

## ART TREASURES OF FRANCE.

## Precautions That Guard Them at the Louvre, in Paris.

Those who visit the Louvre do not suspect the labor that is necessary in keeping the building in order. It must be protected at night against fire and burglars by watchmen, who, with revolvers at hip and dark lanterns in hand, make their rounds, accompanied by police dogs.

Upstairs and downstairs and along the corridors, says the Paris correspondent of the New York Sun, the distance they travel amounts to four miles, and in every room the watchmen must "punch" the clock that shows whether the rooms have been inspected and how often.

During the night the most valuable works of art are kept under lock and key. When the galleries are closed to the public a clever piece of mechanism is set in motion that carries the royal jewels, worth millions of dollars, into a special burglar proof chamber. The Venus de Milo, too, has her own special bedroom. An iron shutter rises from the ground in front of her and hides the marble features of the goddess.

In the early morning an army of custodians pours through the rooms, and the process of cleaning begins. A force of 150 men sets to work with brooms, dusters and floor polishers. The custodians exceed the strength of a company of soldiers on a war footing. There are one chief custodian, three underchiefs, twenty-seven superior and 148 inferior custodians. To these must be added the Louvre's artisans, for the great place has its own works department and almost its own factory.

## RADIUM AND LIGHTNING.

## And the Better Protection of Houses During Thunderstorms.

Radium has been discovered vastly to improve lightning rods in their protection of buildings during thunderstorms. Of course the enormous cost of radium prevents any practical use of the fact as yet. But there is a very fair possibility that the information gained in this way will lead to a new form of lightning rod which will be more efficient or that further experiments will show that a tiny quantity of radium at a reasonable cost will improve the protection.

The purpose of lightning rods, of course, is to catch the electrical currents in the air during a storm and lead them safely into the ground instead of allowing the lightning to pick its own course down through a house or church steeple, and their use is based on the principle that a metal rod will give the electricity a smoother path of less resistance than ordinary building material.

The whole trouble with lightning rods now is that, though they can be made to do the trick if the electrical discharge is near them, there is no way to lead electricity through the air to the rod. Radium will do this part of the work, as has been demonstrated in scientific experiments. Two milligrams of radium on the end of a rod made the air a considerable distance away a vastly better conductor.

Thus any electrical discharge within several yards of the rod had a path open for it along the radium rays to the rod and then down the rod to the earth.—Saturday Evening Post.

## Out of the Mouths of Babes.

Sunday School Teacher—Can you tell me who dwelt in the Garden of Eden? Little May—Yes, ma'am; the Adamases.

"What is an amateur, Bobby?" queried his small sister.

"An amateur," replied Bobby, "is anything that isn't nature."

"Mamma," queried little Myra, "do you think grandpa has really gone to heaven?"

"Yes, dear," was the reply. "Well, continued Myra, 'I'll bet he sneaks outside once in a while to smoke his pipe.'"

In the lesson mention had been made of the canthook that is used in rolling logs.

"Can you tell me what a canthook is, Tommy?" asked the teacher.

"Sure," replied Tommy. "It's a cow that hasn't any horns."—Detroit Free Press.

## What Bobwhite Eats.

Fifteen per cent of the food of the bobwhite is composed of insects, including several of the most serious pests of agriculture. Half of its food consists of weed seeds, one-fourth of grain and about one-sixteenth of wild fruits. Taken in all the bobwhite is very useful to the farmer, and while it may not be necessary to remove it from the list of game birds every farmer should see that his own farm is not depleted by sportsmen.

## Father Foote the Bill.

Father (having just accepted cigar from son)—And what do you pay for these? Son—Two for a quarter. Father—What! And I content myself with two for a dime! Son—Well, you know, dad, our cases are different. If I had as large a family as you to support I shouldn't smoke at all.—Boston Transcript.

## Watch and Watch.

First Pickpocket—Here he comes, now! Second Pickpocket—All right. You keep a watch on 'im while I take a watch off 'im!—London Answers.

## Where to Find It.

Wigwag—I never knew such a fellow as Bionce. He is always looking for trouble. Henpeckke—Then why doesn't he get married?

## FRENCH ZOUAVES ON THE MARCH



Photo by American Press Association.

## A Spirit of Resignation.

An actor on his benefit night, having a very limited audience, when he came to the often quoted passage, "Tis not in mortals to command success, but we'll do more, Sempronius; we'll deserve it," heaved a deep sigh and substituted for the last line, "But we'll do more, Sempronius; we'll do without it."—"Pictures and the Picture Goer."

## Flattering.

Very Stout Farmer's Wife (to little rustic, her protegee)—Well, Sam, your master and I are going to the cattle show. Cowboy—Oh, I'm sure I hope you'll take the first prize, 'm—that I do.—London Tit-Bits.

## Aye, There's the Rub.

If we had to turn our own grindstones we wouldn't have so many axes to grind. Cincinnati Enquirer

## The Liberty Statue.

From time immemorial such great sentiments as liberty, justice, truth have been spoken of and when put into verse, statue or painting have been represented as being feminine. Just why this should be so there is no telling, but it is so. It was in obedience to this custom that "Liberty Enlightening the World" stands in the shape of a woman.—New York Journal.

## BRIDGE IN FRANCE REBUILT BY GERMANS

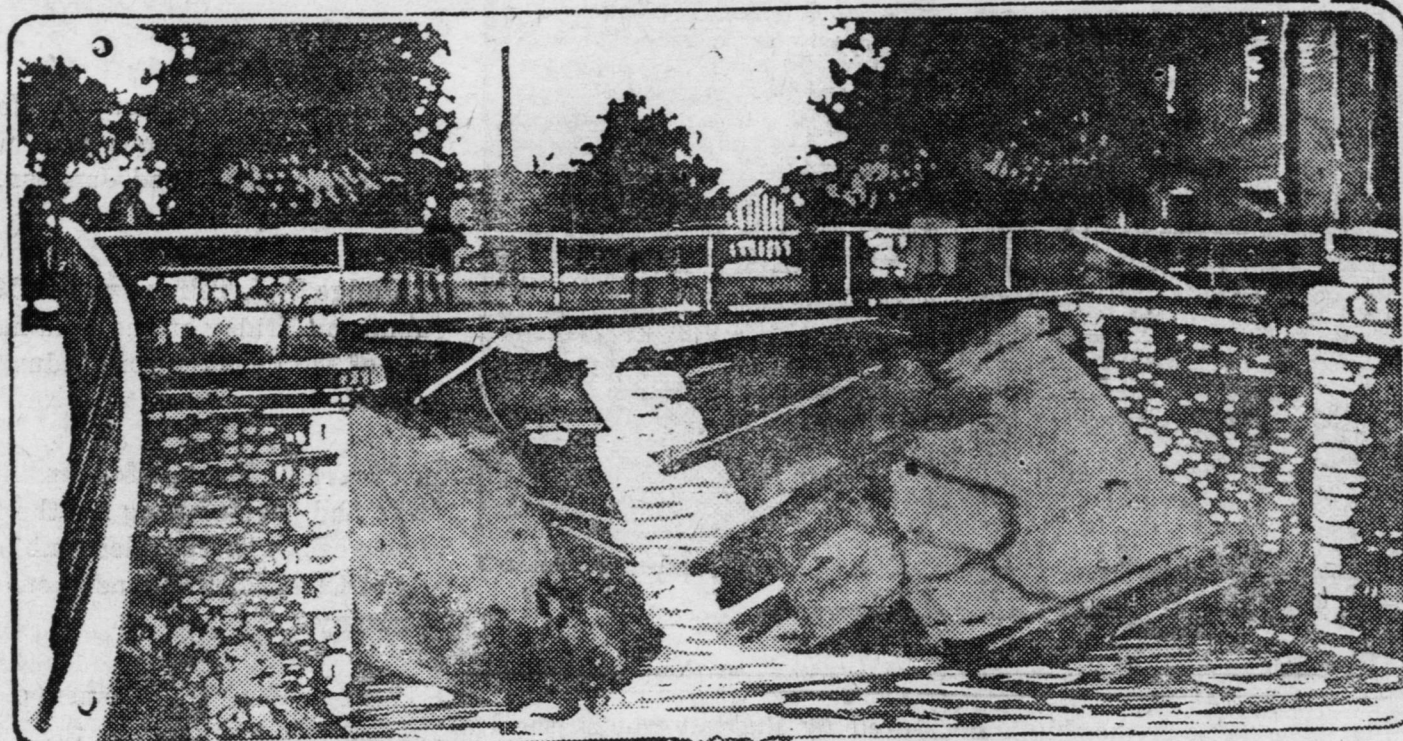
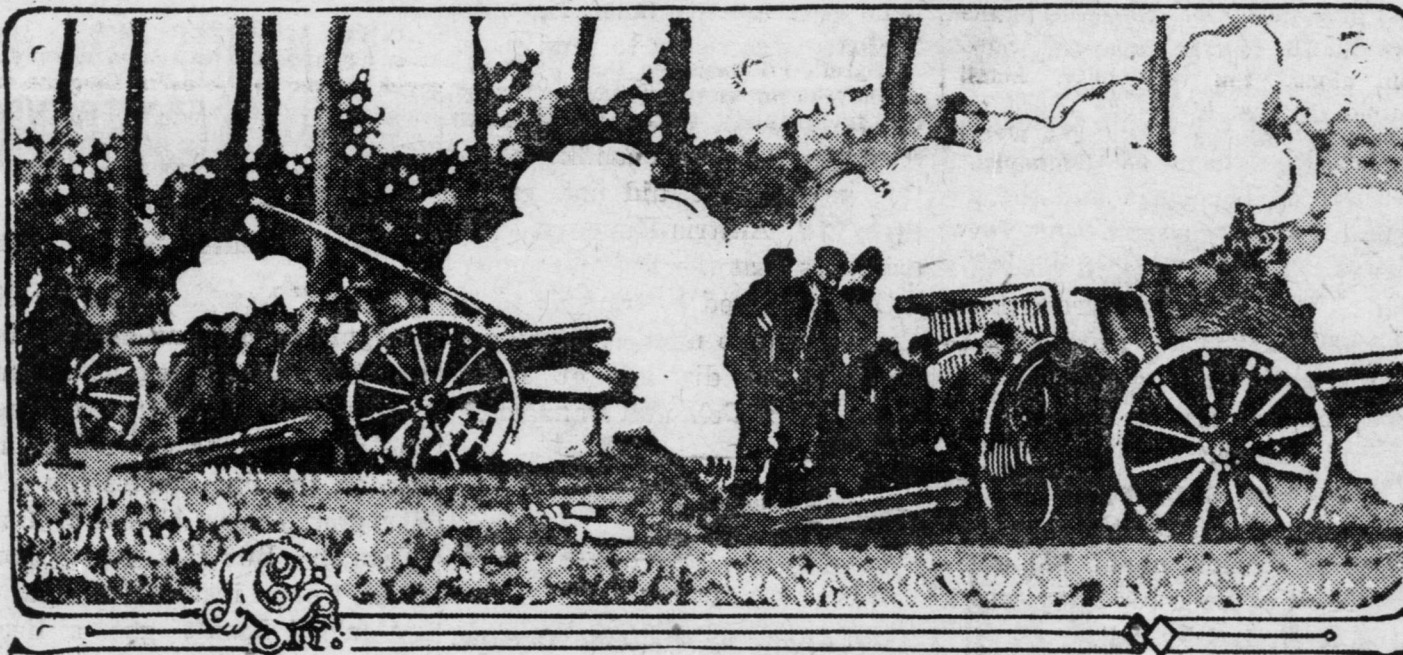


Photo by American Press Association.

## BELGIAN ARTILLERY IN ACTION



© 1914, by American Press Association.

## Too Much Wit.

An East Cleveland man who likes to tinker about his home pulled away the steps to his side door last Saturday and took them into the garage, where he added sundry nails to their makeup. He was lugging them back when his next door neighbor looked over the fence and said:

"Hello, Brown. What you doing? Repairing your house?"

"I'm taking steps in that direction," Brown replied.

He was so much pleased with his wit that he forgot his caution, tripped on a croquet wicket and, falling over the steps, cut his nose on the scraper.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

## Extravagance.

Extravagance in thought is as bad as extravagance in living expenses.—E. W. Howe's Monthly.

## "One Eye Open."

Some years ago in London a Frenchman stepped into a hansom and was asked:

"Where do you wish to go?"

"One eye open," he replied.

"Right," said cabbie, who understood nothing and drove off. After a time, same question, same reply. Finally the driver descended and demanded further information.

"One eye open," still was the answer. Cabbie furious. A crowd assembled, a policeman appeared on the scene and demanded the whole story. Then the mystery was solved. The fare wanted to be driven to 1 High Holborn.

## Our Funny Language.

A man feels put out when he discovers that he has been taken in.—Chicago News.

## This Was in Denmark.

An Englishman having business in a certain Danish town arrived at the railway station. He inquired of a group of men standing near the way to the house he wanted, whereupon one of them offered to go with him and show him. With recollections of what such a service meant in England he said, "I don't want a guide." "But surely you asked us to show you the way," said one of them. "Yes, but I don't want a guide." "My dear sir, I am not a guide; I am the bishop."

## Dying Poor.

It is no disgrace to die poor, but it's a mean trick to play on your relatives.—Boston Transcript.

## Murder Comparisons.

In Italy there are about 2,500 murders annually, Russia about 2,400 and Spain about 1,600.

## FRENCH SOLDIERS GOING TO FRONT.



Photo by American Press Association.

## Feats of a Strong Man.

Well known in the old buffalo days of Saskatchewan was Joe Beupre, famed a thousand miles as the biggest eater in the north. Joe was not six feet tall, but he was a broad, deep, thick sort of man, with a hand like a ham and a stomach like nothing else in the world. He would eat an entire boxful of apples at one sitting and think nothing of it. Once, having encountered a gentleman who thought he was some eater, Joe consumed fifty-three pounds of buffalo meat in one day and topped off with a raw turnip, a six pound piece of pork, some lard and two loaves of bread. The best his competitor could do was thirty-seven pounds of meat. Beupre was so strong he never would fight any man for fear he should kill him. One day, while sledding on a narrow trail with an obstinate horse, he became angered, struck the horse on the head with his fist and killed it. He loosened the harness and threw the dead animal on one side of the trail. He never really knew how strong he was. Beupre died of rheumatism while still a young man.—Saturday Evening Post.

## The Seventh Inning Stretch.

It is a simple ceremonial, but impressive, like all manifestations of the soul of a multitude. I need only close my eyes to call up the picture vividly. It is a day of brilliant sunshine, and a great crowd of men is seated in the open air, a crowd made up of all conditions, ages, races, temperaments and states of mind. The crowd has sat there an hour or more, while the afternoon sun has slanted deeper into the west and the shadows have crept across greensward and hard baked clay to the eastern horizon. Then, almost with a single motion—the time may be somewhere between 4 o'clock and 5 o'clock—this multitude of divers minds and tempers rises to its feet and stands silent, while one might count twenty perhaps. Nothing is said. No high priest intones prayer for this vast congregation. Nevertheless, the impulse of 10,000 hearts is obviously focused into a single desire. When you have counted twenty the crowd sinks back to the benches. A half minute at most and the rite is over.—Simeon Strunsky in Atlantic.

## Virtue of Peanuts.

The oil of the peanut has a quieting effect on the pneumogastric nerve, the largest nerve supplying the stomach. Many nervous persons who like peanuts and do not know why, like them for this reason. They quiet the nerves of the stomach. These persons should eat a few fresh roasted peanuts after each hearty meal, as many nervous conditions are due to an irritation of the pneumogastric nerve, and the peanut oil acts as a sedative to this nerve. Of course the nuts must be crisp and well chewed and not too many taken. To get the best sedative effect a handful of the hot peanuts should be eaten just before retiring. This presupposes that the powers of elimination are in good repair. The peanut, a member of the pulse family, is nutritious and would clog the system if not eaten correctly, as it is almost equal to meat.—Philadelphia Ledger.

## Putting It on the Map.

Captain Cook shows in his "Voyages" how some of the mouth filling place names on maps are evolved. "Off New Zealand there is an island called by the natives 'Matuaro.' One of my officers, having asked a native the name of that isle, the latter replied, 'Kematuaro,' putting 'the' before the name, as is the custom. The officer, hearing the sound imperfectly, repeated his question, whereupon the native repeated his reply, emphasizing it with the word 'oela,' which means 'indeed.' So in the logbook Matuaro was transformed into 'Kumetiwarro-wela.'—London Globe.

## He Rivalled Cicero.

Quintus Hortensius, the Roman orator, would have come down in history with great fame had any of his speeches been preserved. He died in the year 60 B. C. He was a soldier and statesman, and his mentality can be judged from the fact that he was a rival of Cicero.

## SUGGESTS WARTIME DIET.

## Macaroni and Cheese an Ideal Meat Substitute, Says Health Board.

A New York health department bulletin urges people to depend on macaroni and cheese instead of meat as the ideal "wartime diet."

Dr. Marion B. McMillan, chief of the food inspection bureau of the board of health, says that, for many persons who are unable to buy sufficient quantities of meats to sustain their families, macaroni and cheese would be an ideal food.

"Let the American housewife take a lesson from her Italian cousin and learn the many palatable dishes to be made from macaroni and spaghetti," says the bulletin. "Very few realize the amount of nourishment contained in an average helping (two heaping tablespoonfuls) of macaroni baked with cheese. Such a helping contains three times as much nourishment as a slice of lean roast beef and is practically equal to the latter in building up muscle, bone and sinew. Study the following comparison:

"Roast beef (lean). A helping (100 grams) contains 150 calories, of which 90 calories are protein.  
"Macaroni baked with cheese. A helping (150 grams) contains 450 calories, of which 80 calories are protein.  
"Smash the high cost of living. Meat every day is unnecessary."

## The Pessimist.

The pessimist stands beneath the tree of prosperity and grows when the fruit falls on his head.

## French Commander Who Has Won Great Victory



Photo by American Press Association. GENERAL JOSEPH JOFFRE.

Some idea of how the Germans were harassed by artillery fire during their retreat was obtained on a visit to the fields near Meaux. The German infantry had taken a position in a sunken road on either side of which were stretched in extended lines hummocks, some of them natural and some the work of spades in the hands of German soldiers.

Beside many bodies were forty or fifty empty cartridge shells while fragments of clothing, caps and knapsacks were scattered about. This destruction was wrought by batteries little more than three miles distant.

Straggling clumps of wood intervened between the batteries and their mark, but the range had been determined by an officer on an elevation a mile from the gunners. He telephoned directions for the firing and through glasses watched the bursting shells.

The sunken road was littered with bodies today. Sprawling in ghastly fashion, the faces had almost the same greenish gray hue as the uniforms worn. The road is lined with poplars, the branches of which severed by fragments of shells, were strewn among the dead. In places whole tops of trees had been torn away by the artillery fire.

## A Demonstration.

"I distinctly saw you with a policeman's arms around you."

"Oh, yes, mum! Wasn't it nice of him? He was showin' me how to hold a burglar if I found one in the house."—Life.

## COMPANY AT BREAKFAST.

## A Surprise Party That Startled a Bride in India.

"I was married in India," says a writer in the Contra Costa Gazette. "and rented a little house fourteen miles or so from any other habitation of white men. The morning my wife and I arrived the servants laid breakfast on the veranda overlooking the river. At the clatter of the plates there began to come down from the big tree that overshadowed the house and up the tree that grew in the ravine behind it, from the house roof itself, from everywhere, a multitude of solemn monkeys.

"They came up singly and in couples and in families and took their place without noise or fuss on the veranda and sat there like an audience waiting for an entertainment to begin. And when the breakfast was all laid and the monkeys were all seated I went in to call my wife.

"Breakfast is ready, and they are all waiting," I said.

"Who are waiting?" she asked in dismay. "I thought we were going to be alone, and I was just coming out in my dressing gown."

"Never mind," I said. "The people about here are not fashionably dressed. They wear pretty much the same things all the year round."

"And so my wife came out. Imagine her astonishment. In the middle of the veranda stood our breakfast table, and all the rest of the space, as well as the railings and the steps, was covered with an immense company of monkeys, as grave as possible and as motionless and silent as if they were stuffed. Only their eyes kept blinking and their little round ears kept twitching. My wife laughed heartily—at which the monkeys only looked all the graver—and sat down.

"Will they eat anything?" she asked.

"Try them," I said.

"So she picked up a biscuit and threw it among the company. Three hundred monkeys jumped into the air like one, and for an instant there was a riot that defies description. The next moment every monkey was sitting in its place as solemn as if it had never moved. Only their eyes winked and their ears twitched.

"My wife threw them another biscuit, and the riot broke out again. Then she threw them another and another and another. But at last we had given away all that we had to give and got up to go. The monkeys at once rose and, advancing gravely to the steps, walked down them in a solemn procession and dispersed for the day's occupations."