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THE YELLOW TUFT

By DAVID B. FITZGERALD

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THE new colonel at Fort Wingate, in the desert of northwestern New Mexico, was very unlike the veteran major, who had been a dozen years at the post, and their points of view differed in almost every conceivable particular.

As they sat one evening, at the close of a blazing, fiery day, in a corner of the long veranda of the commandant's quarters, the colonel discoursed on his favorite theme—which he had studied on Pennsylvania avenue, exactly eighteen hundred miles distant as the crow flies—"The only good Indian is a dead Indian," until the major began to revolve the question of applying for leave of absence. He hated argument—and there was not a pound of ice within two hundred miles.

Just then Sergt. James Maguire made an official report to the colonel, saluted, clicked his heels and was marching off, when the major brought him up standing with a word and requested him to tell the colonel what happened at the Little Chusca canyon. The sergeant flattened himself against the white weather-boarding, and in a deprecatory manner complied.

"Well, sir," he said, "it was at the time of the second Navajo uprising, with which, for pure devilishness, the first wasn't in it for a minute. About six o'clock one evening a ranchman came in from Manuelito with the news that the Navajos were out along the Arizona border, moving eastward and leaving an unpleasant trail. We mounted four companies and were off on the stroke of ten. But, Lord! we didn't dream what was ahead. When we halted at dawn next morning for breakfast, two half-breed Zuni scouts came in and told us that we were up against the whole Navajo nation, with its war-paint on in broad streaks.

"The captain considered a bit, and then ordered us to saddle and mount. We thought that meant falling back on the fort, but it really meant going ahead and holding the Indians in check till reinforcements could come up. With half a dozen scouts a mile in advance, we rode westward.

"At nine o'clock we sighted a fairly good-sized bunch of Indians—about two to our one—but that was nothing in those days. They made off to the north, intending to ride around and get between us and the fort, so we clapped the spurs in and went after them. I don't remember a nastier ride. This desert is a warmish sort of a place at the best—that day it was a furnace. The sun was so blazing hot it raised fever blisters on our souls. One poor fellow went clean daft. We couldn't have been wetter or steamier if one of the post washerwomen had poured boiling water over us.

"We brushed the reds three times that day, first at Jewett's stage station, next at Yucca creek, and again at Gibson's, near the beginning of the foothills. Each time we rushed them, because there was nothing else to do, but they didn't stand worth a cent. Spotted Owl was the only Indian I ever knew who would stand out in the open and fight like a man, but he had too great a fancy for green paint. It drew the fire of every man within range; he had eight bullets in him the day he died.

"About two hours before sundown the reds halted in the mouth of the Little Chusca canyon. From their own standpoint, it was a beautiful place for a fight. The steep walls, a thousand feet high, protected their flanks. The gorge behind them ran back twenty miles into the mountains, and the floor of the canyon, near its mouth, was strewn with great boulders. An Indian just dotes on shooting through a crevice in the rocks.

"When our captain—it was the major, here—saw the situation, it worried him—begging his pardon—and he called the lieutenants aside for a talk. The upshot was that the captain made us a little speech, the gist of which was that we were not going to round up that bunch of reds, and might as well be going, as the real circus was to be down on the plains. But he said that before we left he would like to give the Indians in front a scare that would keep them from hanging on to our trail.

"We saw it meant crawling, and answered by slipping from our horses. We had half a mile to cover before the light failed, but the ground was covered with big rocks, and we crawled and dodged and made little runs, the reds taking snapshots, but doing no particular damage.

"A hundred and fifty yards from the mouth of the canyon we reached an open place, sand-floored and bare as the palm of your hand, except for one big boulder in the center. It would have been just simple suicide to try crossing. The lieutenant shook his head, and sent back a sketch of the ground to the captain.

"While we waited for instructions, I noticed two Indians behind the big boulder. It was a devil-may-care place to be, for if we charged they were done for, no matter what happened to us individually, and they had no way of knowing what we would do. They were safe enough for the time, so long as they kept behind the rock, and I sized them up as a couple of bucks anxious to distinguish themselves.

"'Billy Krim,' I said to the man next me, 'keep your sights on that big rock; there are a couple of reds behind it. Pass the word.'

"He nodded, squinting along his barrel. Presently he leaned over and laid his hand on the shoulder of Kelso, the man next beyond. I saw the two whispering together, and wondered, knowing they were not good friends. But, Lord bless you, sir, I was as unprepared as a child for what happened. The next moment I heard Kelso cry, 'I don't take a dare from no man, and least of all from you, Billy Krim.' Before I could more than rub my eyes, Krim and Kelso were up and running neck and neck for the rock, trailing their carbines and with their knives in their teeth. The lieutenant yelled to them to come back, as we all did, but if they heard they paid no attention.

"Well, sir, that famous charge of Krim and Kelso was over in less time than it takes to tell it. The reds in the mouth of the canyon must have thought we were trying to play some trick, for they held their fire until the men had almost reached the boulder. Then there were half a dozen spattering shots, and Kelso went down on his face. Krim ran clear past the rock, turned, raised his carbine and fired. Then he clubbed his piece and closed in. There was another shot, and Krim, when we found him next morning, had a bullet through his lungs and was dead. Also the two reds, one shot in the eye and the other with his skull smashed. We always thought Krim must have gone mad with the heat that day.

"Of course, we couldn't think of drawing off and leaving the bodies of our men to be scalped. So the lieutenant sent a detail to bring up food and water, and we spent the night behind our shelters, watching the open space between us and the mouth of the canyon, with instructions to shoot at anything that moved. Soon after daybreak we discovered that the Indians had decamped up the gorge, and the lieutenant ordered half a dozen of us to bring in the bodies of Kelso and Krim."

"And you found them scalped?" It was the colonel who spoke. The major rubbed his hands softly together in the darkness.

"No, sir," answered the sergeant, "we found all four bodies, reds and our men alike, wearing the yellow tuft."

"The yellow tuft! What is that?" inquired the colonel.

"I think, sir," said the sergeant, "it is what you would call a decoration for bravery in action. When a Navajo is killed in battle, and his people can't bring his body in and bury it with honors, they try at any rate to give him the tuft. It is a little bunch of yellow feathers, sir, bound with a string and tied on the forehead. Krim and Kelso both had it. Some red had risked his life in crawling out to the boulder during the night—and he had not overlooked the fact that our fellows were also in the scrimmage. Under the circumstances, we decorated the two dead Indians with a cavalry button apiece, tied around their necks, and buried all four in the same grave."

Berlin Public Houses

Statistics show that the city of Berlin contains 16,350 restaurants and saloons. This represents a proportion of one public house for every 250 inhabitants. As most of these restaurants or saloons are located in the city proper, the proportion is really 1 to 116. The suburb of Steglitz can boast of being the most temperate of all Greater Berlin's districts, for there the proportion is only one public house to every 428 inhabitants.

Late Days for Witchcraft

At Landskron, Germany, a new instance of belief in witchery has developed among the peasants. When the cows ceased to give milk the peasants suspected witchcraft. Their suspicions fell upon an old woman supposed to be possessed of a devil. She was lured into a house and beaten and much of her hair was torn out. But that did not renew the supply of milk.

Prize Diamond Collection

In the Museum of Vienna there is a wonderful collection of diamonds of many colors. They are in the form of a bouquet, the natural colors of the flowers being represented by diamonds of the same hues. These stones were collected by a Tyrolese, Virgin von Helmreicher, who passed many years in the diamond mines of South Africa and Brazil, buying many of his finds from the mine owners.

Great Work Now Done by Plastic Surgeons

Patients are flocking to England from all parts of the world to avail themselves of the skill of Britain's plastic surgeons.

No greater surgical triumph was achieved during the World war than the building up of new faces on men whose features had been blown away or were so mutilated as to make the unfortunate soldiers unrecognizable.

Plastic surgery was known before the war, but was never used to such an extent as during the later stages of the conflict. Noses, jaws and cheeks were reconstructed out of pieces of flesh, bone and cartilage taken from other parts of the patient's body with entire success, and many men now walking about with features given to them by the surgeon would hardly have dared to venture forth a few years ago.

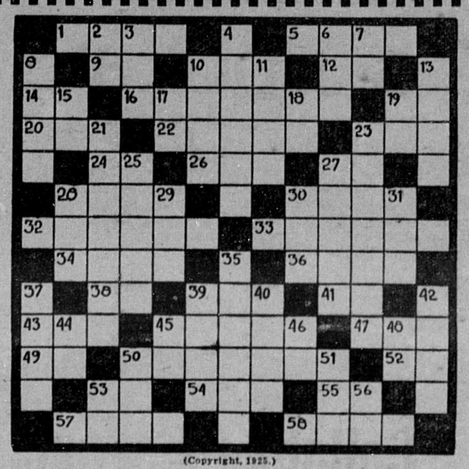
Plastic surgery performs a legitimate and most useful work in repairing the ravages of disease which affect the flesh and cartilages of the face, nose and ears, and in restoring good looks to the victims of accidents.

Fads there will always be, such as that of remodeling and reshaping the nose, which came into prominence a few years ago. Some of the operations undertaken for that purpose then were successful; others were not, for plastic surgery undertaken by surgeons skilled in that particular branch of medicine is a different thing from the operations of so-called "beauty-specialists."

Centers of Industry

Among the principal weaving centers of the cotton manufacturing industry are the cities of Lowell, Lawrence, New Bedford and Fall River, Mass.; Manchester, N. H.; Pawtucket, R. I.; and Danville, Va. Among those of the silk manufacturing industry are the cities of Paterson, N. J., and Allentown, Pa. Philadelphia, Pa., is prominent as a general weaving center.

CROSS-WORD PUZZLE



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Horizontal.

1—An insect of the order Lepidoptera
5—An interrogative
9—A New England state (abbr.)
10—A footlike part
12—A man's name shortened
14—Right (abbr.)
16—A biscuit
19—Above
20—An electrified particle
22—Once more
23—An American republic (init.)
24—You and me
26—Finish
27—Bachelor of medicine (abbr.)
28—Grows old
30—A cloak
32—An envoy
33—Venturing
34—Rots or injures by exposure
36—Ripped
38—Tensile strength (abbr.)
39—A cushion
41—A point of the compass
43—Belonging to him
45—Mates
47—To cry with a convulsive heaving of the breast
49—While
50—Certain golf clubs
52—The Chinese name of Buddha
53—Brought over (bookkeeping) (abbr.)
54—Fresh
55—That thing
57—Moves to and fro
58—Imitates

Vertical.

2—A conjunction
3—Twitching
4—A kind of nut (pl.)
6—That girl
7—An advertisement (abbr.)
8—A conceited person
10—Part of a book
11—To slide without rotating
13—Expectorated
15—A preposition
17—An Egyptian sun god
18—A printer's measure
19—You and me
21—Pieces of gold
23—Judges in sport games
25—Places for resting
27—A nobleman
28—Equivalent to zero
29—Streets (abbr.)
30—A domestic animal
31—A point of the compass
35—Act of waiving something
37—A kind of fish
39—An ache
40—Sketched
42—A musical instrument
44—Exists
45—Pair (abbr.)
46—Senior (abbr.)
48—A preposition
50—A domestic animal
51—To drink slowly
53—An academic degree
56—Tellurium (sym.)

The solution will appear in next issue.

Solution of Last Week's Puzzle.

HOW TO SOLVE A CROSS-WORD PUZZLE

When the correct letters are placed in the white spaces this puzzle will spell words both vertically and horizontally. The first letter in each word is indicated by a number, which refers to the definition listed below the puzzle. Thus No. 1 under the column headed "horizontal" defines a word which will fill the white spaces up to the first black square to the right, and a number under "vertical" defines a word which will fill the white squares to the next black one below. No letters go in the black spaces. All words used are dictionary words, except proper names. Abbreviations, slang, initials, technical terms and obsolete forms are indicated in the definitions.

WEALTH AND FAME AWAIT INVENTORS

There are plenty of fortunes waiting yet for inventive minds.

For instance, a device that would keep men's trousers creased, and prevent bagging at the knees, would mean a fortune for the inventor.

A stove that would give all its heat out into the room instead of sending it up the chimney would find a quick sale to stove manufacturers.

Railroads would pay well for any kind of device that would stop the clank, clankety noise on trains, caused by the wheels passing over the rail connections.

Wipers have been invented for automobile windshields. But if someone would find a treatment for the glass which would prevent the glass from being obscured by fog or rain, doing away with the need for the wipers, even auto manufacturers would gladly buy the patent.

Day Named in Honor of Archangel Michael

Michaelmas day, September 29, is a festival in honor of St. Michael and all angels. It was instituted, according to Butler, in 487 A. D.

Michael is an archangel mentioned several times in the Bible, where he is described as the special protector of the Jewish nation and the leader of the angelic host in their contest with the powers of darkness. Michael is the minister of peace and plenty, and the chief of the seven archangels that stand before the throne of God. He figures prominently in Milton's "Paradise Lost," where, in company with Gabriel, he does battle against satan and his angels; and afterward prophesies to Adam all that shall happen until the second coming of Christ. He is also commissioned to lead Adam and Eve out of Paradise. According to tradition he appeared to the Virgin Mary to announce to her the time of her death, and afterward bore her soul to Jesus.

Brilliancy Lost

The famous sayings of great men are like silver-gilt spoons when the gold is wearing off from use; by dint of constant repetition they lose all their brilliancy.—Balzac.

Slam!

Freshie—There's a town in Ohio named after you.

Proud Senior—Yes? What's the name?

Freshie—Marblehead.

Five Years Shy

The Vicar (making presentation to farmer, secretary of local agricultural society)—And we-er present this-er-bowl as an appreciation of your-ah-tenure of office.

Farmer Hodson (correcting him)—Fifteen year, parson, not ten.

Big Demand for Buttons

The value of buttons manufactured annually in the United States is more than $33,000,000, according to government statisticians.

Wireless Well Known to Prehistoric Man

Sig. Marconi, father of wireless telegraphy, thinks that radio got its first real start when Adam gave Eve "the glad eye." In a recent speech the veteran inventor, disclaiming modestly any part in the radio boom, said: "At times I am amused at the discussions as to who really invented wireless. To my mind wireless has existed from the moment when prehistoric man first understood the meaning of a smile of encouragement from the prehistoric girl." Later Sig. Marconi added that his contribution was the discovery that electric waves were capable of traveling and of being received across great distances. He added further that no one was more surprised than he at the tremendous advance of radio in the last few years, as well as the tremendous popular interest therein. "It is all quite beyond me," he concluded. Sig. Marconi is working on advanced experiments with very short wave lengths.

Heart's Deep Secret

We have no doubt that many a kindly old grandmother sighs regretfully because bobbed hair wasn't the vogue in her time of high coiffures and hair combs.—New Orleans States.

Practical Youngster

A schoolmaster had explained to his pupils the functions of a British consulate, and to find out whether or not they understood, he asked:

"If someone carried you off in an airplane and after a long flight dropped you thousands of miles away in a foreign country, what place would you seek out first of all?"

An eager hand was uplifted by one of the pupils.

"Please, sir, the hospital," came the unexpected answer.

What Do They Scrub?

"Guess my girl in college has changed her mind about basket ball. She is evidently going in for something more useful."

"How so?"

"Now she writes that she has made the scrub team."

Golden Silence

A man in New York says he has never talked back to his wife or to a traffic policeman. Who says that reticence is a lost art?

The KITCHEN CABINET

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So many gods, so many creeds,
So many ways that wind and wind
While just the art of being kind
Is all this sad world needs.
—Wilcox.

FOR EVENING PARTIES

Now that the long evenings are upon us, we will like getting together in small groups for the pleasure which the lovely out of doors has kept us from enjoying.

If it is a dancing party, and sweet apple cider is to be procured, there is no refreshment equal to a chilled glass of the good drink and a doughnut. Very simple to get ready, easy to serve and most enjoyable. To make the doughnuts use the following old recipe which is one hard to equal:

Doughnuts.—Take one and one-fourth cupfuls of sour milk, one-fourth cupful of rich sour cream, two eggs, one and two-thirds cupfuls of sugar, a teaspoonful of soda, a teaspoonful of grated nutmeg, one-half teaspoonful of salt, and as little flour as is possible to roll. Beat the eggs, add the sugar, then the milk and cream with the soda, salt and nutmeg, stir in as much flour as will go in nicely with the mixing spoon and set away on ice to thoroughly chill before frying. When rolling out handle quickly, using as little flour as possible. These doughnuts when fried in hot fat will keep well, are rich without being soaked when cooking.

Peanut Candy.—Shell one pound of roasted peanuts and roll with a rolling pin until like coarse crumbs. Boil for eight minutes from the time the first bubble appears, two pounds of brown sugar and twelve level tablespoonfuls of butter. Stir in the nuts and pour at once into a greased dripping pan. Mark off into squares before it is too hard.

Chicken and Spinach Soup.—Wash and cook two pounds of spinach in one-half cupful of butter for five minutes, or until tender. Add one-half cupful of flour, mixed with one tablespoonful of salt and three-fourths of a teaspoonful of white pepper, stir into the spinach. When cooked rub through a colander, add two quarts of chicken broth. Stir until it boils and serve in bouillon cups; garnish with whipped cream.

Emergency Soup.—Dissolve two and one-half teaspoonfuls of beef extract in three cupfuls of boiling water. Add three tablespoonfuls of milk to one-half tablespoonful of flour and add to the first mixture, stirring constantly until the boiling point is reached, then cook three minutes; add seasoning and three-fourths cupful of cream.

Household Hints.

"Bats in one's belfry" is no joke if they have ever taken possession of the upper regions of a house. Fill all openings where it is possible for them to get in and burn sulphur, a lot of it, in the attic until they are smoked out.

For the bedridden who get so tired lying in one position and can help themselves: Tie stout new cotton cloth cut into wide strips to the head board or bed frame, have large knots in each end of the strip to grasp. By holding to these supports one may raise or change position easily. The knots may be slipped under the pillow when not in use.

A bed light fastened to the head-board of the bed is a great comfort for a poor sleeper. With a slight movement the light may be turned on or off and one may read in bed without the trouble of moving.

For tired feet, a mixture of baking soda and talcum sprinkled into the shoes will give great relief. Change footwear; a change of shoes will rest the feet and a bath of salt water is very refreshing. Feet need care as much or more than other parts of the body, yet they are greatly neglected.

Corns and calluses may be relieved by keeping them covered with a piece of surgeon's tape; renew as often as the bathing removes them. If they cling to the hose, cover with a small bit of absorbent cotton.

When applying adhesive plaster to a wound which has to be dressed often, use short strips with tapes fastened to the strips; these can be untied, the dressing changed and returned without disturbing the adhesive at all. It is not only painful, but dangerous to remove adhesive on a tender skin.

The use of paper napkins together with the dinner napkin is a great economy. Fruit stains and much soiling will be saved by the use of a napkin of paper. If cracked ice is to be used in a sick room it will keep much longer if a flannel cloth is tied over a bowl and the ice kept in it. Cover the bowl with another and place a paper bag over both. When the ice chest is at some distance this is a wonderful step-saver.

When a good tablecloth has been stained and is otherwise in good condition, stretch the cloth with the spot over a pair of embroidery hoops and remove the stain, then press, and the cloth is fresh again.

Orange cut into bits and left where a fever patient may help himself, is a great comfort.

Nellie Maxwell

Well Trained

"Now, just make yourself right at home," said the wife of his host, cordially. "Oh, dear," he sighed, "that means I'll have to go out back of the garage to smoke my pipe."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Two Great Purposes

The improvement of the understanding is for two ends: First, for our own increase of knowledge; secondly to enable us to deliver and make out that knowledge to others.—Locke.

OUR MAGAZINE SECTION

Interesting Features for the Entire Family

SOMETHING TO THINK ABOUT

By F. A. WALKER

THE DREADED DEFAMER

TURN to the right, to the left, or proceed straight ahead, bent upon the intention of minding your own business, and in a little while you'll come face to face with the dreaded defamer.

He is waiting for the true and the faithful in every drawing room, in the palaces of business, in the blazing salons of society and likely as not in the home.

The old father whose back is bent from bearing the burdens of years; the sweet-faced mother whose hair is streaked with silver; the young man who is just launching his career; the beaming bride and groom, in fact everybody who is worth while is liable to meet the nimble-tongued foe of mankind and get a merciless lashing.

This defamer, be it said with sorrow, is on intimate speaking terms with those who are making the world brighter and better, while he is engaged in sowing seed of darkness and evil.

The noblest men and women and even the dimpled-faced children whose countenances are alight with life and love and laughter, are targets for his poisoned arrows, which frequently cause as much mischief to a community as would an invading army.

Hearts are broken, characters are blackened, hopes are shattered and lives destroyed by this infamous traducer who goes up and down the world wearing a smile on his face and a dagger in his belt.

Nothing that serves his purpose escapes his far-reaching eyes.

He opens old family closets while masquerading as a friend and reaches in to pull out a skeleton. Not content with this he goes to grass covered mounds in far-off church yards to resurrect scandals which even the old wanton world itself would charitably forget.

His unpardonable acts are feared as a scourge, but in some way or another he manages to elude detection, possibly because there are always itching ears waiting feverishly to hear his tales.

To get rid of this dreaded defamer shun him, or stand up boldly and tell him what is thought of him.

But who has the courage to do this? Who does not fear that he or she will be the next victim to be dragged down to ruin or disgrace?

But even with this fear torturing our hearts, we ought to warn our friends and our loved ones of the terrible enemy seeking to devour them and paint his portrait so truthfully that everybody would know him at a glance.

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WHO SAID

"Patience is the key of content."

THESE words are from the lips of one of the great religious teachers of the world, the man who founded Islamism or Mohammedism—Mohammed.

The career of Mohammed is the story of another genius of history who earned fame by running counter to the wishes of his family. It was their intention that he become a man of business. They died, however, when he was but a lad and Mohammed's upbringing fell to the lot of an uncle. With the latter he journeyed through Arabia and Syria and acquired much in an educational way that had been denied him as a child.

When Mohammed reached the age of twenty-five his uncle recommended him to [redacted] to act as her agent. In this instance he discharged his trust so well that the woman married him and thus he was placed in easy circumstances and permitted to live comfortably while planning the religious campaign he was later to lead.

Mohammed was forty years old before he announced his mission as the apostle of a new religion. It was shortly after the year 600 A. D. when he told his family of the conviction which had come to him. His wife and his cousin were among his first converts and his sect grew. Then came the death of his first converts and things went against him.

In the year 622 the prophet was forced to flee for his life. He found an asylum at Medina where many of his followers assembled and from that point they set out on their wars of conquest which resulted in spreading Islamism throughout the East.

Mohammed died in 632.—Wayne D. McMurray.

(© by George Matthew Adams.)

SHADOWS

By DOUGLAS MALLOCH

RELIGION'S a comfort, wherever you go,
However you plod or you plan;
But, second to that, there's another I know,
A similar blessing to man.
It puts into Christmas a good deal of joy,
It puts in Thanksgiving the "thank,"
And, starting a New Year there's nothing, my boy,
Like a thousand or so in the bank.

Some day Mr. Trouble comes fooling around,
When things are apparently right;
For many a morning some fellow has found
His henroost was robbed in the night.
Whatever the trouble that happens to you,
You won't have to walk any plank,
Whatever the worry you'll worry it through,
With a thousand or so in the bank.

When sickness comes rapping on anyone's door,
The malady little or great,
There's something there's plenty of sympathy for,
Yes, sympathy early and late,
And yet there is nothing the neighbors can do
Right then, to be perfectly frank,
Will come in as handy in pulling you through
As a thousand or so in the bank.

No doubt there are many desirable things
We all of us covet today;
But what of tomorrow—who knows what it brings?
Let's lay a few dollars away!
For life has its changes, we rise and we fall,
And fortune plays many a prank,
And then you will need what you need most of all—
A thousand or so in the bank.

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YOUR Last Name

IS IT CAMPBELL?

WHEREVER there are Scotchmen there are pretty sure to be Campbells, and although there are various branches of the Scotch Campbell family with varying degrees of distinction attached to each, it is generally conceded by Scotchmen that it is something to be proud of to be a Campbell of any sort.

It is interesting to note that this ancient Scotch surname is derived from a nickname. The meaning is simply "wry mouth," and it must be supposed that the original Campbell had a mouth of this sort. Cameron, another distinguished Scotch name, has the meaning of "crooked nose."

In Great Britain there have been many distinguished Campbells—the most distinguished of all undoubtedly being Thomas Campbell, a poet who wrote during the first part of the last century.

MUNDAY—It is hard to account for the origin of these surnames of the days of the week. However, the fact that Monday is so much more usual than Tuesday or any of the other week days leads some authorities to suppose that Monday has some other origin, and that probably in some way those who bear the name acquired it from a place name of similar sound.

CARRINGTON—This is an old English name undoubtedly derived from one of several places in England so called. However, there are members of the family who prefer to think that it is derived from the French town, Charonton.

PULLMAN—It is generally believed that this is derived from "pull," with the significance of "pool," and man. Thus the name would have first been borne by one who lived near some pool of water.

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SCHOOL DAYS

THE YOUNG LADY ACROSS THE WAY

The young lady across the way says the courts are somewhat to blame for conditions and we need more judges who will dispense with justice fearlessly and vigorously.

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Mother's Cook Book

By desiring what is perfectly good, even when we don't quite know what it is and cannot do what we would, we are part of the divine power against evil, widening the skirts of life, and making the struggle and darkness narrower.—George Eliot.

SOMETHING TO EAT

IN SMALL families where there are always leftovers, the cook must use much thought in arranging meals so that food is not wasted. Where there is a little roast beef left from the dinner, it will make another meal if combined with a few vegetables.

Into a well-greased baking dish put a layer of thinly sliced uncooked potatoes; over this layer put the left-over meat in neat slices or cut into uniform pieces, sprinkle with a thin layer of shredded onion and add any gravy that may be left from the roast; cover with a cupful or more of tomatoes, season well and put to bake in a slow oven for an hour or more. Serve from the dish. If lacking in tomatoes a few carrots may be added.

Hubbard squash is such a favorite vegetable, but the size prohibits a small family from indulging in a whole one. Cut it into halves or even quarters, turn the cut side down on a smooth surface in a cool place and it will keep for days. If any is left after cooking, it warms over equally well, adding a bit of cream to moisten it when serving.

Yorkshire Pudding.

Mix two cupfuls of flour, one-half teaspoonful of salt, two cupfuls of milk, and three well-beaten eggs; beat well and turn into greased pans, filling half-full and basting with the gravy from the roast. Serve around the roast as a garnish.

Nellie Maxwell

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