

## BELGIAN SHARPSHOOTERS IN ACTION.

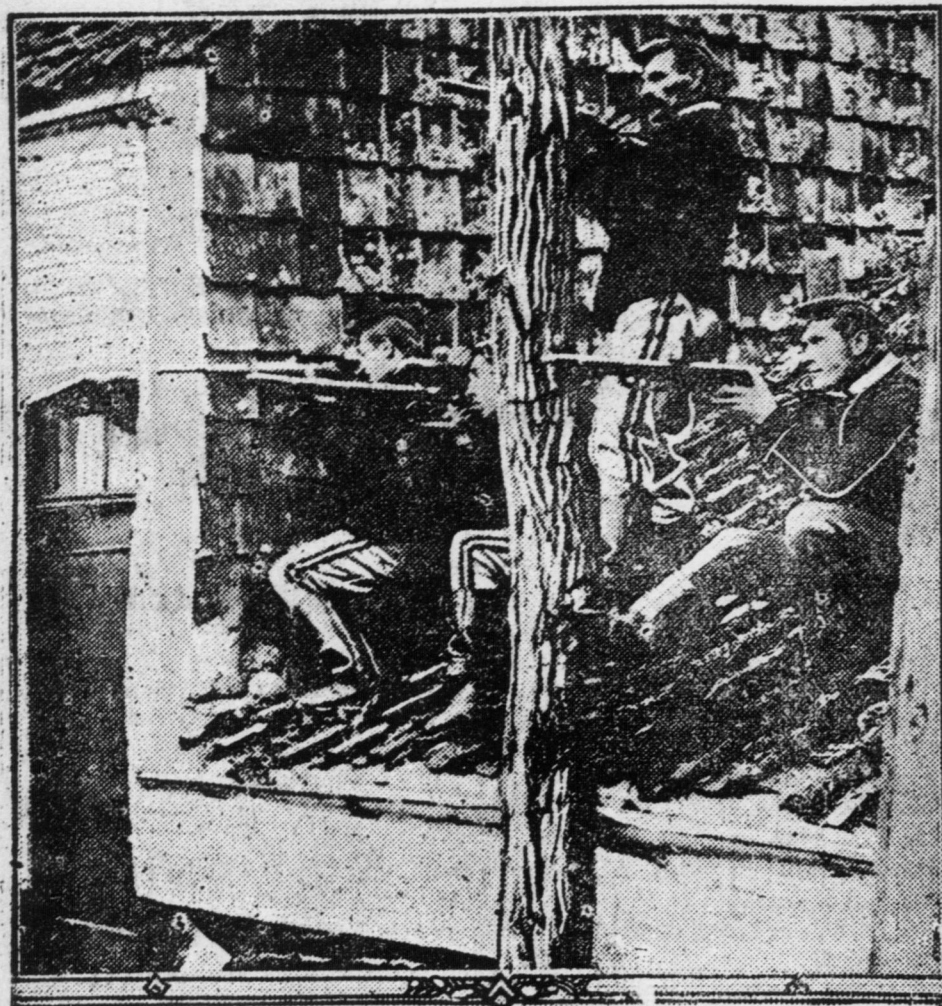


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## Cousin of the Czar Who Is Fighting in Poland



GRAND DUKE DMITRI.

## FRENCH LOSS 590,000 MEN

Estimates Up to Nov. 10—Dead Not Quite 100,000.

Paris, Dec. 6.—The French war office does not issue lists of losses in the war. A correspondent, by inquiry in various quarters, estimates that the French loss in dead up to Nov. 10 was something under 100,000 men. The number of wounded and sick soldiers being cared for in French hospitals on Nov. 19 appears to have been about 400,000. The Swiss government's bureau for the exchange of prisoners of war has the names of 90,000 French prisoners in Germany. Taking these figures together the total losses of the French army would be about 590,000.

The French military authorities, through their agents and spies, are well informed as to the situation of the German army. The French estimate the number of Germans killed in battle on the frontier as considerably exceeding 100,000, because the German tactics have been more continually on the offensive, with correspondingly heavier losses than the defensive.

## A Great War "Scoop."

Days have changed for the war correspondent since Archibald Forbes was praised in the house of lords by Lord Salisbury and received by Queen Victoria at Buckingham palace in recognition of his exploits as a news gatherer during the Russo-Turkish war of 1877. Forbes' greatest exploit was his ride from Shipka pass to the nearest telegraph station at Bukharest and his reception en route by the czar, to whom he was the first to communicate news of the Russian victory, the former trooper of the Royals having outdistanced not only all rival correspondents, but the official messengers as well.—London Mail.

## Relics of the Past.

"I'd like to see a one horse shay," remarked the city visitor.

"Out of date," said his country host. "The nearest we can come to it now is a one cylinder car."—Pittsburgh Post.

## His Gift.

"They say he gets \$25 for his speeches," "Yep. He's peculiarly gifted."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

## Pretty Weary.

Weary (lying under apple tree)—Say, mister, kin I have one of dem apples? Farmer—Why, them apples won't be ripe for four months yet. Weary—Oh, dat's all right. I ain't in no hurry.

## GRANDFATHER'S CLOCK HAS TICKED 75 YEARS.

And It Is Still Ticking In a Home In Kansas City.

For three generations an old grandfather's clock owned by W. Nash, of 2619 East Eighteenth street, Kansas City, has counted off the seconds.

Seventy-five years ago the mother of Mr. Nash, then a young girl, sent back to her old home in County Tyrone, Ireland, for some things for her new home. She was to marry an Irish lad she had met in this new country.

Most important of her orders was one for a clock to be made especially for her.

"There is an old clockmaker at home," she told her sweetheart, "whose clocks are the finest to be had. His name is Jonathan Frost, and his clocks, they say, will last forever."

The clock came at last. It was in a case of cherry wood, grand to behold. But its most interesting part, at least to our modern eyes, is the works.

The wheels with on exception are of wood. So carefully were they carved and of such fine hard wood were they made that today the old clock still keeps almost perfect time. There is one small brass wheel in the case.

Only twice has it ever had to be repaired, and then a thorough cleaning was all that was necessary. In 1859 it was sent to a clock repairer, L. Reich, in Platte City, Mo. And fifty years later, in 1909, it was sent again to him. Although he was then an old man, his hands were still skilled in the repairing of delicate machinery.

However, the old clock was once more merely in need of cleaning, and it was soon sent back to the home of Mr. Nash, where it is now ticking as cheerfully as ever. There is no indication that it will cease soon. It requires winding every twenty-four hours. There is also an alarm, which is as good as ever. The clock has outlived its first owner by many years as well as a number of others in the family.

## TRUTH.

Truth is so estimable a quality that is will not permit of any tampering. Like a mirror, to breathe upon it with cold falsehood only makes it reflect a dim image of its purity. An untruthful man is a man always to be feared.

## Well Answered.

Restaurant Patron (caustically)—I am glad to see your baby has shut up, madam.

Mother—Yes, sir. You are the only thing that's pleased him since he saw the animals eat at the zoo.—Puck.

## GERMANS ON GUARD DUTY.



Photo by American Press Association.

## Relics of Old Persia.

Shuster, the old capital of Persia, is one of Iran's wonder cities. In the dawn of Persian civilization it took a leading part. On the bank of the only navigable river the country can boast, the city gets its name from the famous ruler, Shapur, who built great irrigating dams and a noble bridge across the Kurun, now wrongly credited to the Emperor Valerian. Sixteen hundred years have left the great bridge, a quarter of a mile in length, with yawning gaps, but the water of the river runs today through the channels and tunnels made to fertilize a land that had not yet been overrun by the Arab barbarians who destroyed the culture of Persia.—London Mail.

## Barley Water.

Barley water is a safe and cooling drink and is nutritious as well. Put into a pitcher one large tablespoonful of well washed pearl barley, pour over it two quarts of boiling water, cover and let stand until cold. Drain off the liquid, add one-half cupful of sugar and a little nutmeg. If liked the juice of a lemon is a pleasant addition.

## Knew the Exact Amount.

De Faque—If I could get some one to invest \$1,000 in that scheme of mine I could make some money. Dawson—How much could you make? De Faque—Why, \$1,000.—Baltimore Sun.

## Perhaps.

"Sir, I came down from a long line of ancestors."

"Indeed! Were many of them hanging on it?"—Exchange.

Try to do your duty and you at once know what is in you.—Goethe.

## Where Ignorance Is Bliss.

"Was that your intended that you were walking with?" "Yes, but he hasn't yet caught on."—Life.

## Laughed and Won.

When the British were storming Badojox the Duke of Wellington rode up and, observing an artilleryman particularly active, inquired the man's name. He was answered "Taylor."

"A very good name too," said the duke. "Cheer up, my men! Our Taylor will soon make a pair of breaches in the walls!"

At this sally the men forgot their danger, a burst of laughter broke from them and the next charge carried the fortress.—London Answers.

"Pa, what is an 'interior decorator'?" "I'm not quite sure, Wilfred, but I think it's a cook."—New York Times.

"There goes the village cutie," "Is he a joker or a surgeon?"—Baltimore American.

Being Right. You can't be sure you're right simply because you believe you are.—Albany Journal.

A Demonstration. "I distinctly saw you with a police man'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.

## American Restaurants.

What disconcerts the European in the great American restaurant is the excessive, the occasional maddening slowness of the service and the lack of interest in the service. Touching the latter defect, the waiter is not impolite; he is not neglectful. But he is too often passively hostile, or at best neutral. He, or his chief, has apparently not grasped the fact that buying a meal is not like buying a ton of coal. If the purchaser is to get value for his money he must enjoy his meal, and if he is to enjoy his meal it must not merely be efficiently served, but it must be efficiently served in a sympathetic atmosphere. The supreme business of a good waiter is to create this atmosphere. True, that even in the country which has carried cookery and restaurants to loftier heights than any other—I mean, of course, Belgium, the little country of little restaurants—the subtle ether which the truly civilized diner demands is rare enough. But in the great restaurants of the great cities of America it is, I fancy, rarer than anywhere else.—Arnold Bennett in Harper's Magazine.

## His Unlucky Day.

Even the least superstitious are often struck by the misfortunes which attend some persons on certain dates. A large firm in the city has in its employ a living instance of the fact. On June 12 an employee lost his left arm by coming in contact with machinery. The accident disabled him for his then employment, and he was given that of a messenger. On another June 12 he was run over in the Strand while on an errand. Result, a broken leg. The next accident was a fall on the stairs in the firm's buildings—again June 12—the right arm broken this time. The fourth mishap on another anniversary broke three ribs. The firm took the case into consideration and issued an order that in future the employee was to take a holiday on that date, an order with which he has now complied for several years.—London Tit-Bits.

## Helping the Poet.

Longfellow, the great poet, was noted for his fondness for children, and this extended to all little folks, whether of his family or not. There was one little boy of whom he was very fond and who came often to see him. One day the child looked earnestly at the long row of books in the library and at length asked, "Have you 'Jack the Giant Killer'?" Longfellow was obliged to confess that his great library did not contain that venerated volume. The little fellow looked very sorry and presently slipped down from the poet's knee and went away. But the next morning Longfellow saw him coming up the walk with something tightly clasped in his little fists. The child had brought 2 cents with which Longfellow was to buy a "Jack the Giant Killer" of his own.

## Napoleon and Tobacco.

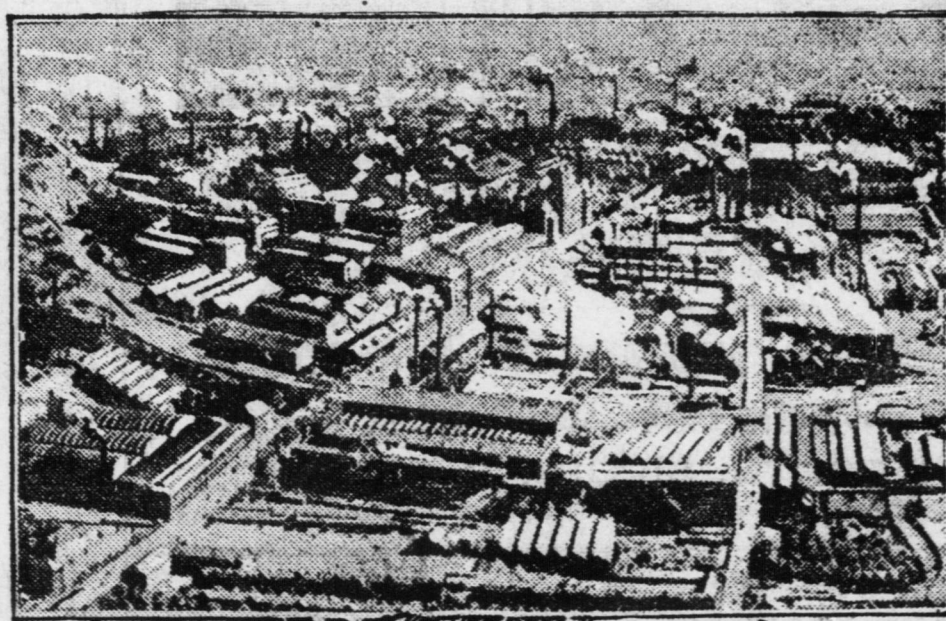
Napoleon, who tried to smoke once and then with dire results, instituted the French tobacco monopoly, which the German government now proposes to adopt so far as cigarettes are concerned. At a court function held early in 1810 the emperor remarked a lady wearing jewels of such magnificence that he inquired how her husband made his money. "He is a tobacco merchant," was the reply, which led him to seek further information as to such a profitable business. Before the year expired Napoleon issued a decree restricting the sale and manufacture of tobacco exclusively to the state. It has remained a monopoly ever since and for many years past has brought in an annual revenue of over \$80,000,000.

## Good Cooks In Demand.

"I've had my daughters learn to cook so that they might get better husbands."

"And did they?" "No, they feel about marrying now."—Boston Transcript.

## THE KRUPP GUN WORKS AT ESSEN.



## His Definition.

"Pa, what is an 'interior decorator'?" "I'm not quite sure, Wilfred, but I think it's a cook."—New York Times.

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## Our First Sawmill.

It is said that the first sawmill in the United States was at Jamestown, from which sawed boards were exported in June, 1607. A water power sawmill was in use in 1625 near the present site of Richmond.

## Our Funny Language.

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

## Never Touched Him.

Landlady (to new boarder, crushing-ly)—Mr. Newcome, that is the cream and not the milk you are pouring on your oatmeal. It was intended for the coffee. Mr. N.—Oh, never mind, Mrs. Balkins. I like it just as well.

## Christmas Buying

I've done my buying  
Of Christmas joys,  
For time is flying  
And rush annoy;  
Long, barren aisles  
I walked for miles,  
The while defying  
The teasing toys.

I've stocked the stocking  
Of every friend—  
It's simply shocking  
How one can spend!  
I pawned my pants  
To buy my aunts  
A gift! But knocking  
Won't make or mend.

The circumstances  
Made it a bore;  
Henceforth, the chance is  
I'll pay my score  
With bales of cards  
And scrawled "regards"  
And such advances  
Forevermore.  
—A. Walter Utting.

## EVERY GERMAN A SOLDIER FOR TWENTY-EGHT YEARS.

Each Subject to Military Duty From Time of His Seventeenth Year.

As the result of the inquiries which have arisen abroad as to the manner in which Germany could recruit the army of 12,000,000 men which it is reported she can put in the field, the following statement shows the military service which every German subject is expected to render:

"Every German from his seventeenth year until his forty-fifth year is subject to military duty. He cannot obtain a substitute in his place. Those who are disqualified through their state of health or are of insufficient bodily dimensions, as well as all who have been in prison, are excepted.

"The period of active duty is two years for the infantry, the field artillery and the commissariat; the other arms, which require a longer training, three years. Whoever can provide higher education or has specially excelled in any field of human activity does active service for only one year. "After fulfilling his duty of active service, the soldier enters the reserve active duty and reserve together last ing seven years. Then he enters the landwehr for twelve years. The first levy extends from the age of twenty seven to thirty-two and the second levy from thirty-three to thirty-nine. From the age of thirty-nine to forty-five the citizen belongs to the landsturm, who, however, are sent to the front only in extreme emergencies.

"When calling in the landwehr and landsturm the unmarried men are, as far as possible, sent to the front first; then the married men without children and finally the others, according to the number of children.

"As long as the soldier belongs to the reserves he has to undergo military drill for two weeks every year. The officers do three exercises of eight weeks each. The first levy of the landwehr are trained twice, fourteen days each time.

"The pay for the active private amounts to 55 cents for ten days. The food, which is very good, is provided in the barracks, where the soldiers have to live. In time of war the pay for officers and soldiers is doubled. In times of peace family and business matters, etc., are taken into consideration in calling out the reservists or the men belonging to the landwehr for drill.

"During the drill and the grand maneuvers the wives and children of the older men are supported by appropriate allowances. Every noncommissioned officer who has served for twelve years has the right to a cash payment of 1,500 marks when resigning and to a permanent position as a government or city official, with a right to pension."

## NO VISITS BY WOMEN.

German Commander Says Prisoners' Camps Are Not Family Rendezvous.

Freiburg von Bissing, acting commanding general of the Seventh army corps, has issued the following proclamation forbidding German prisoners' camps to German women:

"Women might as well save themselves the trouble of asking permission to enter the prisoners' camps even though their husbands are on military duty there. Women have no business in prisoners' camps. Such places are no family rendezvous. Also visits in barracks, training camps or drill grounds cannot be permitted to the women, not even on Sundays. The interest of the military service knows no considerations of feelings and sentimentalities.

"This may not seem very polite to the women, but they should be glad that it is this war service which protects their home and which keeps the misery of war from Germany. So, women, stay at home!"

## AT 89 HE'LL QUIT TOBACCO.

Vermont's Oldest Living Ex-Governor Also to Give Up Bridge.

Vermont's oldest living ex-governor, John W. Stewart, observed his eighty-ninth birthday quietly. When asked if he had any message for his friends Mr. Stewart said:

"Tell them that I practiced law for fifty years, and then I took up bridge whilst playing. I am probably the poorest player in the world and may for this reason go back to the practice of law."

He also announced that after having smoked tobacco for seventy years he intends to give up the habit.

## A Christmas Wedding

By OS'AR CO.

Jim Ruggles drove a mule, and he was a grade higher than a mule driver. What put Jim up a peg was the fact that his mule towed a canal boat. Jim was not especially proud of his mule, but he was very proud of his boat. He could tie up nights, pick up his mule and turn into the luxurious quarters in the stern for a good sleep.

Most of the other boats on that canal contained families. Jim was a lone bachelor, and when he passed other boats and saw clothes hanging out to dry he felt more lonely than ever, and when he saw dirty faced children looking at him out of the stern windows it made him positively homesick.

The hardest days for Jim to get through were holidays. There was one Christmas that he kept the towpath all day to drive away the blues. And even then he couldn't help seeing the windows along his route hung with evergreens and children running about showing one another the toys that Santa Claus had brought them.

There was a small house a short distance from the canal in which there lived an old woman. She kept chickens, a cow and several pigs. Jim had no interest in the place until one day when he was passing with his boat a comely young woman emerged from the house with a bucket in her hand and dumped the contents into the pig sty. Jim passed out of sight of the red cheeked girl with a bucket to the music of grunting pigs.

Men have fallen in love to the sound of a lute. Probably their refined natures could not have fallen into the same condition to the grunting of pigs struggling for swill. But Jim was not a gentleman; he was a mule driver. At any rate, that's exactly what he did. His lonely heart yearned for that red cheeked girl, and love was born within him on the same principle that it is born in a man listening to a lute.

As Jim went back and forth on the towpath whenever he passed that house he looked for the girl with the red cheeks. One day he reached the place just as she stepped out into the yard. Naturally, seeing a boat moving by, she looked at it. Then, seeing Jim, she looked at him. He was only a man driving a mule attached to a canalboat, but perhaps she was sighing for a mate, just as Jim was. At any rate, she didn't look away till she had noticed an admiring look on Jim's honest, but homely, face. As he passed on she continued to look at him.

The next time she saw the boat go by it was in the late fall, but the ice had not closed navigation. Jim had an overcoat buttoned tight around him and was smoking a short pipe. On the deck of his boat was a board propped up to show chalked letters, "Christmas is comin'."

How did that girl know that this was a message for her? Maybe she didn't, but the next time Jim passed the house he saw chalked on the roof of the pigsty, "Hope you'll enjoy it."

The ice was broken—not in the canal, but the ice of nonacquaintance between these two pliers for each other. The next passing message was, "How would you like to spend it on a canalboat?" To which was made a reply, "Just rate."

Much less has been taken for a proposal of marriage and an acceptance. The singular part of it is that the contract in this case was made before these two had a closer view of each other than a hundred yards. Nevertheless Jim regarded the matter settled, and his heart was overjoyed that he would not have to spend the coming Christmas on the towpath to keep from being lonely.

His next message was "Christmas eve?" To which he received a reply, "Isn't that sudden?" On seeing this loving message chalked in beautiful pure white letters on the roof of the pigsty Jim halted his mule, sat down on the deck of his boat with his legs dangling over the side and waited for a sight of his ladylove. Presently she appeared at a window and threw him a kiss. He was not satisfied with this and waited longer, but she did not appear again. Turning the board over, he chalked on the other side, "Be ready Christmas eve." Having waited till he felt sure she had seen his message, he drove on.

The day before Christmas Jim loaded up at the terminal with Christmas viands and on his way out again called on a person living beside a church that he had often noticed near the girl's house. The person promised to be on hand on Christmas eve.

Mind you, Jim was taking it all on faith. He didn't know what the girl would do, but he said that he "kind of reckoned she would." Dusk was falling on Christmas eve when Jim's home, containing a bridal-Christmas outfit, stopped opposite the girl's home. He and the person went there and found her in her best dress. Jim had on a store suit, and at nearer view the two were mutually pleased. The old woman gave Jim a shrewd glance and was evidently satisfied. The party sat down to a supper for which a chicken had been killed, and after the dishes were washed and put away the ceremony was performed. When the old woman bade the bride goodby she said: "I reckoned when I tuk you out of the poorhouse them red cheeks would git you a home."

Jim and his bride passed a merry Christmas in their apartments on the canalboat.