

# INDIAN CONCERT AMUSES FRENCH PEASANT PEOPLE

Pathans and Dogras Play Scotch Reels and Marching Songs on Bagpipes and Drums.

British Native Troops Regarded Kindly by Frenchmen Throughout Whole District Behind Firing Line

BY GEORGE DUFRESNE.

PARIS, Aug. 9.—It is curious to watch the ease with which the new British Tommy just arrived at the first stage of his remarkable foreign tour, his future as unknown as the name of the village in which he finds himself, takes it all with as much composure as though he had never done anything else. They appeared unexpectedly in our quiet place from nowhere in particular, filled the roads, the barns and the homes and their khaki became as usual in our landscape as trees.

For half an hour they were nursing children on cottage doorsteps, exchanging antique village pleasantries with old inhabitants, and occasionally with young ones, while waiting their turn at the communal pump; and were as reposed in ancient wayside barns as though these weathered oaken beams were put there by their forefathers.

Some of them assembled in the principal streets, with drums, and one became a solemn bandmaster, and so they celebrated the occasion with music. It is obviously difficult to worry natures of that kind. They look around them with quiet interest, gaze at premises labelled "Débit de Boissons" with knowing intelligence, ask what boîtes are, and go inside.

Give Night Concert.

The last I heard of them was late a few nights ago, where in an old outhouse they lay on straw in total darkness, singing joyous songs quite new to France—though the last tune they sang was of a different nature altogether—and listening to them at an open window, it was easy for this countryman of theirs to know where their thoughts were. The next morning

they had disappeared so completely that they might have been no more than an occurrence we had been dreaming about.

They are well-liked here. There is an understanding between the French and our men which I should say is unshakable. Perhaps the French of the country districts find it even easier to get on good terms with our Indian troops.

The Indians are of a shy, modest, gentle nature, and themselves living near to the earth. At home they have a certain kinship with the people of the soil. Their interest in French agricultural methods is frank, and their hosts welcome it. The Indians seem to find no difficulty with the language either. It is common to see them in easy and casual conversation with the French. One of their officers told me he discovered lately some of his men talking Flemish.

Indian Concert.

This excellent understanding—there is no need to point out its vital value—though essential to the success of the common cause, yet could not have been ordered, like shells. But we have it.

It was the best feature of the afternoon last Sunday, when a band of Pathans and Dogras, trained by a few enthusiasts of an Indian division, gave a concert in the square of a considerable town not so far from the firing line.

The Indian musicians had bagpipes, and perhaps their French hosts imagined this was the wild music of the Orient. But it was the "March of the Cameron Men" "The Bridge of Earth" and things like that. The first wall of the pipes filled the surrounding houses with faces up to the attic windows, and drew rapid streams of people down all the side streets. And what a memory for the French youngsters. Tall, lithe figures of Punjabis, Dogras, and Pathans in turbans and robes the colour of the desert, their sharp swarthy faces and curly black beards.

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## FRIENDS SURPRISE MRS ANDERSON ON EVE OF LAKE TOUR

BETHEL, Ind., Aug. 9.—Mrs. Nettie Anderson, who will leave shortly for a two months' stay at Lake Michigan, was pleasantly surprised by a number of friends at the Christian church. Ice cream and cake were served. The tables were decorated with flowers and vines furnished by Mrs. Mollie Cofield. Mrs. Anderson was presented with many pretty gifts, and when requested recited one of her original poems, after which she thanked the donors. This was one of the most pleasant social events of the season and was enjoyed by Goldie Anderson, Verena Cowgill, Wilma Welsh, Mrs. Harding Weisenborn, Angeline Horne, Nettie Anderson, Stella White, Evelyn Moore, Kate Addleman, Amber Ireland, Mollie Cofield, Elizabeth Heiramus, Mattie Bond, Goldie Constable, Lottie Coleman, Laur Harland, Florence Anderson, Goldie Murphy, Mary Money, Mollie Moore, Ollie Skinner, Hannah Skinner, Frankie Wiggs, Flo Welsh, Elena Moore, Irma Anderson, Hattie Anderson and Masters Omar Mann, Otis Money, Claude Constable, Leonard Money and Stanley Moore.

## Takes Long Time to Get Adopted

Richmond is one of the oldest cities in the state and its people form their opinions accordingly, with due regard to the dignity of the old name.

For instance, one must live here for a number of years before he is considered a "really truly" fellow citizen.

A well known business man illustrated this the other day when he laughingly told about a dear old Quaker lady who entered his office, and in the conversation asked if he remembered a certain event. The gentleman confessed that he did not. She then said: "You haven't been here very long, have you?"

"About three years," was the reply. "Oh, well," exclaimed the lady, "of course, being a newcomer, you could not be expected to know."

## Reed Buys Hoover-Bond Store



S. H. Reed, who has managed a number of stores for the Hoover-Bond company, has purchased the local store. It will be known hereafter as the Reed Furniture store. Mr. Reed worked his way up in the furniture business from helper in the shipping department to owner of one of the largest stores in the city.

## RAIN FALLS 5 DAYS OUT OF LAST SEVEN

## CHURCH HOLDS OUTING

Approximately one hundred members of the church and Sunday school of the United Brethren church, and a few outside friends were present at the annual basket dinner and outing of that church Sunday afternoon in Glen Miller park. The rain compelled serving of the dinner in the pavilion soon after the party arrived. No program was followed. Rev. H. S. James, pastor of the church, had charge of the outing.

## BURKHART INJURED IN MOTOR SMASH

Wilbur Burkhardt, whose home is on Spring Grove road, north of Reid Memorial hospital, fell from his motorcycle Saturday night and sprained his knee. He was taken to the hospital but was able to go to his home yesterday.

The temperatures follow:

	High.	Low.
Sunday	84	68
Monday	83	68
Tuesday	84	66
Wednesday	6	60
Thursday	65	56
Friday	74	58
Saturday	80	56

The weather man, showed last week that his heart is ever rent to fears when he allows himself to gaze upon Richmond. For five days out of seven was the fact that Sunday morning came just a few minutes before the rain storm. The weather observer's record shows that it was either cloudy or partly cloudy every day during the week.

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