# THE QUEENSTOWN NEWS

VOL. XLVII. QUEENSTOWN, MARYLAND, JANUARY 26, 1929. NO. 14.


## WHEN THE SCHOOL-MOM ARRIVED

(©) by D. J. Walsh.)

IT WAS shortly past noon when Joe Posson drove by the big blow-out. Glancing at his watch he saw that he had scant time in which to reach Crystal City and bank the money his employer had entrusted to him before he must meet the train. The new school-mom whom Missus Fanning had selected for the Big Arroyo district was coming in on the local and must be conveyed with care to the Fanning ranch.

Joe felt deeply the importance of his two commissions, but his sense of pleasant self-gratulation cooled as he saw another outfit approaching.

"Old Man Raines' buckskins and Sile Robbins handlin' 'em," he said to himself.

The circumstance was untoward. At their last meeting Joe had promised Sile a thrashing and he saw clearly that he would have no time for it now.

"Just my luck," he muttered. "But I've got to attend to business even if I have to postpone the pleasure of lickin' Siles." And he sighed because of a wasted opportunity—a sigh which was nipped short by a spreading smile of surprise. For he now saw that Sile was not alone. Tucked in under his shoulder was a woman whose hat looked like an eager little flame against the barren overripeness of the fall prairie. Only a young woman would wear a hat like that. Where had Old Sile picked her up, and where was he headed for?

As the distance lessened Joe could see that the woman was not only young but pretty and that Sile seemed to be all taken up with her. Of course he would be. But what could such a nifty looking little piece of calico see in that hulking, gum-shoeing critter? Not that Joe cared. There was only one girl in the world for him and that was Dolly Bindle whose letters he carried with him night and day. Still the way the girl smiled up into Old Sile's mackerel-colored eyes was enough to assure one that her helpless innocence needed a true protector.

The Raines' buckskins came alongside the Fanning blacks and Siles at a motion from the girl stopped. A wondering gaze, blue as violets, was directed at Joe's handsome dark face from under the brim of the flaming little hat.

"Are you really Mr. Posson?" inquired a sweet voice. "And were you coming to meet me?"

Meet her! Great crow! Could this be the school-mom? And Old Sile had her! Joe's jaw dropped and he burned with fresh resentment.

"This is Miss Lucy Dow, Joe," said Sile patronizingly.

Joe swept off his hat, but his eyes were full of ire. The school-mom's name was Lucy Dow as he knew well, but he had received the impression from the letters he had heard Missus Fanning read that she would be both young and middle-aged.

"You see," the girl explained, as she tucked back a strand of silken, corn-colored hair, "I made better connections than I expected. When I arrived in Crystal City I don't know what I should have done but for Mr. Sile. He gave me lunch—" Joe thought. Lunch! At Wes Howley's lunch wagon! "And then he offered to take me to my destination. So that we have met, Mr. Posson." She turned earnestly to Sile, "I won't put you to any further trouble, Mr. Robbins. Since he was coming to meet me I will go the rest of the way with him."

Sile glowered.

"Might as well go on now, I'm most there," he said.

The girl's blue eyes appealed to Joe. It was as if she whispered: "He is a queer fish. Please help me." Joe flushed betwixt pleasure and pain.

"I—I'm sorry," he stammered when Sile caught him up.

"Don't you remember I told you Joe was bound for Crystal City anyway?" he asked the girl. "He's got to mail a letter"—he grinned knowingly—"and bank some money. See that bulge on the left side of his coat? He's got forty-two hundred there. You know I told you my boss paid it to his boss yesterday. That's right, Joe, I saw it done."

Joe's chest swelled with rudely intaken breath. He clenched his hands. Wasn't there a thing on earth that Old Sile didn't snoop into?

"Oh, please don't quarrel!" Miss Lucy's blue eyes were full of tears. "I've always heard you westerners shoot at a word. You'll frighten me to death, you will so." She covered her face.

"Oh, haws!" Sile laughed reassuringly. "We don't carry gats when we are on peaceable business."

"Don't you? Haven't either of you a firearm?" Miss Lucy quavered, timidly peeping. If Joe had not felt so much like wiping up the ground with Sile he would have been amused. The poor little thing, he recalled, was from somewhere in Vermont. "Cross your heart?" she persisted plaintively, laying one hand on her own obviously palpitating breast. "Hope to die?"

"Sure," Sile obligingly crossed his big hairy paws on his chest. Joe with contemptuous toleration crossed his.

Instantly Miss Lucy's other hand came out of the deep pocket of her gray coat.

"Don't move," she commanded crisply while she handled the snub-nosed deadly thing of steel with convincing skill. "I don't fire to miss. You understand I'm in dead earnest."

"You're a queer school-mom," Joe sneered.

"School-mom! I'd be ashamed to be anything so ornery. I'm big Jake Dury's wife!" she snapped. "You-all heern of him? proudly. "Get out of that wagon," she bade Joe. "I want your team for my getaway. And hand over the money—pronto!"

Joe got out of the buckboard and she got in. He handed her his wallet. Sile might have grabbed her then, all business though she was, but all he could do was to shake and giggle. She seized the lines and whip and was gone.

"My poor horses!" groaned Joe. "I wish they'd run away and break her neck, but she sure knows how to drive."

"Do you reckon she is that hell-cat Big Jake brought up from Tulsa?" quavered Sile. The very name of that famous bandit subdued him.

"'Pears like it—got any speed in those buckskins?" Joe asked.

"I'll show you," answered Sile.

She was out of sight all the way. They entered Crystal City on two wheels scattering dogs and chickens in the narrow street. The local was in. Joe made for it, but the two dusty coaches were already moving. He raked their windows with his glance. At one he caught a glimpse of a white face under a red hat which looked back at him with a grimace of rage and hate.

The blacks stood reeking with sweat and beside them was a tall, sensible, spectacled woman, who gravely considered Joe as he approached.

"I reckon you are Miss Lucy Dow?" he said.

"I am," she said pointing to a trunk bearing her name.

At that instant Sile appeared.

"Telegraph! Catch her at Larrimore!"

"Oh, let her go," he said.

"With $4,200," bawled Sile.

Joe reached into his trousers pocket and pulled out a role of bills. Sile staggered.

"But what was in the wallet?" he asked.

"Dolly's letters," Joe's tone was exceeding mournful. "I've kept 'em in that wallet since I got the first one. I sure hated to lose them, but I reckon they was sacrificed in a good cause."

Then he proceeded toward the bank, while the real school-mom for Big Arroyo held the horses.

### —Oh, Daddy!

It was nice and quiet in the movie theater. They sat near the center of the lower floor. A star appearing in person was doing a combination of "shimmie" and "snake dance." Little Allen, age three, decided to talk in the far-reaching stage whisper of a child. "I like a dirl like that. I wish I had a dirl like that." When the chuckles had subsided, he added: "If I had a dirl like that I would take her a ride in daddy's tar."

### Poor Tom

Miss Teresa Hardy, aged eighty-five, cousin of the late Mr. Thomas Hardy, the novelist and poet, died in her sleep at her thatched cottage at Rockhampton, near Dorchester.

Miss Hardy said to a Daily Mail reporter shortly before her death:

"Poor Tom. He was a clever boy but I never thought he would take to writing, and I didn't like it when he did. Writing, I think, is not a respectable way of earning a living." —London Daily Mail.

### Instinct in Animals

Instinct is said to be that natural impulse which leads animals, apart from experience, to perform certain acts which tend to promote the welfare of the individual, or the perpetuation of the species; for example, the migration of birds, the construction of nests, the formation of comb by honey bees and the laying of eggs by butterflies and moths on the leaves of plants on which the larvae are to feed.—Montreal Family Herald.

### Flight Exhausted Goose

Sometimes wild geese, usually young birds, become so exhausted from a long flight that they leave the flock and drop into a farmer's pond to rest. A Minnesota farmer was surprised to see a lone goose drop from a passing flock into a small puddle but a few yards away from his house and frequented by tame ducks. He captured the goose alive. The bird was so exhausted it could not rise from the water.

## Black Velvet for Coats

By JULIA BOTTOMLEY

Black velvet for afternoon and evening coats is the latest gesture of the mode. Adding a touch of white fur is also an important part of the program.

One sees them, these white furred velvet coats at every smart gathering. What a story of intriguing design they tell! There's no end to the story of cunning effects interpreted by these new thin and supple-as-fabric furs. For instance, a black velvet coat with a high ermine-lined collar ties at the throat with a sprightly little cravat bow of the white fur. In fact, these little white bows occur at every vantage point—at the wrists and at the front opening where the coat fastens.

Another coat, also of black velvet, has a shawl collar of white fur, with deep cuffs reaching almost to the elbow. There are dangling little bows positioned here and there on this coat, too, with the addition of a black velvet muff which also is ornamented with a bow of the white lapin fur.

Another arresting fashion is the black coat of fur or of velvet with a long streamered scarf of the ermine, matched with a little white muff, the ensemble completed with a toque of the snowy fur, against the background of which nestles a single huge black velvet flower.

When ermine or white lapin fur is not used then white caracul is sure to be chosen to carry out the modish black and white note.

Clever neckerchiefs of the thin white furs sometimes are artfully knotted about the neckline, so arranged as to serve as a close-fitting collar. Then again, a single rever darts diagonally across the front of the coat.

The stunning evening wrap in the picture is of transparent rayon velvet, collared and cuffed in ermine. The fine shirring catching up the wide sleeves is a distinctly new note in the treatment of velvet for the formal wrap.

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## HINTS FOR HOUSEKEEPERS

Dry skim milk may be used in bread with good results.

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Use cotton flannel of medium weight in making a jelly bag.

* * *

Turkish paste made with fruit juice is a good confection for children.

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To preserve the nutritive value in vegetables, baking is the best method of cooking. Potatoes, squash, cabbage, onions and carrots may all be baked successfully.

## KIDDIES' SCHOOL AND PLAY CLOTHES

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

Many mothers find it practical to keep their children in washable outfits the year around, since children soil their school and play clothes very easily, and necessitate frequent laundering of their little dresses and suits. Even in rather cold climates, with a knitted union suit underneath and a sweater for days when the house temperature is below normal, a cotton bloomer dress is found quite satisfactory for indoors wear.

Winter Dress for Little Girl.

Long sleeves and a more close-fitting neckline are the chief changes to be found in winter dresses for the little girl of from four to ten years of age. The little dress in the illustration is made of a simple red-and-white cotton print, with white pique or linen collar, cuffs, and leg-bands on the bloomers. It was designed by a specialist in children's clothing in the bureau of home economics. The epaulet shoulder, in which the yoke is cut in one with the sleeve, is used to give plenty of width across the chest. Extra fullness is gathered on to the yoke extension of the sleeve. Another good type of sleeve for a growing child is the raglan, which might have been used in this case if desired. While the neck is sufficiently high for winter weather it is not tight-fitting.

## LACE SHOULD NOT BE IRONED

The careful and efficient housewife never attempts to iron lace, other than narrow edgings on garments, etc. The proper method of smoothing lace is to stretch it to the original shape and pin to a padded board in exactly that shape, pinning down each of the points carefully. When an iron is used, there is danger of tearing the lace.

## MY FAVORITE STORIES

By IRVIN S. COBB

### And They Say That Figures Don't Lie!

"MR. DOOLEY" once said that the Irish might be shy on mathematicians but that they excelled in poets. Without taking issue on the latter part of the statement I maintain that there is, in this story, proof that the race likewise produces its sons who understand the science of figures.

Three patricians of the coal yards fared forth on mercy bent, each in his great black chariot. Their overlord, the yard superintendent, had bade them deliver to seven families a total of twenty-eight tons of coal equally divided whilst he went on his vacation.

Well out of the yards, each with his first load, Kelly and Burke and Shea paused to discuss the problem of equal distribution—how much coal should each family get?

"'Tis this way," argued Burke. "'Tis but a bit of mathematics. If there are 7 families an' 28 tons o' coal ye divide 28 by 7, which is done as follows: Seven into 8 is 1, 7 into 21 is 3, which makes 13."

He triumphantly exhibited his figures made with a stubby pencil on a bit of grimy paper:

7/28/13
7
—
21
21
—
00

The figures were impressive but Shea was not wholly convinced. "There's a easy way o' provin' that," he declared. "Ye add 13 seven times," and he made his column of figures according to his own formula. Then, starting from the bottom of the 3 column, he reached the top with a total of 21 and climbed down the column of 18, thus: "3, 6, 9, 12, 15, 18, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28. Burke is right," he announced with finality. "D'ye see the figures to prove it?"

This was Shea's exhibit:

13
13
13
13
13
13
13
—
28

"There is still some doubt in me mind," said Kelly. "Let me demonstrate in me own way. If ye multiply the 13 by 7 and get 28, then 13 is right." He produced a bit of stubby pencil and soiled paper. "'Tis done in this way," he said. "Seven times 3 is 21; 7 times 1 is 7, which makes 28. 'Tis thus shown that 13 is the right figure and ye're both right. Would ye see the figures?"

Kelly's feat in mathematics was displayed as follows:

13
7
—
21
7
—
28

"There is no more argyment," the three agreed, so they delivered thirteen tons of coal to each family.

* * *

### A Voice Out of the Cotton Patches

A GROUP of country negroes, seized with the desire to emigrate North—that same same contagion, by the way, which is depopulating some of the cotton fields—got as far as Birmingham, Ala., before their money ran out. In the hope of raising funds sufficient to enable them to continue their journey, the stranded travelers sought employment.

One of them became acquainted with a white gentleman who threw several odd jobs in his way. But this scruppy employment, while it provided temporary food and lodging, did not serve to gratify the more pressing ambition.

Reaching his office on a certain morning, the citizen found his colored friend awaiting him at the door.

"Mr. Blank," said the applicant, "you's been so good to me already, I hates to keep on pesterin' you, but I suttinly does need wuk mighty bad ag'in, an' I'se hopin' mebbe you kin he'p me out ag'in same ez you's done two-three times befo'."

"Well," said his benefactor, "as it so happens, you may be in luck. Just now I heard that they were needing a hand down the street here, at the Eagle Laundry."

"Thank yuh, suh," said the negro; "but Mr. Blank," he added doubtfully, "I ain't never had no 'sperience washin' eagles."

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### Ancient Civilization

Chinese traditions carry the story of civilization in eastern Asia back to about the year 2852 B. C. The story begins with a legendary ruler, Fuhsi, who is said to have been the organizer of society in the time when the people lived by hunting and fishing.

### What Husbands Overlook

The less a husband requires his wife to do the more he is in danger of losing her, a woman leader warns in American Magazine.

### Alaska's First School

The first known school in Alaska was opened at Three Saints, Kodiak Island, 1785, by Shelikof, a Russian trader, to afford religious and secular training. All schools are now under the bureau of education.

### Benefit in Sharing

What an argument in favor of social connections is the observation that by communicating our grief we have less, and by communicating our pleasure we have more.—Greville.

## Food for the Family

By NELLIE MAXWELL

Many of the Japanese, Chinese and Indian dishes are especially appetizing. It is now possible in nearly all markets to buy the oriental sauces which give the dishes their characteristic flavors.

**Chawan Mushi.**—Boil two large fresh mushrooms, four large cooked chestnuts, any leftover chicken or beef diced, one small potato chopped, one tablespoonful of chopped walnut meat, one teaspoonful of sugar, one tablespoonful of soy sauce, a sprig of watercress and two beaten eggs. Steam or bake in custard cups, covered. Serve from cups.

**Japanese Cabbage Salad.**—Shred and boil one small head of cabbage, drain. Pulverize one cupful of walnut meats, add one-half teaspoonful of salt, two teaspoonfuls of sugar, two tablespoonfuls of strong vinegar and mix well. Squeeze all the water from the cabbage and put into a mortar with the walnuts; pound and mix thoroughly. Garnish with hard-cooked eggs and rice or chopped beets.

**Calcutta Curried Eggs.**—Take one-fourth pound of butter, add four tablespoonfuls of curry mixed with a little hot water and cook in the butter. Cook twelve eggs in the shell and add to the curry to heat. Serve hot.

**Chinese Peanut Dumplings.**—Make a rich pastry and cut into squares. On each square lay a few fresh roasted peanuts, fold the dough and drop the dumplings into boiling salted water, cook fifteen minutes and serve with a hot sirup sauce. A spoonful of peanut butter may be used in place of the nuts, which will be equally satisfactory.

**Japanese Salad.**—Chop equal parts of carrots and turnips uncooked. Let stand in sweetened vinegar for an hour. Serve on lettuce, garnish with chopped raw beets.

**Burmah Hulas.**—Take one cupful of butter, two cupfuls of flour and one cupful of sugar. Brown the flour and stir in the butter and sugar until the mixture is smooth. Take from the fire and add pistachio nuts, almonds, raisins in generous quantities. Set aside to cool and cut into squares.

**Bhugia.**—This is a popular dish in India and is usually served with roasts. Boil separately one cupful of peas and two potatoes. Drain and cool. Heat one tablespoonful of olive oil in a frying pan. Slice the potatoes, drain the peas and fry both in the oil. Season with salt and pepper. Rice may take the place of the potato. Sprinkle with chopped green pepper fried in oil and serve.

An unusual cake is the following, but one worth adding to your list of good things:

**Blackberry Cake.**—Cream two-thirds of a cupful of butter, add one and one-half cupfuls of sugar, the yolks of four eggs and two-thirds of a cupful of buttermilk to which a teaspoonful of soda has been added. Add two and one-half cupfuls of flour, a teaspoonful each of cinnamon, cloves and allspice, beat well, add one cupful of blackberry jelly or jam, then fold in the stiffly beaten whites of the eggs and bake in layers.

**Japanese Salmon.**—Lay sliced fresh salmon in two tablespoonfuls of Japanese soy sauce for an hour, turning it once. Place over a hot fire and broil. Salt as soon as it is cooked.

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## Story for Children

By MARY GRAHAM BONNER

"We are fine," said Mr. Buffalo, "especially we daddy buffaloes."

"Dear me," said Mrs. Buffalo, "that's it, talk about yourselves before you talk about us."

"Glad you urge me to," said Mr. Buffalo, paying no attention to the tone of Mrs. Buffalo's speech.

"It saves me all the trouble of having to talk about myself without being urged to do so."

"Go on, go on, and say what you have to say," remarked Mrs. Buffalo impatiently.

"As I was saying a few minutes ago," continued Mr. Buffalo, "we daddies are very nice because we are very good to the children.

"We are as nice to them as can be."

"And why shouldn't you be nice to the precious ones?" asked Mrs. Buffalo, angrily.

"Many animal daddies are not," said Mr. Buffalo, "and so it shows our fine natures that we are so nice to the young."

"I only call that decent," said Mrs. Buffalo. "Have you anything else to say about yourself that is really fine, or only make-believe fine?

"It's only right when you say you're nice to the children. That is not fine. This is simply right."

"Right and fine mean much the same, my dear," said Mr. Buffalo.

"One more thing," he continued, "we go all for our own kind when a stranger comes along.

"And what's better, if we are put to a still greater test, all the male buffaloes still stick to the males, and all the females will stick by the females."

"I don't consider that so fine," said Mrs. Buffalo. "You'd protect one of your own kind rather than me!

"Gracious! I call that very ungentlemanly. Very!"

"Ah no, not in my opinion. And when we are in a stampede, we pay no attention to anyone.

A Strange Animal Came Along.

"We go ahead just as though we were blind—plunging on. Then we are fearful to others!"

Just at that moment a strange animal came along and all the buffaloes went together for defense and safety.

"We'll play in a storm or line in the sun," Mr. Buffalo continued when the danger was past, "and we're a strong, powerful lot when we all get together."

And Mrs. Buffalo agreed to this for she had seen how a big herd of buffaloes could frighten other creatures.

Oh yes, they were powerful animals all right.

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## Menus for Community Dinner

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

Church suppers and community dinners are better than they used to be, despite all the laments we hear about the "good old days." No one will question though the excellence of the pies, cakes, and other rich viands that were brought to these old-time gatherings. The trouble was, they were too good and too much of a kind. Calories were not reckoned with, but overloaded digestive systems had to be—the next day.

Nowadays the committee of women in charge of the community meal meets beforehand. The menu is talked over and planned, keeping in mind cost and facilities for cooking, keeping foods hot or cold during serving, and handling the crowd quickly. Then each person is made responsible for certain dishes and serving arrangements. Plenty of everything—not an oversupply of pickles and a shortage of bread—is thus assured. The meal is a model, too, from the nutrition standpoint and is as well-balanced and wholesome as any at the family table.

In winter there is sure to be a hot meat and vegetable or fruit combination, celery or slaw, if salad cannot be managed, plenty of milk for the children, rolls or some other attractive breadstuff, tart relishes, or jellies and just enough dessert to top off the meal.

One committee intent on having everything up to a high standard not only planned the menu, but chose and distributed recipes for the main dishes. Consequently, when the foods were assembled from various households, they were all equally good and nobody was disappointed.

As a center for the menu at a community meal, the bureau of home economics suggests the following:

American chop suey, made with finely shredded pork or chicken, combined with onions, celery, green peppers, and raw Jerusalem artichokes. This should be served with flaky boiled rice and perhaps fried noodles. A fruit cup with ginger pears or preserved ginger would be excellent for dessert.

Gathering at a Community Supper.

Meat pies—large or individual, depending on the available crockery—made of chicken, pork, veal, lamb, or beef, with gravy and vegetables.

Sausage turnovers served with hot or cole slaw. The turnovers are made by cooking small sausage-meat cakes until done, then folding them within rounds of pastry in semicircular shape and baking them.

Sausage cakes on slices of fried pineapples served with hot hominy grits.

Meat loaf, either hot or cold, served in slices. It may be made of beef, fresh pork, or veal and should be accompanied by a well-flavored sauce or relish.

Hot hamburger or roast beef toasted sandwiches with vegetable salad.

Fricassee of rabbit or chicken on hot biscuits.

Roast spare ribs with apple dressing and sauerkraut.

Fish, clam, or oyster chowder, containing potatoes and served with crackers.

Stuffed boned shoulder of lamb or fresh pork with browned potatoes.

## HOME CONVENIENCES EASILY MADE

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

Various labor-saving conveniences for the farm home may be made at small expense by anybody who has a few simple tools and the ability to use them. Most of these help save the time and energy of the housekeeper or add to her comfort, to the economical management of her household, or to its sanitation.

Among the most useful of these homemade conveniences described in Farmers' Bulletin 927-F, by Madge J. Reese, of the office of co-operative extension work, are the kitchen cabinet, the fireless cooker, the dish drainer, the serving table or wheel tray, the folding ironing board, the iceless "refrigerator," the cold box, the fly trap, and the cook-stove drier or evaporator. These conveniences have been developed in the course of home demonstration work for farm women, in different parts of the country, and have been found successful. Attention is called to the importance of having the heights of working surfaces suited to the worker, and a method of raising the height of a kitchen table by means of fitted blocks under the legs is suggested. Labor-saving equipment for butter-making and cheese-making is included, and directions for installing a supply of clean running water in the farm kitchen. A number of suggestions are made regarding cleaning utensils which save time and make the work easier, such as having a bucket with an attached mop wringer, having a square board on rollers for moving this bucket about, using a long-handled dustpan, an oiled floor mop, and many other accessories.

The bulletin, which is a revision of an earlier publication, is free upon application to the United States Department of Agriculture, Washington, D. C.

## World's Finest Gems Bought by Americans

One hears a great deal of the size and magnificence of the jewels in the possession of oriental and Russian potentates, and certainly many of these famous jewels are as fine as they are large; but not so many as we in the West are apt to believe.

The greatest part of the wealth of the world in gems today is right here in America—an astounding proportion of it; I should say between one-third and one-half—and we not only possess the greatest quantity of gems and the largest proportion of big ones, but our standard of quality is far higher not only than that of the East but even of Europe.

Many of the celebrated gems of the East are stones which an American woman would not buy, let alone wear. Some of the emeralds in the Russian crown jewels, for example, instead of being what is properly termed a gem, are the whole large crystal—that is, when an emerald crystal some four inches long is found, some of the foreign lapidaries will facet and polish the whole enormous thing although it may be uneven in color, with fissures and inclusions. It is the size that impresses them, and one overpowering stone of not very good quality appeals to them more than a small but perfect jewel.

A more discriminating taste demands that the one beauty spot in that great crystal—the tiny, unflawed, intensely green bit that constitutes the true emerald—be cut out for use as a gem and the rest discarded. That is why emeralds, if they approach perfection, can command almost $1,000,000 an ounce—not a high price when one realizes that perhaps only one ten-thousandth part of the original crystal cut to produce that ounce is here represented.

However, no stone varies more in quality—from the most worthless at $5 a carat up to gems worth well over $5,000 a carat. A warning to the amateur buyer to watch his step.—Dr. George Kunz in the Saturday Evening Post.

## Advancing Years Tell on Famous Hungarians

Hungary had three outstanding men in public life when the World war broke out—Stephen Tisza, Count Julius Andrassy and Count Albert Apponyi. Tiza was shot at the close of the war. Count Apponyi is still active in political life, although he does not entirely approve of the present government. He is a legitimist and thinks Prince Otto should be placed on the Hungarian throne. Count Andrassy has just retired from politics because he disagrees with the government. His election to parliament was annulled because he did not receive enough votes to comply with the law. He will not run again until the elections are secret in the country as well as in the cities. As the present government has at least four more years of power and Count Andrassy is getting along in years, he might not live to run in an open election. Count Apponyi is also aging, so that after Tisza the two other old figures of Hungarian politics are on the verge of disappearing.—Washington Star.

## USE FOR SOUR CREAM

Sour cream should be cherished. Dressing made from it is ideal for cucumber and other salads and, just seasoned, it is tasty on lettuce.

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Novel shapes and unusual fillings make interesting sandwiches for the school child's lunch.

## Rare Find of Fossils in Heart of London

Remains of prehistoric animals were recently discovered in excavations in Trafalgar square in the heart of London. The finds were unearthed in digging operations for the foundations of a new building close to the Admiralty arch, and include limb bones and teeth of the rhinoceros, straight-tusked elephant, bison, giant ox and great cave bear, and the skull and antler of an early fallow deer. Experts believe the fossils belonged to the Pleistocene age, having been found in Pleistocene gravel some 40 feet below the surface. The remains have been presented to the Natural History museum, South Kensington, and will be available for the use of students, but not exhibited to the general public.

### Cottage Cheese

Cottage cheese is the best cheese for little children. Combine it with chopped dates or raisins for sandwiches.