Practice Since 1906

There have been a still are many varieties of treatment for pneamonla. A long list would be required to judicate all the medicaments which have been employed against it. Some even consider that this affection is an ailment which has a definite cycle. They are of the opinion that no medication should be adopted which might act on it and disturb its development, the proper course to take being one of "expectation," or better, a therapeautique armee more particularly de-

signed to combat complication. Dr. Serbert, in the Muenchner Medizinische Wochenschrift, describes the remarkable results which he obtained in the treatment of serious cases of pneumonia by means of strong doses of camphor. He first had occasion to use it in 1906 in a case of double pneumonia, where the patient was also suffering from typhoid fever. He therefore practiced a subcutaneous injection of 12 centimeters of camphorated oil (20 per cent.) recently sterilized. The results obtained on the pulse and respiration and general condition were extremely satisfactory. He renewed this dose every 12 hours, and he found after three

days the trouble had disappeared. Dr. Serbert has since employed the same treatment in 21 cases, one of which was extremely serious, since it was a question of double complicated pneumonia in a woman seventy-two years old. All these cases recovered. It seem certain that the camphor produced these effects, since there was no real crisis, the cure being gradual and slowly effected. - Philadelphia North American.

WEALTH OF THE NATIONS

United States Does Not Make Tremendously Good Showing in World's Financial Column.

For all its vaunted wealth the United States, in so far as per capita ratio goes, does not make such a tremendously good showing in the world's financial column. The wealth in the United States in 1910 was estimated at \$125,000,000,000, by far the greatest amount credited in bulk to any one country. Yet the per capita wealth was only \$1,359. Great Britain in 1909 was worth \$88,725,000,000, each person, according to the census, thus getting \$1,972. France, with \$83,000,000,000 in 1910t had a per capita wealth of \$2,070: Germany had \$63,500,000,000. with a per capita of \$1,000. Russia's total wealth was \$60,000,000,000, but its enormous population dragged the per capita down to \$400, while Switzerland, with a total wealth of only \$3,030,000,000 has a per capita rating of \$866. The per capita division in Sweden amounts to \$402 out of a total of \$2,197,600,000. Switzerland, in the last few years, made a 20 per cent. gain in national wealth. The average per capita wealth in the 25 cantons ranges from \$1,885 in Geneva to \$279 in Tessin. Switzerland thus stands very high. The population in 1821 was 1.885,229, so that in 90 years' time il has not doubled. France, it will be noted, stands at the head of the nations with a per capita wealth of \$2,070. That the United States, with its enormous total, does not rank higher is because of the rapidly increasing population. France, on the contrary, has reported a diminishing or at the most a very slowly increasing population, so that the money advance has become greater than the birth rate.

The Crewless Ship.

The German Naval league has just tested the work of an inventor of Nuremberg, a ship to run without a crew. The transmitter with a mast similar to that used in wireless telegraphy commands the ship, which works systematically during a period of hours. The ship turns to right and left, backs and comes to a stop as if run by a man in the engine room. Multicolored lights show the maneuvers to the men ashore. This practical invention is now under study in the German navy. Primarily destined for use in connection with the discharge of torpedoes, it is now under expert consideration as a medium for the control of dirigible balloons. Kites provided with phosphoric apparatus and steered by Hertzian waves will be a new accession to the German army.

Chance for One-Armed Man. "I'm looking for a one-armed man," said the patron of a New York restaurant. "If you know of a man who has only a right hand I can make him a good business proposition—one that will save him a lot of good dollars and wave me the same amount. His right hand, however, must be a No. 714.

"It's this way: Several months ago I sprained my ankle and for many months was obliged to lean heavily on a cane. To protect my left hand I wore a glove on that hand, but did not use one on the right. The result was that I wore out dozens of left gloves, but the right hand ones I never put on."

One From Papa. "Papa," asks the litle boy, "why do they say a woman is 'setting her cap' for a man when she wants to

marry him?" "Because, my son," explains the father softly, "if she sets her bonnet for him she knows blamed well the price of it will scare him to death."-Judge's Library.

L'ABEILLE DE LA NOUVELLE-ORLÉANS