

THE JAPS IN ACTION—IRRESISTIBLE DASH OF THEIR CHARGES.



Military attaches with both the Russian and the Japanese armies have stated that no army in the world can show better soldiers than the Japanese operating in Manchuria. It is said they literally do not know what defeat means.

young men were invited did not take place till 4 o'clock, the "gouter"—a term which may mean luncheon, tea, or any odd meal—meaning in this case coffee and cakes. This allowed of a turn round the village, with its charming old Gothic church dating from the fifteenth century, and containing, among many fine tombs, that of Benjamin the sister of Hubens; and a peep at two quaint castles with pepper-pot towers, one with a moat, the other belonging to the De Spangens family, parents of Countess Liechtenfeldt, wife of the Belgian minister to Washington.

By 2 o'clock each village window framed the figure of a young girl dressed in her Sunday best and looking out, like Sister Anna, "for some one coming," and perhaps singing in her heart the old song, "Is nobody coming to marry me?" Invitations by notices, circulars and newspapers had been sent out far and wide, and youths responded nobly to the call. From 2 o'clock on young men came in swarms. They were of all sorts and classes, from the farmers, who, in clean, shining and guffawing, arrived in lumbering carts, and young farmers with rakish hats and smart ties who came in neat gigs, to the townsmen, who appeared by train in a delightful incongruity of attire, having apparently lost themselves amid the riches of their wardrobes, whence they emerged in white frocks, white boots, or frock coats and bowler hats. Some even came in automobiles, and I was left to wonder whether they were the owners of the chauffeurs in search of partners for the evening, whom he was to be seen later in serious conversation. Rows of men came together, arm in arm, as though for mutual emboldenment, one party being headed by a small, wheezy hand organ, whose encouraging strains perhaps repaid for the trouble of carrying it.

Excitement reached fever heat when 18 smart bachelors, all with huge but-tonhole bouquets and headed by a vivacious student, arrived from Brussels, but there was a brief pause when 4 o'clock struck, and not one single young girl could be found with sufficient courage to go to the coffee tables and await a companion. The girls, however, shyly from their own doors, linked arms, and, union giving them courage, proceeded to thread the crowd. But they were deaf to all invitations.

By 10 minutes past four they were tossing their heads like proud society beauties, showing themselves off with all the airs and graces of finished coquettes. They even wooed their way between the tables, where every young man tucked up his collar and pulled down his waistcoat and prepared for a dash, but they would not take these places.

It seems that envious rivals of other villages had made disparaging remarks on the anxiety of the girls of Ecaussines-Lalain to secure husbands, and, as an old woman once dolefully mumbled, "Our girls must show today that they are not to be picked up in a minute." The swains were getting more than a little cross, when, the sacrifice to Mrs. Grundy having been paid, the girls gravely took her place at table. Another and another followed, each leaving a vacant seat on either side. There was a shout from male throats, and in an instant every girl had a lack beside her—though honesty compels the acknowledgment that, the afternoon being hot and many of the men having come long distances, they seemed at first far more interested in the coffee and a peculiar sweet cake made for the occasion and known as a "mascotte," than in sweethearting. The maitre looked hard and uninviting, but local custom allowed of its being dipped in the cup till it was soft and sloppy.

AN ADVENTURE.

I looked on with considerable interest at this unique fete, and was rather amused to find that the bachelors were greatly in excess of the girls, I was receiving invitations myself to take coffee with one or another of the part-nered swains, invitations given by a whispered mademoiselle, a nudge and a jerk of the head in the direction of the tables.

At last a smart young man from some neighboring country town advanced with great form, and with much clicking of heels to white canvas shoes and a flourish of the hat, "begged mademoiselle to do him the honor of taking coffee with him." Realizing all that accepting his invitation might imply, I demurred; but his insistence, a spile of mischief born of the holiday feeling, as well as certain instructions always to join in everything so as to get all possible local color, made me change my mind, and with a smile in my sleeve at the thought of the husband left at home, I advanced to take my place with the rest.

It must be stated that earlier in the afternoon my hostess had informed me that my arrival had been viewed with great disfavor by the girls, who saw a possible advantage in my town-cut and the fact that I wore a hat while they did not. Being already provided with admirers themselves, however, they could now afford to be generous, and my appearance as a candidate for coffee and matrimonial honors was greeted with much applause.

It was with much amusement that I settled down to coffee and my new acquaintance. Oddly enough, he knew a few words of the language and he gave me many terribly tortured English phrases to unravel, but at last he sank into comfortable French. He was good, and he had noticed me the instant he arrived; that he liked something "high class," hazarded that I was perhaps at the head of some business or perhaps maid to some lady of title.

He was evidently seriously looking for a companion, and I was anxious about the end of the adventure. With great volubility he pointed out that he was "joli garçon." Taking off his hat that I might admire his curly locks and dark eyes, he told me that his position in life was "tres bonne," that he had economics and was all the time artfully trying to resolve that burning question of Continental suitors, my "dot." He told me he had a mother and that she had intended coming with him that day to look out for him, but was prevented by illness. She would live with him after marriage and would, he was sure, welcome an lover daughter-in-law. But there was a shadow across his eyes as he spoke that made me doubt whether a stranger daughter-in-law would have quite a good time.

As an excuse for his want of conventional in seeking a wife at Ecaussines he said that it was often in these out-of-the-way places one found a good "part," and with that simple notion inherent in Belgians confessed that having an English wife would make him very "chic" in his social circle. But he always hedged behind the

remark, "supposing all the affairs march well." When I could get in a word I hesitatingly told him I was not a candidate for Hymeneal advancement, drawing off my glove that he should see my wedding ring. He grew extremely angry; told me I had cheated him and wasted his time and was so inclined to re-tell that I had to remind him that it was he who had invited me to coffee and that it was not I who had alone taken my place at table as an intimation to any corner that I was free.

NAIVE FESTIVITIES.

Fortunately a diversion occurred in a welcoming speech to the bachelors from the lady president, made from a raised platform, in a voice choking with emotion. It was very cleverly put together, and her thanks for the ready response of the celibates "to the spinners' call for succor" was very amusing. An excellent reply on behalf of the bachelors was made by the president of the Brussels party, who reminded his hearers that last year's fete had resulted in 14 weddings, adding, "Go thou and do likewise." Both he and the lady president were presented with bouquets and exchanged the kiss of friendship, an example so promptly followed by all the couples that I was glad to have lost my young man in the crowd.

A very fat girl with the voice of a mouse then gave us a love song, and many ditties on the tender passion followed. An amusing incident was the speech of one of those bachelors who had been unable to find partners, and who bewailing their sad fate, suggested that next year the committee should import girls enough to go round. With a bow to the stranger lady he was even good enough to invite "the blonde misses of Alibon."

Before I left I learned that Ecaussines d'Enghien, viewing with dismay the stream of moneyed visitors that had all day passed by, had petitioned to be admitted to next year's festival, the girls of the villages to combine in providing the coffee and cakes and the feast to be held alternately in each village. It is probable that in time the whole affair will lose much of its delightful originality and sincerity, but as I saw it was simply a rustic festival in which all took part in serious earnest. An open-air ball closed the proceeding. Everything was orderly in the extreme, there was no going off to flirt in corners and the lovelaking was all done in full view of the sympathetic village.

As a study in country life it was unique, and it has attracted attention all over the world. Letters have been received from every part of the globe from bachelors regretting that distance prevented their being present. Lovely men in Australia and America, struck with admiration for the courage of the girls of Ecaussines, have proposed correspondence, but this village Mrs. Grundy refuses to permit. Applications for invitations poured in, and 25 young men signed a very reproachful letter at the last minute, saying that they had

been forgotten. Another group from Grammont submitted not only names but occupations that the girls might choose before they came, while they guaranteed that they were all handsome, kind and possessed of that mystic power, "chic."

Italian lovers wrote sheets of poetry for the girls, and a Frenchman, "au desesperé" that the Fates kept him at home, sent a very cleverly drawn up litany for spinsters, in which each line bears the name of a saint with a rhymed prayer for matrimonial bliss warranted infallible.

J. E. WHITBY.

FRENCHMEN STILL SWEAR BY BLANC.

(Continued from page 11.)

With such a string of fliers in his stable the popular opinion that at 43, the most brilliant period of his turf career is yet before him seems fully justified. Great as have been his successes on the turf his chief ambition is to distinguish himself by permanently improving the breed of fast horses. He is the most trusted adviser of the French government in the matter of horse breeding for cavalry mounts and has made some pecuniary sacrifices for patriotism. After refusing \$50,000 for Vinteuils, which failed to win the Derby in 1903, he sold the horse to the French government for half that sum. Quo Vadis, the winner of the Grand Prix that year he sold to Russia for \$50,000, and for his services to Russian horse breeding the czar has made him a grand officer of the Order of St. Stanislas.

MARCEL LOISY.

FROM CHILDREN'S MOUTHS.

One day I gave my little cousin a wintergreen lozenge, and, as it burnt her tongue, she turned to her mother and cried: "Oh, muzzer, put dis in 'frigerator, quick!" Slater Jennie cut her finger one day and came to me to have it bandaged. After the finger began to throb she returned and said: "I have a new heart in the end of my finger." Four year-old Robert had been teasing his father for a dog, so one day his father brought him a bob-tailed rat terrier. After Robert had looked at it a minute he burst into tears, saying: "He isn't all there. Boo-hoo."

Advertisement for Consolidated Wagon & Machine Co., 150 State Street, Salt Lake City, Utah. Features text: '7 MONROE STREET, CHICAGO, ILL. To CONSOLIDATED WAGON & MACHINE CO., 150 State Street, Salt Lake City, Utah. Five cars McCormick headers and binders shipped Monday. We are tracing, I. H. Co.' Below is copy of message just received. We have twice been SOLD OUT on machinery this season, but have fortunately been able to fill all orders. Patrons will please be advised that we can ship promptly Champion and McCormick harvesting machinery, haying tools and Red Tag Twine, and that in the busy Harvest Season we keep a force employed to fill orders every day, regardless of whether it is a holiday or not, so that EXTRAS may be gotten out quickly and the farmer not delayed in the harvest field. Write, telegraph or telephone us at Salt Lake City, Ogden and Logan, Utah; Idaho Falls and Montpelier, Idaho, inquiring also of our agencies which are found in every prominent town in Utah and southeastern Idaho. Just received a shipment of Binding Twine which we offer at special prices to those desiring other twine than Red Tag. CONSOLIDATED WAGON AND MACHINE COMPANY, STATE STREET. Joseph F. Smith, President. Grant Hampton, Asst. Secretary and Treasurer. Melvin D. Wells, Secretary and Treasurer. J. Fred Odell, Sales Manager. GEO. T. ODELL, General Manager.

A CENSUS OF ANT COLONIES.

A German naturalist recently made a census of ants. He arranged an apparatus that permeated an ant hill with sulphur vapors until all the inmates were dead. Then he carefully dug up the entire colony, and put earth and all in a bag, which he carried to his laboratory. The sorting and counting of the ants required more than a week of steady work. He found 22,580 ants and 13,500 larvae in it. The investigator was not satisfied with this, for he argued that some ants must have escaped and that many of the workers, no doubt, had been away from the colony. Being aware of the trait that makes ants crawl in hordes over any object near their colonies, he laid broad pieces of smooth wood in their paths and scraped the ants off into receptacles of alcohol at intervals. This process was continued for a whole week, till the hill was depopulated. Five ant hills were thus examined in one summer, and the census showed that they had the following populations: 53,018, 67,470, 19,253, 23,641 and 47,282 ants, all of which were workers. The females and other varieties made the total number of inhabitants of each hill amount to about 100,000.—Minneapolis Times.

A Startling Test.

To save a life, Dr. T. G. Merritt, of No. Mehoopans, Pa., made a startling test resulting in a wonderful cure. He writes, "a patient was attacked with violent hemorrhages, caused by ulceration of the stomach. I had often found Electric Bitters excellent for acute stomach and liver troubles. I prescribed them. The patient gained from the first, and has not had an attack in 14 months." Electric Bitters are positively guaranteed for Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Constipation and Kidney troubles. Try them. Only 50c at Z. C. M. I. Drug Store.

NO ORATORY WANTED.

"Prisoner, what have you to say for yourself?" "I am not a public speaker, your honor, and beg to be excused." "I think we can excuse you for about three months." "I believe, your honor, that I could master a few oratorical stunts in less time than that." "You are a dangerous man. Discharged."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

In the Stokehole of the Modern Battleship, Where the Strain is Greatest During a Sea Fight

Writer of sea stories has had occasion thus far to make his hero a stoker. In spite of the fact that steam navigation has provided less picturesque material for fiction than was furnished by the sailing craft of long ago, the death is not yet so complete that any novelist has been driven to the stokehole for a proper setting. Nevertheless the stokehole and its presiding genius are so essential to the success of steam navigation as was the humble blower to the old fashioned pipe organ. The human beings who delve at the very bottom of the great transatlantic carryalls, which have been not inaptly characterized as "heaven above and hades below," may not be subjects fit for idealization, but they are prime necessities in steam navigation. It is on the warship, however, that a stoker becomes a person of acknowledged consequence. It depends upon him to a great extent whether his vessel is to cut through the waves at the speed that was intended by her designers or whether she shall crawl along at three or four knots under that speed. Bad work or neglect in the stokehole means disappointment and invites disaster of many kinds. It means primarily that the fires are not going to burn properly and that as a consequence the amount of steam generated will be less than is required. It means also that all the plans so carefully formulated by the experts above decks are likely to miscarry through the inefficiency or carelessness of the men who feed the fires. Battleships, cruisers or torpedo boats carrying badly trained or reckless stokers become what are termed "wasters." In other words, they eat too much coal and steam and as a consequence sleep too much. The food which they consume too voraciously is



coal, the drink which they imbibe too freely is water, and the consequent somnolence is decreased speed. Such a ship could not be depended upon in a critical moment. If the admiral of the fleet should ask for a burst of speed she would not be ready to respond. It must be remembered also that the speed of the squadron is the speed of the slowest ship. The vessels of a squadron must not be widely separated for any great length of time, for it would not do to leave a straggler to the mercy of the enemy. So it is upon the capability of a single stoker that the movements of an entire squadron sometimes depend. From this will be seen the necessity for discrimination in the selection of the men who manage the furnaces of a warship. This is so well understood by naval officials that provision has been made by all countries possessed of navies worthy of the name to instruct men in the duties of this important calling. Russia built a special vessel, the Obsean, for the purpose of training her stokers. England has followed her example and fitted up the old Nelson as a training ship for this class of seamen. In Germany, France and Italy special instruction is given at the various navy yards. In the United States the matter has received proper attention. Naval firemen, as they are known in America, are recognized members of one of the five branches which constitute the enlisted naval force. A fireman is classed as seaman and is rated with seamen, messengers and messengers. He is paid more for his services than any other

men. Many have attempted the feat, but few have been notably successful. It is reputed to be one of the most thankless offices in naval life—to be detailed to teach young firemen how to shovel coal. Every man, of course, can shovel coal, but exceedingly few can shovel it to the satisfaction of a naval instructor. A young fellow brought suddenly under naval discipline after having lived a free life ashore will find most things not at all to his liking and will also find it remarkably easy to get into difficulty. He is quite likely to forget that the critical individual who is finding fault with his method of grasping a shovel handle and is no purist in his use of the mother tongue is an officer—pretty, no doubt, but an officer in the navy notwithstanding. In such an environment and in such a temperature it does not require an act of violence on the part of the novice to constitute actual offense. An impatient exclamation or a rash movement may precipitate disaster. The coal must be spread over the fire in a manner calculated to get from it all the heat it is capable of giving in the shortest possible time. Not a shovelful must be wasted. The novice is inclined to rail at Uncle Sam's parsimony. Before he has learned how to do the trick properly—long before he wins a grant of approval from his instructor—he discovers that it is not stinginess, but prudence. Knowing how to obtain a maximum of steam pressure from a minimum expenditure of fuel has bridged many yawning chasms and turned more than one impending disaster into victory. If this scientific manipulation of coal were all, the would be fireman might look forward cheerfully to the near prospect of relief from his taskmaster, but this is only a beginning. He must now learn to keep his fire clean and free from everything that will interfere with the heat making process. This seems to be a simple matter, but one who has tried it and failed would say otherwise. Like so much else that must be learned, there is but one right

JAMES W. OLDHAM.