SNAPSHOTS AT NOTABLE PERSONS

Sir David Henderson, Britain's Chief Aviator.

The efficiency of the aviation corps which accompanied the British expeditionary army to France has given England another national hero whose work has thrice won him mention in Sir John French's dispatches, to say nothing of the praise officially given him by the French commander in chief, General Joffre.

The commander of the aviation corps and the man who is responsible for its organization and its proved efficiency is Colonel Sir David Henderson of the Royal Flying corps.

Sir David is a soldier of twenty years' experience and served conspicuously in the South African war. Of course, that was before any one ever thought of an army flying corps. But a few years later the possibilities of the aeroplane were demonstrated, and Sir David Henderson was one of the first men in the British army to look ahead a few years and see the wonderful uses to which the flying machine would be put in warfare.

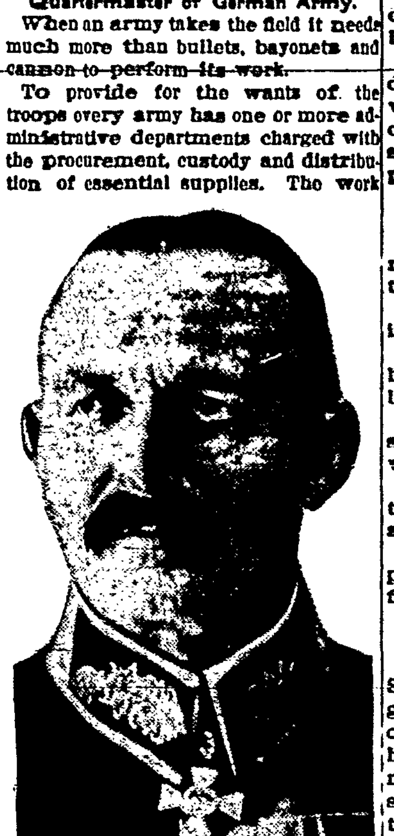
Prior to the advent of the flying machine he had been a student of the art of reconnoissance, and to him the British war office turned when the possibilities of the flying machine were first beginning to be realized. The first thing he did was to qualify himself as an air pilot, which did not take him long. He had not been studying the possibilities of the flying machine in warfare long until he decided that it was revolutionizing the art of scouting.

Then he set to work to organize the Royal Flying corps, which has been giving such a good account of itself in the fighting in France.

Quartermaster of German Army.

When an army takes the field it needs much more than bullets, bayonets and cannon to perform its work.

To provide for the wants of the troops every army has one or more administrative departments charged with the procurement, custody and distribution of essential supplies. The work



GENERAL VON STEIN.

of the administrative departments is divided into three spheres of action, as follows:

First.—The service performed in the rear of the enemy, or in the national territory of the governments.

Second.—The service of the line of communications. Provision must be made for the replacement of the stores consumed by the army and the transportation, subsistence and quartering of all the troops, prisoners and the sick and wounded.

Third.—The supply of troops in the field during active operations.

General von Stein, quartermaster general of the German army, has the immense task not only of supplying equipment, but he also directs the workings of the commissary department. That General von Stein is in charge of both departments is sufficient evidence of his fitness for the task. He is a veteran soldier and has had many years' experience in the line of duty in which he is now engaged.

YOUNG FOLKS' CORNER

King Frost at Work.

When you get up on a cold winter's morning haven't you noticed the wonderful pictures King Frost has put on your windows while you have been asleep? If you look at these pictures closely you will see that they are made up of long, feathery frost ferns.

Now, these ferns consist of thousands of little crystals of frost, so small that it takes 10,000 of them to cover a penny, and in the process of freezing they have drawn together so as to form a pattern.

The heat of your room and the coldness of the outside air have caused a mist to gither on the window pane, and if you examine this mist under a microscope you will find that it is nothing more than tiny drops of water. Presently as the cold becomes more intense each of these drops freezes into a little crystal, which is called an "ice flower," and each crystal usually has six points. There are more than 2,000 kinds of crystals, and they all go toward the making of King Frost's picture.

If the frost is very keen then the pattern of his picture will be a coarse one. If there is little frost it will be a fine one. But King Jack Frost is a wonderful artist, for he never makes two pictures alike, though he produces millions every winter.

The Meaning of Calumet.

You will often run across the word calumet in connection with Indian tales of war, and unless you are familiar with its meaning you are apt to be puzzled by it.

Calumet is the name of the peace pipe used by the North American Indians. It consisted of a tobacco pipe having a large bowl, generally of polished red marble or sandstone, and a stem of reed or painted wood decorated with feathers and about two and one-half feet long. After a peace treaty had been signed the Indians used to fill the pipe with the best tobacco and present it to the representatives of the party with which they had made peace, themselves smoking it afterward. The Indians also presented the calumet to any visitor, and to refuse it was to declare war with those who proffered it. The word calumet is not in itself Indian; it is a Norman word meaning shepherd's pipe and was given by the early French settlers to the Indian pipe of peace because of its general resemblance to the instrument of the field.

Persistent Questions.

Seat all the players save three in a row. The first of these three goes to each player and whispers in his ear some sentence descriptive of where he is supposed to be, the second player follows with a sentence telling what he is supposed to be doing, and the third tells him whom he is supposed to be with. The first of the three then calls the name of some player, and that player must give in one long sentence the three given him. If he laughs he pays a forfeit. As the three leaders are each ignorant of what the other gives the results are apt to be ludicrous.

One player saying, "I am in the middle of the Atlantic ocean popping corn with Mary Smith," while another declares, "I am in an airship darning stockings for Joe Brown," is apt to provoke a gale of merriment.

Conundrums.

Why should the number 288 never be named before ladies? Because it is too (2) gross.

When is a window like a star? When it is a skylight.

Why is an absconding bank cashier like an air gun? Because he goes off loaded and makes no report.

Why is a widower like a house in a state of dilapidation? Because he wants repairing.

What is that which you cannot hold ten minutes, although it is as light as a feather? Your breath.

When is a tumbler like an accomplished prediction? When it is fulfilled.

Good Work of Boy Scouts.

For some time a group of scouts in Sayville, N. Y., have been doing their good turns so unostentatiously that no one knew anything about them. They have been taking care of a crippled man who was unable to provide himself with wood and food for the winter. Every day they have chopped his wood and prepared his meals, taking turns in doing anything that was in their power for this man whom they have "adopted."—New York Press.

Storyland.

Alone in the shade that the oak tree has made
Where the leafy boughs sway as they will,
Sits Nan in her nook and, deep in a book,
Never knows when it blows or is still.
Away into Fairyland now she is going;
Clear skies arch above her and fair winds are blowing.

There Snow White she meets and Prince Charming she greets;
Sees a knight ride away through the wood;
To Puss in Boots talks and whispers and walks
With dear Beauty, so gentle and good.
Far, far in the forest the Sapphire Bird's singing,
And high in the heavens the Wild Swans are winging.

To her wondering eyes, fair dream castles rise,
While the leafy boughs sway as they will,
But Nan, far away, in her dreamland gay
Never knows when it blows or is still.
Oh, who for the wind or the rain could be caring,
When off into Storyland she may go faring?

—Youth's Companion.

A MUSICIAN BY ACCIDENT

Strange Story of a Member of the French Commune.

Signor Caracalli, the great cornet player, retired when he had years of artistic and pecuniary success before him. Sitting with him one day in a cafe in Paris I asked him how he came to give up his profession at so early an age.

"Because I hated it," he replied.

"Hated it? Were you not born to it?"

"I suppose I was, though when a boy I heard no music and whatever ability I have lay dormant. It was brought out suddenly and under great stress."

I saw there was a story connected with the matter, and, after much pressure on my part, he reluctantly consented to tell it.

I'm not an Italian. I'm a Frenchman, and my real name is Henrotin. Just before the downfall of Napoleon III. I went to Paris from my father's farm on the Givanne river and was solicited to join the commune. Being young and a countryman I believed anything any one told me and consented, thinking France to be on the eve of a new era of prosperity and happiness for all her people alike. We had everything our own way, but unfortunately we had no way for a time. Soon we were prisoners of the regular troops. They proposed to first imprison us, then take us out in droves and shoot us. I was expecting to go out, stand with my face to the wall with the rest and be shot, when a fellow prisoner told me that the French army was short of musicians and one of our number had been pardoned and enlisted to play the trombone.

A drowning man will catch at a straw, and, securing a bit of paper, I wrote on it that I was an accomplished musician and would like to enlist as such in the army. The paper I gave to the officer who had us in charge. The next morning a roll was called of those who were to be shot, my name among them. But after calling it the sergeant paused, blinked his stupid eyes at the paper, then said:

"No, Jacques Henrotin, you are to go to be examined for the band being reorganized for the —— infantry."

Well, this was like reprieving a man from being shot to strangle him later on. I had no knowledge of music and did not know one instrument from another. I could only think of some plan for delay. Our prison was cold, and that night I poured water over my clothes and sat in them in order to catch cold. Fortunately I succeeded, and the next day when I was marched to the bandmaster of the —— infantry I was coughing and sneezing, my windpipe being pretty nearly stopped.

"What instrument do you play?" inquired the bandmaster.

I had purposely made inquiry about instruments and replied that I played the cornet. Whereupon the band master called for a cornet and told me to play something.

"Great heavens!" I exclaimed. "Do you expect a man to use his lungs while they are not even fitted for breathing."

"Take him back and cross his name off the list of applicants."

"Give me time, a month, a week, and I promise you that I will make music such as you have never heard before."

"Very well, I'll give you a week."

"I have caught cold in prison. Can't you have me put where I may recover and where I can practice a little? I've not played for some time."

"H'm, let me see! I might put you with the band."

He directed the corporal to take me to the quarters of the band and have me locked in a room by myself. He also gave orders that I was to be provided with a cornet. This was done. I succeeded in inducing the man who brought the cornet to give me instructions. He was surprised at my ability to learn, but in a week I could not hope to pass an examination, so I purposely slammed the door on my fingers and when called before the bandmaster showed him the mutilated hand. He was sorry he had not sent me back to be shot, but now he was in for it he thought it best to give me more time. He allowed me a month.

My fingers were not crushed as badly as I claimed, and I did not cease my lessons. All day I practiced for my life. I hoped that the executions would cease and I would be lost sight of, but every day a number of communists were shot. A week before the end of the month I learned to play a tune which my instructor told me was a great favorite with the bandmaster. When I was called upon to show my proficiency I played this air, and it was like a pleading wail for my life. The bandmaster was astonished, and when I saw he was about to ask me to play another piece I feigned to faint. As soon as I came to myself I was enlisted as cornet player and sent to the hospital. The bandmaster was in dread of losing me.

Soon after that they got tired of shooting communists. I served my enlistment with the band, though I played but one air that made people weep—the air I played on my examination. My whole reputation as a musician was made on that one air. I played it for ten years, and every time I did so I renewed the feelings with which I played for my life. It made for me half a million francs. I will never play it again.

HINTS FOR THE BUSY HOUSEWIFE

Towel Wringer That Is Easily Operated.

A simplified wringer has been recently designed principally for the purpose of wringing towels, but also adapted for other special purposes, though hardly available for general wash work, for the reason that it is entirely devoid of anything like a crank handle and cogwheels. Therefore its use must be restricted to sturdy material, such as towels, which are strong enough to be pulled through the rollers. The device is exceedingly simple in its construction, consisting mainly of two rollers mounted on a bracket. One roller is substantially secured to the bracket, while the lower one is mounted on a pivot and supplied with a handle, so that the lower roller may be constantly adjusted with its relationship to the other roller. The towel to be treated is drawn through the rollers, while a pressure is exerted on the handle and the two rollers thereby pressed together.

New England Corn Chowder.

Pare and dice four good sized potatoes, peel and slice two medium white skin onions and open one can corn pulp. Place in alternate layers in a saucepan, beginning with potato. Sprinkle delicately with salt, pepper and a pinch of minced celery leaf. Add one-half pint boiling water, cover closely, simmer ten minutes. Blend one tablespoonful of butter and two of flour, add one pint of milk, stir until boiling, then turn into chowder. Mix without breaking potato cubes. When it begins to boil add six hard water crackers broken to bits. Cover kettle and keep hot five minutes. At the last moment stir in the yolk of an egg beaten in two tablespoonfuls of cream, turn into hot tureen and serve.

Kitchen Kinks.

If bacon is soaked in water for a few minutes before frying it will prevent the fat from running.

When whipping cream beat slowly for the first two minutes and then very rapidly.

When washing saucepans be sure to lay them in front of the fire for five or ten minutes so that they may dry thoroughly inside and thus prevent deteriorating through getting rusty.

After use all pudding cloths and jelly bags should be washed in very hot water and when they have been well rinsed hung up to dry where they are exposed to a good draft.

Steamed Indian Pudding.

Place in a double boiler a quart of milk, allow it to come to a boil and add a cupful of cornmeal gradually, stirring constantly. Boil for about half an hour, then add a cupful of molasses, half a cupful of brown sugar, a teaspoonful of salt, a teaspoonful of ginger, half a teaspoonful of cinnamon and two well beaten eggs. Stir until very smooth, then add half a cupful each of raisins and currants. Pour into a greased mold and steam three hours. Serve with whipped cream sweetened with maple sugar, or with a lemon sauce.

Cornmeal Scrapple.

One pig's head split in halves, two cupfuls cornmeal, salt and sage. Cook the pork in water until the meat can be easily removed from the bone. Remove the meat, cool the broth and remove the fat. Reduce the broth to about two quarts or add water enough to bring it up to this amount and cook the cornmeal in it. Add the meat finely chopped and the seasonings. Pack in granite bread tins. Cut into slices and fry.

Potato Border.

Six potatoes, three eggs, one tablespoonful of butter, one of salt, half a cupful of boiling milk. Pare, boil and mash the potatoes. When fine and light add the butter, salt and pepper and two well beaten eggs. Butter the border mold and pack the potato in it. Let this stand on the kitchen table ten minutes; then turn out on a dish and brush over with one well beaten egg. Brown in the oven.

Maple Fudge.

One pound maple sugar and one cupful milk. Bring to a boil and add a tablespoonful of butter. Cook until it becomes brittle when tested in cold water. Remove from the fire, stir vigorously until it begins to granulate around the edge of the kettle and then pour into a buttered pan.

POPULAR MECHANICS

New Rubber Coagulant.

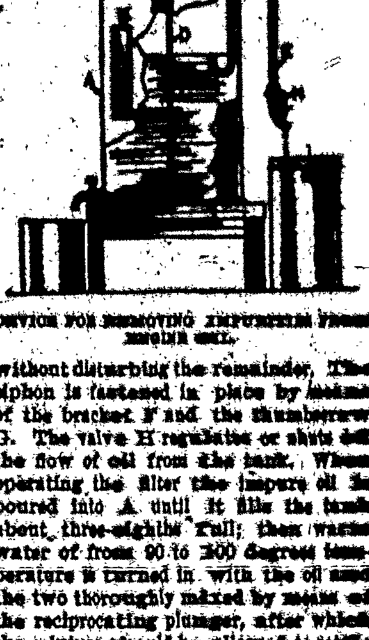
An important discovery, it is claimed, has just been made in the use of cocoanut water as a rubber coagulant. This new method if as successful as experiments would indicate should prove a great boon to the Ceylon rubber industry. Millions of gallons of cocoanut water which now run to waste on estates in copra drying and desiccation mills can be utilized as a profitable byproduct, besides producing a superior coagulant in making rubber. Details of the process are not now available, but it is understood that the coconut water is allowed to ferment for four or five days, after which it can be used immediately for coagulating latex. One to two ounces of the fermented liquid will coagulate one pint of pure latex. It is said to produce a better rubber than that procured from the present method of using crude acetic acid, especially so far as the color goes and clearer than that obtained from the cocoa fermentation acid treatment.—Consular Report.

Hardening Steel Surfaces.

A simple process of hardening cast or forged steel which does not destroy the effect of previous heating treatments or cause the metal to undergo a change of form has recently been discovered. In hardening a part the [illegible] heated, but, on the contrary, only the outer surface to a depth of approximately one-sixteenth of an inch. A high temperature flame is played over the surface with a brushlike motion. Upon its removal the cooling takes place immediately, the heat radiating into the cold mass of steel and into the atmosphere. In this way the highly hardened part of the steel consists of an outer surface film. By increasing the [illegible] hardened part may be deepened to about three-sixteenths of an inch, the blaze in such a case being given a rotating motion to avoid burning the metal.—Popular Mechanics.

Engine Oil Filtering Tank.

An efficient and easily made filtering tank for removing impurities from the engine can be made as here illustrated, says Popular Mechanics. It consists of a plain tank, A, with a large outlet at the bottom, and is provided with a cover, B. This has three openings—one for a receiving funnel, C; another in the center, for a plunger rod, D, having a handle at the upper end and a perforated plunger at the lower end, and a third for a siphon, or drain pipe, E, which conducts the filtered oil from the tank to an outside can. At the inner end the siphon E is U shaped, so it may remove the top or purest oil



DEVICE FOR REMOVING IMPURITIES FROM ENGINE OIL.

without disturbing the remainder. The siphon is fastened in place by means of the bracket F and the thumbscrew G. The valve H regulates or shuts off the flow of oil from the tank. When operating the filter the impure oil is poured into A until it fills the tank about three-eighths full; then warm water of from 90 to 100 degrees temperature is turned in with the oil and the two thoroughly mixed by means of the reciprocating plunger, after which the mixture should be allowed to settle for several hours.

The oil will come to the top, leaving the impurities with the water at the bottom, where they may be drained off.

Protection of Metals.

A new process for protecting metals from corrosion uses pure tin or pure lead, either in its natural state or alloyed with some other metal such as zinc, as a coating for the metal to be protected. The lead or tin is first reduced to a powder. This powder is then mixed with a fluid to the consistency of thick paint, and this is applied with a stiff bristle brush. The next step is to melt the coating, and this may be done by any clean source of heat, such as a heavy blow torch, fire or oven. The coating shows no tendency to run, so that vertical or inverted surfaces are easily treated.

To Prevent Lead Poisoning.

Many painters do not realize the danger of lead poisoning from white, black and red lead paints. Outside of cuts the most accessible place for the lead to enter is the flesh around the finger nails. Its entrance there can be prevented by dipping the finger tips into warm paraffin or beeswax, whereupon gloves are put on and one proceeds with the work. The paraffin can be easily removed when the work is completed or at the end of the day.

Use For Sisal Waste.

The waste made by cleaning sisal fiber in the Bahama Islands has been found a good substitute for horsehair for use in upholstery. The product is twisted into rope and dyed. When unwound it remains springy.

An Important Analysis

By [illegible]

[illegible]

made what I considered a [illegible] analysed, and every [illegible] conclusively than the [illegible] was about to marry a man [illegible] had only friendship.

I restrained the temptation [illegible] so till I could withstand it no [illegible] then sent for him. [illegible] ment he looked at me [illegible] something the matter.

"What is it, sweetheart?" he asked anxiously.

There was something in the [illegible] sweetheart that threw me back [illegible] self as an engine reversed. [illegible] that what was troubling me [illegible] out.

"I am very miserable."

"That's singular. I'm very happy."

"I am afraid I don't love you enough to marry you."

He took my avowal in a very [illegible] leverlike manner. He should have ground his teeth and tore his hair, but did nothing of the kind.

"A sort of stage fright?"

"No; I have long been in doubt. And today I have analyzed my feelings and"—

"In what laboratory did you do it?"

"In the laboratory of introspection."

"Did you put your love into a test tube?"

"I suppose that would express it figuratively."

"Well, if it didn't turn out to be love what did it turn out to be?"

"I don't know."

"It doesn't matter to me since it isn't love. I'll countermand the orders given in preparation for the wedding. [illegible] cards are out. We can't recall them."

"That's the most terrible thing about it."

"Terrible! There's nothing terrible in that. We were not going to be married to please those persons. If at the last moment we find we're going to make a mistake we must withdraw, of course."

"Of course."

"I'll go at once to countermand the orders."

He turned to go. I called to him. "Haven't you forgotten something?"

He turned and saw me [illegible] him wistfully.

"Oh, a kiss!"

He came back, [illegible] and kissed me. I [illegible]