

an agreeable anecdote of this column. Bonaparte, then only a major in the French artillery, had been dining at the house of General d' Angerville, brother-in-law to Berthier, and, with Madame Talien leaning on his arm, was walking through the Place des Piques. Berthier and d' Angerville, who lived in one of the houses surrounding the square, were also of the party. "Your square is quite lost, General," said the future Emperor to d' Angerville; "What it needs is something in the center like a Trajan column, or a monumental tomb to hold the remains of the bravest soldiers who have died for their country." Madame d' Angerville said she preferred a column to a tomb in front of her residence, whereupon Bonaparte laughingly remarked: "Well, my dear madame, some day when Berthier and I are also generals, you shall have your column." He kept his word after the battle of Austerlitz.

"In 1814, when Paris was occupied by the Allies, the Russians wanted to overthrow this monument of their defeats, but they were only permitted to pull down the statue. From that time until 1830 the column was surmounted by a fleur-de-lis nearly five feet high, and above that was a tall staff from which floated a white flag.

"The year when Thiers and his French troops were at Versailles, and the Prussians were still on the soil of France, madmen perpetrated many inglorious acts, and one of them was the attempted destruction of this monument. A man whose wife kept a large millinery establishment at the corner of the Place Vendôme and the Rue Castiglione, begged the mob not to tear it down; and his wife even offered them one million francs if they would leave it unmolested. But they demanded two million, and that sum not being forthcoming, they accomplished their vandal act. The Communists were led by Courbet, a famous painter, who left a large fortune at his death, and, after a long lawsuit his heirs were forced to pay the cost of reconstructing the column. It was rebuilt in 1874.

"The colossal image of Napoleon, which stands now at the summit of the Colonne Vendôme is not the original, however; and it is worth recording here that on the morrow of the entrance of the Allies into Paris, the column itself would have been destroyed from top to bottom but for the intervention of foreigners. . . . In 1832 a new statue of Napoleon, of a model quite different from that of Chaudet, replaced the white flag. Its sculptor, M. Seurre, represented the Emperor in his traditional costume of the 'Little Corporal,' that is to say, wearing a cocked hat and a long, gray redingote. Napoleon III., no doubt finding that the dynastic idea was insufficiently symbolized in the Seurre picture, commanded that the Petit Corporal should make way for Cæsar, and then was seen—third avatar of the Napoleonic edify on the Vendôme Column—an antique statue of nude legs, with a Victory in his hand and a chlamyde over his shoulders, in the place of the modern Emperor and his long frock coat.

"But the column and its colossal image was not yet at the end of its misfortunes. Six days before the troops from Versailles had retaken Paris, the Colonne Vendôme was overthrown by orders of the insurrectional government. And when it came down with a mighty crash, an immense clamor of 'Vive la Commune!' arose from the crowd, even as a great cry of 'Vive le Roi!' had gone up when the statue of Napoleon fell the 8th of April, 1814.

Finally, the column and its crowning statue, as it now stands, was erected in 1874. At first it was a question of replacing the figure of the Emperor with one of France, but that resolution was abandoned, and a statue of the Great Captain was put at the top of the glorious column.

Mr. B. took down the receiver of the telephone and discovered that the line was in use. "I just put on the potatoes for dinner," he heard one woman complacently inform another.

He hung up the receiver and waited. Three times he tried the 'phone, and at last his patience was exhausted.

"Madam," he interrupted, "I smell your potatoes burning."

A horrified scream greeted the remark, and he had the immediate use of the line.

## The Windrow.

"War stops literature. It is an upheaval of civilization, a return to barbarism; it means death to all the arts. Even the preparation for war stops literature. It stopped it in Germany years ago. A little anecdote is significant. I was in Florence about 1883, long after the Franco-Prussian War, and there I met the editor of a great German literary weekly. . . . One day I asked him about the German novelists of the day. He said: 'There are no longer any German novelists worthy of the name. Our new ideal has stopped all that. Militarism is our new ideal—the ideal of Duty—and it has killed our imagination. So the German novel is dead.'"—William Deans Howells, in New York Times.

"Man has made progress, and he will progress further. He has brought the animal instincts so far under control that private vengeance and the local vendetta are no longer customary in civilized lands. He has greatly curtailed the number and extent of wars

the system by which Tommy Atkins receives his food supply in the trenches, tells admiringly of the clever work done by the motor trains in rushing through foodstuffs, and of one incident in particular. "They have already one brilliant feat to their credit," he says. "A train of twenty lorries, each laden with five tons of food and stores, ran suddenly into a band of five hundred German cavalry and was called upon to surrender. The German officer, on being refused, was allowed by them fifty yards grace, and then the fight began. The British officer in charge took the wheel of the first lorry and went full speed ahead at the enemy, and the others followed. There has been nothing like it since Hannibal's elephants charged the Roman legions. They went through and over the Uhlans and escaped, with small loss—and Tommy in the trenches had his breakfast next morning."

A correspondent of the London Times, we are told, recently wrote to that paper in great indignation over the prevalence of the title "Tommy Atkins." To him it held the value of an undignified sobriquet, and he objected to its use as the characterization of men who were dying for their country. The respect of this patriot for the British private was laudable, but he was sadly mistaken as to the quality of the private's *nom de guerre*. There are several stories accounting for the origin of the name, but all of them agree on the one point, that the original Tommy was all that England could expect of any of her subjects. A Richmond News Leader editor thumbs the pages of Brewer's "Handbook of Literary Curiosities" and other authorities and informs us that:

According to these, the term arose from the little pocket ledgers at one time served out to all British soldiers, in which were to be entered the name, the age, the date of enlistment, the length of service, the wounds and the medals, and so on, of each individual. The War

but he would not do so and was killed. His name happened to be Thomas Atkins, and so, throughout the mutiny campaign, when a daring deed was done, the doer was said to be 'a regular Tommy Atkins.'

This background to the usage relieves it of any flippancy, offensiveness, or reason for inspiring resentment, and makes "Tommy Atkins" a designation to be proud of.—Literary Digest.

"It has been presented to us, by writers of authority, that on a material side we may expect Russia to play an important part in the economic history of the future, that no country in the world has such a food-producing area as the Slavs, that we may eventually turn to Russia to aid, through her agricultural power, in keeping down the high price of living for those highly-developed countries where the manufacturing interests overpower agricultural pursuits. Also, we are promised Russia as a market for the labor of all western nations as the great potential buyer of the future. The re-established peasant is also presented to us as a hopeful asset. We are told that as an individual he will progress far beyond the mere unit in the herd; that he is fundamentally a simple, honest and industrious man, physically virile, emotionally peaceful, that in Russia even to-day ninety per cent. of the people owe their living to the land, that this ninety per cent. on a higher social and spiritual level will be a people to reckon with in the progress of the world."—The Craftsman.

## Hope's Quiet Hour.

### The Father Knows.

Your Heavenly Father knoweth that ye have need of all these things.—S. Matt. vi. 32.

"Keep me, my God!  
My boat is so small, and the ocean is so wide."  
—Breton fisherman's prayer.

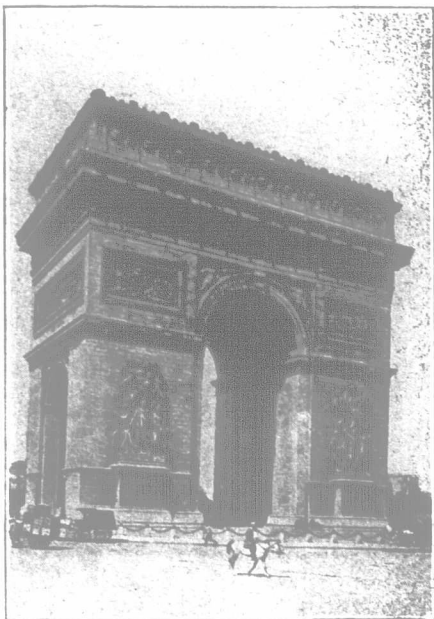
We are very apt to measure the importance of things by their size. The fisherman feels small, as he steers through the tossing waves of the mighty ocean, yet he is infinitely more valuable than the ocean—or than the whole physical universe. Our own little concerns mean much to ourselves, but we hardly like to mention them to God. He has such important matters to attend to. We plead the cause of the poor Belgians, and do not hesitate to pray for the safety of a young soldier at the front; but it seems almost impertinent to trouble the Ruler of the Universe about our little, commonplace needs or troubles.

King Ahaz was afraid of asking too great a thing of God, and he was encouraged by this message: "Is it a small thing for you to weary men, but will ye weary my God also?" We are more likely to fall into the opposite extreme, bringing before God in prayer only things of great importance. We forget that He Who guides and controls the great heavenly bodies, Who "hangeeth the earth upon nothing," and measures infinite space with a span, also clothes the grass of the field, paints the wayside flower, cares for each little heedless bird and numbers the very hairs of our heads.

Read Isaiah xl. 11, 12, and you will notice that God's habit of tenderly lifting into His arms the weary lambs of the flock is put in the first place, while His control over the sea, mountains, and infinite space, is mentioned as a secondary matter.

We say of anyone who is constantly kind and considerate in small matters, that "he is thoughtful," we are pleased when King George personally visits his soldiers—in camp or in hospital—and procures for them some little unnecessary luxury or pleasure, but too often we fail to expect our Father-King to be thoughtful about little things.

I don't mean that we should fill up our precious times of prayers—which we are apt to cut down, anyway—with long lists of trifling needs. Our text warns us against this very mistake. We are like soldiers on a long and exhausting campaign. The general sees to it that



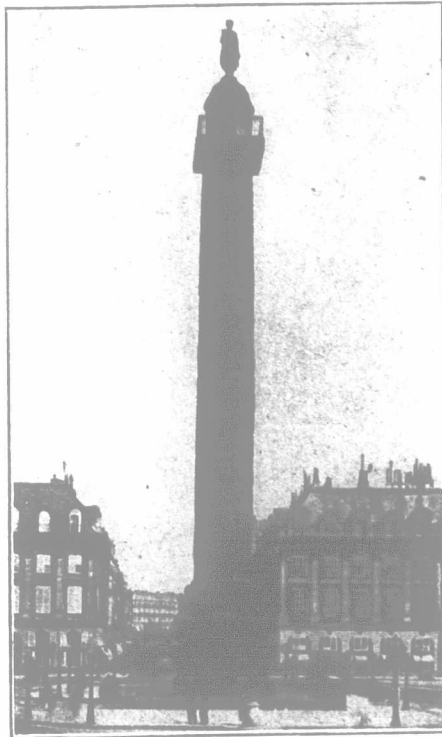
Arc de Triomphe, Paris.

between the more or less differentiated populations that compose the big empires and federations. Surely he need not despair of the possibility of preventing wars between nations. Thinking men who are not sentimentalists, and who are both hard-headed and far-seeing, look upon the proposition to create a system of nations strong enough to compel great powers to keep the peace, as feasible. It will surely enlist the earnest effort of millions of practical men and women.

"Nevertheless, there are conditions to be fulfilled, and among these the scheme of organization is not the most important. The world has had convincing proof in the last fifty years that the adoption of republican constitutions does not necessarily make a republican people, and something more than a light-hearted agreement of the nations to enter into a federation for the inhibition of war will be necessary to prevent war in fact. There must be a mental and a moral unity, not only of purpose, but also of practice, and chief among the psychological factors we are disposed to place the acceptance of principles of human equality.

"We do not now refer to such proclamations of equality as found their way into the American Declaration of Independence and the French Declaration of the Rights of Man. Nor do we have in mind those kinds of equality that have figured largely in the literature of the class struggle. We are thinking rather of an equality which pertains to the fundamental worthiness of man, which stands over against primitive prejudices, which is a product of friendly intercourse between peoples and races, and is an essential element in what President Butler has felicitously named 'the international mind.'"—The Independent.

Mr. Alfred Stead, in an article in The Independent describing the excellence of



Colonne Vendôme, Paris.

Office sent with each of these little books a form for filling it in, and the hypothetical name selected, instead of John Doe and Richard Roe, as with lawyers, was "Tommy Atkins." The books immediately came to be so called, and it did not require long to transfer the name from the book to the soldier.

But why was "Tommy Atkins selected?"

Another correspondent of The Times, in taking issue with the uniformed protestant, explains that behind the little book and selection is a story of fine heroism and devotion to soldierly duty. He says:

"Many will remember why our soldiers received this name in the first instance. How, in 1857, when the rebellion broke out in Lucknow, all the Europeans fled to the residency. On their way they came upon a private of the Thirty-second Regiment (Duke of Cornwall's light infantry) on sentry at an outpost. They urged him to make his escape with them,