

WAS BRITAIN'S MILITARY IDOL NEVER FAILED IN HIS SERVICE

Kitchener was in Franco-Prussian War Before He Entered
British Army—Most of His Life Was Spent
in Foreign Climes.

Irishmen like to claim Lord Kitchener as a countryman of theirs on the ground that he was born at Gunborough Villa, County Kerry, on June 24th, 1850. But although his father, Col. Henry Horatio Kitchener, had migrated to Ireland from Leicestershire two years before the birth of his son Herbert, the family is East Anglian. Even before he entered the army in 1871 he had had a taste of actual war. While still a Woolwich cadet he was staying during a vacation with his father in Brittany, for the Irish estates had been sold. France's last desperate struggle against the German hosts was being fought out by brave but ill-organized armies of hastily-raised levies. Young Kitchener offered his services to the French, was accepted, and fought under General Chanzy in the operations around Le Mans.

Learned Value of Organization.

In that terrible winter campaign Kitchener saw miles of stalled freight cars loaded with war material; soldiers freezing for lack of overcoats stored in plenty half a mile away, but which there was no one to issue, and starving for food that rotted because there was no machinery for its distribution. That is why he later fought the Dervishes with Nubian track-layers and American bridge builders and hemmed in the Boers with blockhouses and barbed wire. His first campaign ended by his catching a severe cold after a balloon ascent made when his clothes were wet. In three months he was near to death with pleurisy.

With British Army.

He joined the Engineers in the spring of 1871 and began the long, hard toil that England exacts from the men who serve her. For three years he worked as Chatham and Aldershot and then was detached to work in a semi-civil capacity on the Palestine survey. For four years he passed up and down measuring the land of Canaan and learning the ways and the speech of its people. In Palestine, in Cyprus, in Egypt, Kitchener managed to adapt himself to the ways of the natives. He acquired not only their language but their very intonation, and could live among the Arabs as safe from detection as Kim in the crowded streets of Lahore.

Making a Mummy Fight.

England acquired Cyprus in 1878 and Lord Kitchener was placed in charge of the expedition. He had neither money nor powerful friends, but the maps and reports he sent back to London were models of their kind. In 1880 he was made British Vice-Consul at Ezerum. His real chance came in 1883.

After the bombardment of Alexandria England had to reorganize the Egyptian army. Kitchener volunteered and was one of the twenty-six men chosen for the work of raising a force of 6,000 men for the defence of Egypt. The Fellahs do not come of a fighting race and the job seemed hopeless. Capt. Kitchener was told to lick the cavalry into shape and was attached to the Intelligence Department. He proved that the Fellahs were like a bicycle, incapable of standing up alone, but very useful in the hands of a skilled master. In ten weeks after the arrival of the first batch of raw recruits 5,000 men went through the ceremonial parade movements as practised by the British Guards in Hyde Park, and they did it with unusual precision.

14 Years in Egypt.

For fourteen years Kitchener served in Egypt. He was with the Gordon relief expedition in 1884, and stayed till the hero of Khartoum had been avenged. At Handoub he was severely wounded by a bullet that shattered his jaw and buried itself in his neck, and he was invalided back to England. In 1888 he returned to Egypt as adjutant-general to head the First Brigade of Sudanese troops at Toski, where he led the final charge. Time and again he was mentioned in despatches. From Governor-General of the Red Sea littoral and Commander of Suakin he was made Chief of Police at Cairo, and on Lord Cromer's recommendation was promoted to be Sirdar in 1892. He was only a colonel then.

Slaughter of Dervishes.

Four years later he began his reconquest of the Sudan. The Dongola expedition won him the rank of major-general, and the next year, 1897, he started to avenge Gordon's death. His first step was a railroad from Cairo to Khartoum. It had to cross the desert from Halfa to Abu Hamad, 230 miles of sand. Experts scoffed at the idea; it was absurd; the entire carrying capacity of the train would be taken up by the water supply necessary for the locomotive. But Kitchener built on, and as the sands just where he needed it, and the work was finished on October 31, 1897. In April of the following year Kitchener won the battle of the Atbara, and on Sept. 2 caught up with the Mahdi's forces at Omdurman and scored his former victory and the Khalifa's doom. Gordon was avenged. After the fight was won he cut off the Dervishes' retreat, and as they huddled

around their standards he played his machine guns upon them, killing about 15,000. The Mahdi's tomb was the great shrine of the Dervishes. Kitchener demolished the tomb, the holy place, and scattered the mummy so that no part of the body could be got for re-enshrinement to be a focus for future trouble. He gave peace to Egypt.

Congratulated by Kaiser.

He was created Baron Kitchener of Khartoum, received the Grand Cross of the Order of the Bath, the thanks of Parliament, and was voted £150,000; also it may be recalled the Kaiser telegraphed his sincere congratulations. Two weeks after Omdurman, Kitchener's forces met Marichand at Fashoda with eight French officers and 120 Sudanese tirailleurs, and their withdrawal left the whole of the Sudan in the power of England. Kitchener at once began to build up the country.

Boer War.

Within a year the Boer War broke out, and after the British disasters Lord Roberts was sent to South Africa. Lord Kitchener, while still Sirdar of the Egyptian army, was promoted lieutenant-general and made chief of staff. He arrived in Cape Town in January, 1900, and in November took supreme command after Lord Roberts had left for England. He went to work with systematic thoroughness, and built across the Transvaal a line of blockhouses connected by wires charged with electricity; sixty mobile columns were put into the field; all the women and children and non-combatants were taken off the farms and placed in huge concentration camps. Slowly and with much less loss of life than would otherwise have been possible the Boers were worn down, and in May, 1902, the struggle ended. Kitchener was made a viscount, advanced to the rank of General, given the thanks of Parliament, and £250,000, also the Order of Merit.

Sent to India.

No sooner was peace signed than Viscount Kitchener was sent to India as Commander-in-Chief, and in seven years he revolutionized the Indian army, and freed it from red tape. This stern, icy man put an instant end to the old round of polo-playing garrison life. He made every one work and thanked no one for working. Just as in South Africa he had shipped back to England more than 400 officers as "useless," he started in to weed out the incompetents in India. He never played favorites.

After leaving India with the rank of Field Marshal, Kitchener succeeded the Duke of Connaught as Commander-in-Chief and High Commissioner in the Mediterranean, and made a tour of England's colonies to organize their fighting forces. On his way from Australia he visited Japan and the United States, returning to England in 1910. His latest service prior to the war had been in Egypt, where he went to continue Lord Cromer's great work. He succeeded in restoring the Fellahs to the land, and with a grant of \$15,000,000 from the British Government, created a great cotton-raising industry.

When War Began.

When war broke out Kitchener was in England to accept promotion in the peerage to an earldom. The Prime Minister made him Secretary of State for War, and he had responded in his wonderfully efficient way. His first question when he got to the office, "Is there a bed here?" He was told there was not said, "Get one." It was said he slept only five hours out of the twenty-four and left his post charged with a fever, returning before 9. His orders to recruiting officers were typical:

"Never mind about drill; it doesn't matter if they don't know their right foot from their left. Teach them how to shoot, and do it quick."

Striking Appearance.

In appearance Lord Kitchener was six feet and several inches tall with a brick red glow to his cheeks, due to years of exposure to the tropical sun. He was as straight as any soldier well drilled in calisthenics.

During all the years the British people had looked on Kitchener's silent but effective work; they had never been able to fathom his personality. A cockney non-commissioned officer, who had seen much service under him, summed up the general opinion when he said of Kitchener: "E's no talker. Not 'im. E's all steel and h'ice."

Demanding Deeds.

His face was that of a man who neither asked for sympathy nor wanted it. He had steady blue-grey passionless eyes and a heavy moustache covered a mouth that shut close and firm like a wolf trap. He believed with all his might in the gospel of work. He had illimitable self-confidence. For bungling and faint-heartedness he was incapable of feeling sympathy or showing mercy; an officer who failed him once got no second chance.

Nineteen-twentieths of Kitchener's active life were spent outside of the British Isles, and for that reason it

has been said of him he didn't really know England when the war broke out.

FRENCH ARE STUBBORN.

Letter Taken From German Officer Captured at Verdun.

Letters found upon officers and soldiers of the German army taken prisoners around Verdun are given out at French headquarters as indicating the state of mind of the officers since the failure of the first assault, and of the feeling of the soldiers' families at home. A letter written by Lieut. Hordies, of the 81st German Infantry, to his parents, says:

"Our losses in officers are so considerable that I was obliged to take command of the 8th Company. We are now in the first line, and I am crouched in a little mudhole that must protect me from the fragments of the enemy's shells that come uninterruptedly. I have seen a great deal in the course of this war, but I had not yet been in a situation so indescribably frightful."

"We are day and night under a frightful artillery fire. The French making a monstrously stubborn resistance. On the 11th, when we made an assault upon the French trenches after a considerable preparation of 12 hours, we found the French machine guns were still absolutely intact, so that our first wave of assaults was immediately mowed down on leaving the trench. At the same time, the French opened up a barraging fire that made it impossible to think of any further attack."

"We were unable and are still unable to bury our dead. There they lie, a most lamentable sight, the poor devils, in their muddy holes, for all the routes are swept without ceasing by the French artillery. We have dead and wounded every day. Whether we are taking our wounded back to safety or whether we are going back for our rations two miles in the rear to the movable kitchens, the danger of death is the same, until our men prefer to suffer from hunger than to go after anything to eat."

"I addition to the danger of death from shell fire, nearly every man in my company is ill, exposed as they are to the rain all day and obliged to lie in the mud all night during eight consecutive days and nights. I hope that I will have the good luck to get out of here alive, because there is no means here of even being properly buried."

A letter from a woman in Aplerbeck to a soldier made prisoner recently indicates a very effervescent state of mind among the population of Dortmund.

A woman asked for more help, because her husband is in the army and she is unable to support her six children. As further help was refused, she slapped the commissariat of police who killed her. A crowd of women collected in the Lentenstrasse to wait for the commissariat of police but mounted soldiers came and dispersed them. Here at Dortmund and at Cologne and the environs the population is very excited on account of the lack of provisions. If it continues thus, something will happen. We have had enough of misery."

Another letter dated Loham, March 30, says:

"Sunday a long train full of grievously wounded arrived at Straubing from Verdun. Things are very bad for us here. We can get no meat except with the meat cards, and no one has the right to kill any more hogs. A young pig now costs 80 to 90 marks (\$20 to \$25), while a milk cow costs from 800 to 1,000 marks (\$200 to \$250)."

His Walk in Life.

Much mystified, Private Pipeclay had been summoned to appear before his commanding officer. With all due formality, he was marched into the august presence, wondering what was going to happen to him. "Private Pipeclay," said the colonel sharply, "I have received a letter from your father; he wishes to obtain your discharge to assist him in his business, if possible. Now, what is your father's walk in life?" Pipeclay stared wildly, not understanding in the least what was meant. Then slowly a grin of comprehension spread over the broad features, and he replied: "He's rather bandy, sir!"

The man who forgets in trying circumstances to be a gentleman seldom is one.



Doing the Best She Knew.

"I know I asked you to be economical, my dear, but I don't see why you are running accounts with four grocers."

"Why, don't you see, darling, the bills are all so much less!"—London Opinion.

BY A GIRL'S GRAVE

By George Herbert Clarke

Under this immobile stone
Lies a little girl, alone.

It was a joy her life to see,—
So glad, and virginal, and free!

Her laughter gave the birds of spring
Sweet phrases for their musicking.

There is no laughter now, nor song,—
Silent she lies here, all day long.

All day the roses over her
Blossom and blow; the winds murmur;
She heeds them not; she does not stir.

A little girl, so soon at rest;
The secret longing unexpressed
Wakened, then, paled within her
breast.

God knows I loved her; and I know
(E'en though she never whispered so)
Her heart was mine, for well or woe.

And now—she lies beneath the roses,
While man his thousand tasks disposes;
And the day breaks, and the day
closes.

—Canadian Magazine for June.

GENERAL SMUTS VERY CLEVER.

The Brain of the South African Government.

General Jan Christian Smuts is the

greatest man South Africa has produced in the last ten years, with the exception, perhaps, of General Botha.

He is always spoken of as the brain of the South African Government, the man who draws up the policy which the others carry out. He was the Defence Minister in South Africa when the war broke out, and he it was who destroyed all hope of success for the German paid plotters who tried to stir up rebellion there.

Though General Botha brilliantly crushed the Germans in South-West Africa, it was General Smuts who actually drew up the plan of campaign which resulted in the end of German rule there.

General Smuts has proved himself an exceedingly clever army leader time and time again. When the Boer War broke out he was a private. During that war he rose to be a general and one of the very toughest nuts General French had to crack in the last stages of the fighting.

He is one of the youngest leaders in the present war, for he is only forty-five. Quick, tenacious, and enterprising, he knows the conditions of fighting in Africa from A to Z, and there can be no better certainty of success in German East Africa than the fact that General Smuts is in command.

Several good stories of Botha's right-hand man are told. When he visited England some years ago—it was to bring the Cullinan diamond over for King Edward VII, by the way—he found himself sitting next to a rather supercilious young officer at a public reception.

"Let me see," said the officer, "haven't we—ah—met before?"

"Yes," replied General Smuts shortly.

"Thought so," returned the officer, and added in bored tones: "One meets so many people, don't you know. Let me see, where did we meet?"

"In South Africa," retorted the general. "You surrendered to me during the war."

Once the iron determination of General Smuts broke down. He was appointed by President Kruger to be Attorney-General for the Transvaal, and he attended the Transvaal Parliament in grey trousers. This shocked the Boer Ministers dreadfully, for they all dressed in sober black, and the clamor was so great that the State Attorney had to go back home, and change his "breaks."

The clocks of man are like the hands of a clock. They move once round the dial of life and grow still.

After greeting in the street the other day, one of two friends, who was supposed to be a wit, said to the other, "Say, old man, have you heard about the young lady who poured a jug of water into a straw hat?" "No," replied his friend. "Neither have I," said the wit, as he walked away; "it hasn't leaked out yet."

ACROSS THE BORDER

WHAT IS GOING ON OVER IN THE STATES.

Latest Happenings in Big Republic
Condensed for Busy Readers.

Governor Whitman, of New York, authorized a negro regiment of the National Guard.

Business men of the nation, in referendum, declare overwhelmingly for adequate defence.

M. A. Carter, a Vanuile, Va., business man, slew his wife and committed suicide in the kitchen of their home.

Elmer Bostwick, of St. Louis, has received the French Cross of Honor for bravery in the battle of Verdun. Managers of various Republican candidates take alarm at the progress of Theodore Roosevelt's campaign.

Gwendolyn Collins, 15, of Aurora, Ill., was choked to death by Jack Virhove, 19, because she had spurned him.

Louis C. Neid, chief auditor of the Maryland division of the Consolidated Coal Company, committed suicide at Frostburg, Md.

Eight "starlings" killed by a Trenton, N.J., policeman proved to be robins, as he faces \$100 in fines because robins are protected.

Smokers who ride on New York's surface cars will have to be content with only the four rear seats, the public service commission ruled.

Kitty Gordon, in private life Mrs. De La Poer Beresford, wife of Captain Beresford, is being sued by Maissa Lewis, a London corporation, for a \$1,251.32 bill for hats.

"Rusky," a St. Bernard owned by late Police Sergeant McClain, of Chicago, Ill., died of grief. McClain died a week ago and since then the dog refused to eat or drink.

Major Robert R. Moton was installed as principal of the Tuskegee Institute, founded by the late Booker T. Washington for the uplift of the negro race.

Le Baron C. Colt, (vice-president of the National India Rubber Company, Bristol, son of United States Senator Colt, died at Bristol, R.I., of injuries received in an auto accident.

Three sophomores were expelled and the remainder of the class indefinitely suspended at Norwich University, Burlington, Vt., following a two-days' investigation into a hazing escapade.

Mrs. Alfred G. Vanderbilt, of Baltimore, Md., has given \$100,000 to the New York Post Graduate Medical School and Hospital toward the erection and equipment of a babies' ward.

A fall of hail bombarded Atlantic City recently for fifteen minutes, and caused hundreds of persons to require medical attention. The stones were twice the size of a robin's egg.

In his will, Harry Haus, of Ossining, N.Y., ordered that his tomb "be built to last." The walls and floor must be built of layers of brick, stone, cement and granite of unusual thickness.

Because he cut off Walter Eddy's hair during a college frolic and is unable to pay the \$250 judgment Eddy obtained against him, Monroe Goode, Plainfield, N.J., star Colgate University football guard, is in the Wampsville, N.Y., jail.

NATIONS COVET ALBANIA.

Country Long Earmarked by Italy and Austria.

Albania has long been earmarked by both Italy and Austria. A region of considerable natural resources, inhabited by a race of highland clansmen who have kept the country totally undeveloped by their endless internecine wars, this weak land of anarchy has been a tempting prize, says the Review of Reviews. In general, Austria has established her influence in northern Albania, while Italy was predominant in the centre and south. South Albania, it is true, the Greeks also claim, but Greece was too small to stand in Italy's path.

The question naturally arises why Italy and Austria did not settle their disputes by dividing Albania between them. But this probably has been done but for the fact that Albania stretches clear down to the Straits of Otranto, the narrow waters connecting the Adriatic with the Mediterranean. Right at this point is located the magnificent harbor of Avlona. This is obviously made any Austro-Italian division of Albania impossible. Were Italy to possess Avlona she would completely bottle up Austria by controlling both sides of the narrows; were Austria in possession she would dominate the straits because she would dominate the straits because the flat Italian shore has no harbor for a corresponding naval base.

At the present moment, Austria being temporarily out of the running, Italy has seized Avlona and various other points on the Albanian coast, and evidently intends to claim Albania as one of the spoils of war. She thus gains an enormous advantage by definitely closing the Adriatic; but, as in the Dalmatian field, there are corresponding disadvantages. If Austria survives she must, sooner or later, challenge this closing of her only exit to the outer world, while if she is replaced by a Greater Serbia, the latter will inevitably step into Austria's shoes.

About the House

Useful Hints and General Information for the Busy Housewife

Selected Recipes.

Tapioca Snow.—Four ounces of tapioca should be soaked in a pint of cold water, flavored with strained lemon juice. Simmer the tapioca until it is quite clear, mix it with three or four tablespoonsful of red currant jelly, pour into a glass dish, and leave to become cold. Just before serving cover with beaten white of egg, sweetened, and, if desirable, more lemon juice may be added.

Broth for the Family.—One cupful of pearl barley should be poured into three quarts of cold water, and then put into a saucepan and allowed to boil. Remove all fat from about two pounds of mutton, either neck or loin, and cut the meat into small pieces. Add to the barley, and boil gently for one hour, skimming occasionally. Grate a carrot, cut two small turnips into dice, and add these, with a little onion. Boil for one hour longer, skimming occasionally, and adding a little hot water if necessary to keep up the required quantity. When cooked, strain, season with pepper, salt, and a little chopped parsley. Serve very hot.

Hot-Pot.—Take the remains of cold beef or mutton and slice it thinly. Slice up sufficient onions and potatoes. Put in a pie dish a layer of meat, one of potatoes, one of onions, seasoning them with pepper, salt and chopped parsley. Continue this until the pie dish is full. Put in about half a pint of water and a little butter, cover with another dish, and put into a slow oven for one and a half to two hours.

Creamed Potatoes.—Take one cupful of milk, a teaspoonful of butter, salt and pepper to taste. The butter should be put in a small frying-pan, and when hot, but before it browns, add enough flour to thicken, stir till smooth, and gradually add the milk. Have cold boiled potatoes ready sliced, turn them into this, and let them gradually heat through; a very little nutmeg grated over the potatoes before frying improves the flavor. More salt and pepper may be added, if desired.

Cold Meat Pudding.—Two ounces of suet, three pounds of chopped cold meat, two ounces of bread crumbs, two eggs, one onion, pepper and salt to season, one teaspoonful of sauce, one teaspoonful of chopped parsley, gravy. Hard boil the eggs and cut them into slices; chop the meat, onion and parsley, and soak the bread crumbs in boiling milk; season to taste and mix all the ingredients well together and bake in a basin for one hour; then turn out and serve with good gravy.

Cinnamon Toast.—Cut the bread about 1/2-inch thick and toast quickly, watching carefully that it may not burn. Score lightly while piping hot and spread with enough butter to sink in; then cover over with powdered cinnamon and granulated sugar mixed in the proportion of 1 spoonful of cinnamon to 2 of sugar. Remove the crusts and cut into fingers; put in a very hot covered dish and serve at once.

Scotch Tea Scones.—Half-pound flour; 1 teaspoonful baking powder; 1 ounce butter; 1 cup milk; 1 teaspoonful sugar. Rub the butter into the flour, add the sugar and baking powder; mix with the milk into a soft dough, roll out and cut into three-cornered scones. Brush over with milk and bake in a quick oven.

Butterscotch Pie.—One large cup of light brown sugar, two tablespoons of flour, yolks of two eggs beaten light, one cup of cold water, pinch of salt, two tablespoons of melted butter. Mix sugar and flour, add eggs, water, salt and butter and stir smooth. Cook to a cream in a double boiler; add half teaspoon of vanilla. Let it cool a little; pour into a baked crust; make a meringue from the eggs whites. Beat light, add a level tablespoon of white sugar for each egg and five drops of lemon extract. Whip light and bake brown in a moderate oven.

With Strawberries.

Nearly every age agrees that the luscious ripe strawberry dipped into powdered sugar and eaten from its stem, cannot be improved upon as a dessert, but there are times when it is necessary to make one box of the fruit go a long way. Some new recipes for this purpose may be appreciated.

Strawberry Ice.—Boil two cups of sugar and one-half cup of water together, without stirring, for three minutes; then cool. Add the juice from one box of strawberries and the juice of one lemon, then add one cup of ice water and freeze. When partly frozen stir in the white of one egg, beaten stiff.

A Delicious Mousse.—Mash one box of berries. Dissolve one teaspoonful of granulated gelatine in a little of the juice. Boil one-half cup of sugar and one-half cup of water till it thickens and then pour it on the stiffly beaten whites of two eggs. Add the gelatine, set the dish in a bowl of ice water and stir till it is cold. When it has begun to set add one and one-half cups of cream, which has been whipped, and the berries. Turn into a mold, pack in salt and ice and let stand for three or four hours before serving.

serving. Garnish with whole berries. **Strawberry Whip.**—Soak one tablespoonful of gelatine in a little cold water for 10 minutes and then dissolve it in one cup of boiling water. Mash one box of berries and add the juice and two tablespoonsful of lemon juice to the gelatine. Put in a cool place. When it begins to set whip with a Dover egg beater till light. Serve in sherbet glasses, garnished with a spoonful of whipped cream and a berry.

Strawberry Cheese.—A delicious hot-weather dessert may be made by stirring a few crushed berries into a cream cheese and serving it with saltines. This tastes like strawberries with Devonshire cream, and is particularly good for porch teas.

Strawberry Sauce.—Bread or rice pudding may be made into a real company dessert, if served with strawberry sauce, made by creaming one-third of a cup of butter with one cup of powdered sugar, into which a half cup of crushed berries is stirred. Make it just before it is to be eaten.

Strawberry Tapioca.—Hail a box of berries in a large glass bowl and sprinkle with sugar. Soak three-quarters of a cup of tapioca in cold water for two hours, then drain and cook in a double boiler with two and one-half cups of boiling water till transparent. Cool and pour over the sweetened berries. Serve with sugar and cream.

Household Hints.

Allow five hours for cooking cornmeal in a fireless cooker. Improperly kept food exposes the family to ptomaine poisoning. Use a stump of a candle instead of a cork for the glue bottle and it will not stick.

A piece of fungus broken from an old tree is a splendid buffer for mahogany furniture.

Always cut off and gristle, fat, skin or any browned parts before reheating meat.

Water in which potatoes have been boiled is the best thing with which to sponge and revive a silk dress.

Use clean coffee or tea pots boil a little borax solution in them twice a week for 15 minutes and it will purify them.

A generous pinch of salt added to flour for thickening, before mixing with water, tends to keep it from being lumpy. When trying to thread the sewing machine needle in a poor light hold something white on the opposite side of the needle.

An old refrigerator which has a lining of tin may be made to look cleaner by applying two coats of white paint and then two coats of white enamel.

Old stockings will be found to make excellent and useful polishers for furniture. Cut off the feet and then join them up, two together for rubbers.

Take an ordinary cutsp bottle with a screw top and punch holes in the cover. When filled with water this makes a very handy clothes sprinkler. Copper pans should be cleansed by scouring with a cut lemon dipped in salt. Then rinse thoroughly in pure water, dry, and polish with a soft cloth.

Stains in table linen are easily removed by plunging the articles in pure boiling water. The addition of soap or soda would have the effect of fixing the stain.

Whiting spread on a damp flannel cloth will remove all spots from painted wood without hurting the surface and without tiring the arm which applies it.

After washing and drying black cotton stockings smooth them out well with the hands, for the frequent use of a hot iron makes them fade and become brown. Dirty marks on wall paper may be removed by rubbing them with stale bread. Cut a thick slice of bread and rub the paper downward as evenly as possible.

The application of lemon juice will sometimes cause warts to disappear. Touch them several times during the day with a camel's hair brush soaked in the juice.

Did Not Understand Their Use.

I presume, my good fellow, you're a laborer," said a lawyer to a plainly-dressed witness. "You are right, I am a workman, sir," replied the witness, who was a civil engineer. "Familiar with the use of the pick, shovel and spade I presume?" "To some extent. Those are not the principal implements of my trade, though," "Perhaps you will condescend to lighten me as to your principal implements?" "It is hardly worth while. You don't understand their nature or use." "Probably not," loftily, "but I insist on knowing what they are." "Brains."

Truth is mighty—and mighty inconvenient for some people.

Teacher—"If the earth were empty inside it would resemble—?" Scholar—"A razor, miss." Teacher—"A razor, or? Why, Teddy?" Scholar—"Because it would be hollow ground, miss."