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THE ENGAGEMENT RING

By W. E. LLOYD

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"AND you start for West Africa tomorrow?"

Bransome felt that the question was like an unwritten doom. He looked at Mary Starr in the moonlight as they stood outside Colonel Starr's conservatory.

Bransome had known Mary for five months. Colonel Starr, in whose regiment he was now a captain, had taken a liking to the young man when they were posted at Malta, and had invited him to his home in England. Now Bransome, with the rank of acting major, was to leave for West Africa to put down the rebellion of the Kru tribe in the recesses of the forests. And he loved Mary.

But he knew that she was engaged to Lionel Travis, the political agent among the Krus, who had made his escape to the coast after sanguinary fighting.

Yet they loved, and love was stronger than honor at that moment. They gravitated toward each other, and stood looking at each other, not daring to speak lest they betray themselves.

"If I meet Travis—" began Bransome at length.

"Yes?" Her word was like a caress.

"What shall I tell him?"

Mary took the solitaire from her finger. "Give him this," she said softly.

Bransome, incredulous, clasped her in his arms and their lips met. "You love me, dearest?" he murmured.

"I have loved you since we met. It is wrong, but it is better than a marriage that shall wrong Lionel and myself, too."

Before Bransome departed it was understood that they were engaged. And Lionel Travis' ring reposed in Bransome's pocket to be handed to the agent if they met. Bransome would affect ignorance of the contents of the little box. It was a cruel mission, but there was no way of getting a letter to Travis, who might be in any part of the coast.

Bransome sailed the following day, and fifteen days later arrived with his regiment at the coast town. All the interior was in a ferment. The regiment was sent up hastily to the base, where it halted while the pioneers cut roads through the forest. And it was there that Bransome met Travis.

He was to accompany the column as political delegate to the loyal tribes. The two men met, greeted each other warmly, though Bransome naturally showed something of constraint. Travis lunched in the mess, and they smoked their cigars together afterward. When Travis rose to depart to his quarters Bransome spoke of Mary Starr for the first time.

"She asked me to give you this," he said, handing him the little box containing the ring.

"Thanks!" said Travis indifferently, and slipped it into his pocket.

[illegible] column started a day or two [illegible] Often [illegible] Bransome [illegible] anxiously at Travis, but he could gather nothing from the agent's inscrutable countenance.

There was, however, little time for thinking. On the sixth day the enemy's stronghold was sighted. The messenger who went forward with a summons to surrender was met with defiant shouts from the negroes. Half an hour later the seven-pounder opened fire on the rebel stockade.

A fusillade of elephant guns followed, but few of the attacking party were hit. Presently the guns ceased; a breach had been made in the strong walls built of hardwood logs and almost as resistant as cement and mortar.

The regiment spread out in line. Bransome ran before them, waving his sword. "Advance!" he shouted.

Then he saw Travis beside him in his civilian clothes. The agent's white solar helmet made a splendid mark for an enemy. "Go back, you fool!" Bransome shouted.

But Travis ran beside him, and Bransome had no time for argument. The whole line followed, with fixed bayonets, roaring behind him. The bullets churned among the trees, and cut splinters from the boughs. Showers of leaves came down.

The yelling, defiant Krus manned the walls of the breached stockade. The assaulting party was compelled to form into column to mount the breach. And now the enemy displayed its secret resource, nothing less than an old brass ship's gun, which might have done service in the sixties, and was none the less effective here. A roaring detonation, and grape shot burst among the British troops. They fell in heaps, cut down by the well-directed charge.

But the gun was, of course, not a quick-firer, and had to be reloaded. The troops closed up. Bransome, who had by some miracle escaped unscathed, put himself at their head again. "Advance!" he shouted.

And again he was conscious of Travis in his white helmet, cool and smiling beside him.

It was a mad rush toward the walls. Just as the foremost man set foot in the breach the cannon roared again. The files were swept away. And again Bransome found himself uninjured.

"Now, boys!" he shouted, amazed to find that he was still alive.

The attacking party, which had recoiled, heaped one man against his neighbor, and, the dead all about, rushed forward, cheering. Like a cataract the khaki-clad column swept over the breach, driving the dogged negroes before them, pinioning them with the bayonet. In a moment the fort was carried.

From hut to hut the flying Krus were pursued. They fell in writhing heaps, their own gun turned against them. For perhaps half an hour the bloody struggle lasted. Then the British were in possession of the village.

Bransome stopped. He had forgotten everything in the excitement of the battle. His sword was bloody, and yet he could not remember having struck down a man. A trickle of blood was running down his face. He limped from a slug in his leg that he had never felt.

He posted his men in various quarters; this done, he remembered Travis.

"Where's Travis?" he demanded of his surviving captain.

The agent could not be found. Yet it was Travis who represented the majesty of the British raj, and it was Travis who must interview the trembling old king now a prisoner in his own mud hut, guarded by a sullen, defiant chief wife, and a younger one, who held the royal red parasol over him.

Bransome went back, searching among the fallen. Travis was not in the town; he was not anywhere within the fort. Bransome came upon him at last just outside the breach. He had been struck down by a dozen slugs from the brass cannon the second time the weapon was discharged. Travis lay under a pile of dark Krus but he was alive. He recognized Bransome.

Bransom hailed the stretcher-bearers and had two men place him upon a stretcher and carry him into the town. They brought him to the king's hut, and Travis pronounced sentence. The king was to go into exile to the coast, to spend the last of his days there.

The surgeon came up, looked at the agent and shook his head. "There may be a chance for him," he said. "Get him out of here. Put him in a hut that hasn't been used. Th[illegible] smallpo[illegible] everywhere [illegible]

T[illegible] it k[illegible] birdi[illegible] grew[illegible] tion[illegible] sa[illegible] ment[illegible]

Bra[illegible] the little[illegible] He looked[illegible] the agent's[illegible] He r[illegible]

W[illegible] Tr[illegible] he[illegible] co[illegible] the[illegible] motion[illegible]

"Th[illegible] he w[illegible] old [illegible]

"Y[illegible] agree[illegible]

"We were to have [illegible] when this cursed busi[illegible] Now we shall never ma[illegible] you to marry her, Bransome. Y[illegible] about the only man that's fit for her."

Bransome winced and tried not to show the emotion on his features. But Travis was too far gone to see anything except the face of Mary Starr that floated before him.

"I wrote to her, telling her how I longed for her in the silence of the brush," Travis whispered. "I said I had looked at her photograph and her mementos again and again. I wanted something else to bring her vividly before my eyes. And she—she sent me this. Nothing could have been a truer pledge of her love. A girl doesn't like to part with her engagement ring, Bransome."

"No," Bransome agreed.

And the irony of the situation struck into his soul. Travis had lived in the belief that his sweetheart was true to him, and he would die not knowing what the return of the ring meant.

They buried him the following dawn under a cairn of stones. And Bransome, having done his duty to the dead, allowed his thoughts to turn toward the living. The past seemed obliterated—at least it seemed to be symbolized in the gem that sparkled in the dead hand under the damp soil of Africa.

Wire-Drawing Machine Marvel of Ingenuity

In the manufacture of certain kinds of wire, especially fine aluminum wire, a machine is used that is surprisingly similar to the spinning apparatus in a modern cotton mill. In fact, it is a mechanical twister, by which the wire is separated from what might be called the supply coil into strands of the requisite thickness and wound upon spools. The supply coil passes over a pulley above the spindles and through what might be called a drawing frame. From this it is carried to the spools of a certain size. From these it passes through a second drawing frame, which decreases its diameter, again winding it on spools, the third drawing frame turning it into the size required for commercial use.

While some of the machines will draw out enough wire to fill 20 spools at once, so complete and so simple is the mechanism that but one person is needed to attend each machine.

Exterminating Garlic

The Purdue plan for getting rid of wild garlic consists of fall plowing in such a manner as to bury all the garlic tops, followed by spring plowing and either a cultivated crop, such as corn or potatoes, or soy beans or cowpeas. The land should lie rough over winter and this program carried on for three years.

Elephants in Warfare

Arrian (A. D. 104) gives an account of the capturing of elephants for use in India. The book of Maccabees alludes to the use of elephants in the army of Antiochus. The elephant was also domesticated by the Carthaginians, who employed them in their war with Rome.

Seems Wasted Effort

A naturalist has satisfied himself beyond a doubt that the average cat travels a distance of 80 miles every night, when there is no earthly reason for his moving a rod.

YOUTHFUL BLACK VELVET COATS; FITS FOOTWEAR TO THE COSTUME

COATS which express elegant mode through the medium of velvet are more and more making appeal to women of smart fashion. Paris is saying in regard to the velvet coat of youthful aspect, "black with a touch of color." Just how beautifully the thought may be worked out is demonstrated in this picture of a typically French velvet coat mode. The designer of this adorable garment elects to apply color to cuffs and pocket only, choosing nattier blue suede cloth for the purpose. As if to call attention to the fact madam elaborates the scheme with myriads of scallops positioned row overlapping row. Which is a very clever and proper thing to do considering that one of fashion's commands this season is to the effect that pockets and cuffs on winter coats must be unique and interesting.

Typical French Velvet Coat.

The prevalence of velvet in both day [illegible] attire becomes a matter [illegible] style significance. Silk [illegible] fashion's background [illegible] genre from chic [illegible] and toward [illegible] well as those [illegible] ony kidskin—[illegible] to dull-finished [illegible] most style pres[illegible] shows a typical [illegible] in the fashionable [illegible] creates this daytime [illegible]

Choice of Footwear Important.

usually have metal cloth or brocade tops with velvet skirts.

A development in present styling is plaited chiffon velvet. Skirts are often treated in rather small side plaits. Of course this evidences the fine suppleness of modern velvet.

A last moment item in fashion's report, is the use of white fur with black velvet. The revival of the white fox scarf is an interesting outcome of this new movement.

Relating of footwear to color and fabric of the costume is the expressed sentiment of the mode. To be sure, it is costing milady a pretty penny to live up to this new whim in this picture. For their making, parchment kidskin is co-partnered with brown alligator.

Nothing in the way of a daytime dress shoe supersedes buckled colonials. In fact, any type of footwear that can be worn with buckles is popular.

frock of black rep, trimming it with a huge flat satin bow on the left side. Black shoes of ebony kidskin give to this costume the cachet of ultra-smartness. Lest monotone black appear too somber for a young person, the flat thumb-strap bag has been selected in gray kid banded in snakeskin of the same tones, carrying out the gray of the hose and the light flecks in the fur piece.

Russian boots as shown in this picture are regarded by the younger element as quite the thing for daytime wear.

JULIA BOTTOMLEY.

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Color Effects for Hat and Coat

A well-dressed woman this season will usually plan to have her hat and coat match in color or else form a contrast in tones of the same color. A brown coat may be topped with a brown felt in the same shade or a felt in shades of tan or beige.

Quilted in Silver

One of the loveliest imaginable drapes for evening is made of delicate lavender taffeta quilted in silver threads and collared with gray fox.

Ermine for Formal Wear

Of extraordinary beauty is an ermine evening wrap. The skins are put together to form a blocked design and each square is separated by a tiny silver cord. The effect is strikingly handsome and different.

Shawls Are Gorgeous

Shawls show no lack of prestige and in their newest versions are gorgeous squares of metal brocade or of chiffon with brocaded designs in velvet.

The Sandman Story

By Martha Martin

PLAYING FAIR

NOW Walter was a very stingy little boy. He hated to give away anything. If he had some pennies in his pockets and the other boys were going to chip in together and get some candy or marbles Walter would go along with them but he would try to pretend he hadn't any money so he wouldn't have to spend his. Of course, if he couldn't succeed in this he'd spend a very little. Walter was just like his father always had been. So it was not altogether his fault.

He had been taught that the more one held onto money the more one had and he had been taught, too, that the less he spent the less would be expected of him.

"I Don't Know You—What Is Your Name?"

And he had found that this was very true. But, of course, he knew nothing at all of the joy of giving and the joy of sharing and some of those particularly nice joys.

There had been a time when his father had said to him when they were taking up a contribution in church for a very worthy cause:

"Now if the plate is held so it would be very embarrassing if you didn't give and so everyone would notice it, then put a little something in the plate.

"But if you can keep from giving without it being particularly noticed, then you will be that much richer.

"Sometimes they hold a plate a little longer than is necessary before one but usually they think you've given before and can't afford it this time and they don't hold it before you long.

"Have your money ready in case you have to give, but don't give if you can help it. They may think you're giving to other charities and can't afford this, too. They often have nice kind thoughts like that."

That had been the way in which Walter had been brought up, so one can hardly blame Walter. Yet he was a very selfish little boy as a result and it grew to be so that no one wanted him around. He wanted everyone to do everything for him. He wanted to do nothing at all for anyone except himself.

He had no idea of what the spirit of giving meant. No idea at all. Now Peter Gnome had heard of Walter and Peter Gnome felt it was a pity that a little boy who would otherwise be a nice little boy should be allowed to grow up into a miser or very mean person.

So one time, late, late at night, Peter Gnome paid a call on Walter.

Walter was smiling to himself for Walter had just been thinking of what luck he had had in not having to spend anything for ever and ever so long but in getting everyone to do for him.

And as he was smiling to himself along came Peter Gnome.

"Hello, Walter," said Peter.

"I don't know you," said Walter, "but what is your name?"

"Peter Gnome. I've come to play."

"Oh yes," said Walter, "and have you some marbles?"

"No," said Peter Gnome, "but you have."

Walter looked quite uncomfortable. If he played with his marbles they might get lost.

"And I'd like some candy," said Peter Gnome. "I heard you hadn't spent a penny for days and days and I thought it was a good time to begin."

Walter looked very miserable.

"And I'd like to have a game of ball, too, but we'll have to use your ball. I didn't bring mine."

Walter looked astonished.

"I don't know that I can play just now," Walter said at last.

"No," said Peter Gnome, "and you won't be playing very much from now on except all by yourself if you don't change your ways.

"The way I've talked to you isn't half as dreadful as the way you've acted with the other boys—you want all their things to share but you will share nothing of your own. And you've become such a miser that everyone is getting tired of you.

"Learn to share,
That's playing fair!"

And Peter Gnome was gone!

But Walter remembered what he had said.

(Copyright.)

The Hotel Stenographer

By Roe Fulkerson

"I WANT to live in a stable," said the Hotel Stenographer.

"They ain't no more," replied the House Detective. "I guess you mean a garage."

"I am not quite certain I know what I mean. I guess I want an income of five thousand a year without working. That's what most people who lead the studio life talk about—atmosphere, complexes and vortexes and things. I was at a studio party last night where they talked like that. I didn't know what they meant but they didn't either, so I was perfectly happy and tossed in a few 'infinite cosmoses' a couple of 'soul longings' and strutted my stuff with the best of them.

"You can't properly talk of these things except in a studio built out of a stable. There is something about the atmosphere of a defunct horse that develops all that is highest and noblest like free waistlines, free food and free-for-all conversation.

"The people I met were artists, writers and musicians. The reason none of these artists' pictures hang in a show and none of these writers' stories get published in magazines and none of the musicians' playing is recorded is that this divine ex-horse atmosphere is not appreciated by the common herd, which has a sort of sow flavor that does not mix with the stable afflatus, if you get me."

"I don't know what you are talking about," snorted the House Detective.

"That's all right, Kelly," assured the girl. "I have no edge on you there. I don't know, either. In mah jongg you say certain words at certain times and you do not know what they mean and you do not care. Stable art, barn music and box stall literature are like that. It is all just words but there is something about the life with the smell of burning punk riving the sound of verbal bunk that has its appeal to a temperamental Irish girl like me."

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To Foster Gaelic Study

A college will be erected and endowed with American money in the Scottish highlands to foster and stimulate Gaelic literature and language.

WHEN I WAS TWENTY-ONE

BY JOSEPH KAYE

AT 21: James D. Lacey, Leading Lumber Man, Was a Druggist.

"AT ABOUT eighteen I got a job in a Grand Rapids drug store which paid me seven dollars a week; every week I got my seven dollars I peeled off three and added them to some savings I already had. When I got a raise to eight dollars, I peeled off four and when my pay rose to ten dollars I peeled off five. So that by the time I was twenty-one I got enough money saved up to buy a half interest in a drug store of my own.

"But it was a bad time to buy. A new tariff law went into effect soon after taking the duties off many kinds of merchandise and immediately our stock became worth only about half what we paid for it. We managed to sell the store, though at a considerable loss, and I went on the road as a salesman.—James D. Lacey."

TODAY: Mr. Lacey is one of the most noted lumber men in this country, with offices in Chicago, Seattle and New York, and a trade that extends to all parts of South America.

A peculiar phase of Mr. Lacey's career is that he got into the lumber business after he had made a comparative success as a drug-store owner. At the age of thirty-one he had already saved some $30,000 from the profits of a drug store, when he thought of lumber as a better paying proposition for him.

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Siwash Thought Name a Little Premature

Seattle missed being named New York merely because, about seventy-five years ago, a Siwash grinned at the pretentiousness of the name painted above the store door at a tiny settlement. The present city of 400,000 people was founded by Lee Terry of Watertown, N. Y., who had an ambition to travel to the Northwest and with the farmers, homesteaders, lumbermen and millers there, found a city that should rival Manhattan. He had intended to settle south of the sound, but met the original booster for Puget sound and was persuaded to change his destination to Elliot bay. When his first cabin was finished he shaved off a pine plank and proudly christened his embryo city, "New York." Terry sat in his store one day wishing for customers when a Siwash, blanketed against the cold, stalked up and looked at the sign above the door. The Indian grinned. "Huh! New York—Alki," meaning "New York—by and by." Whereupon Terry sighed and changed the name to Alki. And Alki point is a part of Seattle today. —New York Times.

Similar Sentiment

A nobleman recently engaged in a duel because he was requested to pay the war tax on a complimentary box seat. We have often felt that way on leaving the theater.

Anton Vaverka

Vaverka is the noted Czechoslovakian actor, made up as the Emperor Franz Josef, which character he portrays in "The Wedding March."

THE WHY of SUPERSTITIONS

By H. IRVING KING

WEDDING RINGS, STIES

IF YOU want to cure a sty just take a wedding ring—your own or a friend's will do—and holding the ring in your fingers reach your left hand around over your head and rub the sty with the ring. The writer stumbled upon this superstition the other day. A domestic in the family had a sty. A neighbor told her, "Oh, that's easy enough to cure," loaned her the necessary wedding ring and showed her how to work the charm. The next day the sty was better and rapidly disappeared, thus making another convert to the magic folklore of the ancients.

Upon inquiry this sty cure was found to be a common superstition. The basis of the superstition is, evidently, that very old magic symbolism which is attached to the ring and which has been variously explained by many learned writers, but never quite satisfactorily. Possibly some of the explanations given are correct but it looks as if primitive man had something in the "back of his mind" with regard to the ring which has been lost to his descendants. "For who hath known the ways of time or trodden behind his feet?"

That the most sacred sort of a ring to us moderns is a wedding ring explains why in curing the sty a wedding ring should be used. There is more than a hint of sun worship in the superstition under consideration in that the wedding ring is of gold, the color of the sun and round like the sun's disc. Also the taking of the ring in the left hand, and the movement of the hand over the head from left to right, or sunwise—the "ceremonial circuit"—emphasizes the sun "motif" in the "cure." There is a lonely obelisk in Central park whose gilded apex still catches and reflects the morning light as it did when it stood before the temple of Ra at Heliopolis and sent back the beams of the rising day across the desert sands while within the fane the priests, moving in the "ceremonial circuit," adored their god. From Heliopolis in 3900 B. C. to these United States! It is a "far cry"; and a long journey has the old obelisk made through the centuries and across the seas! Yet if that granite mass were sentient would it not think that the old gods were not entirely dead when beneath it walks some nursery maid telling her companion how she had cured her sty by using a wedding ring in the "ceremonial circuit"?

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SAWS

By Viola Brothers Shore

FOR THE GOOSE—

YOU never make as much noise over savin' ten dollars as you do over losin' one.

Men like them nice, homelike restaurants where you get a lotta good, table-d'hote for your money. Women pretend to.

In the house where the Victrola needle works all day long, the darnin' needle gets rusty.

FOR THE GANDER—

If two people shares a piece of good luck, it draws them closer. But not as close as if they shared a danger.

If you've been diggin' pits for other people you musn't go to sleep near them for fear of rollin' in.

What would you think of anybody that kidded you as often as you kid yourself?

(Copyright.)

Automobile reflectors commonly are plated with four coats of metal; copper from a cyanide bath, copper from a sulphate bath, nickel and silver.

The Kitchen Cabinet

(©, 1926, Western Newspaper Union.)

Who does his task from day to day,
And meets whatever comes his way,
Believing God has willed it so,
Has found real greatness here below.

THINGS THAT ARE LIKED

If you are fond of liver from any young animal, especially calf's liver, the following will be liked:

Liver Patties.—Scald a pound of liver and then grind it through a meat chopper with one-fourth of a pound of bacon and one onion. Season to taste and form into small cakes. Cook in a little hot fat, turning until both sides are well browned.

Liver Hot Pot.—Cut liver into slices a half-inch thick, soak in cold water a few minutes, then parboil in the water until the water just boils up. Drain, dry and lay in a saucepan, dredge with flour, season and cover with slices of bacon and sprinkle with chopped onion and a tablespoonful of chopped parsley. Cook at the simmering point well covered for an hour and a half. Serve with rolls of fried bacon.

Liver Rolls.—Cut one-half pound of calf's liver into slices and parboil five minutes; wipe each piece dry, lay a thin slice of bacon on each slice of liver; season with salt, pepper and nutmeg and roll up and fasten with a toothpick. Dredge with flour and fry until tender in hot bacon fat. Thicken the gravy, add a teaspoonful of catsup and a little lemon juice.

Liver Dumplings.—Chop half a pound of calf's liver, add a chopped onion, one tablespoonful of chopped parsley, salt, pepper and a dash of nutmeg. Mix with two well-beaten eggs and one tablespoonful of butter. Add enough fine bread crumbs to form balls and boil in soup stock. Serve with the soup.

Stuffed Liver.—Slice calf's liver and parboil it in a little boiling water. Soak six slices of bread in hot water 20 minutes, then squeeze dry. Mix the soaked bread with one-half teaspoonful of salt, a heaping teaspoonful of sage, two teaspoonfuls of bacon fat and one-fourth teaspoonful of pepper. Place a spoonful of the stuffing on each slice, fasten with skewer or toothpicks and place the rolls in a buttered baking dish. Add one cupful of hot water and a spoonful of bacon fat, baste during the baking, which will take 45 minutes. Serve with bacon or salt pork.

Wild Duck With Turnips.—Cut up the birds into neat pieces for serving, slice one large onion and one carrot. Melt four tablespoonfuls of butter in a saucepan and put in the duck and vegetables; cook until nicely browned. Strain off the fat, add a cupful of stock and one bay leaf, place in the oven and roast one hour. Peel eight turnips, cut four of them into quarters and fry brown in hot butter, add them to the duck to finish cooking. Boil the other turnips in salted water until soft, then mash, add butter, cream, salt and pepper to season. Take up the duck, remove the fat and thicken with flour, pour over the duck and serve. Wild rice is a delightful accompaniment to wild duck.

Seasonable Sandwiches.

A tasty, well made sandwich is welcome at any meal and is especially nice for an afternoon or a late supper tidbit.

Cream Cheese Sandwich. — Rub to a thick paste one cream cheese, one tablespoonful of butter, the sifted yolks of two hard cooked eggs, season with salt, paprika and a few grains of cayenne. Spread the mixture between crisp saltines, butter thins or wafers. Serve with dinner salad.

Egg, Pepper and Sardine Sandwiches.—Chop fine four hard cooked eggs, add two tablespoonfuls of finely chopped green and red pepper, one tablespoonful of minced parsley, two tablespoonfuls of finely minced chives, or onion, or a bit of grated garlic. Drain a large can of sardines, remove the skins and bones and finely mince, add to the first mixture and toss with a fork until well mixed. Add a teaspoonful of salt, two tablespoonfuls of lemon juice and moisten with mayonnaise. Spread on white bread, cut sandwiches in triangles.

Nut Bread and Cream Cheese Sandwiches.—Work a cream cheese with cream to the consistency to spread. Season with salt, paprika and a pinch of cayenne. Add one-third of a cupful of seeded layer raisins. Spread thinly sliced cut meats with creamed butter. Spread half the slices with the cream cheese mixture. Put together in pairs and cut into triangles. Press a seeded raisin on the top side of each sandwich. Serve with tea.

Hot Toasted Cheese Sandwiches.—Cut white bread into thin slices, toast lightly on one side, cover the untoasted side with a mild, soft cheese, sprinkle with cayenne, a bit of salt and set into a hot oven long enough to melt the cheese. Serve open on salad plates with lettuce and thousand isle dressing.

These sandwiches are very good fried lightly in butter, using the bread untoasted and the cheese as filling.

Nellie Maxwell

Wisdom of Epictetus

You will confer the greatest benefits on your city, not by raising its roofs but by exalting its souls. For it is better that great souls should live in small habitations than that abject slaves should burrow in great houses. —Epictetus.

Scientific Name

"Septarian nodules" is the name given to a chemical precipitation deposited on rocks by ground water carrying material in solution.