

QUEEN MARY'S PANTRY.

A Dazzling Array of Gold and Silver Plate at Windsor.

Among the famous pantries of the world is that of Queen Mary at Windsor. This pantry comprises two rooms of no great dimensions, but it contains treasures in the form of plate and household articles that are valued at more than a million pounds sterling. Many of these possess historic interest. For example, there is a conspicuous exhibit in the form of a table of solid silver. This is nearly a yard in length, and its top, with an area of several square feet, bears the royal arms and exquisitely chased designs of the symbolic rose, thistle, harp, etc. Every reign since that of Elizabeth has contributed to this table a design of some sort.

The most imposing of all the dazzling array of plate is the so called gold dinner service for occasions of the highest state.

The walls of the two rooms of this royal pantry, the larger of which is 30 by 16 feet and the smaller a square of sixteen feet, are lined with cases of plate glass and mahogany, and in these and similar cases occupying the center of each room are some of the most extraordinary examples of art in gold, silver and precious stones that the world has ever seen.

There are tall, graceful epergnes, each of which would tax the strength of two men to lift; there are dishes in gold and silver any one of which would be too heavy to run away with; dainty toilet services in gold and silver, tandelabra, communion services, flagons, vases, punch bowls, wine coolers, fountains and fonts, in silver, wrought in designs of great beauty by the most skillful of artists.—Washington Post.

BARBED WIRE IN WAR.

It is Used in Various Ways and is a Deadly Defense.

Barbed wire is today as necessary a part of an army's equipment as pontoons or trenching tools. In war barbed wire is used in various ways, but its main object is man stopping. It is interlaced with ground pegs in front of trenches for the purpose of tripping charging troops, it is strung across bridges and main roads to prevent the passage of cavalry, and it is used for fencing in camps to guard against rushing tactics on the part of the enemy.

Whenever possible barbed wire entanglements are hidden in long grass or in hedges, so that advancing troops will be trapped while the enemy rakes their lines with shot and shell. Barbed wire concealed in undergrowth is particularly deadly where cavalry is concerned, for the wire grips the horses' hoofs, causing them to fall on the spike strewn ground.

At times certain roads that it is desirable to have passable to townspeople have to be rendered impassable to an army. To accomplish this zigzag fences of barbed wire are built from one side of the road to the other until they form a maze. A peasant with time to spare can pass this barrier by laboriously threading his way through the narrow zigzag passage left open, but an army of several hundred men, especially if they have guns or are mounted, must halt to destroy the entanglement.

The barbed wire used for military purposes possesses long, jagged joints, which inflict most painful wounds on the body, especially when men and horses fall on to them headlong, as so often happens.—Philadelphia Press.

The Daffodil.

Originally the daffodil was known as the asphodel. From this to daffodil was the first verbal transition. The name gradually rounded itself into daffodilly—the form adopted by Milton in the beautiful line, "The daffodills all their cups with tears." However, before Milton wrote, the flower had come to be generally known as the daffodil, and it figures under this name in John Parkinson's "Garden of All Sortes of Pleasant Flowers," published in 1629. Parkinson found more variety in the daffodil than in any other flower, nearly a hundred kinds being described in his work.—London Chronicle.

The Right Place.

"Beally, Kate," said the young man, in considerable agitation. "I am very sorry I lost my head and kissed you. I didn't think what I was doing. It is a sort of temporary insanity in our family."

"Well, Roy," replied the young woman, "if you ever feel any more such attacks coming on you had better come right here where your infirmity is known, and we will take care of you."—New York Times.

The Difference.

Johnny—Father, what's the difference between cannibals and other folks? Father—Cannibals, my son, eat their enemies; other people generally go no further than to live on their friends and relatives.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Easily Seen.

"I don't believe that Jack's new automobile has been any pleasure to him."

"Why do you think that?"

"Well, he hasn't been arrested once since he's been running it."—Baltimore American.

Cause of the Effect.

The table groaned. It was no wonder. For the food upon it was not only heavy, but indigestible as well.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Woman's World

Spirit of Human Kindliness Being Born in Spite of War.



PRINCESS PIERRE TROUBETZKOY (AMELE RIVES).

"Human beings are growing kinder. A new spirit of brotherly love is being born within us. We are beginning to realize more than it was ever felt before that the woes of our neighbors are our woes and that he who would seek happiness must give happiness. It sounds old, doesn't it? But I tell you it is new. We are just beginning to feel our responsibilities to others."

Here is one who dares sound a note of hope in the face of the great world catastrophe, and the optimist who sees promise for humanity at even such a time is a woman and a novelist, the Princess Pierre Troubetzkoy (Amele Rives).

But the war has not been the pyre out of which the princess' phoenix of brotherly love has risen. She believes that the great spirit of kindness becoming more manifest in the world was being felt before that.

"The war has made some of us feel for others, but this great new spirit of kindness was being felt before that," she explained. "The activities of the women of our country show that. The women here have been interesting themselves in all sorts of legislation to bring about better conditions for other women and other children than their own. We are beginning to understand the old philosophies of the east. I remember reading in ancient Hindu lore the belief that all human beings were part of a great whole and that instead of looking upon ourselves as separate individuals we should regard the whole."

The effect of this transitory stage which precedes a new social order is shown in the literature of our day, the princess believes. "There are no definite tendencies in literature today," she said, "because our books reflect a chaotic state." And then she went on to deplore the attitude of some American writers who are willing to "write for the market."

"I think that is the trouble with much of our literature," she deprecated. "It is written to order, just as clothes are made to order. Our plays, our novels, show this tendency. There are always people who are willing to sell their birthright for the mess of pottage. I couldn't write, however, if I were ordered to write such and such a thing for so much money."

"And money means something to me. We are not rich," she confided. "I am a breadwinner, too, you see, my husband's helpmate. I believe in women working. That is the only way to be happy. Of course it is not right for some women to work so hard and so long as they do, and it isn't right either for some of them to do nothing. I think the proper adjustment will come."

KIDDIE'S OUTFIT.

Cute Little Blouse With Trousers Attached by Buttons.

Comfortable and stylish suit for the small boy of tan poplin. Patch pockets of the material are placed very near the waist line on the trousers.



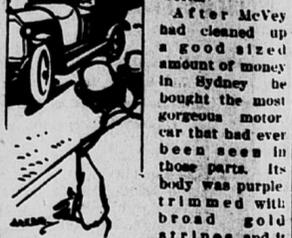
COMFORTABLE AND STYLISH SUIT.

The blouse is of a lighter shade of poplin, with embroidered collar and cuffs and colored buttons of the trouser material. Tan cord forms the button-hole loops.

Scrap Book

Getting a Contract.

Snowy Baker, the Australian boxing promoter, who came to this country some time ago, brought with him a tale of Sam McVey, the colored pugilist, who at the time to which the story refers had been pursuing his fighting trade on the other side of the world.



After McVey had cleaned up a good sized amount of money in Sydney he bought the most gorgeous motor car that had ever been seen in those parts. Its body was purple trimmed with broad gold stripes, and it

"LOOK AT DAT FINE WAS UPOLSTERED in shiny black leather. One day the owner of the car arrived at Baker's office afoot.

"Where's the new bus wagon Sam?" inquired Baker.

"It's gittin' it visualized," said McVey.

"What do you mean—visualized?"

"Jes' visualized, that's all," said McVey. "De way dat car was trimmed it wuzn't doin' me no good at all. Ever' time I rode fru de streets de folks sez: 'Look at dat fine car! Fun uy dey ain't nobody ridin' in it!' I's havin' dat limin' changed to snow white!"—Saturday Evening Post.

Fear.

Have done with Fear! He has not been your friend, Nor has he been your honest, outright foe. Who met you face to face and challenged you To draw your sword the better man to show.

For Fear has walked with you in friendly guise, Yet dragging back, retarding your advance: With poisoned weapon hidden in his sleeve, With furtive eyes alert for stolen chance.

Have done with Fear! Turn suddenly and sure To strike him down with final, fatal blow, March on alone. There skulks not at your heels That traitorous friend, your silent, stealthy foe.

—Vlyn Johnson.

His Sister's Trouble.

Marshall Castellane, among other singularities, had a mania for questioning his officers about their families, his invariable mode of interrogation being, "What is your father's profession, your mother's and your sister's?" This stereotyped repetition became at last so wearisome that some of his young subalterns agreed on the following reply to be given by each in turn: "My father is a shoemaker, my mother is a laundress, and my sister is very pretty." On the ensuing Sunday, after the usual military parade, the marshal, who had already received the same answer to his questions from three officers, turned to the fourth and recommenced in his accustomed strain, "What is your father's profession?" "He is a shoemaker." "And your mother's?" "She is a laundress." "That will do," interrupted the chief. "I know the rest. Your sister is very pretty, and you will consider yourself confined to the barracks until she behaves better."

Where His Art Failed.

Mme. Sarah Bernhardt, the famous actress, is fond of telling an amusing story of a certain great actor who possessed a marvelous power of mimicry. He could imitate the voice, gesture and facial expression of any person whom he happened to meet.

Although he earned big money, he was always very hard up, and one day he visited his tailor to ask him for a little more time on an account which had been owing for three years. While he was there a customer entered the shop and paid for several articles which were immediately delivered. Then the actor heaved a deep sigh of pain.

"What is the matter, monsieur?" asked the tailor.

"Alas," replied the actor, sighing again, "there is a man I shall never be able to imitate!"

A Pert Reply.

A story told of Sir John Fisher and Lord Charles Bessborough when both were stationed in the Mediterranean will bear repeating. A competition had been held at Malta for a prize annually presented by Sir John. It is known as the Malta cup, and, having so far always been won by a crew belonging to the admiral's flagship, it was fully expected by Sir John that this record would be maintained. On this particular occasion, however, a crew of the Ramilles, commanded by Lord Charles Bessborough, carried it off instead. A day or two later the fleet was practicing maneuvers, and Admiral Fisher, whose reputation as a stern disciplinarian is well known, was dissatisfied with the performance of the Ramilles. He signaled accordingly to the commander of the vessel.

"Explain your reason for being late in executing maneuvers." Without a moment's delay the answer came, "We are towing the Malta cup."—Dundee Advertiser.

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