

The MARSHAL
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SYNOPSIS.

Francois Beaupre, a peasant babe of three years, after an amusing incident in which Marshal Ney figures, is made a Chevalier of France by the Emperor Napoleon, who prophesied that the boy might one day be a marshal of France under another Napoleon. At the age of ten Francois visits General Baron Gaspard Gouraud, who with Allice, his seven-year-old daughter, lives at the Chateau. A soldier of the Empire under Napoleon he fires the boy's imagination with stories of his campaigns. The boy becomes a copyist for the general and learns of the friendship between the general and Marquis Zappi, who campaigned with the general under Napoleon. Marquis Zappi and his son, Pietro, arrive at the Chateau. The general agrees to care for the Marquis until he can return to America. The Marquis asks Francois to be a friend of his son. The boy solemnly promises. Francois goes to the Chateau to live. Marquis Zappi dies leaving Pietro as a ward of the general. Allice, Pietro and Francois meet at the general's house. Francois saves Allice. The general discovers Francois loves Allice. He extracts a promise from him that he will not interfere between the girl and Pietro. Francois goes to Italy as secretary to Pietro. Queen Hortense plots the escape of her son Louis Napoleon by disguising him as Marquis Zappi's lackey. Francois takes Marquis Zappi's place who is ill in the escape of Hortense and Louis. Dressed as Louis' brother Francois lures the Austrians from the hotel allowing the prince and his mother to escape. Francois is a prisoner of the Austrians for five years. In the castle owned by Pietro in Italy, he discovers in his guard one of Pietro's old family servants, and through him sends word to his friends of his flight. The general, Allice and Pietro plan Francois' escape. Francois receives a note from Pietro explaining in detail the plan to escape from his prison. Allice awaits him on horseback and leads him in his friends on board the American steamer, the "Lovely Lucy." Francois, as a guest of Harry Hampton, on the "Lovely Lucy," goes to America to marry Allice. Later, in the Virginia, Lucy Hampton falls in love with Francois. Prince Louis Napoleon in America becomes the guest of Harry Hampton, where he meets Francois. Lucy Hampton reveals her love for Francois after the latter saves her from Harry Hampton and his men. In the effort, Francois tells Lucy of his love for Allice. He returns to France and tells Allice of his life in Italy. She loves Pietro. Francois joins the political plotters. His health fails and he is forced to return to America. Later Napoleon summons him to London to aid him in his plots to gain the French throne. Lucy Hampton would have consented to marry Francois, but Allice is accepted. Pietro plans a letter to Francois telling him his wish is granted. Francois writes a letter before the battle shows the prince a letter from Allice, which he thinks is a confession of her love for him.

CHAPTER XXXI.—Continued. Prince Louis saw the dawning of consternation. Rapidly he considered. Was it well to take away a man's happiness and courage just before a fight? He remembered some words of Francois spoken three years before, words whose dramatic baroness had struck him. "When a knight of the old time went into battle," the young man had said, "he wore on his helmet the badge of his lady, and the thought of her in his heart. A man fights better so."

CHAPTER XXXII.

The Bugle-Call.

The gray dawn of a Sunday morning began to break over the sleeping city of Boulogne, yet earlier than the dawn anxious eyes opened to watch, and men's hearts beat fast to meet it. Scattered in lodging-houses and barracks Louis Napoleon's followers were waiting before daylight for the part they had to play. No man among them was as quiet, so little nervous as the Prince, yet his as well as every gallant heart of them felt a throb of relief with its bound of excitement from a trumpet from the Austerlitz barracks, the barracks of the fourth artillery, Napoleon's own regiment, suddenly sounded. It was the signal, and in a moment the Prince and his escort were moving down the dark street toward Colonel Vaudrey's quarters, toward that ringing note not yet died out from the pulsing air. The city was tranquil when Prince Louis reached the barrack-gate, and the soldier-blood in him rushed in a tide when he saw sixty mounted artillerymen posted at the entrance, and beyond, in the yard, statue-like, warlike, silent, the regiment formed in square. If the fourth artillery followed its colonel, if the day went well, this was the core of his army. Colonel Vaudrey was in the center of the square; the Prince marched quietly to him and as he came, with a sharp simultaneous clatter that was the mu-



"Soldiers! The Honor of Beginning a New Empire Shall Be Yours!"

The light from Francois' eyes was like a lamp. "My Prince—Sire—there are three things I have desired all my life, all great things, but of them that one—the baton of a Marshal—is the least. If I might win her love—I have said; if I might help you in Napoleon's place and about 'Vive l'Empereur' for you on the throne of France; if I might fulfill the Emperor's prophecy and be not a Marshal some day any longer but a Marshal of your empire—it is asking much of one lifetime, above all for a man born a peasant, is it not? Yet of those three wishes one wonderful fulfillment has come to me"—he gripped his letter closer—"and one, I believe tomorrow brings. Before tomorrow night—his great eyes were lifted toward the ceiling of the room, and in them was the rapt look of the child of the farm-house in the Jura, a look of a seer of visions, a look

to whom he came caught up the cry, and the deep voices sent it rolling down the empty streets. Louis Bonaparte standing erect, motionless, impassive as always, wondered if a pulse might beat harder than his and not break. He held up his hand, and rapidly, yet with lingering shouts of enthusiasm, the tumult quieted. "Soldiers," he said, "I have come to you first because between you and me there are great memories. With you the Emperor, my uncle, served as captain; with you he won glory at the siege of Toulon; you opened the gates of Grenoble to him when he came back from Elba. Soldiers, the honor of beginning a new empire shall be yours; yours shall be the honor of saluting first the eagle of Austerlitz and Wagram." He caught the standard from an officer and held it high. "It is the sign of French glory; it has shone over every battlefield; it has passed through every capitol of Europe. Soldiers, rally to the eagle! I trust it to you—we will march today against the oppressors, crying 'Long live France.'"

One who has not heard a regiment go mad can not know how it was. With deafening clatter and roar every sword was drawn and the shakos few aloft and again and again the men's deep voices set up in broken magnificent chorus the great historic cry to which armies had gone into battle. "Vive l'Empereur! Vive Napoleon!" The souls of a thousand men were on fire with memories and traditions, with a passion of consecration to a cause, and as if the spell of the name grew stronger with its repetition they shouted over and over, in tremendous unison, over and over and over. "Vive Napoleon! Vive l'Empereur!"

It was necessary at last for the quiet slender young man who was the storm-center to raise his hand again, and with a word, with the glimmer of a smile to speak his gratitude—to stop the storm. There was much to be done. The fourth artillery was but one of several regiments to be gained if the victory were to be complete. Colonel Lombard was dispatched to a printing office with proclamations to be struck off; Lieutenant Laity hurried away to his battalion; a detachment was sent to hold the telegraph office; the tumult once quieted, the yard was a scene of efficient business, for all this had been planned and each officer knew his work. In a very few moments the officers of the third artillery who were with the Prince had hastened to their quarters, another had been sent to arouse the forty-sixth of the line, at the Place d'Alton barracks, and shortly Prince Louis himself was on his way to the same place. Through the streets of the city, no longer empty, he passed with his officers, and the people poured from their houses, and joined and answered the shouts of the soldiers.

"Vive l'Empereur!" the soldiers cried. "It is the nephew of Napoleon," and the citizens threw back. "Vive l'Empereur! It is the son of the honest king of Holland! It is the grandson of Josephine!" They pressed so close about the small figure in its Swiss uniform of a colonel that for a moment he was separated from his officers, and Colonel Vaudrey, smiling for all his military discipline, was forced to order his mounted artillerymen to clear the road. Every moment an old soldier broke out of the mass and embraced the eagle which Lieutenant de Querelles carried proudly high above all this emotion; the soldiers' eyes flashed with success; the Prince's heart beat high for joy to know that he had not misread the heart of army or people. When the column passed the gendarmes the guard turned out and presented arms, shouting, "Long live the Emperor!" So he went through the streets of Boulogne, Louis Napoleon Bonaparte, eight long years before he came to his own, and marched in triumph and acclamation to a failure.

And close by his side, his look as radiant and impassive, marched always Francois Beaupre. The hard-earned military knowledge, the patient toll of preparation had come into play, and in a hundred ways the man had been useful. With no exact rank as yet, but ready at any moment, eager for the hardest task, never asking for rest, quick-witted, resourceful, officers as well as Prince had developed a habit of turning to Beaupre for service after service. And always they were met with a glad consent which encouraged them to ask more until the Prince said: "It is the case of the willing horse; I will not permit that my right-hand man be worked to death—it must stop."

Today, however, Francois had a definite duty of responsibility. While the Prince marched, gathering strength at every yard, through the town toward the Place d'Alton at its farther side, Colonel Couard of the third artillery had gone to proclaim the great news to his regiment and to hold them ready. In case of success at the Place d'Alton, Beaupre was to go back and bring them to join the Prince. In case of failure they were to be his reserve. The Place d'Alton barracks lay between town and ramparts, to be reached from the town side only by a narrow lane; but the ramparts commanded with a large open space the yard where the soldiers assembled. If the Prince entered from the town side, from the street—Faubourg Pierre—only an escort could go with him. If he went by the ramparts the whole enthusiastic fourth artillery might be at his back. This then was the route chosen. But as the Prince and the regiment and the swinging shouting mass of citizens made its way toward the quarters, suddenly, too late, the officers about his Highness saw that some one had blundered. Someone in the van a man had lost his head, had forgotten, and the compact inelastic procession had been led toward the approach from the Faubourg Pierre, the narrow lane at the side toward the city. It was a serious mistake, yet not of necessity fatal, and at all events they must make the best of it. The Prince could not make a dramatic entrance at the head of a shouting regiment, but for all that he might win the forty-sixth.

He did win the forty-sixth. Some-

thing had happened to the officer sent to arouse them—another slip in the chain—and instead of being drawn up in the yard they were getting ready for Sunday inspection, but they flocked to the windows at the noise, they rushed into the yard at the name of Napoleon. An old sergeant of the Imperial Guard ran forward and kissed Prince Louis' hand, and the reserved face lightened—he knew the value of a bit of sentiment with Frenchmen; he was not wrong; in a moment the line regiment had caught up the cry of "Vive l'Empereur!" raised by the artillerymen, and the earlier scene of the Austerlitz barracks was being repeated here. Prince Louis, pale and composed in the center of the roar of voices, the seething sea of excitement, heard a word at his ear and turned. "Sire, it is success. I go to bring up your Majesty's other regiment," Francois said, and the Prince answered quietly: "Yes, it is success. Go, mon ami."

In a moment the messenger had thrown himself on the horse of an artilleryman and forced a way through the recoiling mass, down the lane, and out to the Faubourg Pierre. In the free street he galloped the horse, sloft and again and again the men's deep voices set up in broken magnificent chorus the great historic cry to which armies had gone into battle. "Vive l'Empereur! Vive Napoleon!" The souls of a thousand men were on fire with memories and traditions, with a passion of consecration to a cause, and as if the spell of the name grew stronger with its repetition they shouted over and over, in tremendous unison, over and over and over. "Vive Napoleon! Vive l'Empereur!"

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of them did, this man's anomalous yet strong hold on Prince Louis. Francois rode again to the colonel's side, and he did not doubt that he had decided rightly.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

The Accolade at Last.

It is a common tragedy that men, being human, cannot see all sides of a question; that a decision right in one light may bring disaster in another. If events had stayed where he left them, Francois Beaupre and Colonel Couard and his regiment would have won honor and eternal gratitude from Louis Bonaparte for the quarter of an hour's work which made the arsenal theirs. Events, instead of standing still, or going forward, took an unexpected sinister turn, not long after Francois' going.

The happy Prince, smiling the shadowy smile which made his face winning, stood in the center of triumphant turmoil; his new followers, the men of the forty-sixth, crowded about him shouting, cheering, kissing his hands, and the loyal fourth artillerymen fraternized, embraced, congratulated the men of the line regiment. The narrow courtyard was a hubbub of rapturous excitement, and the Prince's officers—Montholon, Vaudrey, Voloin, Parquin, D'Hunin, Querelles—these and others whose names Frenchmen knew, surrounded the small figure which yet had so much of royalty, and laughed and chatted light-heartedly. In a few moments, when Colonel Laity's engineers and the third artillery should have arrived the Prince would have five thousand men under his command. The great game was practically won—Prince Louis was all but Emperor.

Suddenly, above the sea of sound, a commotion was heard at the farther end of the barrack yard. The colonel of the forty-sixth, Colonel Talandier, had arrived. Very loyal to Louis Philippe, very angry at the scene before him, he would not believe the news. He called excitedly, and the men's voices died down as they saw him gesticulating. "Soldiers," he cried, "you are deceived! This man for whom you are shouting is an adventurer, an impostor!"

In the shock of silence which followed his words, another voice rang out, clear and indignant, the voice of a staff-officer whom they all knew. "It is not the nephew of the Emperor! It is the nephew of Colonel Vaudrey! I recognize him!" the officer cried in a strong staccato, and a gasp as if ice-water had been scattered went through the crowded place.

There is nothing more absurd in history than the instant effect of this quick-witted lie. Only with a mercurial French mob, perhaps, could it have succeeded, but it succeeded here with hopeless swiftness. It flew from mouth to mouth—they were cheated, tricked; the Emperor's nephew, the Prince, had not come; this young man was a make-believe, a substitute, the nephew of an officer; some of the soldiers who had shown most enthusiasm almost lost their minds now in rage.

Colonel Talandier began to form his men; the Prince, composed as ever, yet earnest, swift, tried to rally his, but it was impossible to start anywhere, in this confusion, for line and artillery had become mixed in an unmanageable mob. A word from either Prince or colonel and blood would have flowed.

Yet the steadfast mind kept its hope; he glanced every moment toward the ramparts. The third must appear there shortly; it could not be many minutes. They would turn the tide. One glimpse of that solid swinging regiment and the day would be saved—and salvation was certain. The third was coming, would be here any second—Francois' faithfulness could be trusted.

Slowly, with his officers crowding about him, he was driven toward the barracks wall, and, in a flash, from somewhere, a man was before him, thrusting a bit of paper at him. With a swift movement he had it opened and read: "Destiny throws arsenal into our hands. Have taken third artillery to hold it. I wait to bring the news—a jewel for your crown. Vive l'Empereur! Beaupre."

Few men ever heard Louis Napoleon sob, yet the officers stood about him at that moment caught a sound that wrung them. It meant the end, and they knew it. Passionately he crushed the paper and threw it into the seething mass.

"Fool! He has thrown away the empire," he hissed through set teeth. "If I could run him through!" Then, quickly, he was himself again. Serenely while the maddened soldiers pressed on him, he turned and spoke a quiet word to his friends, and then, serenely, too, with a gaze that was half contemptuous, half friendly, he let himself be made prisoner.

Yet the fight was not all over even now. On the ramparts, where the Prince and his column should have been, had gathered from the Faubourg Pierre a formidable crowd, who advanced angrily to his rescue, and pelted the line regiment with stones, and cried again and again, "Vive l'Empereur!" Colonel Talandier had to reckon with a many-sided trouble. But the

heart of it was in his hands, and slowly order and the old rule were coming back. The tumult of the struggle had quieted, the volatile forty-sixth regiment, returned to its allegiance, stood formed in ranks, in appearance as firm for the king as the everlasting hills, and, at the end of the court was a sad and silent, yet a stately group of men, the Prince who had almost been Emperor and those who had watched slipping with his hope, their hopes of grandeur.

Suddenly a horse's hoofs rang down the lane from the Faubourg; a rider clattered at gallop into the yard and across the front of the soldiers, and every one in the agitated company saw that the man reeling in his saddle was wounded. With blind gaze he stared about as he reined in, and then he caught sight of the sorry group, the Prince and his officers. To Francois Beaupre, clutching to this world by one thread of duty, this was the victorious Emperor and his triumphant staff. With a choking sob he threw himself from the horse and fell, too far gone to stand, at the Prince's feet.

"Sire, I bring you the arsenal," he stammered painfully, loudly. In the silence of the courtyard one heard every word. "Two wishes—good faith—" he gasped. And then, his mouth twisting to a smile, "the third—is no matter."

Louis Bonaparte looked down at the man whose dying face stared up at him in a rapture of loyalty; whose life had been consecrated to him; whose death was for him; who had lost him an empire. For a second a struggle shook him, and then the large kindness through which he came nearest to greatness, overflowed. In the career to come was no finer moment, no higher inspiration for Prince Louis than this. He bent close to the glazing eyes.

"Courage!" he said clearly. "Courage, mon ami. Live for me and for our country. Live, my brother Francois—Chevalier Beaupre, Marshal of the Empire." And the Prince's sword flashed out and touched his shoulder.

The other world closing about him Francois heard—they did not doubt it who saw the eyes flame as a fiery flames out of darkness, and when his lips stirred they knew that he wished to cry once more "Vive l'Empereur!"

Frenchmen all, shaken with the living drama, the ruined man who stood about a defeated Prince cried it for him—the old magic cry of the Bonapartes. With lips lifted, as one man, "Vive l'Empereur!" the deep voices cried, hailing a lost cause for a lost hand. But only the Prince knew that a thought came after; only he caught, on the gasp which let the soul out, a girl's name. He bent quickly again, with an eager assurance, but it was late. The accolade of a higher king had touched his servant, and the knightly soul of Francois had risen.

THE END.

Temperance

(Conducted by the National Woman's Christian Temperance Union.)

WHAT A WRITER SAW.

A short time ago I noticed him as he came into town, with his wagon full of vegetables, and chickens, and eggs. He found a ready market for his produce, and I thought how happy his little ones would be when he returned home in the evening with toys, and dresses, and shoes, and food for the morrow, and some clear money in his purse. I thought I could see his wife standing in the doorway to give him a cordial greeting on his return, so desirous was I that he should make the home ones happy and contented. I could almost see his cheerful face as he returned to his family after a day's absence. So I thought, and returned to my work. But evening came, and he passed by my window again. He had nothing I thought he would have. The bed of the wagon was bare. No little shoes, nor food for the morrow, nor money in his purse, I dare say. The man was drunk. He had changed, and this changed my thoughts of his home. I could see the children shrinking from his approach, and the wife so care-worn and sorrowful. She could not meet him with the tender smile with which she had intended greeting him. He was breaking her heart, and preparing to make a desolate home for his wife and children.—W. H. Engler.

COST OF A BOY.

By MRS. ELLA A. BORLE, President, New York State W. C. T. U. If I were to place a money value on what that mother does for a boy from the time he is born until he is twenty-one years of age, I am not putting it too high when I assert it is worth say two dollars a week—could not hire it done for that—which means that the mother has invested in the boy from the time he was born until he is twenty-one years of age more than twenty-one hundred dollars in hard work.

What has the father done for the boy? He has provided the home, the food and lodging, paid the doctors' bills, paid for his books, his clothes, his schooling, and his bills when he went to college, so that when I make the average amount expended by the father \$100 per year my estimate is low. This means that when the boy has reached twenty-one years of age his father and mother have expended upon him in cash and hard labor more than \$4,000.

If I had a horse valued at \$1,000 and some one would to destroy it by fire, I would have the man arrested and sent to the penitentiary, but if he had a boy, and a house, I would a thousand times rather see one set fire to my house and burn it to the ground than have the saloon hold of my boy and ruin him body and soul. Wouldn't you?

SMALL PROFIT TO FARMER.

The manufacturers of intoxicating liquors quite frequently represent themselves as indispensable to the farmers, on account of the market they afford him for his grain. An investigation shows that only a very small part of the farmers' total products are taken by the breweries and distilleries. For instance, during the fiscal year ending June 30, 1911, 599,855 bushels of barley, wheat, corn and oats were used in making alcoholic liquors. But the farmers raised during the year 1910, a total of 5,143,187,000 bushels of these same grains and this shows that the liquor traffic uses less than two and a half per cent. of the five leading crops of the land. For every bushel of grain used by the breweries and distilleries more than forty-four and three-fifths bushels are for legitimate food purposes.—Prof. John A. Nicholls.

JUSTICE TO WIFE AND CHILDREN.

The court was hearing a case of "drunk, third arrest." The judge turned to the woman who stood next to whom worn, sorrowful face touched his heart, and said: "I'm sorry, but I must lock up your husband." The injured wife, victim of the legalized liquor traffic, one of the many who "take the consequences" while the husband takes the drink, had no thought of taking deep moral or economic problems, but only of plain, every-day, common sense, which she replied: "Your honor, wouldn't it be better for me and the children if you locked up the saloon and let my husband go to work?"

COMMON SENSE IN NORTHERN WISCONSIN.

There are a hundred miles of railroad through northern Wisconsin, but one saloon town on the whole route. This station retained its "ness" at the last election by a majority of only four votes. And yet northern Wisconsin is the home of the foreign emigrant, the lumberman and the copper and iron workers!

TWO INVESTMENTS.

Part of the exhibit in a Good (Mass.) shop window during the poster campaign was a little cottage with the announcement that: "Henry saved one dollar per week which he invested in a building. At the end of 25 years he had built this little home all paid for." Close to the cottage was a picture of a miniature barrels with the legend: "John spent one dollar per week for beer. At the end of 25 years he had built this pile of empty barrels to show—and even these he did not own."

BAN ON LIQUOR DEALERS.

"One of the peculiar developments which have faced the liquor traffic, not only in Pennsylvania, but in other states, this year," said a prominent surety company agent the other day, "has been the sudden refusal of saloonkeepers to go on the bond of the liquor business."

Does your town advertise, through its chamber of commerce and other organizations, the number of saloons in operation?



FEEDING BIRDS IN WINTER.

Kindly Act to Set "Dinner Table" for the Wild Feathered Songsters.

How best to feed the birds is almost an art in itself. A winter lunch counter spread with suet, nuts, hemp seed, meat and crumbs will attract nuthatches, chickadees, downy and hairy woodpeckers, creepers, bluejays, etc. Canary seed, cracked wheat, oats and hay chaff scattered on the ground beneath will provide an irresistible banquet for other feathered boarders. A feeding place of this sort can be arranged for convenient observation from a window and afford no end of diversion and instruction. But whether close to home or far afield, the great secret of success in such work is regularity. Begin to put the food out early in November, and let the birds get to know that they are always sure to find a supply of dainties in a certain spot, and the news will soon spread among them. In wintry weather, especially, it is amazing what can be accomplished by feeding the birds regularly, and at least the following birds have been induced to feed from the human hand: Chickadee, white breasted nuthatch, red breasted nuthatch, brown creeper, Carolina wren, cardinal, evening gros-

beak, tufted titmouse, Canada Jay, Florida Jay, Oregon Jay, and redpoll. Even in spring untiring patience has resulted in the gratification of this supreme ambition of the bird lover, and bluebird, robin, catbird, brown thrasher and yellow throated vireo have been known to feed from the hand of a trusted friend, even with plenty of food all around.—From Boy Scouts of America.

American Benefactions.

Many a worthy but struggling charity has been placed on its feet by a timely bequest or gift from a living friend, and the whole cause of organized benevolence has frequent reason to rejoice over this tendency which, while not by any means confined to one nationality, is known in the United States on a scale never known before. Large gifts in this country amounted last year to more than \$300,000,000, without including any of less than \$10,000. Examined in detail the list is a long one. The evident purpose is to benefit mankind in making it better equipped for the duties of life, and to prevent and ameliorate human suffering. Educational institutions, hospitals and sanitary work received more than half the gifts of last year. Elevated art was well remembered and responsible charities received a generous share.