GIBRALTAR HELD TO BE IMPREGNABLE

ROCK OF GIBRALTAR

FUTURE events may test the claim which many military authorities make that the British fortress of Gibraltar holds the key to the Mediterranean, W. D. Hornaday writes in the Pittsburgh Gazette-Times. When viewed from the sea this famous rock that rises out of the sandy plains in the extreme southwestern corner of continental Europe is not as imposing as one who has read of its history might be led to expect, but when closely approached and there comes into sight some of the evidence of what the hand of man has wrought in making it an impregnable fortress, it presents an awe-inspiring spectacle.

Guards Mediterranean Entrance.

The height of the tallest point of the giant rock is 1,439 feet above sea level. It is three miles long and about three-fourths of a mile wide. Natural and artificial caverns and tunnels run through it in every direction. While little is known to the outside world concerning these underground galleries, they are said to be many miles in extent and to be placed tier upon tier. In the interior of the mountain are many chambers filled with ammunition and war supplies and bristling on all sides, extending from almost the bottom level to the top, are hidden batteries of artillery, each equipped with guns that are said to be capable of commanding the Strait of Gibraltar, which forms the western entrance to the Mediterranean.

The strait ranges in width from fifteen to twenty miles and it is claimed that the highpower guns in the masked batteries could easily put out of commission any war vessel that might seek to make the passage.

The rock of Gibraltar was famous far back in the world's history. It and the point on the other side of the strait, in Africa, known as Ceuta, formed the Pillars of Hercules. Gibraltar was first fortified in 711 A. D. by the Saracen leader, Tarik. It was later held by the Moors and Spaniards. In 1714 it was captured and occupied by a combined force of the British and Dutch. The French and Spaniards made efforts to capture the fortress, but without success, and it has remained for more than two centuries as a British possession.

Occupying a strip of lowland bordering the Bay of Gibraltar and lying at the foot of the great rock is the city of Gibraltar, which has a population of about 25,000 people. Separating the town from the main fortification is a high stone wall and in the city itself are parade grounds and various buildings that are occupied by the military garrison. At this time there are about seven thousand British troops in Gibraltar, made up of about fifteen hundred artillerymen and the remainder infantrymen. It is said that there are enough grain and other food supplies stored in the protected warehouses of the place to withstand a siege of seven years. The fresh water supply for the fortress and the people of the town is obtained from the rainfall. There are also maintained at Gibraltar enormous tanks of fresh water for supplying vessels of the British navy.

The town itself is a place of rare interest in addition to the picturesque setting that it occupies. It is a free port and this enables smugglers to carry on a nefarious trade between near-by countries and Spain through the place. Mixed with the English population are many Moors, Spaniards, Portuguese and, in fact, a scattering element of almost all the countries of Europe and Africa. There are also a few Asiatics.

Visitors are free to roam about the streets at will, but are forbidden to enter the precincts of the grim natural fortress.

Spanish Town a Suburb.

The sandy isthmus connecting the promontory with the mainland is neutral territory; it lies so low that from the sea Gibraltar has the appearance of an islet. The Spanish town of Linea de la Concepcion, practically a suburb of Gibraltar, on the mainland, fronts the isthmus and the neutral ground, the Spanish boundary being marked by a double line of sentry boxes.

The promontory, or "Rock of Gibraltar," composed of gray primary marble, is in the form of an enormous lion. Although it has a barren aspect, aloes, cacti, palmitas, capers and asparagus grow in the crevices; and there are grassy, wooded glens in certain parts.

The town, divided by the Almeda park into two parts, although irregularly laid out, contains several fine buildings. The houses are built in terraces, and for the most part are of Spanish architecture. There are an Anglican cathedral, four Roman Catholic churches and hospitals.

REAL TRAGEDY IN BOY LIFE

Most Males in Human Life Know How It Feels to Strike Out Before Your Best Girl.

Somewhere in the confines of Lawrence there is a little fellow who believes that he was cheated out of the chance of being a hero by the nefarious conduct of one of his comrades who was officiating at a baseball game in the capacity of an umpire. It was only a scrub game, played on one of the city back lots, but a scrub game sometimes assumes big proportions in the eyes of those who participate, especially those who play an important part in the game, when the girl that they have a weakness for is watching.

This was the position of the little fellow who was almost a hero, but who instead, was a near hero of the famous Casey kind. When he came to the bat in the last inning, there was a man (or in this instance a boy of some ten years) on third and two out, with the score tied. Now what better opportunity could one wish to be a hero?

The first ball pitched our little man walloped, but it was a foul by inches—at least that is what the umpire said. The next one was a foul, again, on the other side of the diamond. Now that, according to rules in baseball, makes two strikes, and the nervous tension must have been something awful for the little fellow as he waited for the next ball, for the game depended on him.

The next one came, and according to our hero, or near hero, it would have been impossible for him to have touched it with a ten-foot pole, but the umpire called, "Strike three, you're out," and the other side hooted him and even his girl said, "O, punk," which was not nice for any fellow's little girl to say. The near-hero returned to the bench, took his cap and instead of going again to the field to do his best to prevent the other team winning in their half, left for home with a big lump in his throat.—Lawrence Telegram.

Cleopatra's Needles.

Cleopatra's needles are two Egyptian obelisks, which were originally erected in the Temple of the Sun, in Heliopolis, by Thotmes III, some three thousand five hundred years ago. In the reign of Tiberius they were brought from Heliopolis to Alexandria, and set up in front of the Temple of Caesar. They are of red granite and are covered with hieroglyphics, which relate the title of Thotmes and his illustrious descendant, Rameses II, who lived 200 years after Thotmes. One of the obelisks, which long lay prostrate, was, after an adventurous voyage, taken to London in 1878 and set up on the Thames embankment. It weighs 186 tons, and is 68½ feet high. The other was presented to the city of New York through the department of state by the khedive of Egypt. It was brought over to the United States in 1881 at the expense of William H. Vanderbilt, and erected in Central park, New York. It is 69 feet high and weighs 220 tons.

Schoolboy Answers.

A teacher in one of our public schools gives a couple of examples which indicate the necessity for her being on the job.

"What is the equator?" she asked of little Peter Ford, whose knowledge of physical geography was well known throughout the school.

"The equator is a menagerie lion running around the earth," answered the lad, thereby establishing forever his claim to fame.

"What boy will give me an example of an imperative sentence?" inquired the teacher.

"I will," spoke up Matty New. "John, throw the horse over the fence some hay."—Boston Advertiser.

SENSITIVE AS TO AGE

HUMAN NATURE SEEMS TO RESENT PERSONAL QUESTION.

Walt Mason, in the Story of the Prehistoric Citizen, Sets Forth the Case With a Good Deal of Truth.

The other day an Emporia citizen whose whiskers have been whitened by the snows of many winters was urged to dress himself in a circus suit and play golf. A number of the town's patriarchs are indulging in the game this season and they naturally hold to the old theory "the more the merrier."

But the prehistoric citizen refused to fall into the snare of the fowler, writes Walt Mason in the Kansas City Star. "I realize," he said, "that I am merely a venerable ruin, and I am not going to pretend to be anything else. The vine and the fig tree are good enough for me. Of course you will say that a man's just as old as he feels, and you will argue that golf makes an old man feel young, but it doesn't. It merely brings his age to the surface and makes him look like something left over from the paleozoic age. An old man seated under his fig tree reading Baxter's 'Saints' Rest' and getting his house in order for the great change is an edifying and improving spectacle, but an old man gallivanting around in the sun trying to create the impression that he's a three-year-old is an offense to the eyes.

"How we like to pretend in the matter of age! The women have been joked a great deal about their reluctance to acknowledge their years, but the men are just as bad, if not worse. An innocent bystander or a solitary horseman might suppose that there is something disgraceful about advanced years, people hate to own up to them so greatly. I try to take a philosophical view of such things, but I always feel resentful when anybody asks me my age. People can spring all sorts of leading personal questions and I don't mind them. I answer them freely. I acknowledge that I have stolen chickens and watermelons without the least embarrassment, but if a man asks me how old I am I feel like hitting him on his red necktie. I have tried to analyze myself and discover some explanation, but in vain.

"When the government announced that it was going to establish a postal savings bank in Emporia I said to myself: 'Now, here's a good business. I have always been afraid of banks conducted by people I meet on the street every day. A man can't feel much confidence in citizens he knows so well. But the government bank will be conducted by strangers, and I always did have confidence in strangers. So I'll salt down my rose nobles and pieces of eight in the government bank.'

"When that institution was opened for business I was the first one at the receiving teller's window. I had quite a package of counterfeit money with me, and supposed there wouldn't be any formality other than handing me a passbook. But the paying teller opened his official copy of the longer catechism and began asking questions and jotting down the answers. I had to tell where and why I was born, and my grandmother's maiden name and other statistics; I had to convince the questioner that I had never served a term in the penitentiary and that none of my blood relatives had died insane. There were all sorts of impertinent questions to be answered, but they merely amused me until the teller asked me how old I was.

"That filled me with virtuous indignation.

"'It's none of the government's business,' I said, 'how old I am. I'm old enough to deposit my own money, and that ought to be enough.'

"'You can't deposit your wooden money in this bank,' said the teller, 'unless you give your correct age and your wife's correct age, and the correct age of your man servant and your maid servant, and of the stranger within your gates.'"

Women and Perfume.

For many a day the well-bred woman has scorned the perfume bottle. Perhaps it is the high price of fine perfumes, due to the long continued troubles in Bulgaria, the home of attar of roses, that has at last made perfumes seem desirable as an evidence of luxury. A distinctive and personal perfume is as essential a part of the well-dressed woman today as are her made-to-order stays.

She either chooses her favorite odor and has it carried out in her sachet, her bath crystals, powders, perfumes and soaps, or she hies herself to a perfume specialist and puts herself in that gifted and costly individual's hands to be fitted out with a subtle scent perfectly attuned to her type of personality.

He Knew Pop.

"Pop!"

"Yes, my son."

"This paper says that slavery in the United States was begun in Jamestown, Va., in 1619."

"That's right, my boy."

"Well, is that when men began to get married?"

Should Be More Careful.

Naggsby—What impresses you most in this European war?

Waggsby—The carelessness of France and England in building their capitals so close to where Emperor Wilhelm seems to want his battle-line placed.

OF GREAT FOOD VALUE

GELATIN IS WORTHY OF MUCH CONSIDERATION.

Fundamental Food for the Child, and Essential for the Convalescent—Its Use in Jellied Meat Salad and Soup Meat Iced.

(By LIDA AMES WILLIS.)

As a product of actual food value, pure, unadulterated gelatin, is not given the consideration it deserves. Few understand that it is really a fundamental food for the young, growing human being; as well as a repairer in the case of the convalescent. The very nature of the substance, in its pure state as young animal gelatin, should make clear to us its substantial worth as an easily assimilated building material and necessary form of sustenance.

Jellied Meat Salad.—Make a scant pint of unsweetened lemon gelatin jelly. In making it steep a sprig or two of fresh bruised mint in boiling water for a few minutes before pouring water over the gelatin. When the jelly is cold enough to begin to thicken, add a pint or more of cold boiled or roast mutton, free from fat and cut in dice. Decorate a wet mold with tiny new boiled carrots and pickles or olives, cut and shaped according to fancy, and turn in the meat mixture and set in the ice chest to harden. Serve as a salad with a good mayonnaise and fresh lettuce or cress.

Jellied Soup Meat, Iced.—Make the jelly carefully in following manner: Cut into small pieces a pound of soup meat and add just enough water to cover. Let stand in cold place until water is red, then place where it will simmer slowly until all the nutriment is out of the meat. Two hours before removing from the stove add salt to taste and a teaspoonful of savory soup herbs. Keep the top clear from scum. When done strain carefully and set at once in a cold place, as it will not form into a firm jelly if allowed to stand in a warm kitchen. The more quickly the heat is thrown out and the liquor chilled the finer your jelly. When chilled remove all the fat from surface, break up into moderate pieces and pile up in bouillon cups and serve.

Cold Chocolate Desserts With Gelatin.—These are many and delicious and have the added advantages of being nourishing, wholesome and, as a rule, greatly favored by the young people. Space will not permit giving any special recipe of this group in the present issue. But the recipes gathered at random from reliable sources will show you how valuable gelatin is to the culinary expert, and common sense should prove its value to the amateur cook.

Jellied Cheese.—Dissolve two tablespoonfuls of soaked gelatin in a pint of boiling water, when cool stirring it into three ounces of grated or crumbled yellow cheese, three ounces of cottage or white cream cheese, and one or two chopped pimentoes. Pour into little molds sprinkled with grated yellow cheese, and set on ice to harden. Serve on lettuce with a dressing of sharp mayonnaise.

Pineapple Economy.

Most people claim there is so much waste to pineapples, but here is a method by which every bit of the fruit is utilized: Pare and use the fruit either sliced for the table or put away in jars for the winter. Take the parings and cores and to four pineapples add four cups cold water, boil 15 minutes, then let stand several hours before straining. Strain through cloth and add four small cupfuls of sugar. Boil 20 minutes until the consistency of sirup. Bottle and seal. This is very fine on hot cakes and waffles.

By using a larger amount of sugar to the liquid and boiling a longer time an excellent jelly can be made. Thus all waste is eliminated.

Scotch Stew.

Run through meat grinder three pounds tender lean beef. Place in deep vessel with three quarts cold water. Boil three hours, adding hot water as needed. After boiling two hours, add half pound butter, one teaspoon sugar, salt and cayenne and black pepper to taste. Cook until it beads.

Lettuce Hint.

To remove the leaves of a head of lettuce without tearing them, tear or cut out the stalk so that the ends of the leaves are free, and plunge head downward into cold water. After remaining there five or ten minutes the water will fill in between the leaves so that they will readily fall apart.

To Test Bread Dough.

To test light bread dough and make sure as to whether it has risen sufficiently for baking, press the finger in the dough. If the hole remains the dough is in proper condition; if the dough rises and fills the indentation this shows that it is in a condition to continue rising.

Cleaning Oriental Rugs.

Oriental rugs may be cleaned very well with the aid of a vacuum cleaner, as it does not pull out the nap, as beating is apt to do. The cleaner should, however, be rolled up and down the rug with the nap rather than across.

Seed in Cans.

Empty baking powder cans are excellent to keep vegetable seed, such as sweet corn, beans, etc., from being destroyed by mice or bugs.

WHEN PUTTING AWAY KNIVES

Blades Should Be Carefully Rubbed With Olive Oil, Wrapped Separately and Put in Dry Place.

When knives are put away, enough being kept out for everyday use, the blade of each one should be rubbed thoroughly and carefully with olive oil. Then wrap the knives, each one separately, in paper and store them in as dry a place as possible. Every three months they should be taken out and looked at to see if there be any signs of rust. Put fresh oil on them before putting them away again, and when they are required for use wash the oil off and rub each knife with knife polish.

To clean rusty knives use powdered bath brick made into a paste with paraffin and apply it with a flannel. Finish off with dry bath brick and a soft rag, which will leave a splendid polish.

To remove loose knife blades immerse the handles in boiling water until heated through; then pull handle and blade apart.

To attach knife handles fill the handles with equal parts of powdered resin and silver sand. Heat the knife tang, press firmly into the handle and cool in water.

IMPROVES LOOKS OF CAKES

Cameo of Colored Icing In Any Design Favored Gives a Distinctive Touch to the Dessert.

Have you ever seen cameos on cakes? Perhaps not, although nowadays we see them every place else. But icing cameos for the decoration of desserts can be easily made.

Make a stiff icing, colored with cochineal, or with cranberry juice, and pipe it in small circular designs on a lightly buttered tin sheet or sheet of wood. Make these in the shape of tiny heads, if you have a skill with the icing pipe—which can be simply a cone of stiff brown paper. Then dry them in the open door of an oven or on a radiator for half an hour. Remove them and put them on an iced cake with a little piping of fresh white or pink icing. They can be used in the same way to decorate molds of ice cream or jelly.

When Preserving Pears.

To prepare ripe pear for preserving, place the pears in a convenient vessel, cover with boiling water, put a closely-fitting cover on the kettle and let stand 15 minutes, when the skins will peel off as readily as from a scalded tomato. Cut each peeled pear in halves, and with a sharp-pointed knife remove the core. The heat will have penetrated sufficiently to cause the core to come away easily. Drop the halves in cold water, as quickly as they are peeled, to prevent their turning dark. Preserve in the usual way. This method does away entirely with the sticky, slippery sensation which usually accompanies the peeling of pears, saves half the time ordinarily required, and the finished product is more pleasing by reason of the smooth, even appearance of the fruit.

Asparagus on Toast.

Have salted water boiling hard. Wash the asparagus in cold water and tie again in a bunch. Put it in the boiling water, cover and let cook until tender. Have several slices of bread nicely toasted, cut into quarters. When the asparagus is tender dip each piece of toast in the boiling water and place in a hot dish. Then add the asparagus and pour over all either melted butter or drawn butter made thus: Cream two tablespoonfuls of flour and two tablespoonfuls of butter until light and smooth. Gradually add a half pint of boiling water or milk, stir constantly until it comes to a boil, but do not let it boil; add a quarter of a teaspoonful of salt and pepper if desired.

Watermelon Cocktail.

Serve in glasses as a first course at luncheon or dinner. Cut cubes of watermelons from the center of a ripe melon, well chilled. Sprinkle with powdered sugar and ground ginger root. Cinnamon may be used in place of ginger if desired. At a card party we served the following luncheon, only ladies were present: Creamed oysters in patty cases and potato croquettes, Waldorf salad, Parker House rolls. Maple mousse, gold and angel cake. Coffee. Almonds, olives, bonbons.

Poached Eggs in Muffin Rings.

When frying or poaching eggs for breakfast, I slip into the pan a muffin ring for each egg, break the egg into it, and when it has set as much as desired, lift it out with a cake lifter, ring and all, then remove the ring. The white of the egg is in a nice circle, and not ony looks better and is tenderer because it is thicker, but it is easier to serve. The washing of the muffin rings is not as much trouble as trying to "slide" a broken egg to a plate from a hot frying pan.

Guest Towels.

Towels done in cross stitch are in great favor now.

Blue letters with tiny pink flowers and green leaves give a pretty touch of color to guest towels.

A good idea is to buy towels already scalloped and work over the scallops in white or any desired color.

When Cleaning China.

To remove spots and tea stains from china, the following is excellent: Dampen the spots with water and rub liberally with salt.

WHEN WAR IS SILENT

HAS NO SOPHISTRY WITH WHICH TO CONFRONT WOMAN.

Great as Must Be Acknowledged Are His Powers of Deception They Fail in the Presence of the Mother of the Slain.

War sat on a high place near the city named Earth, where all who passed along the highway called Life could see him as they went on their journeys. Among those who took their eyes from the ground was King. When he saw War he stopped.

"Who are you that sits beside the highway of Life?" asked King.

War answered:

"I am Power, and Dominion, and Pride, I am the maker and unmaker of dynasties. I set up and pull down the rulers of Earth, the great city in which you dwell. By me wealth and strength are apportioned, dishonor is redeemed, right is made plain, and justice is done."

So King went his way, thinking, "War is good."

Soon there came Young Man, and he too asked who War was.

War said:

"I am Adventure and Daring, Boldness and Hardihood. I bestow renown and distinction on men. Those who follow me grow brave of spirit and hard of body. They learn the happiness that comes from ardent toil, the joy that is born of struggle. The people of Earth look with greatest favor on those who enroll themselves in my record book and reward them with the first consideration."

Young Man whistled as he followed the highway called Life, and cried aloud, "War is noble!"

Next Old Man, weak of sight and hard of hearing, peered at War and said: "Who are you, up there?"

To Old Man War replied:

"I am Memory and the Thoughts of Yesterday. I it was who filled your heart with friends and clothed your mind with the good memorials of a glorious past. I took from you your arm, but in its place I gave you something far better, the service of a devoted friend. By me you were made poor in pocket, to beg your bread as you walked the highway called Life, but in exchange I gave you the great days of your manhood to comfort and sustain you."

Old Man's face was lighted by his thoughts of the brave days when he knew War, and as he set one foot before the other he chuckled, and struck his thigh with his hand, and mumbled in his beard: "I mind now that War is the great thing."

But then there came on the highway called Life Woman, who had borne sons that War had destroyed, and daughters who had wept upon her skirts for their husbands that War had torn from them; Woman, who had dried the ears of orphans War had made and stanched the blood of wounds that War had given; Woman, who had mourned War's dead, and starved that War might eat.

And Woman saw War and asked him nothing, but fled shrieking away from him on the highway called Life; and as Woman fled from him War was silent, for he had no words to speak.—New York Times.

The Old Sad Story.

When a plausible, albeit shabby, stranger approached the thrifty housewife and offered to install an electric bell for almost nothing she felt that it was her duty to give him the job. He looked as if he needed it.

Preparations for the work were hardly under way when the "electrician" approached his employer with an apologetic air.

"I've been out of work for so long," he explained, "that I'll have to ask you for an advance to buy some of the material."

He needed 35 cents, he said, but she had no change and gave him half a dollar. He hastened away for the material, and he never came back.

The thrifty housewife told her husband about it when he came home, adding:

"I can't see how I lost anything. He left a pair of batteries here, or I shouldn't have trusted him with the money."

Her husband went out to take a look at the batteries. They were both "burned out."—Louisville Times.

Many Uses of Blotting Paper.

Blotting paper has many other uses besides the absorption of ink. If grease is spilled on a rug or carpet cover the spot with a piece of blotting paper and place a warm iron, not hot, over the spot. Grease on the wall may be removed by covering with blotting paper and pressing with a warm iron. Fine lace and collars may be quickly dried by being placed between two sheets of blotting paper and covering with a weight. If you are short on rubber rings when canning, blotting paper rings will serve just as well as rubber. There are many more uses for blotting paper which will suggest themselves to the alert housewife.

Local Color.

Successful Author — Yes; I have been been wishing for an opportunity to visit that section of the country for a number of years.

Sympathetic Friend — And why, might I ask?

Successful Author — Oh, I once wrote a popular novel with the scenes laid around there, and I want to see how the local color matches up.—Florida Times-Union.