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"THE ONLY LIFE"

By HESTER WORTHINGTON

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"RICH, eh?"

"A regular Croesus, they say—just inherited something like three millions."

"What is he doing in this dead burg, then?"

"Why, a part of the estate of his uncle is located here. Young Talcott has come here to settle it up. Closed up most of it. You remember Colonel Ransom? Used to live here—big house on the hill. Regular barracks, empty for years. Talcott wants to sell it."

The object of all this discussion, Lysle Talcott, had appeared at Rushton in the semblance of a young nabob. There was no doubt that he was a most fortunate heir, for the Ransom estate was conservatively estimated at over a million.

Talcott had found little difficulty in disposing of two farms and some central business property, for he was willing to give bargains. His wealth had dazzled him. When at his home in the city the first word of his heavy inheritance had become known, he had been taken up by a certain fashionable set who worshiped Mammon. The Winston family had especially set about to make him welcome into their social circle. Handsome Beatrice Winston had made court to him and he was flattered.

Talcott was anxious to get through with his business at Rushton and return to the city and its rare whirl of excitement. He had been always poor. Now, with unlimited means at his call, he thought of the one feature of "having a good time."

He was not quite so anxious, after the first week of his stay at Rushton. Business had brought him in contact with an old lawyer, Cyrus Deane, and, incidentally, with his daughter, Mabel. From the first moment his eyes rested on her sweetly beautiful face he never forgot its charming outlines. Had it been the old struggling Talcott that had thus come across this gentle creature, his heart would have been wholly lost. As it was, the lure of "the only life," the fascination of the siren-like Beatrice Winston held him in a balance, swaying variously.

He had finished up his business at Rushton and had arranged to leave the next day. During his stay he had been given a room back of the hotel office, provided with a desk and chairs, for the convenience of those who had dealings with the estate. He had just finished writing a letter as there came a timid knock at the door. It stood partly open and framed a vision of grace and loveliness that brought him instantly to his feet.

"Miss Deane!" he exclaimed, his face alight with genuine pleasure.

"May I intrude?" she spoke in a pleasant, but half-embarrassed way, as she glanced about the apartment and found it untenanted except for themselves.

"You are very welcome," he answered heartily, and drew up the best chair in the room for her and saw her seated. Then he stood before her, the courteous gentleman complete.

"I expected to find others here," began Mabel lamely.

"Indeed?" he smiled encouragingly.

"In fact, quite an onslaught was meditated upon you by our little charity society."

"Tell me all about it," he invited expansively, and seated himself so near to her and looked into her eyes with his deep blue ones so interested, that her color rose slightly.

Mabel explained the philanthropic work of her friends and herself—the founding of a vacation home for tired mothers and ailing babies from the city during the pestilent summer season. He kept her talking, her sweet voice seemed to charm him. As the true nobility of her lifework was realized in his impetuous mind, he forgot wealthy Miss Winston. He leaned towards Mabel, the words upon his ardent tongue that would have made her his life helpmeet, when there was an interruption. Three chattering ladies entered the room. The momentary spell of better impulses was broken.

Perhaps it was because of Mabel, perhaps the way of his profligate nature, but he seemed pleased at the opportunity of doing some good. As the other ladies repeated the story Mabel had already told, Talcott had a vast surprise of an answer to the appeal ready.

"Ladies," he said quietly, "it will be a pleasure to meet your wishes. I will head your ticket with a thousand dollars."

All were astounded, more, thrilled. Mabel lifted her shining thankful eyes with a look that fully repaid Lysle Talcott for his generosity.

"In addition," he added quite as unostentatiously, "I will deed the old Ransom homestead to your society as a home for your proteges. I find it difficult to sell it and I wish to get it off my hands."

The generous donation of the good-hearted Talcott was the talk of the town. His own interest in the humanitarian plan was awakened. He might have lingered, but a telegram from the city, inspired by the scheming siren who had set her wiles to snare him, lured him again into the vortex of "the only life."

The seed of charity planted by the little charity circle at Rushton grew and throve. The life of the spendthrift began and expanded for Lysle Talcott. For five years he was led blindly, recklessly, on by the ambitious siren who had won him as her husband. Like cormorants her retinue of relatives fawned upon the lavish benefactor, who in his honest open way never suspected their selfish duplicity.

A creature of expensive whim, his wife led him from one extravagance to another. There was a palatial city home and a country palace. There were trips abroad, social functions almost rivaling royalty. One baleful day a terrible piece of news was brought to Talcott. His wife, her sister and a brother had perished in a fire at sea. When the first shock was partly subdued, he went to seek her surviving brother. To this man he had entrusted all his business on account of relationship.

A second shock faced him. A speculator and a coward, his brother-in-law had lost his entire fortune in a swindling stock concern and had fled the country. Lysle Talcott was a pauper.

He was crushed. It was only by voluntarily surrendering all he had that he was able to escape the stigma of dishonor. His health broke. Life had become unambitious. He faced the future, a dumb despair at his soul.

Just one piece of wreckage was saved from the collapse. When he had inherited a fortune he had deeded to an old servant of his uncle a little farm near Rushton. Just as the affairs of the collapse were wound up, the death of his pensioner was followed by the announcement that the property had been willed back to his benefactor.

Talcott evaded the townspeople when he reached Rushton late in the afternoon. It was dark as he returned from an inspection of the little old farm. He felt more hopeful now, however, for it promised him a comfortable home and a living. Curiosity led him towards a building surrounded by a stone wall and aglow with light. It was the old homestead—but how grandly extended and remodeled!

There were lights over its gateway. He had not thought of his random gift for over five years, though often of Mabel. He drew nearer to read the inscription on a brass plate on one of the gate pillars. It read, "Lysle Worthington Talcott—blessed of all men. He builded better than he knew."

A woman passing by halted, gazed at him, advanced, drew back and he saw her face.

"Miss Deane!" he spoke tremulously.

Her face lit up as if by magic. Her soulful gladness affected him as some rare perfume. He must come to see her father. It was at the Deane home that Talcott learned of the venture he had practically started, developed by Mabel and her charitable assistants until it had become a noted philanthropic work.

Those days his heart took hope. Those hours, when Mabel, reading aright his gloom as well as his awakened regard for her, ministered to his wounded soul and brought to it peace and love.

Teaching Irish Language

A national school for girls and infant boys, in which instruction is given entirely through the medium of the Irish language, has been opened in Dublin, in response to requests from parents of a number of families in which Irish is regularly spoken to the children in the home. English is taught as a subject in the standards in which provision is made in the school program for its teaching. Only pupils with a knowledge of Irish sufficient to enable them to take full advantage of the instruction given are being admitted to the school.

White Russia's Population

White Russia comprises the six eastern districts of the former Minsk province, with Poland on its western boundary. Its territory has been considerably enlarged, a number of contiguous districts of the Russian Soviet Socialist Federated Republics, inhabited by White Russians, having been added to it. Seventy per cent of its population are White Russians, the remainder being Poles and Jews.

Ship Has Electric "Cow"

One of the novel features of the new steamship Asturias, the world's largest motor-driven ship, is an electric milk producer. With the use of milk powder, unsalted butter and water, this strangely-contrived "cow" produces high-grade milk and cream for the passengers.

Alpine Roses Blamed for Poisonous Honey

The secret of the poisonous wild honey of Asia Minor and the southern Balkans is out. The bees are not to blame for the peculiar product of their industry in certain districts, mentioned by ancient Greek and Roman writers, including Xenophon, Aristotle, Pliny and Strabo, who averred that this honey was used by some of the natives of the old province of Pontus to stupefy enemy troops. The honey does not kill, but it has disagreeable effects and sometimes makes its consumers unconscious. The Turks call it "delibal" (mad honey).

This summer a German naturalist, K. Rösse, spent many weeks in Asia Minor investigating the mystery of the source of the "mad honey." According to his report, printed in Die Naturwissenschaften, the bees are entirely innocent of evil intent while storing up their dangerous sweets, the poisonous qualities of which are due to two perfectly harmless looking species of Alpine roses, the yellow rhododendron Farum don and the violet colored rhododendron ponticum.

These flowers are found in great profusion in certain regions of Asia Minor and as far north as the Bulgarian frontier and flourish at elevations of as much as 5,900 feet above sea level.

In the past nearly every kind of plant, including tobacco, oleander and chestnut blossoms, has been accused and, after exhaustive research, exonerated. It looks as if the Alpine roses will have to bear the full responsibility.—New York Times.

China's Grand Canal

The Grand canal of China reaches from Hangchowfu, in the province of Chehkiang, to Tientsin. It is composed largely of canalized rivers and is approximately 650 miles long. The depth varies, ranging from 7 to 11 feet, occasionally reaching a depth of 13 feet at high water. Between Suchow and Chinkiang it is often a hundred feet wide.

FRINGE EPIDEMIC NOW RAGING; SOME COLOR SCHEME REQUIRED

A FRINGE epidemic rages in the world of fashion. What is more, all symptoms point to a spreading of the vogue during the coming months. The mode seems determined to befringe everything as it goes.

At formal functions the woman of smart style literally entwines herself in fringe as she enwraps her slenderized form in her lavishly fringe-trimmed shawl, such as is the joy, the pride, the envy of the normal feminine heart. The picture shows one way of wearing the beloved fringed shawl. No doubt, this pronounced vogue for fringe found its inspiration in shawls such as this, which by the way show no signs of waning popularity.

Frock and Wrap Trimmed With Fringe.

By no means, however is this passion for fringe confined to evening wear, for a review of styles in afternoon frocks reveals fringe as an idol of the daytime hour as well.

A strong argument in favor of fringe is the graceful silhouette which it never fails to achieve. Perhaps this accounts more than anything else for the sweeping indorsement which the mode is giving to fringe this spring.

The latest idea is to dangle fringe from the long tight-fitting sleeve, somewhat after the manner shown in the afternoon frock of black faille silk herewith illustrated. In some instances the fringe is much longer than that here pictured, falling at times from the elbow to exaggerated depth.

The black-and-white vogue finds charming expression in long fringe which alternates strands of each. Very striking is a black flat crepe frock styled with one deep row or tiers of black-and-white fringe. At the simple neckline, pose a white flower for the completion of the black-and-white compose.

Favorite fringed dresses stress a straight narrow model, whose lines are broken by two deep tiers of thick silk fringe, which in color is an accurate match to the fabric it trims. Often this fringe treatment is developed from a scalloped low waistline.

Fringe placed diagonally in sections also produces an interesting effect. Most popular and most suited to practical wear is the silk fringe which is now being featured in every new color, also black and white. For elaborate effect ostrich fringe, also fringes of beads are approved by the mode.

It is written in the bylaws of the mode that the costume must present, from head to foot, a perfect color scheme. Which means that footwear requires a no less fastidious styling than does headwear, and that the details of handbag and other accessories dare not be slighted in the ensemble.

A correct color ensemble is achieved in the spring outfit worn by the young woman here pictured. Her smart sports frock is of heavy beige crepe in the popular two-piece model. The felt cloche is in matching shade, while the dainty oxfords of beige kid lend real distinction to the costume.

Having discovered that shoes, hat and handbag, when fashioned of the same medium, add a compelling style touch to the costume, specialists in leather artistry are accomplishing nothing short of marvelous effects in this respect. Looking for new fields to conquer, these wizards of fine leatherwork are using such strange mediums as sharkskin, lizard and snakeskin, from that of the boa constrictor and python to that of the less formidable water snake. Shoes and accessories of these various snakeskins are worked in combination with solid colored kid into a medley of ornate designs. Notwithstanding their extreme novelty they are making the "hit" of the season. A smart boa constrictor compose of hat and bag is here shown. Of course to complete the ensemble milady will choose shoes which have an inlay or applique of this same snakeskin.

For stormy weather kid legettes are the solution. As the picture shows, they are a sure protection to light hose from unsightly mud spots, which, as every woman knows from experience, are next to impossible to avoid. These legettes are obtainable in all colors as well as black.

Leather Footwear and Accessories.

Girdles for Stout

The right kind of soft girdle correctly placed on the hipline of a dress and perhaps tied with a huge bow at the side will make the figure seem slimmer. But placed too high or too low, it will accentuate the hip curves.

Bolero Jacket

The bolero jacket has a place on many of the new designs. It is a decidedly youthful thing and must be worn on a figure that is extremely straight and supple. But unless this sort of figure has a starting point the bolero can be one of the most flattering things in the world. It cuts off the height of the taller girl. It widens the figure that is too thin.

Cape Coats for Junior Girl

Girls from the ages of twelve to fifteen look extremely smart if their coats are of flannel made in the fashion of the popular cape model.

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The Sandman Story

by Martha Martin

THE HAPPY CAT

"ME-OW, Me-ow," said Aggie, the cat. "I have been asked to tell about myself and my nice home.

"My mistress is a lovely lady. She is very wise and very clever. She has wonderful books and magazines and papers about, and to show that I am the cat belonging to a clever person I pick out the best of these books and magazines and papers and sit upon them!

"I Pick Out the Best and Sit Upon Them."

"How do I know which are the best one? They're all good and so they're all best to my cat mind, me-ow-me-ow; ha, ha, you didn't think I was going to say that.

"Joyce is the name of my mistress. She has a little box outside her window and in the box she grows grass for me as I really love grass. Then she grows radishes for the rest of the family, for they love radishes.

"Then there are two paroquets and they like to nibble at all sorts of things. They like to nibble at the paper covers on books.

"I suppose they think they show their wisdom that way but I think to sit on wisdom is better than to chew it!

"They are watched by a cat from the roof of the house beyond, but they are quite safe and though the cat gazes at them with his big green eyes they don't notice the cat.

"I've heard my mistress say that.

"And these paroquets are allowed all about. They even climb on the window sill when the window is open and they never go away. They seem to think that the world ends where they are and that there is nothing to see beyond.

"But I must continue to tell about myself.

"I am very neat. I keep my black fur looking glossy and smooth.

"I exercise enough but not too much. I play and I sleep and I eat. My white tuft of hair under my neck, or upon the front of my neck, is a handsome touch, my friends say.

"I have a pink ribbon to match her pink dress, a red ribbon to match her red dress, a blue ribbon to match her blue suit and a greenish yellow ribbon to match my eyes.

"After every meal I chew at the broom-handle and so keep my teeth clean.

"My mistress says the broom-handle has many marks from my teeth and that I never finish a meal without doing this, and that is the truth.

"I keep my claws sharp by scratching them upon the wicker chairs.

"And I jump beautifully.

"I get up high, on a very tall mantelpiece, and then I put my two paws on the next little outstanding part of the mantelpiece and then I jump for the sofa below.

"My mistress says it is a most beautiful jump.

"Then sometimes I sit a long time on the mantelpiece while people wait to see this beautiful jump. And I keep them waiting for it so it will seem like an important act.

"My mother and my father were fine, well-mannered cats and my mistress says I take after them. I play with my mistress and she plays make-believe tunes upon my paws while I purr and she sings.

"But she says you have to know me to really know how wonderful I am. That is what my Mistress Joyce says. And so it must be the truth!"

(Copyright.)

For Meditation

By LEONARD A. BARRETT

INADEQUATE EDUCATION

THE most serious question confronting education today is whether the present generation is going to be more Christian or more pagan. The responsibility for the answer lies at the door of universities, colleges and the public schools. The rising generation is being educated in a world surcharged with jazz, the spirit of an intense competition and the law of the survival of the fittest. The tremendous task of developing a Christian idealism is therefore a matter of community interest.

As a preparation for this task our institutions of learning are rendering most valuable service. No more adequate system of education can be found anywhere. Upon this task of preparation for world citizenship our youth devote five days a week of from four to six hours each. This is equivalent to about one hundred and twenty hours a month or about twelve hundred hours for an average school year devoted almost entirely to the study of the arts and sciences.

Does this method of education, elaborate as it is, furnish all or even the most important requisites for success in the economic world? Success, like the spirit of democracy, rests upon fixed and unalterable standards. They are the norms of a Christian idealism. Upon the development of these standards the average youth spends about one-half an hour a week, in contrast to the one hundred and twenty hours devoted to secular education.

The task of imparting the knowledge of moral norms is also frequently assigned to a poorly prepared Sunday school teacher or is undertaken by an inadequate system of religious education. This factor cannot be ignored in our system of education if the present generation is to make an adequate contribution to the development of the social order. Shall the standards of a pagan or Christian philosophy of life rule the future? The problem is one for which education is responsible.

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Japan Welcomes New Year

The opening of the new year is celebrated in Japan with more enthusiasm than in any western country. The rejoicings begin on New Year's eve, when no one thinks of going to bed, and bells ring all night, and, though January 1 to 3 are regarded as the three chief days of the New Year, holidays and jollifications continue until January 16, winding up, characteristically, with a grand feast of Return to Labor.

WHAT THE GRACIOUS HOSTESS SAYS:

By DELLA THOMPSON LUDES

SHAKING HANDS

WE AMERICANS are rather noted for shaking hands. That is because we are a warm-hearted and cordial people, and the custom should not be too harshly condemned as being "provincial." We may keep our warm-heartedness and our manner of friendliness and cordiality, and still learn to control our impulses so that what we do or say will not appear ridiculous or "gushing."

Men, when introduced, always shake hands. A woman shakes hands with a man if he is some one she is particularly glad to meet, an elderly man to whom she wishes to show courtesy, or a special friend of some member of her family whom she wishes to honor.

A person coming into a group and being presented to them, does not offer his hand first. Some one of the group may make him welcome by holding out a hand.

A very young man, being presented to an older one, would wait for the older man to take the initiative, which he should instantly do.

To refuse to shake hands with any person who is a guest of your hostess would be the height of rudeness, as well as an evidence of narrowness.

Shaking hands at parting depends entirely upon the degree of acquaintanceship or friendship existing, or upon the feeling that has sprung up between two persons who have been introduced.

A gentleman always removes the glove from his right hand before shaking hands with a woman, unless at a wedding where he is usher, at opera or ball.

One sometimes wishes lessons in hand-shaking were a part of every high school course. The clammy handshake is repulsive. You feel as if you wanted to strike from you the cold listless finger tips that give no clasp, have no warmth.

There is magnetism and charm in the clasp of some hands, and there are other hands as lacking in personality as is the soul behind them.

Then there is the hand that grips you like a vise, crushes your fingers and sees just how much you will stand without screaming. And even this is better than the handclasp that is no clasp at all.

When you shake hands put some warmth into it. One doesn't need to "squeeze" the fingers of the other, nor treat the arm like an animated pump handle, but there may be sufficient pressure so that the "shaking" is not all on one side.

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Josephine Dunn

Film men say that Josephine Dunn is one of the screen finds of the past year. She has the leading feminine role in "Love's Greatest Mistake." Miss Dunn made her screen debut in "Fascinating Youth." She is a decided blond.

WHEN I WAS TWENTY-ONE

BY JOSEPH KAYE

At 21—David Starr Jordan Taught a University Curriculum for $25 a Week.

"AT TWENTY-ONE without any worldly experience, and ignorant and more or less scornful of the social duties supposed to be incumbent on tutors, I arrived at Lombard college, Galesburg, Ill., to begin my work as professor of natural science.

"I worked very hard at Lombard did some excellent teaching and developed a certain degree of enthusiasm in the small body of students [illegible] whom there were [illegible] in the entire [illegible] with only eleven [illegible] class.

"Natural [illegible] expansible sub[illegible] manded classes [illegible] ology, mineralogy, chemistry, [illegible] political economy. Paley's 'Evidences of Christianity' and, incidentally, German and Spanish. I also had charge of weekly 'literary exercises' and in off hours I served as pitcher of the student ball team.

"My salary was $1,300 a year.—David Starr Jordan."

TODAY—Mr. Jordan is perhaps grateful for those multitudinous duties of his early days; they gave him a most extensive experience in the teaching of the sciences which he has since utilized to good advantage, for David Starr Jordan is one of the greatest teachers of the natural sciences that this country has, accomplishing his work both at university classes and through the medium of numerous books.

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How It Started

By JEAN NEWTON

"CORPORATIONS HAVE NO SOULS"

IN THE same sentiment as "the public be damned," which, fairly or unfairly, is the attitude often attributed to corporations, we frequently hear the saying that "Corporations have no souls."

Although the words have no alien sound to American ears, it is in England that the saying had its origin, its first recorded usage being in a famous lawsuit that was fought in the English courts.

Its authorship is credited to Sir Edward Coke, who during the proceedings in the case of Sutton's hospital, is recorded to have said: "They (corporations) cannot commit treason nor be outlawed nor excommunicated, for they have no souls." Subsequently this was affirmed by Lord Thurlow, who is recorded as having said: "You never expected justice from a corporation, did you? They have neither a soul to lose nor a body to wick."

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A Modern Man

"You do a lot of baking, Mrs. Newlywed," smiled Grocer Bill.

"Yes," the young bride answered. "My hubby is a cake eater."—Progressive Grocer.

THE KITCHEN CABINET

(©, 1927, Western Newspaper Union.)

I know not where his islands lift
their fronded palms in air,
I only know, I cannot drift, beyond His love and care.

WAYS WITH SWEETBREADS

Sweetbreads are perishable meat and as the warm weather of spring comes on, will be more plentiful. When the price is not prohibitive they should be frequently used.

Braised Sweetbreads.—Place in a baking pan a layer of new peas, small carrots and new potatoes; on this bed of vegetables place parboiled sweetbreads with a few cubes of fat salt pork. Add enough of the stock in which the sweetbreads were cooked to cover the vegetables. Cover tight and cook for forty minutes. Season with salt and pepper during the cooking.

In almost every method of serving sweetbreads they need the following preparation: Be sure that they are fresh, as they spoil very quickly. Remove all the skin, fibers and tubes without breaking the sweetbreads. Soak in cold water to keep them firm and to extract the blood. Drain and put to cook in simmering water slightly salted and with a tablespoonful of vinegar to a quart of water; simmer for twenty minutes, then plunge them into ice water to keep them firm and white. If they are to be baked, wrap them in a cloth and put under a weight to flatten them.

Sweetbreads in Gelatin.—Cut cooked sweetbreads into small dice, using two cupfuls. Soak a tablespoonful of gelatin in one-fourth of a cupful of the broth and dissolve it in one-half cupful of hot broth. Add the sweetbreads, one tablespoonful of lemon juice and salt and pepper to taste. Stand the mixture in a pan of ice water, stir frequently and as it begins to stiffen, fold in one cupful of whipped cream and two tablespoonfuls of minced parsley. Turn into molds and chill. [illegible] slices laid on crisp let[illegible] dressing.

[illegible] ads.—Parboil a [illegible] half inch [illegible] Reheat in one [illegible] uce and serve on [illegible] ity shells, or timbale [illegible]

Sweetbread Salad.—Cut fine cooked sweetbreads, mix with celery and mayonnaise. Serve on lettuce.

Stuffed Steak.—Take a nice cut of round steak, prepare the dressing as for fowl, spread the steak with the dressing, lap over and sew together. Place in a dripping pan, season with salt and pepper and strew the top with minced onions and bits of butter; add a little hot water. Roast slowly for an hour or more. Prepare the gravy and serve.

Commonplace Dishes.

When a small amount of meat must supply the main dish for the family it may be pieced out in the following manner:

Baked Sausage With Rice.—Cut pork sausages into thin slices; butter a baking dish and fill with cold boiled rice. Moisten the rice with beef broth, gravy or beef extract, spread the sliced sausages over the top and bake in a hot oven until the sausage is crisp.

Kentucky Batter Corn Bread.—Take two cupfuls of corn meal, three eggs (beat well), one teaspoonful of salt, one tablespoonful of fat, mix with milk to a soft batter to pour. Pour into buttered shallow tins and bake in a hot oven.

Hot Cheese Sandwiches.—Break open hot baking powder biscuit, spread with butter and lay in a thin slice of good flavored cheese. Cover with a hot cloth and serve quickly. With a cup of tea and a dish of fruit, this makes a nice lunch.

Baked Hash.—Butter a shallow baking pan and pile in chopped seasoned veal with a hard cooked egg or two finely chopped, season with salt, pepper, melted fat and a green pepper finely chopped; moisten with a little gravy or broth and bake until crisp.

Potato Soup.—Peel one-half dozen potatoes and put to cook in boiling salted water to cover. In a saucepan put three tablespoonfuls of butter and when melted add two or three sliced onions; cook until slightly yellow, then add some of the potato water and finish cooking. Mash the potatoes, draining off all the water over the onions and add hot milk, salt and butter with the onions to the potatoes. Serve unstrained, or if preferred the soup may be put through a sieve and then reheat.

Chicken Custard.—Take one-half cupful of strong chicken broth, add one-half cupful of milk, one egg, salt and pepper to taste. Strain into cups and bake in hot water. This is especially good for invalid cookery.

Steamed Brown Betty.—Mix two cupfuls of brown bread crumbs with two cupfuls of chopped apple, add two-thirds of a cupful of brown sugar, one cupful of raisins mixed with two tablespoonfuls of flour and one-half teaspoonful of salt; add one cupful of milk to which one beaten egg has been added and beat well. Steam in buttered molds two hours. Serve with lemon sauce.

Nellie Maxwell

Sailor's "Weather"

The seaman often speaks of "weather" when he has in mind nothing more than wind, says Nature Magazine. "Dirty weather" suggests to the landsman the idea of rain and mud, but in nautical parlance it means a blow.

Largest Garden Crops

In this country only white potatoes, sweet potatoes and tomatoes of the garden vegetables exceed the lettuce crop in market value.

None Now to Worship Indian Sacrifice Idol

Sprawled across the floor of Wisconsin's state museum, the giant idol, Kiasawa, for more than two centuries a venerated deity of five Indian tribes, lies in unworshiped ease.

For 200 years and more Kiasswa stood in the community house of the Five Tribes of southern Alaska and British Columbia.

It was the center of ceremonials called "potlatches," at which emissaries of the Five Tribes met periodically to frame their laws. When the laws were made the bowls beside the stone were filled brimful with wine and carried to each tribe. If the laws borne with them were approved the tribal chiefs drank from the vessels and emptied them. If the bowls returned unviolated their unimbibed contents symbolized protest against the laws and heralded war.

Hideous acts of worship, offensive to civilized folk, were performed at the potlatches, and finally the government prohibited the gatherings. The ever-burning flame which wreathed the mouth in smoke and illumined the eyes flickered and died.

It was found only a short time ago by an agent of a Chicago manufacturer, invading the northern wilds in the name of commerce. He took it back to his employer, who presented it to the University of Wisconsin Historical society. After two years permanent disposition will be made of it.

Better be straight than smart.