

Two sisters of Gen. Sir John French are acting as Red Cross nurses.

The woman's section of the Navy league in Hawaii has over 300 members.

Nearly half of the employees in the central bureau at Washington are women.

Miss Gertrude von Petzold is the first woman in Germany to become pastor of a church.

Thirty per cent of all the serum sent to Europe from this country is prepared by women.

Miss Fung Hin Lieu, a graduate of Wellesley college is head of the only woman's college in China.

Miss Olive M. Riddleberger, an employee of the United States census bureau, is an expert statistician.

In Vienna the peasant girls help to build houses, mixing mortar and carrying loads up the steep ladders.

How's This?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

Hall's Catarrh Cure has been taken by catarrh sufferers for the past thirty-five years, and has become known as the most reliable remedy for Catarrh.

After you have taken Hall's Catarrh Cure for a short time you will see a great improvement in your general health.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, Ohio. Sold by all Druggists, 75c.

A Soap Recipe.

By a Housewife. (Toronto Weekly Sun.)

Home-made soap is a necessity in any home, besides that it is more pure than what we buy and the cost is quite reasonable in making.

For each can of lye I use seven quarts of water and five pounds of grease. The grease used is either cooked or in the raw state.

I never used a tin vessel as the soap corrodes it in cooking. A granite or iron vessel will answer the purpose and the vessel will not be injured in any way.

I start by putting the water into the vessel in which the soap is to be cooked then add the lye and stir. Let it come to a boil, then add the grease and boil again, stirring occasionally.

When it gets stringy the soap is ready to come off the fire, and when cold the soap will get hard like any laundry soap.

Pour the mixture into shallow pans or vessels or in boxes to cool. Cheesecloth is nice to line the boxes, as the soap will stick to this and it can be pulled off when the soap is hard, and the same cloth used again.

The cost of making one pound of home-made soap is about three cents, counting the grease, lye, fuel, etc., and when cooked properly and made as it should be made, it will not contain any more moisture than laundry soap as sold on the market.

On most farms there is an abundance of soap-making materials that otherwise would go to waste, and these gathered together will make a soap almost 100 per cent. efficient for all purposes.

A Japanese Printing Office

Japanese newspaper office lack that indispensable aid to rapid composition—the linotype machine. The great number of Japanese characters—there are almost ten thousand of them—makes the typesetting machine impracticable, and so the Japanese compositor sets type by hand.

Our printers deal with an alphabet of twenty-six letters—so, for capital letters, small capitals and plain letters, the compositor has, in all, seventy-eight letter boxes in a "case" of type. But the body type of a Japanese newspaper, for example, includes nine thousand five hundred separate characters, of which four thousand are in constant use.

rows of cases mounted on frames, with a man in front of each case, that make the eye in the composing rooms of the American dailies look like a city street.

In his last hand the compositor holds his wooden "stick," and clicks in a peculiar drone, with the air of a mystic, whatever he is putting into type.

The man nearest me was chanting Japanese: "He was putting his foot down"—hum, hum, hum—"putting his foot down"—hum, hum, hum—"putting his foot down"—hum, hum, hum.

Valor Of The French Troops

London, April 22.—Col. Rapington, the Times military correspondent, who has just made a trip to the Verdun front, pays a very high tribute to the valor of the French troops and the military judgment of their commanders in the following despatch:

We must render great homage to the stubborn defenders of Perce Hill, the Mort Homme, Vanuxfert, and the other French positions on the Verdun front, for their magnificent fighting through the great Verdun battle.

General Petain realized the role which artillery was to play in this war, after the second month of the conflict. He rapidly learned to appreciate the value of curtain fire. This marvellous operation of modern artillery is particularly suited to the French genius, and to the terribly destructive fire of famous Soivante-Quinze.

"Nevertheless, it is in the employment of heavy artillery that General Petain excels. He has rendered the use of this heavy artillery extraordinarily 'supple,' and the heavy guns have become a battle instrument of marvellous efficiency.

The estimate, according to which the Germans lost 150,000 men during the first month of the battle is a moderate one. The enemy is given no breathing space. The French have the superiority in artillery. They fire night and day.

concluded Loukas's mother... into the house. "While I was at Jerusalem... with neighbor Asaph. Thou art of care, little one?"

Little Loukas gayly... and laughed a happy negation... off the while to fetch his bath-tunic and his nightgown.

An hour later Ciopas, the Greek, and Mary, the Jewess, said farewell to their boy Loukas and briskly walked away over the hill which shut in the hamlet of Emmaus from the more populous eastern highland.

Meanwhile on a pallet in Asapa's house Loukas slumbered, fighting furious battles with the vile Syrian fogs up on the plains of dreamland.

When Loukas Saw The Lord

AN EASTER STORY. (By the Rev. Shelton J. Isell.)

"Loukas! Loukas!" A woman stood in the doorway of a low, mud-thatched house and with her extended arm shaded her eyes from the blinding yellow rays of the setting sun.

At last, with a gesture of impatience, she turned and started to enter the house, when a succession of jubilant cheers, mixed with treble laughter and wild singing, came faintly to her on the west breeze.

From a patch of moving color on the face of Mizpah his tiny figure darted, followed by a salvo of farewells from his companions. Across the arroyo, through the dusty sage brush, around the flank of the nearer hill, without pause, and never ceasing to send forth in rising and falling cadence exultant cries of victory came the flying boy.

"Oh Mother," he gasped, his voice vibrant with excitement, "we beat them, we beat them! We played Macca-bees and Syrians, and I was Judas— and Carpus was Gorgias—and we laid an ambushade for him—and he fell into it—he and all his soldiers—and then we pillaged his camp—and it was as in the days of our fathers—and we had just gathered at the rock of victory, when I heard thy voice—and I came at once, Mother dear!"

"Thou art Mother's obedient boy," said the woman, lightly kissing him on his damp curls, and then smoothing them back with her hand. "It was not willingly that Mother parted thee and thy play," she added in a more serious tone.

"But it will soon be night, and thy father and I must hasten to Jerusalem. Artemas hath brought us tidings which alarm us. The Nazarene hath been conspired against by the Sadducees, and unless he speedily displays his power, it will be all in vain that the Galileans rise (for he is to die ere the feast is over, we hear). But never cloud thy happy heart with all this dearest," the mother continued soothingly.

"But I must talk no more of Macca-bees or that glorious fight of Emmaus,"

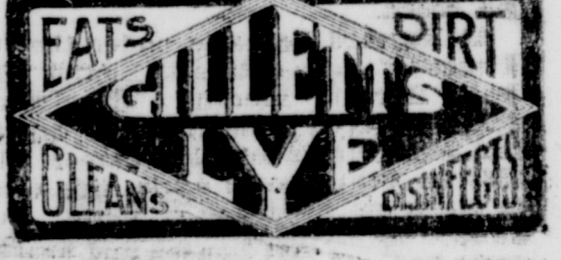
did he know of withered national hopes or Messianic plans arrested in midflight. He only knew that the birds and beasts were friendly to him, and the little zephyrs were crooning to him, and the shadows and the sunlight were refreshing to him.

The brightest stars were beginning to slyly twinkle at the little fellow from out the purpleblack eastern sky when Asaph, sitting in his door, discerned three figures slowly climbing the Jerusalem highway.

But the boy gave no heed, so precipitate and noisy was his flight. Strangers had no terrors for the son of Ciopas and Mary. So when he had flung joyful arms about his father's neck and covered the soft cheek of his mother with kisses, he turned and gazed at unabashed upon their silent companion.

He was not tall, but walked so firm and straight that none would call him low of stature. He moved with unimaginable grace, and yet his frame was heavy and thick set. His hair was very black. A matted beard covered his chin.

Concluded on page 7



But the boy gave no heed, so precipitate and noisy was his flight. Strangers had no terrors for the son of Ciopas and Mary.

And as Loukas looked he thought of Judas the Maccabee, after he had saved the people, and his little heart was glad at the thought. So he slipped his hand in that of the stranger and though it was rough and scarred, it was also infinitely tender and protecting.

"SALADA" in your teapot, yields full value for your money. Sold in Sealed Packets only. - Never in Bulk. E197