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HAD HIS DESIRE REALIZED

Clemenceau Wanted to Come into Contact With the Private Soldier, and He Did!

On one occasion when Premier Clemenceau visited the French army at the front, says a contributor to Je Sais Tout, the general who was his host suggested a sightseeing trip, but the premier declined the invitation.

"General," he said, "I did not come here as a tourist; I have only one purpose, and that is to come into direct personal contact with the private soldier. I wish to see him as he faces the enemy."

"In this sector," was the reply, "it is easy to do that. At post 8 there are only four meters between the poilu and his adversary."

"Very well," said Clemenceau. "I wish to go to post 8."
Complete silence reigned in the trenches where the soldiers stood, gun in hand, ready to go "over the top." Their faces were tired and deeply lined; in them were the traces of suffering and of anger. These men asked no favors, but they forgave nothing. In their eyes shone a determined resolution to win, and then to punish. When the party reached the covered passage leading to post 8, the guide told M. Clemenceau that for the remaining distance he would have to crawl upon his stomach, and in that fashion the premier advanced until he met a sentry. There for an instant he forgot that he was not in the tribune of the senate and, speaking loudly, said:

"Well, my friend, what—"
A hard slap cut the sentence short. "Shut up!" hissed the sentry. "Can't you hear that Boche coughing?"

The soldier never doubted that his blow had saved the man who was destined to lead France to victory. He had treated M. Clemenceau like a comrade. The premier had been near indeed to the private soldier; he had come into direct personal contact with him. His desire was realized.—Youth's Companion.

CAN WIN DESPITE HANDICAP

Wounded Soldiers Not "Out" in the Battle of Life and Do Not Ask to Be Coddled.

"I have found that you do not need hands and feet, but you do need courage and character. You must play the game like a thoroughbred," said Michael Dowling at the international conference on reconstruction.

"You fellows know how it is in a handicap race. A handicap is put on the horse that has proved himself, so that he may not beat the others too easily. But the horse with the handicap is the one to bet on."

"You fellows are handicapped, but we know you can win the fight. You have been handicapped by the Hun, who could not win the fight. For most of you it will prove to be God's greatest blessing, for few men begin to think until they find themselves up against a stone wall."

"And you other folks—don't treat these boys like babies! Treat them like what they have proved themselves to be—men. Don't spoon-feed them. Don't coddle them. They would rather get their own faces down into the blueberry pie and eat it for themselves."

The United States Fish Crop.
The total value of the American fish crop, including that of Alaska and the insular possessions, is estimated now to be \$150,000,000, allowing for the advances in value of the last year. The capital invested in the fisheries of the United States, including vessels and the land establishments for handling the fish, is estimated at about \$75,000,000, and the number of persons employed is 220,000. The value of the sea products turned out by the canneries is \$50,000,000.

Food experts did well during the war time to urge Americans to eat more fish, not only because this helped conserve the supplies of beef and pork products but also because eating some good fish frequently means a change in the average man's diet which is to his benefit. The same argument holds true in regard to vegetables and green things, of which many people in cities do not eat enough for their own good.

Ghost Altogether Too Real.
One of the most amusing mishaps that ever happened in any production of Sir Henry Irving was in "Hamlet," during the first appearance of the ghost. The actor impersonating the dead king of Denmark was suddenly seized with a violent fit of sneezing, but sought valiantly to go on with his lines, thereby giving a new and curious rendering to the words: "Hamlet—achou!—I am—achou!—thy father's—achou!—spirit!" The house was in an uproar, and when next the ghost appeared a chorus of sneezes resounded from the gallery and another episode of the great tragedian went from the sublime to the ridiculous.

Planting Trees on Wall Street.
They are preparing to plant trees along Wall street for soldiers from Denmark, but this Denmark is a town in Wisconsin and while there may be bulls and bears also on this Wall street they are not the ones usually associated with that thoroughfare. These memorial trees are being planted by John Jorgensen, according to a report to the American Forestry association of Washington, which is registering on a national honor roll all such trees set out.

YULETIDE.



Daughter—Say, pa, what do you want me to get you for Christmas?
De Close—Well, if it's all the same to you, I'll just keep the money.

Christmas is not just a day of tree-trimming and toy-giving for the kiddies—not just a holiday for youngsters to outgrow. Its spirit is of the heart, the soul—communal between us and all those whom we hold dear as our friends. It changes not, however we may. May its glow be reflected for you through all the coming year.

Christmas All the Year!
Every time that Christmas comes around again we wonder why we haven't cultivated the Christmas spirit all the year.

MY CHRISTMAS TREE.

O!
Christmas morning when I wake and sleep-dust from my eyes I shake, I see a sight that makes me start and causes thumpings in my heart: A Christmas tree—oh, pretty sight—with candles, bells and balls afloat.
With horns and dolls and sugar plums, and skates and trains and beating drums. And, oh, it is a wonder tree, with heaps of things for me to see. Rare gifts hang upon the side, which tinsel fairies cannot hide. A soldier doll, a doll house, too, and strings of gold come to my view, and as I look I seem to hear sweet Christmas music, soft and clear. A merry Christmas, it seems to say, A merry, happy, holy day!



Squaring Himself.
Last Christmas a young man was invited to dinner at the house of one of the leading men in the town. At the dinner table he was placed opposite a goose.

The lady of the house was seated on the young man's left. Seeing the goose, he remarked:
"Shall I sit so close to the goose?"
Finding his words a bit equivocal, he turned round to the lady and said, in a most inoffensive tone:
"Excuse me, Mrs. Blank, I meant the roast one."

Christmas Thanks.
For little children everywhere
A joyous season still we make,
And bring our precious gifts to them
Even for the 'sore child Jesus' sake.—Cary.

HYMN FOR CHRISTMAS.

Oh! lovely voices of the sky
Which hymned the Savior's birth,
Are ye not singing still on high,
Ye that sang "Peace on earth?"
To us yet speak the strains
Which sweep in time gone by
Ye blessed the Syrian swains,
Oh! voices of the sky!
Oh! clear and shining light whose beams
That hour heaven's glory shed,
Around the palms and o'er the streams,
And on the shepherd's head,
Be near, through life and death,
As in that holiest night
Of hope and joy and faith—
Oh! clear and shining light!
—Felicia Hemans.

A Rather Vague Order.
A Wisconsin boy wrote to Santa Claus as follows: "I would like a air rifle, a pair of Indiploves a mouth organ a christmas tree and some candy and nuts that is all a game of checkers for." It's a little vague, but we hope Santa will be able to fill the order.

BETHLEHEM

Cold was the earth and all the stars,
But Mary Mother smiled
Where in the manger of an inn
Lay warm the Holy Child.

The ox was host upon that night
Unto the King of all;
He gave for incense meadowy breath,
For shelter his rude stall.

Not all the cold of earth and man
Can pierce the heaven mind,
Where warm against her leaping heart
A Mother clasps Her Child.

O miracle of utmost love,
How God grew greater when
He stooped to be a helpless babe
Beside the hearts of men.

Long ages since—and still in joy,
In loneliness and tears,
We kneel unto a Little Boy
Who smiles down through the years.
—Wilbur Underwood in Reedy's Mirror.



Camel CIGARETTES



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The Wonders of America

By T. T. MAXEY

BUNKER HILL MONUMENT.

The elevation known as "Bunker Hill" is situated in Charlestown, Boston harbor. On this spot, on June 17, 1775, was fought the famous Battle of Bunker Hill, between the British and American forces. Here the gratitude and patriotism of the American people have caused to be erected a great granite obelisk as a memorial.

Located in the center of a four-acre square and surrounded by an iron fence, this monument is 221 feet high and 30 feet in diameter at the base. Within the shaft is a circular staircase leading to a chamber, 11 feet in diameter and 17 feet high, at the top,

from which is visible a view that thrills the heart of every American, who has been fortunate enough to witness it.

It is an interesting fact that the corner stone was laid by General Lafayette, a son of glorious France, during his famous visit to America in 1825. The monument was dedicated in 1842, on which occasion Daniel Webster spoke these famous words:

"It looks, it speaks, it acts, to the full comprehension of every American mind, and the awakening of glowing enthusiasm in every American heart. Its silent but awful utterance; its deep pathos, as it brings to our contemplation the 17th of June, 1775, and the consequences which have resulted to us, to our country, and to the world, from the events of that day, and which we know must continue to rain influence to the destinies of mankind to the end of time."

The Real Christmas.

The real Christmas is an invisible presence, a joyful glance of the eye, a wonderful expansion of the heart, a sense of comradeship with all mankind. It is an abandonment of ourselves to all good impulses and an almost reckless waste of good feeling and generosity and love, and no army of pessimists can banish that kind of Christmas from our hearts.

Under the Holly Bough.
Ye who have scorned each other,
Or injured friend or brother,
In this fast-fading year,
Ye who, by word or deed,
Have made a kind heart bleed,
Come gather here!

Let sinned against and sinning
Forget their strife's beginning,
And join in friendship now.
Be links no longer broken,
Be sweet forgiveness spoken
Under the holly bough.
—Charles Mackay.

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