

Black For Luck

Abundance Brent was returning home at the close of her day's work. She had been helping Mrs. Stoddard with her fall housecleaning. Mrs. Stoddard was the kind of woman who never spares herself, much less her handmaidens.



THE MILITARY CAMPAIGN IN ASIA. The Turks have evacuated Beirut, and it is expected an allied force will occupy the place.

him up. He seems to have taken a great fancy to you. He stayed a little while and took the cat away. Two or three days passed before Dandy returned.

DEMANDED AN REPRISAL.

Breslau Newspaper Wants Principality of Sagan Confiscated. Breslau, via Berlin, to London, Dec. 16.—The Breslauer Zeitung demands the confiscation of the Principality of Prince Howard of Sagan.

Patriotic Concert At Charleston.

Charleston, Dec. 14.—The repeated patriotic concert, which was put on at the hall, Oak Leaf, on Friday evening, brought out a full house.

War Oddities.

Amsterdam—A remarkable gun, built on the principle of the old Roman catapult, is being used by the Austrians in operations against the Servians.

Going Him One Better.

The head of a manufacturing concern who built up his business from nothing but his own dogged and persistent toil, and who has never felt that he could spare time for a vacation, not long ago, however, decided that he was getting along in years, and that he was entitled to a rest.

HOLDERS OF THE CROSS

AWARDS SINCE WAR BEGAN IN TWENTY-ONE.

Heroes Of "L" Battery—First Indian Recipient Is Survivor of 15 Who Slew 60 Germans.

The granting of ten Victoria Crosses within the last few weeks brings the total number of these awards during the present war up to twenty-one.

The Cross is the highest reward given to the British army for some signal act of valor or devotion performed in the presence of the enemy. The decoration is accompanied by a pension of fifty dollars a year.

The ten latest V.C. awards are as follows: Private Sidney Godley, Royal Fusiliers for coolness and gallantry in firing his machine gun under a hot fire for two hours after he had been wounded at Mons on August 23.

Driver Job Drain and Driver Frederick Luke, Royal Field Artillery; at Le Cateau on August 25th, as volunteers, helping to save guns under fire from hostile infantry 100 yards away.

Major Charles Yate, deceased King's Own Light Infantry; commanded one of two companies that remained to end in trenches at Le Cateau on August 26 when all other officers killed or wounded, led his black survivors in gallant charge.

Lance-Corporal Frederick Holmes, King's Own Light Infantry; at Le Cateau on August 26 carried wounded man from trenches under heavy fire; later assisted to drive a gun out of the trench by taking place of a wounded driver.

Captain Edward Bradbury, deceased, Royal Horse Artillery; organized defence of battery against heavy odds at Nery on September 1.

Captain William Henry Johnston, Royal Engineers; at Missy on September 14, under heavy fire, worked two rafts bringing back wounded and returning with ammunition.

Drummer Spence John Beat Ask, Lancashire Regiment; for taking command and succeeding in holding a position after his officer had been struck down and other deeds of bravery.

Bombardier Ernest Harlock, now sergeant, Royal Field Artillery, for conspicuous gallantry on September 15 near Vendresse; although twice wounded, persisted in returning to lay his gun each time after wounds dressed.

Lance-Corporal Dobson, Coldstream Guards; for bringing wounded men into cover on two occasions while under heavy fire.

The most conspicuous of these ten heroes is Captain Bradbury, whose battery, "L," made a determined stand near Compiègne on the last day of the retreat towards Paris.

Battery "L," which covered the retreat, was attacked by a strong German force with ten field guns and two Maxim's. Three British guns were brought into action, but two of them were quickly silenced.

Bradbury and his men served the remainder of the day, however, that all but one of the German guns were silenced, and when Battery "L" was ordered to retire, it was with a record of having captured a gun.

"Captain Bradbury was the real hero. He got the gun into action and gave the orders. Mundy knelt on the ground and thanked him. Bradbury, Campbell and Giffard with the battery sergeant-major, gunner and driver, served the gun. Bradbury had one leg taken off, but still went on; Campbell and Mundy were killed. Bradbury had his other leg taken off and Giffard was badly wounded, but still kept the gun going; and when Battery "L" came up they found the Germans had bolted. Only the major and Giffard, who received five bullets, survived."

Three V.C.'s have now been awarded in connection with this fight: Sergeant-Major Dorell and Sergeant Giffard, having already received the decoration. In addition, Lieut. Giffard, Gunner Darbyshire and Driver Osborne were awarded French decorations.

The first Indian to be recommended for the V.C. is Havildar (Sergeant) Gagan Singh, of the 57th Wildo Rifles. The havildar, with fifteen men, was down by an overwhelming German force in the brief hand-to-hand struggle which ensued, sixty Germans were killed. Gagan Singh, sole survivor of his little company, was left for dead in the trench with five bullet wounds. When picked up still held tightly the sword of a German officer whom he had dispatched.

This is the first war in which it has been possible for an Indian to win the Victoria Cross. Eligibility to the distinction was one of the boons granted by King George at the Durbar in 1912.

THE WAR WIND. The north wind sweeps the countryside. And brings the blinding snow; The war wind sweeps the countryside. With fierce advancing foe; And man may hide from the north wind, But from the war wind—no!

The rainstorm beats the crops to earth. And frees the foaming flood; The war storm breaks the men like oats. And the rivers flow with blood; And man may brave the rainstorm, But the war storm heeds no hood.

After the north wind comes the spring. After the storm the sun; But the war wind leaves no living thing. After its race is run; And the war storm needs to blow but once— Its work is fully done.

To him who sends the north wind Unending praises be; But God have mercy on his soul Who sets the war wind free. —Perival U. Birdseye, in N.Y. Sun.

The Saint We Once Believed In

Breathes there a man among us with soul so dead that he does not often, when the yuletide season comes round, recall with boyish delight the good old days when he firmly believed in a real Santa Claus, and, best of all, in the reindeer and sleigh, piled high with the bulging pack?

Modern realism, and the cut and dried spirit that has fallen upon the age, has done few more questionable things than attempt to rob the world of that ancient myth; dearest of all to the heart of childhood, our Santa Claus.

What pictures of childhood more delightful than those of the fat, rosy-cheeked old gentleman, muffled and fur-coated, benevolence radiating from every portion of his anatomy? But even more interesting than the man, if possible, was the wonderful reindeer, with his branching fantastic antlers his long warm-looking coat, that could well withstand the bitter cold of that polar country which was supposed to be the home of the dear old Saint. How sleek and dainty was the reindeer's nose, and how bright and spirited his eyes!

But most suggestive of all the many wonderful things about this wonderful animal was the cloud of steam that jetted from his nostrils, suggesting the very cold weather.

How much to the childish mind depended upon the reindeer! Would he be able to haul the heavy sleigh with its bulging packs through the deep drifts? Was there any possibility that they might become stalled in a bad storm, and thus the wonderful day be lost?

These and a dozen other childish impressions come back to the writer as he is sure that his own childhood would have been robbed of a lot of its indescribable charm, if fancy and its wonder pictures had been told that there was no Santa Claus and no reindeer.

Christmas without Santa Claus for the young people, the real mythical Santa Claus, with reindeer and sleigh, is a very commonplace and tame affair.

BURIED TREASURE.

Story Which Natives of Peru Have Handed Down.

There has always been fascinations for man in lost or sunken treasure, and this again has been brought home to us by the many attempts which have been made lately to recover from the ocean bed the bullion which had laid there for centuries and in some cases a few weeks only.

The sinking of the Empress of Ireland in the St. Lawrence River had added to the number of ships which have taken to their grave beneath the icy waters valleys which are essential to the works of man.

Divers are now endeavoring to recover the bullion aboard the Canadian liner for there are men still willing to risk their lives in the recovery of treasure from wrecks, as in the old days men were ever ready to go into unexplored lands in search of riches reported to be buried there.

The treasure of the Incas of Peru is among many that have defied the efforts of expeditions to locate, and even to this day no definite clue has been found of the many million dollars worth of gold buried on the approach of the Spaniards into the interior of the present republic.

One of the stories of these lost treasures relates to a Curzco white man of Spanish descent whom the Lord blessed with numerous children. It is the custom here that a god-father shall look after and provide for his godchild, and so, as this man was poor, he tried to add to his resources by getting a corps of good godfathers.

So as the infants came one after another he named each in honor of one of the distinguished citizens of the town and the man grew poorer and poorer. At last he had nine babies, each of whom had given a rich godfather, but there was no help forthcoming. The father swore that he would leave the rich and chose as the patron of his next child the first man he met on the street after his birth.

In due time the stock came again, and the man, rushing out, saw a poor Indian driving a caravan of llamas into the town. He stopped him and told him he wanted him to be godfather to his child.

The Indian objected, saying that he was poor and not fit to be godfather to a white child. The man then told of his poverty and finally persuaded the Indian to avoid the position.

In due time the baby was baptized and the Indian appeared at the ceremony as its godfather. He kissed his godson as he left the church and the next day came back into Curzco with a score of llamas, loaded with wood. He took this wood to the father of his godchild, saying that he had brought what he could and that he must accept the wood as a gift.

The man was thanked and the wood was duly stored away in the court of the house. Some time after that the bundles of sticks and roots were opened, and inside of each was found a great bag of gold in nuggets and dust. In the meantime the Indian had disappeared and could not be found.

The man took the gold and built two large houses on the street called Triumph. If you do not believe this story come to Curzco, and the people show you the street and point out the house.

You can always tell a good friend from the fact that he generally keeps his opinions to himself. The man who isn't true to himself isn't true to anybody. It's human nature to want other people to be liberal.

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