

HUMAN SIDE OF LORD KITCHENER

TRADITION THAT HE NEVER SMILED SIGNALLY DISPROVEN—WEPT FOR GORDON.

WAS BELOVED BY HIS MEN

"Soldiers' Soldier" Title Given to Dead Field Marshal by His Loyal Command.

There was a tradition in the British army that Lord Kitchener was unable to laugh. It is of record, however, that the great military chieftain whom the British Empire is mourning was able to weep.

It was the first Sunday after the then Sirdar of the Egyptian army had "avenged Gordon" by killing 11,000 wounding 16,000 and capturing 4,000 dervishes at the battle of Omdurman. The avengers were giving a Christian funeral to the British soldier who had been beheaded and his body cast into the Nile by the fanatical Khalifa 14 years before. British and Egyptian troops were in array before the very palace in which Gordon spent his last hour, river gunboats boomed salutes to the British and Egyptian flags, a band of Mahometan Sudanese played Christian hymns, chaplains of four denominations prayed and read psalms—through it all Kitchener stood in front of his staff, silent, motionless, like a marble image.

Wept for Gordon.

Pipers then wailed a dirge, and as the awing died out the black, heathen Sudanese band struck up the favorite hymn of Gordon, "Abide With Me." The cold Kitchener, the man who for 14 years had worked and fought to reach the goal made sacred by the blood of his comrade, burst into tears. There was no affection there; the tears were honest, and they were honestly wiped away with the back of his sun tanned hand.

Lord Kitchener was distinctly a soldiers' soldier. The troops who served under him in the field understood him and so called him cold, cruel and heartless. The public admires a dress parade soldier; the man in the ranks is devoted to an officer who is a workingman. Kitchener was a workingman and, when there was a necessity, he worked three shifts a day of eight hours each.

There was a time when he was a lion in rage; at other times the poorest soldier found in him a friend. One of his angriest outbursts was after the relief of Mafeking in the Boer war. Gen. Baden-Powell and a small force of British soldiers had been besieged in the little Rhodesian town for months. Their food supply was nearly exhausted and their pleas for help became so heart-rending that Lord Kitchener in the far-away Orange Free State could resist no longer, although he could ill spare the men for a relief expedition. He sent northward over the veldt his old friend of Egyptian days, Brig. Gen. Mahan, and a force of cavalry.

Mafeking Relieved.

The troop eluded the wily De Wet, who gloated over, then bagged just such expeditions by the score, and reached within 15 miles of Mafeking when out toward them rode the beleaguered garrison, with Gen. Baden-Powell at its head and offering Gen. Mahan a handful of cigars. When Gen. Mahan, after a wild return dash through De Wet's lines, had reported the details of the "relief" of Gen. Baden-Powell, Lord Kitchener exploded with a noise that reached almost from Bloemfontein to Pretoria.

"Fancy," was his exclamation, if translated out of army language, "fancy, calling for assistance of the whole British army where there wasn't a Boer within 500 miles of Mafeking!"

If Lord Kitchener was beloved by his soldiers, he was regarded as actually something more than human by the dervishes of Egypt, and the story of how he came to be placed only a step below the sacred Mahdi by the ignorant, superstitious natives of the upper Nile region gives an idea of the varied experiences of the soldier who went down with the Hampshire. In his early days in Egypt, when he still was Herbert Kitchener, the plodding engineer officer, he lost one of his eyes through contact with a poisonous weed that grows along the hill and it became necessary to procure an artificial eyeball. After Gordon had been slain by the Khalifa and Lord Kitchener had been promoted to governor general of Suakin, on the Red Sea, he found it necessary to obtain information concerning the country and people in the Khartoum region. Unable to find a person qualified to obtain the information

he set himself to the task. He first gained the good will of some "friendly" Arabs and spent a large part of his time with them, learning their language, habits and customs. Finally he dressed as a "friendly," sat on his haunches like a "friendly," smoked and ate and worshiped like them. He even stained his skin and talked of making the tour of Mecca. In this guise he explored the whole region as far south as Khartoum.

How He Awe'd Tribesmen.

Once when he was in this stronghold of the Khalifa, the superman who was the successor of the Mahdi, the reincarnation of Mahomet, he was in the company of some Sheikhs when the latter described a newly discovered attribute of the Khalifa—the ability to travel up or down the hill on the backs of crocodiles. Kitchener diplomatically expressed his doubts, and by so doing aroused the ire of the Sheikhs, who demanded to know what kind of an unbelieving dog he might be who would deny the Khalifa may have wonderful powers," said Lord Kitchener, "but I, too, have great powers," and with that he dislodged his artificial eye, tossed it 10 feet into the air, caught and deftly replaced it. The astounded Sheikhs promptly made their obeisances to his newly discovered superman, and thereafter the tribesman from the lower Nile region was regarded with esteem sacred to that bestowed on the Khalifa.

The "Correspondent's Enemy."

More than anybody, Lord Kitchener was responsible for the growth in the power of the newspaper censor in times of war. When he began his march toward Khartoum newspaper correspondents by the scores, the majority of them "free lances," went thither from England. All wanted to be "in at the death" of the mahdi and they made Lord Kitchener's life miserable. After some days he sent home those who did not have proper newspaper credentials and appointed an officer to censor the dispatches of the remainder.

After the battle of Omdurman he ordered three gunboats to go down the river to Atbara, the head of the railway and telegraph lines. One boat was to carry his own official reports of the battle, the second was to take the wounded and the third which was ordered to reach Atbara last, was to take, among other things the dispatches of the correspondents. On the way to Atbara the gunboat carrying the Kitchener reports hit a sand bank and was delayed eight hours. The boat with the wounded proceeded to its destination and, there, out of its hold, leaped a stoker bearing a copy of Bernet Burleigh's report of the battle. A few moments later the report was on its way to London with the result that the Daily Telegraph next morning had a "beat" of the first magnitude, while the war office and the other newspapers had nothing.

Correspondent Forgiven.

Burleigh's enterprise in sending duplicate dispatches on two gunboats gained for him great renown in England, but it displeased Lord Kitchener to such an extent that he refused to permit any correspondent to accompany him to Fashoda and threatened to cashier any officer who would give information to any correspondent. After the French flag had been hauled down at Fashoda and Lord Kitchener's staff had returned to Cairo, Burleigh gave a dinner to which he invited many of the officers. He seated all the officers at one end of the table and saw

to it that they lacked nothing in the way of liquid refreshments.

After a time the officers became talkative and commenced to boast of their exploits. Burleigh kept his ears wide open and while the dinner was still in progress slipped out to his room, dashed off a cable dispatch with the details of the Kitchener-Marchand imbroglio that had brought France and Britain to the verge of war, and returned to his guests, who had hardly noticed his brief absence. Again the telegraph had a "beat" that astounded all Fleet Street, and again Lord Kitchener was raging.

For a long time Burleigh was persona non grata with Lord Kitchener, but a reconciliation came about in an odd manner at the time when the latter was being attacked in Parliament for his alleged ruthless conduct of the war against the dervishes. A magazine writer had accused Lord Kitchener of having permitted a nephew of Gen. Gordon to exhume the khalifa and to sever the head from the body.

It was charged that Lord Kitchener permitted the body to be flung into the Nile, just as Gordon's body had been treated, and that the head of the successor of Mahomet had been shipped to England. The charges aroused all England and Lord Kitchener was sorely troubled. At this juncture Burleigh came to Lord Kitchener's defense, declared that the magazine article was a tissue of falsehoods and produced proof that khalifa's tomb had not been disturbed. The attacks on Lord Kitchener died down and Burleigh received the thanks and renewed friendship of the "correspondent's enemy." It was never definitely made known whether the khalifa's head had been sent to England—the men who know do not care to discuss the subject.

Rarely in bitter warfare, such as that in upper Egypt, has there been an incident such as occurred after the real battle at Omdurman, where Lord Kitchener gave a real British military funeral for a slain tribesman. The Anglo-Egyptian forces had finished cleaning the stragglers out of the dirty town and Lord Kitchener and his staff were passing on horseback through a suburb when, amid snipers' bullets, they saw lying beside the road ahead of them a wounded Mohamad planned to earth by his dead horse. The dervish officer wore over a gaily colored silk gibba a coat of mail, exactly like those worn by the Crusaders. A helmet of shining steel, with a bar extending down over the nose and guards of steel chains over his shoulders, added to the novelty of the man's uniform. Although man and horse lay prostrate, the position of the rider and the mount was so natural that Lord Kitchener suspected a trap and halted at some distance. At that moment the Mohamad's eyes opened and rested full upon the bronzed handsome Lord Kitchener. Whether that brief glimpse gave him the idea he was looking upon the revered khalifa himself or whether it was the tribute of a defeated foe to conqueror, the dervish chief suddenly twisted himself into an upright position, brought his gloved hand to salute for a brief moment, then fell over dead. The spectacle was so inspiring so dramatic, that Lord Kitchener and his staff, every one of whom had drawn revolvers when they saw the dervish move, leaped from their horses and barred their heads in honor of the fallen foe. The next day there was a British military funeral for the dervish.

A Hacking Cough Weakens the System.

Don't suffer with a hacking cough that has weakened your system—get a bottle of Dr. King's New Discovery, in use over 40 years, and benefiting all who use it, the soothing pine balsam with tar heal the irritated air passages—soothes the raw spots, loosens the mucous and prevents racking the body with coughing. Dr. King's New Discovery induces natural sleep and aids nature to cure you.

MACHINERY CHOKED BY THREE LARGE FISH

Bedford, Ind., June 23.—Finding the machinery clogged at the Southern Indiana Power Company's plant at Williams, an investigation was made by Engineer Floyd Bone, who found the trouble was caused by three immense catfish that got into the wheels during the high water at the dam. As a result he caught three monster finnies, one weighing thirty-one pounds, another thirty-three and another fifty-eight pounds.

Forethought.

People are learning that a little forethought often saves them big expense. Here is an instance: E. W. Archer, Caldwell, Ohio, writes: "I do not believe that our family has been without Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy since we commenced keeping house years ago. When we go on an extended visit we take it with us." Obtainable everywhere.

W. M. FOREMAN DEAD WAS AUTO VICTIM

SECOND DEATH CAUSED BY ACCIDENT—HAPPENING WEEK AGO.

Louisville, Ky., June 24.—William Marion Foreman, 33, died yesterday at noon at the Norton Infirmary as a result of the injuries he received when he was in an automobile which overturned near Hayville, Ind. Grover Fritts, companion of Foreman, was burned to death in the same accident. Foreman was taken from under the car by farmers who came to his aid. He was taken to Jasper, Ind., and later brought to Louisville in the hope of saving his life.

Foreman never regained his senses sufficiently to tell how the accident occurred Fritts was an automobile salesman for J. B. Speed & Co., and the two were "making" Indiana towns on a business trip.

Foreman was born in Nelson County, and his family were among the earliest settlers of the Cox Creek neighborhood. He was a son of Dr. Wiley Foreman. He is survived by his wife, Mrs. Katherine Reville Foreman; two daughters, Julia and Marian, and a son, William Marion Foreman, Jr. The funeral will be held tomorrow afternoon at the residence, 340 Shawnee Drive.

(Note).—Mr. Foreman was well known here having resided in Hartford for some years. He will be best remembered as May. He was the younger son of Dr. or Capt. W. M. Foreman, who also made this place his home for a number of years.

Should Sloan's Lintment Go Along?

Of course it should! For after a strenuous day when your muscles have been exercised to the limit an application of Sloan's Lintment will take the soreness and stiffness away and get you in fine shape for the morrow. You should also use it for a sudden attack of toothache, stiff neck, backache, stings, bites and the many accidents that are incidental to a vacation. "We would as soon leave our baggage as to go on a vacation or camp without Sloan's Lintment." Writes one vacationist: "We use it for everything from cramps to toothache." Put a bottle in your bag, be prepared and have no regrets.

BANK ROBBERS BUSY

Confiscate Automobile, Farmer Tied To Tree.

Wytheville, Va., June 23.—The Bank of Crockett, at Crockett, seven miles west of Wytheville, was robbed by two men today of \$4,400 in currency. The cashier, Arthur Houshelt, and a patron of the bank, Roy Groseclose, were forced into the vaults. Leaving the town, the robbers met a farmer in an automobile. They took the machine, tied the farmer to a tree and drove off.

Bowel Complaints in India.

In a lecture at one of the Des Moines, Iowa, churches a missionary from India told of going into the interior of India, where he was taken sick, that he had a bottle of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy with him and believed that it saved his life. This remedy is used successfully in India both as a preventive and cure for cholera. You may know from this that it can be depended upon for the milder forms of bowel complaint that occur in this country. Obtainable everywhere.

EMPLOYEES OF FORD PLANT TO LOSE JOBS

Detroit, Mich., June 23.—Ford employees who volunteer to bear arms for the United States will lose their jobs. While most employers have guaranteed not only to give patriotic workers their old places when they return from fighting their country's battles but have promised to pay their salaries while they are in service, Henry Ford's workmen will not have a job on their return, much less will they receive pay while fighting for their country.

Ford superintendents refused to say if there are any guardsmen employed in the plants, but it is known that some seventy-five men of the militia are Ford employees. No provision will be made by Ford for their wives and families.

How's This?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. F. J. CENEY & CO., Toledo, O. We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by him. NATIONAL BANK OF COMMERCE, Toledo, O. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Testimonials sent free. Price 75 cents per bottle. Sold by all Druggists. Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

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WOMAN AVOIDS OPERATION

Medicine Which Made Surgeon's Work Unnecessary.

Astoria, N. Y. — "For two years I was feeling ill and took all kinds of tonics. I was getting worse every day. I had chills, my head would throb, I was always tired. I could not walk straight because of the pain in my back and I had pains in my stomach. I went to a doctor and he said I must go under an operation, but I did not go. I read in the paper about Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and told my husband about it. I said 'I know nothing will help me but I will try this.' I found myself improving from the very first bottle, and in two weeks time I was able to sit down and eat a hearty breakfast with my husband, which I had not done for two years. I am now in the best of health and did not have the operation." — Mrs. JOHN A. KOENIG, 502 Flushing Avenue, Astoria, N. Y.

Every one dreads the surgeon's knife and the operating table. Sometimes nothing else will do; but many times doctors say they are necessary when they are not. Letter after letter comes to the Pinkham Laboratory, telling how operations were advised and were not performed; or, if performed, did no good, but Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound was used and good health followed.

If you want advice write to Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co. (confidential), Lynn, Mass.