# POWERS SAY DRUM MUST BO

Will Be Cut Out as Necessary Article of Military Equipment by European Nations.

It was some time ago that, acting upon the recommendations embodied in a report by a military commission, the French government reached the conclusion that the drum was no longer a necessary article of military equipment. The report set forth that the drum was a serious incumbrance in marching; that rain impaired its usefulness; that its calls could not be distinguished in time of battle; that it consumed a period of two years to turn out an efficient drummer, and that by abandoning the use of the drum many thousands of youths and men would be released for active

service. Since the decision of the French government other European powers have followed its example in decreeing that the "drum must go."

The history of the drum is both ancient and honorable. The Egyptians employed it, and the Greeks ascribed its invention to Bacchus. The Spanish conqueror Pizarro is said to have found drums in South America temples. The snakes of Ireland, we are told, fied from the Emerald isle before the drum beats of St. Patrick. The Puritans of New England used the drum as a church bell, and it figured frequently and romantically all through our wars of the Revolution and the Civil war.

#### BIRD THAT KEEPS A SLAVE

Frigate-Bird Forces the Booby-Bird to Supply Fish for His Dinner.

The booby-bird never leaves the broad seas, where his harsh cry is heard from the Hebrides to the Faroes and from the cliffs of Scotland to the coast of Norway. He revels in the storms and screams above the roar of the sea. The booby has green feet, yellow eyes, and a defiant head covered with a yellow cap. Each of its wings is three feet long and its beak is so stiff and so strong that it fears no enemy but the frigate-bird. The frigate-bird is the terror of the birds of the sea, though he ignores all but the booby. Owing to the breadth of his wings, the frigate cannot fish; he is forced to remain in the air. But as he cannot get fish in the air, and as he requires fish for his nourishment, he presses the booby into his service. When hungry he swoops down upon the booby and gives it a vigorous thrust in its throat. Then the booby's mouth opens and the fish caught in it drops out. The frigate has only to give one peck at booby's throat to get his dinner.

It happens occasionally that the booby attacked by the frigate has nothing in its mouth. When the frigate pecks in vain, he belabors his slave with his beak and drives him. bruised and terrified, into the sea to catch fish.

Life Without Microbes.

The oft-debated question as whether there can be life without microbes is held to have been solved by M. Michel Cohendy of the Pasteur institute of Paris, who has reared live chickens in an enclosed space which was quite free from microbes. By the use of an ingenious apparatus for hatching the chickens and then raising them for a certain time, he was able to produce animals which did not contain any microbes, and they were able to live, and appeared to be as healthy as usual. His apparatus served in the first place as an incubator for hatching the eggs and then as a chamber where the chickens are able to live as long as may be desired. M. Cohendy kept the chickens in his apparatus for 45 days, and the contents of their digestive organs, blood and so on, were found to be free from microbes. Those that were kept alive did not seem to suffer at all from being transferred to the germ-laden atmosphere, for they grew up success fully.

Machine to Write Music, A German musician has invented a machine which, he states, automatically registers the notes emitted by the piano. The new machine has the same object as one invented by an Italian and used by Mascagni in writing his operas, but it is a larger instrument and is operated by electricity. Into the machine is inserted a roll of paper, and the composer seats himself before the piano and executes the composition that he desires to give to the public. The machine faithfully registers every note produced, so that the musician does not have to depend upon his memory. --Harper's Weekly.

Herons Most Affectionate Birds. Of all the birds he had studied, said W. Farren in a lecture at the Royal Photographic society's exhibition, (London, England,) none showed conjugal affection in quite the same way as the brown backed herons of Andalusia in Spain. Whenever the husband relieved his wife at the nest he invariably laid his neck over hers in a momentary embrace and then took up his position while the other bird flew away. The herons never omitted this affectionate salutation.

St. Petersburg's Growth, That St. Petersburg is rapidly growing in population is evidenced by the census taken in December, 1910, which showed the population, including certain suburban villages formerly not covered, to be 1,907,708. It is preseminently an "office town," and also a seaport for six or eight months of the year.

LINGERS ALWAYS IN MEMORY

Fortunate is the Man That Can Recali the Love Showered on Him by Grandmother.

The Women's Home Companion contains an impressive article on grandmothers, in which the author gives the following description of her own

grandmother: "A bride at fifteen; a widow with four little children at thirty; flung from wealth to poverty by the Civil war: confronted with the necessity to earn her own and her children's living in a day when women had indeed cause to cry out for better opportunities, and through it all strong, patient, serene, the unconquerable

"What could be braver, what could

be richer, than her life? What could there be in all human experience to surpass that young love of hers?—the love that one hears, with aching throat and blurred eyes, in the single voice of some throbbing violin when the lights are low and every coarser instrument is hushed? Ah, that is the pure romance, starry, exquisite—fleeting, if you will—but oh, how sweet! ----

"And then—motherhood. The woman of today, with a large and lovely charity, would mother the whole world. But she—she mothered her own. And will any woman say that to mother one's own is the lesser joy, the inferior vocation?

"Then death—the death of her husband. And I think there can be no sharper test of courage, no deeper call for heroism, than the requirement to smile into one's children's faces, to make life a happy thing for them, when their father lies dead. That is a task to shake the heart of the staunchest; yet she did it.

"Soon afterward, the war and financial disaster; the old, old story of the southern wife and widow; the home desecrated for her by the presence of boarders; the skillful needle put to such unwonted service; all the pitiful shifts of unequipped, sensitively bred poverty. These things she did tooand smiled.

"And then she lost her first-born, her only son. And she smiled still, for the children who were left.

"As her remaining children grew up around her, the stress lightened. There was marriage, there was birth happening about her again-renewals

of life. "What would childhood be, indeed, without grandmothers? Of course we love our mothers and fathers best; we always assert that stoutly, butwell, there's something about a grandmother!

Wishing for Longer Days.

Most women at home would be surbrised to learn that there are quicker ways of doing ordinary things than they are used to. But efficiency experts who work wonders in cutting out waste motions in factories, so that hard-headed business men are willing to pay them big money for their services, throw up their hands in horror when they observe how women at home let the precious time slip through their fingers, and wonder where the day has gone.

Ariong the improvements they suggest is that women use the clock more, agreeing with themselves to get certain things done by certain times, and having certain hours free for culture, devotion and recreation. The necessity of keeping to a schedule means the invention of many short cuts, and puts something of that delightful game spirit into the most commonplace tasks.

Now don't talk it over with some negative-minded, person who muddles your good intentions with whining objections, but just go shead and do it. If it works, then tell your neighbor, Perhaps she would like to have some spare time too.—Delineator.

Effect of Paint on Corrosion of Iron. According to the rather surprising results obtained by two German chemists. M. Liebreich and L. Spitzer, who were experimenting with paint as a preventive of the corrosion of iron, it seems that one coat of good paint or varnish is much superior to two or more coats. In their experiments a second coat proved absolutely detrimental. The experiments consisted in painting well polished steel bars with one or more coats and suspending the bars over boiling water for four days. Half of the coating was then removed and the bared metal well covered with vaseline to prevent oxidation. In each case where only one coat of paint had been applied the bars remained as brilliant and rust free as before the test, but in the case of two or more coats, corrosion had taken place. The investigators will not commit themselves as to the explanation of this, but it may be that a coating of several layers provides a less flexible cover, more liable to crack, thus allowing oxidizing agents to penetrate to the metal surface.

Caught Seaguil on Salmon Rod. I have sometimes read accounts of birds taking the fly of a fisherman. but I do not remember having heard before of any one catching a seaguil when salmon fishing.

This happened here at Dunkeld today, and the lady who was fishing not only hooked the seaguil but after playing it for a quarter of an hour landed

The lady was harling for salmon in the Tay just below Dunkeld bridge. spinning with a misnew from a boat, when the seaguli swooped under the water and flew off with the minnow. The gull made very good play, and it was only owing to skillful handling that it was eventually "netted." It was of course taken off the hook and flew away none the worse. The Field.

RISKED LIFE FOR SEEDS

Man Responsible for Starting Rubber Industry in India Now Living on Pension.

Living on a pension in London is W. H. Wickham, the man responsible for the introduction of rubber trees in India at the risk of his life. He is said to have received from the promoters of the enterprise \$5,500 in cash, the remainder being put out at interest to furnish him with a life income. The agricultural department of East India, which was approached on the subject, took kindly to it, and sent Wickham to gather the seed of the Para rubber tree in Brazil. Wickham lived in the jungles with the natives and won their confidence. Slowly he collected seeds until he had 75,-000 of them. He put them in bags and smuggled them aboard a ship, which was short of cargo and funds. The government of India stood all the costs. The seeds were cultivated in the hothouses of Kew Gardens. Some 2,000 Para plants developed, and these were sent to Ceylon for cultivation. That was the beginning of the rubber growing industry in India, and now millions of dollars are made annually from the rubber plantations in Ceylon, Malaya and other East Indian provinces. From Wickham's seeds much purer rubber was grown than Brazil had ever seen. He ran the risk of a long term in prison, for a Brazilian law prohibited the removal of the seeds from the country.

#### TAXICAB SERVICE IN PANAMA

Will Run on Regular Schedule Be tween Colon and Panama and Carry Mail.

Consul General Snyder of Panama learns from the local press that a concession has been granted to Francisco Arias, Sr., for establishing a taxicab automobile service on a regular schedule in the cities of Panama and Colon and neighborhood where the condition of the highways permits. The vehicles must carry mail matter from government post offices along the route and give free transport to policemen. Autobuses to accommodate eight persons are also to be operated. At least six taxicabs must be in service within a year, this number to be increased until, at the expiration of three years, not less than twenty-five are in service. Mr. Arias is also authorized to establish a motor truck freight serv

Europe's Largest Grapevine. What is said to be the largest grapevine in Europe is to be seen in the great conservatory of Lord Breadalbane, at Killin, Loch Tay, Scotland. Planted in 1832 in a modest conservatory measuring only fifteen feet, its glass house has now grown to large proportions, the outer branches being some eighty feet off the main stem, and both vine and its little crystal palace are still adding to their inches, the latter having been extended twenty-eight years ago The 1912 yield numbered 2.075 bunches, but it was thought best to allow only 500 of them to mature They have a delicious flavor and are of the Black Hamburg variety.

Hit by His Own Law.

There are worse perils than wil. animals in Central Africa, says one who has just returned. Among the natives there are terrible diseases. Some of them are lepers; and sleeping sickness has laid a hold on many of the villages. In one village the local chief had given orders that all suffering from the sickness were to be taken out into the bush and left there, but the people had carried out 83 many of their relations that they refused to take any more. A few days later the medicine man of the tribe diagnosed that the chief himself had the disease, and immediately the ruler annulled his law so that he could be kept in his own but.

Baikan Bailada Are Long. In the Balkan countries the ballad makers have certainly been at least as important as the makers of laws. Servia's national ballads, commemorating the glories of the Servian Emperor Dushan, the fatal battle of Kossovo, and the legendary exploits of the hero Marko Kralyevich and his horse Sharats, are of Homeric proportions, and, sung to the accompaniment of a guitar with cords of horsehair tails, have kept national feeling warm for centuries. In recent years the Servian government published a popular edition. In Macedonia, Sir Charles Eliot heard a schoolboy recite a Bulgarian poem which took an hour and a quar

Troubles With Sun Dials. Sun dials are picturesque objects, but when exactitude is required, that is, scientific exactitude, they are difficult things to adjust. Columbia unlversity is having trouble with a sun dial consisting of a great brass plate on which rests a granite ball seven feet in diameter. When the ball was completed it was found to be a little too small, and now the brass plate on which it rests has to be engraved all over again to fit the ball's dimensions

Princeton's Wonder. In Princeton they have a sun dial that is a reproduction of an ancient one of an English university whose trustees presented the Gothic column to Old Nassau. It is so fearfully and wonderfully marked with figures that Dean Fine once explained to a visitor there were only three professors in Princeton who could tell the time by it, and that they could do so only three days in the year, and then the dial would be wrong.

Interesting Discovery in an Old Texas House.

Dagger, Crimson With Blood Rust of Centuries, and Ancient Spanish Pieces of Eight Found in Old Pot.

San Antonio, Texas.—Still crimson with the plood rust of centuries, a dagger was found in the walls of an adobe building in San Antonio, and in another part of the house was found copper pot containing pieces of eight. It is regarded as the most historical production which Texas has yielded in many years and the coins have been sent to Tiffany in New York for valuation.

Charles Arnaud and Gus Loeloff, his brother-in-law, were tearing down an ancient structure, used in bygone days as a fandango hall, when their picks came in contact with something that rang differently from the flint rock which composed part of the walls. They took their pocket knives and scraped away the mortar and discovered what resembled a teapot.

Extracting this vessel from its coating, they dug a flint rock from its opening, where the lid should have been. At first spider webs obscured their view, but after wiping these away they could see dimly that there was something at the bottom of the pot. It proved to be eight Spanish coins, covered with dust. How the dust got there it is impossible to say, as the large opening of the teapot was closed and the spout was so small that only a few drops at a time could have been poured from it. And in addition the hole was inclosed in the solid wall.

Local scientists will tackle the probiem of how the spiders entered the pot-whether they were in it before the wall was closed, or whether they crept through some infinitesimal crack and thence into the spout of the pot. Quien sabe?

The dagger has a pearl handle, carved by hand, carrying a feathery design on one side and on the other a shield and leaves. At one end it has a guard almost as large as those of the swords used by the crusaders, bearing a bas relief of a wolf's head. At the other end it has a similar ornament, the head of some animal which has not yet been identified.

The blade is seven inches long. sharp on one side and thick on the other. Its point is yet in fine shape and could do deadly work. It has peculiar red stains, believed to have been caused by blood. This weapon was found near the top of the wall, hidden by mortar, and it is thought it was tossed there for the purpose of concealment

# GAYNOR DEFENDS THE HATPIN

Writes Advocate of Ordinance Against Unprotected Points That He Never Saw Anyone So Wounded.

New York .- Mayor Gaynor is not in sympathy with the crusade to suppress the wearing of hatpins with unprotected ends. Several attempts to pass an anti-hatpin ordinance in the board of aldermen have been made recently, and the mayor expresses his opinion on the subject in a letter to one of the advocates of the ordinance: "I must confess." he writes, "I

never saw anyone hurt by a lady's hatpin, but since you say so, and since the prefect of the Rhone department In France, as you say, has issued an edict against ladies' hatpins, I suppose they must do much slaughter.

"But is it altogether seemly for a man to get his face so close to a lady's hatpin as to get scratched? Shouldn't such a fellow gef scratched?"

# THOUGHT HE WAS PLAYING

Child Runs Smiling to Tell Mother About Boy With Broken Neck.

Greenlawn, L. L-When Mrs. Axel F. Anderson returned to her home after a short walk Sigma, her five-yearold daughter, ran to meet her, her face all smiles.

"Oh, come and look at Alfred; he's playing dead and he's so funny,". laughed the little girl.

Mrs. Anderson followed the child and found her twelve-year-old son lying dead under a chestnut tree. His neck was broken.

"He climbed up for chestnuts," said the little girl, "and I guess he must have fallen out when I wasn't looking, cause when I turned around there he was under the tree. I thought he was only prebendin'."

# MULES DEVASTATE ARMY POST

Eat All the Flowers in Garden and Kick Down Fences at San Francisco.

San Francisco.—One hundred and fhirty-eight head of "Missouri's finest," just detrained upon their arrival from St. Louis, for use at the Presidio, the local United States army post, broke from their corrai, devastated flower gardens, struck panic to the hearts of civilians and police, who attempted to round them up, and otherwise enjoyed the freedom of the city for nearly twenty-four hours.

A detachment of cavalry finally rounded up 137 of the mules, but one is still missing, along with several hundred dollars' worth of flowers, vegstables and garden fences.

### WHY THE TRAIN WAS LATE

Min't Have the Nerve to Interfere-He Gulped, So Did Everybody Else.

If the railway guard who held his train half a minute beyond schedule time should be reprimanded at headquarters a hundred passengers who know why he did it will sign a petition for his pardon. Sentiment was back of it. Somebody wanted to kiss. A lot of people want to do that. Women kiss each other, men kiss their wives. The guards have no patience with sentiment of that kind. They flaunt their contempt by bawling, "Break away there; no time for that!" and refuse to hold the train

half a second for the tenderest salute. But this case was different. It was easy to see how it was. A mother was giving her child away. The little fellow was in good hands. The couple who had adopted him were wholesome, kindly people; the mother was wretchedly poor. No doubt it was best all around to give him away. She and the boy stood the parting like majors up to the last minute, then the baby broke down.

"Mom-mom-mom," he blubbered from the car platform. Before the guard could close the door or give the signal she had reached through the crowd and had

snatched him from the man's arms. "I can't, I can't," she said. And then the kissing began. The guard didn't even try to say "Break away!" He gulped; so did everybody else. Presently the woman handed the boy back, and the train started on amid the deepest silence that had ever hung over that subway station.

First "Lightning Catcher." Nearly everybody believes that Benjamin Franklin was the inventor and constructor of the first lightningrod. In this particular they are mistaken, as the first lightning catcher was invented by a poor monk of Bohemia, who put the first lightning-rod on the palace of the curator of Preditz, Moravia, June 15, 1754. The apparatus was composed of a pole surmounted by an iron rod, supporting twelve curved branches and terminating in as many metallic boxes filled with iron ore. The entire system of wires was united to the earth by a large chain. The enemies of the inventor, jealous of his success, excited the peasants of the locality against him, and under the pretext that his lightning-rod was the cause of the excessive dry weather, had the rod taken down and the inventor imprisoned.

Serbs Are a Peasant People. The inhabitants of the Balkan provinces are not the warlike, ferocious ople that popular imagination in this country is apt to picture them. The Servians, for example, are a genuine simple peasant folk, whose home life might be copied with advantage by the populations living under the rule of the great powers of Europe The Servian practices the art of co-operation, while civilized people are learning its elements. Every little homestead in Servia is a family commune, while in some of the mountain districts exists the zadriga, or communal village, where everything is held in common, and where the oldest man is the guide and commander and final authority as to the mating o' the people in his district.

Founded Sect in Japan. A forerunner of Mrs. Mary Baker Eddy has been discovered. She was a Japanese woman who, long before Christian Science was heard of, founded in the Island Empire a very similar cult. According to a writer in the London Chronicle, about 4.000,-000 inhabitants of Japan are believers in this system, which they call "Tenriqyo" and the "medical religion." Few in England or America had heard of this religion until, not long ago, four missionaries from Japan settled for a time in London, talked of their faith to some whom they met and, departing, left behind them a little book written in English but printed in Osaka.

Starting a Missouri Train, A drummer and a friend climbed aboard a ramshackle train in an isolated Missouri town. The train was a feeble, asthmatic piece of mechanism and the humane society should have prosecuted its owners for allowing it

to run at all. It finally came to a dead stop just on the edge of the town and after a long interval of trying to make it go the engineer stuck his head in the

door and bawled: "Say, you two gents'll have to git out till I git it started!"-Kansas City

Working for the Boss Easy.

A man complains of being worked to death since he went into business for himself. Now all he can think about is getting down early and keeping on the job until everybody else goes, not even taking time out for luncheon. He had it easy when working for the boss, because he had regular hours for starting in and leaving off, and at luncheon took an hour and a half or two hours out in the fresh air looking around, shopping or calling on friends.

Don't Sleep in Cutaways. A fat man got aboard the cars and squeezed into an empty seat next to a sleepy man wearing a long-tailed cutaway. Then in a few minutes the drowsy man opened his eyes, looked out of the window and saw the cars were stopping at his station, so he up with a jump and just about tore off the half of the skirt of his cutaway on of this city. which the fat man was sitting.

# TELLS OF HORRORS

Terrible Experience of Wrecked Party is Revealed.

Woman and Child in Open Boat With Crew in Ice Off Cape Horn-Seventeen Men Lose Their Lives in the Disaster.

London.—The terrible experience of a party of shipwrecked sailors who spent a week in an open boat in the icy neighborhood of Cape Horn are described in a letter which has just been received from Port Stanley. Falkland islands. The men were accompanied by the captain's wife and child, and no fewer than six of the original occupants of the boat succumbed to cold and exposure before the exhausted survivors reached the

Falkland islands. At the same time comes the news that Captain Thomas, his wife and child and three sailors reached Liverpool on the Pacific liner Orepess.

During a storm which broke suddenly the large sailing ship Criccieth Castle, belonging to Carnarvon, met with disaster off Cape Horn. The rudder post gave way and the rudder damaged the sternpost so much that the vessel was filling with water. The captain, Robert Thomas, his wife and son (aged four years), the second officer and 13 of the crew left the ship in the large lifeboat, while the first and third officers and five of the crew left in a smaller boat.

The experience of the former party during the first night in the open boat was terrible, the captain describing it as the worst he had known during the 22 years of his seafaring life. That night, the captain thinks, the second boat must have been swamped, as nothing was seen of it afterward. Captain Thomas was washed out of the lifeboat, but was saved by his wife, who caught him by his clothing. enabling two of the men to pull him aboard. Three of the men died during the night and they were followed by three others before the survivors

reached land, seven days later. Those who know apy thing of the icy region around Cap Horn in winter can imagine the sufferings of the unfortunate people who were for seven days in an open boat, which, moreover, was leaking badly as the result of striking the ship's side while it

was being lowered. On the second day a Finn, a French cook and a Japanese died; on the third day a German and an Englishman died, and on the morning of the fourth day those who remained were horrified to find that during the night another man, a Welshman, had died.

By the fourth day nearly all who remained were frostbitten. All suffered agonies. Then the water supply gave out. So exhausted were they that no one seemed to care what happened to

All hope of rescue seemed to vanish, but on the seventh day an outlying island in the Falklands was sighted. Fire was lighted as soon as they landed and the survivors were able to enjoy a drink of melted snow. But the relief afforded by the islet was only short lived, and the party put out to sea again in the hope of finding an inhabited island.

This quest was attended by misfortunes, and the boat was blown out to sea and beyond sight of land. Ultimately Port Stanley was reached. Al together 17 men perished.

# IS LITTLEST BABY OF ALL

Champion Lightweight Babe of Medical History is Born in New York.

New York.—The champion lightweight baby of the entire history of medical practice, according to New York physicians, is being carefully guarded in an incubator at the Lying. In hospital, Second avenue and Seventeenth street, for fear the faint spark of life it possesses may expire at any moment. Nevertheless, its chance for existence seems favorable. It weighs only twenty ounces.

It owes its present hold on life to Dr. Charles H. Choldsmith of 1910 Lexington avenue, who, first believing the little girl, born prematurely. had come into the world dead, later noticed a slight twitch of one of the eyelids. He then revived the infant by breathing into its mouth. Mrs. Mary O'Connor of 2595 Eighth avenue is the mother of the child, and at the time of its birth was suffering with whooping cough.

After Dr. Goldsmith had been hurriedly summoned to the O'Connor home he told the parents, after careful examination, that the baby was dead. The physician was astonished at the diminutive size of the infant. An eight-pound baby is not consid-

ered a large one, yet this little newcomer was only quesixth the weight of an eight-pound baby. As it lay on soft material arranged

on a table, the father, hearing the doctor's verdict, started out to find an undertaker. A few minutes afterwards the physician noticed a slight movement of an eyelid. The father returned a few minutes later, having arranged for the burial, to find the physician working to revive the child. though the appliances usually used in such cases were laoking and there was no time to send for them.

Lightweight Triplets. New York.—Triplets whose aggregate weight is less than six pounds, have been born to Mrs. Dorothy Mosch,

L'ABEILLE DE'LA NOUVELLE-ORLÉANS

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