PRAISE FOR INDIANS

ORIENTAL TROOPS EULOGIZED FOR WORK IN EUROPE.

Removal of Forty-five Thousand Veteran East Indian Soldiers to Unknown Theatre of War Has Been marked by Warm Expressions of Appreciation of Their Heroism on the Western Front.

THERE has been much speculation in military circles as to the destination of the Indian army corps which was recently transferred from the Flanders front. The possibilities of their new field of action touch upon three points—Salonica, Egypt, and Mesopotamia. The latter is deemed to be the more probable field for them, and it is believed that they may be sent to reenforce General Townshend's army, now apparently in a critical situation on the Tigris.

Before the departure of these 45,000 men for "a new field of action," after having fought the Germans for more than a year on the Anglo-French front, the Prince of Wales delivered to them a message from the King, thanking them for their gallant services. The King's message was:

"More than a year ago I summoned you from India to fight for the safety of my empire and the honor of my pledged word on the battlefields of Belgium and France. The confidence which I then expressed in your sense of duty, your courage, and your chivalry you since have nobly justified.

"I now require your services in another field of action, but before you leave France I send my dear, gallant son, the Prince of Wales, who has shared with my armies the danger and hardships of the campaign, to thank you in my name for your services and to express to you my satisfaction.

"British Indian comrades in arms, yours has been fellowship in toils, hardships, courage, and endurance, often against great odds, in deeds nobly done in days of ever memorable conflict. In the warfare waged under new conditions and in peculiarly trying circumstances you have worthily upheld the honor of the empire and the great traditions of my army in India.

"I have followed your fortunes with the deepest interest and watched your gallant actions with pride and satisfaction, and I mourn with you the loss of many gallant officers and men. Let it be your consolation, as their pride, that they freely gave their lives in a just cause for the honor of their Sovereign and the safety of my Empire. They died gallant soldiers, and I shall ever hold their sacrifice in grateful remembrance.

"You leave France with just pride in honorable deeds already achieved and with my assured confidence that your proved valor and experience will contribute to further victories in the new fields of action to which you go.

"I pray God to bless and guard you and bring you back safely when final victory is won, each to his own home, there to be welcomed with honor among his own people."

Early in September, 1914, the British Government admitted that Indian troops were in France. One Cabinet official called them "the unknown factor" which altered the situation at the front. At that time there were 30,000 Indian soldiers here—two divisions of infantry and a brigade of cavalry. Later more arrived, and in November twelve transports arrived at Marseilles, bringing British-Indian cavalry, who were anxious to join the British infantry against the Germans.

A despatch from Delhi, via London, on Jan. 13, 1915, said that Lord Hardinge, viceroy of Egypt, had stated at the opening of the vice regal council that 200,000 Indian troops were at the front, distributed in France, Egypt, East Africa, and along the Persian gulf.

Murder of Highlanders.

An official communication from the War Office to the father of Private David Moncur, of the 2nd Gordon Highlanders, as to the death of his son on October 31, describes how the Germans murdered Private Moncur and another man. The communication says:

"The machine-gun officer states that he and Private Moncur were both wounded, and together with another man were captured by the Germans, who were around them in large numbers. He ordered them to surrender, as it was impossible to do anything, and they were ordered to carry him up some distance from where they were, which they did.

"Some few minutes later they were taken away about fifty yards and both shot. The man who shot them put his rifle against their bodies as he fired. There is no excuse for the shooting of these men, as their captors had previously asked if they would go with them, and the officer replied that they would."

Dean Rorison's Reply.

A lady in Scotland, who was a large landowner, once consulted with the late Dean Rorison, of St. Andrews, about the appointment of a clergyman to one of the livings in her gift.

"I wish you to understand the kind of man I want," she explained. "He must be a gentleman; he must be musical and cultured. I want him to take an interest in the boys, to exercise a running influence on the whole neighborhood. He must, of course, be a good preacher. Now, dean, do you understand the kind of man I want?"

The dean replied: "Yes, madam; I understand the kind of man you want. You want a St. Francis de Sales, plus a Liddon, plus an Archbishop of Canterbury, for a hundred a year and a damp cottage—and you won't get him."

An Ohio man is said to have invented a self-operating typewriter, but what most of us need is a machine that will do its own thinking.

He isn't always happiest who wears the happiest look.

ENGLAND ECONOMIZES.

Dukes Ride on Busses, and No Longer Eat Butter.

England is beginning to feel the financial pinch of the war, and nowhere is it getting worse than among the peers and peeresses, and everyone is starting in to save, writes a correspondent.

All sorts of economies are being introduced. Buckingham Palace sets the pace, and it's said that Queen Mary now has only the simplest sort of food on the royal table. So it is nearly everywhere else. In plenty of great houses margarine has taken the place of butter. Electric light and gas bills are being cut down.

This economizing is popular, too, and everyone practices it. For those who never had anything anyhow it's quite a blessing, for now they don't have to worry about keeping up their end and making a good showing. Economy now isn't a thing to be ashamed of.

The other day I was in the provisions department of a great shop in London. In came Princess Henry of Battenberg, who deals there. She gave an order for five pounds of margarine, the substitute for butter, and sailed out again. I haven't the slightest doubt it was for her own table, as well as for her servants. I've heard of one duke's household where butter isn't used at all any more.

But economy doesn't extend all through the social scale. A day or so ago I was in another provision shop when a woman, obviously of the working class, came in. I heard the girl shop assistant trying to sell her margarine.

"No thanks, Miss," said the customer, "my old man wouldn't spoil his inside with this new-fangled stuff. The best for him or nothing."

People are riding on the motor omnibuses more than ever before—I mean real people, dukes and duchesses and so on. Someone was making up a list the other day of people who a year ago wouldn't be seen dead in a 'bus; they'd have their own car or a hired one, and as for riding in the stuffy tube, they wouldn't think of such a thing. This listmaker has spotted a couple of dukes, three or four duchesses, and no end of other people of high degree who had been seen atop 'buses, just like 'Arry and 'Arriett.

Laws Regulating Laundry Marks.

Laundry marks vary greatly in Europe. Most of us are familiar with those used in Britain, consisting of certain small letters or figures stitched in red thread. Not all Continental laundries are so considerate. In some parts of France linen is defaced by having the whole name and address of the laundry stamped upon it, and an additional geometrical design to indicate the owner.

In Bavaria every piece has a number stamped on in large characters. In other parts of Germany a small cotton label is attached by means of a hot-water-proof adhesive. In Bulgaria each laundry has a large number of stamps engraved with designs, and in Russia the laundries mark linen with threads worked in arrow shapes.

In some Russian towns the police periodically issue regulations for laundries, while in Odessa books of marks are furnished annually to the laundry proprietors, and these marks and no others may be used. By this system criminals and revolutionary agitators are often traced.

A Glimpse of Tennyson.

Apprehension of being mobbed by the "profane vulgar" amounted almost to monomania with the poet Tennyson. Many stories are told in illustration of this weakness of his. One of the best of them will bear repetition. Lord Tennyson was taking a country walk with a friend when a fellow creature was espied in the distance. "We must turn back," said the poet. "That fellow means to waylay us." His companion persuaded him, however, to continue on their path. They caught up to the enemy and passed him. He took no notice of them whatever. "What an extraordinary thing!" cried the irate poet. "The fellow seems to have no idea who I am!"

Nonroyal Headgear.

One of the attaches of an embassy at London once told a story wherein Michael Joseph Barry, the poet, who was appointed a police magistrate in Dublin, was the principal figure. There was brought before him an Irishman charged with suspicious conduct. The officer making the arrest stated, among other things, that the culprit was wearing a "Republican hat."

"Does your honor know what that means?" was the inquiry put to the court by the accused's lawyer.

"It may be," suggested Barry, "that it means a hat without a crown."

Then It Got Cool.

At a dinner in Dublin there were two sisters present. One had just emerged from her widow's weeds, and the other was not long married, but her husband was in India. A young barrister who was present was chosen to take the young widow to dinner. Unfortunately he was under the impression that his partner was the lady whose husband was in India. The conversation commenced by the lady observing how hot it was. "Yes, it is very hot," replied the barrister, "but not so hot as where your husband is."

Putting Him in His Place.

John Morrison, an elderly Scot laird, had an ancient valet named Gabriel, whose petulance and license of speech went so far as to be intolerable. One day at dinner Gabriel took the liberty of calling something which his master said "a great lee."

"Weel," said the laird, really offended and rising from the table, "this will do no longer. We must part at last."

"Hout, tout!" replied Gabriel, pressing his master into the chair. "Whaur 'wad her honor be better than in yer ain hoose?"

A shopper considers the price, but a buyer considers the value.

The evil that men do is soon forgotten—by themselves.

A good reputation soon goes lame if it isn't lived up to.