

HAIG'S JERSEY COWS AND LEE'S SOLITARY HEN.

Two excellent Jersey cows were included in the retinue that followed Field-Marshal Haig, the English Commander-in-Chief, in his campaigns on the French front, so that the headquarters staff might never be without fresh milk and cream. "Confederate veterans will smile reminiscently and enviously at this story," says The News-Leader, of Richmond. "Think of the affluence of an army the commander of which carried two milch cows with him wherever he went!" The editor proceeds to call up from the past a personal and picturesque bit of American history:

To old gray-coats who grow hungry even now in reflecting upon the privations of the later years of the war between the States, the thing seems inconceivable! Why, the mess of General Lee never boasted a single cow, except for a very brief period. Its solitary hen, the pride of Cook Bryan's heart, was guarded with jealous apprehension, because no man knew when the hunger of some passing soldier might not deprive General Lee of his daily egg, the chief staple of his diet. In fact, there was a suspicious element of mystery about the final disappearance of that hen. All the winter she nested in a headquarters wagon, alarmed neither by the roar of cannon nor the clatter of couriers' horses. She was as regular in depositing her egg for the beloved commander as Stuart's cavalry was in its scouting. But when the army began to move for the final summer campaign, the hen whose cackling had been constant music at headquarters and whose unabashed presence had graced many a council of war was nowhere to be found. In his charity to all men, Lee explained that the hen must have strayed away; but deep down in his heart, Bryan had a conviction that it was not a case of stray, but of stealing. Some irreverent soldier, Bryan always maintained, secretly slew and ate the sacred fowl whose eggs had helped in making the battle-plans of the army of Northern Virginia.

And to think of gallons of fresh milk—gallons, literally—for the private mess of Marshal Haig, whether the commander was pressing his offensive or hurrying to the endangered front! The old Confederates never had fresh milk, and when they had buttermilk, the fact that it was kept in a jug usually raised false hopes the shattering of which left no stomach for buttermilk. Was it not so that famous day when Lee invited his staff and a few visiting generals to have a drink? There had been a report, detailed and precise, of a certain bottle of very old apple brandy which some admirer had pressed upon General Lee. The commander, of course, had not touched it, but men whispered excitedly he always carried it with his headquarters baggage. When, therefore, he smilingly invited his guests to take a drink, instant came visions of that bottle uncovered in great good humor and passed from parching lips to cracking throat. But the corpus delicti proved to be a jug, not a bottle, and what was a much more serious matter, despite an insinuating gurgle, when at last it poured forth its contents, they proved to be buttermilk, not brandy. Lee, history reports in all soberness, was the only man who enjoyed either the joke or the dram!

As for Haig—who knows but that a general who carried two cows after him on a motor-lorry might not have had a hidden hamper as well? The luck of some men!—Literary Digest.

Wings for Mrs. Vanderbilt.

Mrs. W. K. Vanderbilt tells this story on herself.

She was doing canteen work in France during the recent misunderstanding in that vicinity, and devoted considerable time to entertaining American soldiers in one of the hostess houses. Being a capable dancer and attractive, she was much in demand among the boys. One evening she danced several times with a tall, tow-haired doughboy who showed symptoms of great loneliness and talked volubly about things back in Michigan.

When the evening ended, the tow-headed one came over to Mrs. Vanderbilt.

"I've had a bully time," he said, "and I want to keep track of you. We're moving out of here tomorrow for the front. But if we get back, I'd like to look you up in the States. My name is Albert Bridgeman, from Grand Rapids. What's yours?"

"I'm Mrs. W. K. Vanderbilt," she replied.

The doughboy scanned her from head to foot.

"That's right, chicken," he said "fly high!"—Cartoons Magazine.

Man's Best Years From Eighty to One Hundred.

John D. Rockefeller was 80 years old recently. He drinks a teaspoon of olive oil every day, and what is more important, plays golf and does not worry. He hopes to live to 100, then really begin living.

The hope is not unreasonable. Carnaro, who died at 105, said he had to live 90 years to realize that the world was beautiful. A man's best years should be from 80 to 100, when he has earned the right to rest and contemplate without self-reproach for laziness.

Americans will not grudge Mr. Rockefeller his years of ease or his fortune, which is said to be above \$100,000,000 a year income.

He does not spend it, merely reinvests, wastes little, and the people with their power of taxation and right of eminent domain can do any regulating necessary.—Ex.

Will Form a Syndicate.

"No," said the positive girl, "I will never tie myself down to one man." "Perhaps," he said sarcastically, "if I organize a syndicate you will consider our offer."—Forbes Magazine.

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Apricot Pits Now Supply Products Once Imported.

One good that is working out of the evil of the war is the demonstration that American chemists, under the spur of demand, can readily surpass the accomplishments of German science. The following, cited in the Popular Mechanics Magazine, is a concrete example: California has an annual by-product crop of 7,000 tons of apricot pits, which were formerly sold to Germany and Denmark at \$45 a ton. When the war closed this market, and the price dropped to \$15, a California chemist bought a supply and started experimenting. He is

now marketing a substitute for olive oil; a meal used in cooking; oil of apricot, known as bitter oil of almonds; American blue, from which Prussic acid can be made, and a number of other by-products, which give a total yield of more than \$200 for a ton of apricots.

—Subscribe for the "Watchman." Try This Recipe.

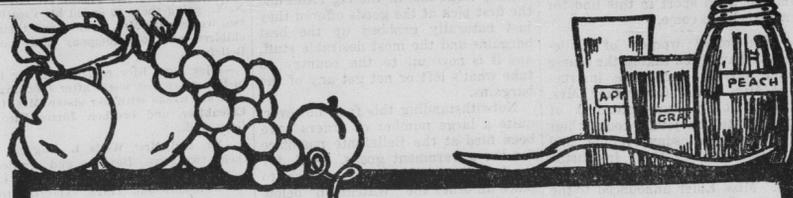
"To give the face a good color," says an exchange, "get a pot of rouge and a rabbit's foot. Bury them two miles from home and walk out and back once a day to see if they are still there."

\$25,000 Reward for Villa, Dead or Alive.

El Paso, Texas.—Governor Andres Ortiz, of the State of Chihuahua, has offered a reward of \$25,000 gold for the capture, dead or alive, of Francisco Villa, according to a Mexico merchant from Chihuahua City. He said the offer appeared in an advertisement in one of the Chihuahua City's newspapers.

Early Training.

"Why have you never married, Mr. Tomkins?" "I suppose it's because I took the bachelor's degree while at college."



News for the Housewife at Preserving Time

Here is a recipe for preserving syrup that will give you finer jams, jellies and preserves—and save you about one-half your trouble.

Instead of all sugar use only one-half sugar and one-half Karo (Red Label).

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Karo is a fine, clear syrup, with a natural affinity for the juices of the fruit.

It blends the sugar with the fruit juice—brings out all the "fruity" flavor.

Furthermore, it prevents even the richest jam or jelly from "candyng".

It does away with all the uncertainty of preserving, and just about cuts the work in half.

For cooking, Baking and Candy Making Karo (Red Label) is used in millions of homes. In all cooking and baking recipes use Karo instead of sugar. It is sweet, of delicate flavor, and brings out the natural flavor of the food.

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Heard on a Car.

Workman (discussing Wilson with friend)—He's got more brains in his head than you an' me got in the rest of our bodies.

Motorist (blocked by load of hay)—I say, there, pull out and let me by. You seemed in a hurry to let that other fellow's carriage get past.

Farmer—That's 'cause his horse wuz eatin' my hay.—Brooklyn Eagle.

IRA D. GARMAN

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