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OLGA'S ORANGE BLOSSOMS

(©by D. J. Walsh.)

OLGA watched the postman come down the street, whistling, his dog Bob at his heels. She had known the postman since he was seven. He had a pleasant word for her whenever he saw her. He was passing as usual when suddenly he turned back and came to the steps where Olga was sitting to warm herself. The house was cold within.

"You've got a nice place here, Miss Burd," he said. "But it's kinda off by itself like. And you live all alone. Don't you ever get lonesome?"

Tears filled Olga's eyes. She swallowed hard, struggled for calm speech.

"You're the first person that's ever asked me if I was lonesome," she said at last. "Everybody seems to take it for granted that I live here this way because I want to."

The postman shifted his leather mail-pouch with its bulging contents.

"I don't know what made me ask you that," he said apologetically. But the truth was the sight of the woman sitting there in the sunshine, tiny and old and pathetic, on a morning made for youth, love and joy, touched his heart. He had just got engaged to a nice girl and he wanted everybody to be as happy as he was.

"And I don't know what makes me want to tell you something I have never breathed to a living soul in this town, though I have lived here many years," Olga replied. "I've got folks. Not here; a long ways off. Once I—I did something that set them all against me. And now I wouldn't make up with one of them to save his life." Her wistful look became grim.

"I'd let 'em all go hang," the postman said. Then he moved away, resolving to bring his old friend a box of candy on his next trip round that afternoon. But before another hour had passed Olga had a visitor.

A blue coupe drove right up to the door. Out stepped a girl who brought a pair of suitcases with her. She marched up to Olga, who was sweeping the front porch.

"Hello, Aunt Olga!" she said. "I'm your niece, Helen, your youngest brother Gordon's girl. Now, don't send me away without giving me a trial. Maybe you'll like me when you get to know me."

Olga, white and stern, faced the vivid, dark girl who looked so fresh and pretty in her tan sports costume. She did not speak.

"Aunt Olga," Helen said, "I've come to you for sanctuary."

"Sanctuary!" gasped Olga. And then she understood. She held out her arms. The girl met her in a warm embrace.

"You've got to be good to me, Aunt Olga," she said.

"Good to you!" Olga sobbed. "Oh, my dear! You'll see."

They shared the lunch that was barely big enough for one. Not that food mattered. Olga was too happy to eat. She could only gaze at her radiant young niece. Her own flesh and blood companioning her in her house after all the years of loneliness!

Next day Helen confided to her aunt that she was going to be married.

"Will you let me be married here? I've enough money for all my things."

So the child was going to be married! Further confidences followed. Olga asked no questions; she let Helen tell what she would. Helen seemed to be quietly matter of fact.

For the next fortnight the blue coupe dashed back and forth betwixt hamlet and city. Olga had entered upon a great and delightful adventure. She was helping Helen choose her wedding trousseau. The house must be fixed up for the wedding, too—new paper, paint, draperies. Olga drew from her small savings and let Helen spend the money. The girl had rare good sense and not a penny got away from her honest and earnest grasp. Too, she could hang wall paper and wield a paint brush in a way that made Mr. Seeley, the local house decorator, stare in amazement.

"My business," Helen explained, laughing, and again Olga got a surprise. "Interior decorating—that's my job. I gave four years to it at college. Confess, Aunt Olga, that you like your house a lot better. To me it looks as if it had taken its apron off and changed its dress. It's a house to be happy in now—and gay and just a bit foolish, maybe.

The house was ready now for the wedding. Helen's colorful gowns looked in keeping, strewn about the rooms. Even Olga had a new frock, a misty gray thing. And Helen had, almost forcibly, borne her into a beauty shop in town and had her silken silvery hair given a permanent. Olga had just loved the operation; she had felt rich and luxurious and almost young as she sat in an atmosphere of faint perfume and gentle ministration, waiting for her hair to be done.

Helen's wedding day seemed to be attended by a good deal of mystery, but still Olga asked no questions. She was letting herself be borne along on a tide of expectancy and joy. Dick came the day before. He was big and young and splendid. When he kissed Olga and called her aunt she had a delicious thrill. From the moment of his arrival there was a whirl of glee. Dick and Helen brought armfuls of flowers. Olga grew a bit reckless and made a sponge cake with six eggs.

On the day of days Helen made Olga dress before she put on her own wedding gown of filmy white. She even touched Olga's cheeks with rouge from her own vanity case.

"Oh, you darling!" the girl breathed, her eyes lustrous. "To think of all you might have had"—the lustrous eyes dimmed with tears.

Helen looked lovely in her filmy frock. Dick was grand.

At the last moment it seemed a great closed car drove up to the house. Out of it stepped an elderly couple, an old couple, a single woman, a single man, a glowing young girl.

"Who are these," gasped Olga, and her cheeks paled under the dainty rouge.

Helen put an arm about the trembling figure.

"My father and mother," she said. "Uncle Pat and Aunt Elsie, Cousin Adelade, Cousin George and Cousin George's daughter, Jean. All the best of the clan are here, Aunt Olga, not so much to come to my wedding as to do you honor. Keep calm. Carry it off—for my sake. Remember you are altogether lovely, that Dick and I love you, that I chose your home for the most glorious event of my whole life. Now behave like a dear little hostess and welcome your relatives."

And Olga rose to the occasion. Her dignity and her grace and her hospitality lent charm to the whole occasion.

After the ceremony a caterer brought in the wedding luncheon at which Aunt Olga was almost as much admired as the bride herself.

The following afternoon a happy young couple sat in a boat that drifted gently on a sun-lit lake.

"It took lots of hard work to pull off that stunt," Helen said. "Dad and mom were dead against it at first and Cousin Adelaide turned up her aristocratic nose. But I was a determined woman. You remember that day we found Aunt Olga's picture in that old album? That's when I got the idea of going to her house and being married there. Of course, I had to win her over by degrees; it wasn't easy. Her pride had suffered too keenly. If only they had been kinder she would not have run away and wasted her life in solitude and loneliness—oh, Dick, darling! Did you see her face when she held my orange blossoms in her hands?" Helen's voice broke.

Dick bowed his head. "And nothing ever looked purer than did she at that moment—not even you, my flawless pearl of girls," he said tenderly.

Early Playing Cards

Before the end of the Fifteenth century Germany was making playing cards in great quantities not only for herself but for Italy and Sicily and other European countries. Perhaps because the cards were made in such quantities and not treasured, they are the hardest of all to find today. In 1448 the card makers of Venice protested to the Doge against the importation of these German cards, "by which our art is brought to total decay."

All of these early cards from wood blocks have been found making up the bindings of the Sixteenth century books. When it was found that oak boards bred worms which destroyed the pages, the binders used printers' waste to make the necessary thickness. Paper was exceedingly scarce and very often playing cards seem to have been used. —Boston Transcript.

Genius Is Hard Work

No great work of art is possible without previous training in the art of work. We speak vaguely of "genius" as explaining any achievement in writing; but we only need to know a little of the literary history of any country to see what toil lies back of what we call genius. Even those forms of art which appear most spontaneous, such as poetry and music, are not struck off at a flash, or as any single piece of work seems to be so struck off. That is made possible by years of past training.—Hugh Black.

Her Usual Preparation

Little Lucy had been left at home to get her own tea. When her mother returned she found that the little girl had been rather liberal with the jampot.

"Lucy," she scolded, "you are a naughty girl. Just look at your face. Whatever would you think if you saw me with my cheeks and lips all smeared with red like that?"

The little girl considered for a moment, then said innocently:

"Why, I'd fink you was off to a dance, mummie."—London Tit-Bits.

Italian Long Ago Had Idea of "Flying Boat"

Francesco de Lana gave both the believers in flying and the skeptic of his day something serious to think about in his design for a flying boat published in 1670. He stirred up a veritable tempest which did not subside for more than a hundred years, when the principle he sponsored was made practical in the invention of the Montgolfier brothers. As late as 1753, Clement Cavalcabo, Baroni delli Marchesi, refuted Lana's supposition with these conclusions: "The atmosphere has always been unknown to man, and will continue to be a region unknown to him. No one, not even the Demon himself, has the power to teach man a method by which he may explore this region, either by increasing his own power or by diminishing very probably his specific gravity." Fifty years later, Bernardo Zamagna, one of the perennial defenders of flight, put out his description of a journey in a flying machine. Construction to Lana's design, Zamagna's much discussed design proposed the use of four hollow spheres of thin copper, each 20 feet in diameter which were to be exhausted of air. To these globes a boat was to be fastened in which the pilot and his appendages were to be stationed.

A public ascension of a flying boat invented by Bartholomeau Lourenco de Gusmao, a Spaniard, is claimed for 1709, but it was Lana's investigations which were the most far reaching in influence. Many of his deductions were drawn from the work of his predecessors and from a study of mechanical toys, the flying mechanical pigeon of Archytas, the flying magnetic dove of Kircher, and iron automatic fly and eagle which were invented at Nuremberg. A curious parallel to this is found in the automatic toy of the Wright Brothers, the study of which led them to certain conclusions concerning the nature of air as applied to the construction of the first successful airplane.—Boston Herald.

Fairy Tale for the Children

By MARY GRAHAM BONNER

"It is getting colder," said Mother Polar. "But when my children were young last year it was really nice and icy.

"They didn't mind the cold. I kept them comfortable at first and then they went into the icy water, and loved it, the precious Polar dears.

"Of course when it's winter where the people live they bundle up and shiver.

"They have great enormous fires burning and they live in houses and buildings and apartments that are heated so that we would probably shrivel right up and die should we ever get in one."

"We never will though, will we?" asked a young Polar bear.

"No, we'll never be invited in or taken in I'm thankful to say, but I hear all this news from those who are called explorers who come to this land.

"I've escaped them too I'm thankful to say.

"They called it cold here this summer. Ha, ha, that's a good joke.

"But now, I am thankful to say it is getting colder.

"They say that when our cousins in the zoos go into the icy ponds given to them in their dens that the people shiver and draw their furs more closely around themselves.

"They cannot understand our cousins at all. They could never understand us."

"Well," said the young polars, "they do not know enough to enjoy lovely cold weather."

"Just the trouble with them," said Mother Polar. "They only go in swimming when it is hot in the summer and then they wear funny bathing suits I've heard.

"Now we go right in just as we are

"It Wouldn't Be Our Sort of Weather."

at all times of the year. We don't fuss about our swimming.

"We take to it so naturally.

"When it is hot I've heard that the zoo keepers give our cousins pieces of ice but oh, they melt so quickly in their hot weather."

"It wouldn't be our sort of weather," said the young polars.

"It will never be hot here as it is there," said Mother Polar. "We will always have cold weather.

"It is so gorgeous in our part of the world where it is always lovely and cold, and where there is always plenty of ice, glorious cooling ice, beautiful cold ice, delightful solid ice."

So the Polar Bears talked, and they were happy for the weather was growing still colder and they knew it would soon be really winter.

How they waved their heads and lifted them to every cold breeze, every bit of icy weather.

Beautiful cold weather! How they loved it.

Lovely cold weather! How they adored it.

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Calf's Tongue Cooked in Casserole

Calf's tongue is one of the "small ments" especially palatable if cooked in a casserole with sliced vegetables, as suggested in this recipe from the bureau of home economics, United States Department of Agriculture.

Casserole of Calf's Tongue.

1 calf's tongue	½ cup sliced green peppers
¼ cup butter	1½ tsp. salt
2½ cups sliced carrots	3 cups hot water
2 cups sliced onion	¼ tsp. pepper
1 cup sliced celery	½ cup stuffed olives sliced thin

Cover the tongue with water, bring to the boiling point, and simmer for about ten minutes. Drain and remove the skin and gristle and place the skinned tongue in a large casserole. Melt the fat in a large skillet and add all the vegetables except the olives, and cook until lightly browned and somewhat dry, stirring constantly. Season with the salt and pepper, put the vegetables over and around the tongue in the casserole, and add the hot water. Cover the casserole and bake in a fairly hot oven for about one hour, or until the tongue is tender. Remove the cover and put the olives over the top of the tongue and vegetables and serve.

Do Not Use Enough Milk

To increase the demand for dairy products seems to be one of the most feasible methods of advancing the dairy business. It is believed by specialists that, on the average, the American people do not consume more than about half the fluid whole milk necessary to the maintenance of the highest degree of health. If organized dairymen could educate the public to the values of the greater quantity of milk in the diet it would open up a large field for dairy expansion.

Spineless

The perennial outcry as to the abuses of the tipping system is another evidence of the growing habit of waiting for the government to do by law what the public can do by common consent.—Toronto Globe.

Uses for a Casserole

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

Meat and poultry that requires long slow cooking is especially tasty when baked and served in a casserole. The oven heat throughout the cooking period may be fairly low. From 300 to 350 degrees Fahrenheit is a good oven temperature for casserole cooking. All the extractives and juices of the meat are retained in the gravy in the dish, and the steam from this liquid enclosed under the tight lid helps to make the muscles of the meat tender. The best results are usually obtained by adding relatively little water. At the time of adding raw vegetables do not add water, as sufficient moisture will cook out of them. The flavor of any seasoning used—tomatoes, onions, celery, and other vegetables, as well as condiments—will penetrate the entire dish.

Still another advantage of cooking in a casserole is that extra dishwashing is eliminated. There is no baking pan to dispose of after the meal. The casserole goes directly to the table. If vegetables are cooked with the meat, serving dishes are eliminated. As most casserole foods are cut into individual portions for quicker cooking, no carving is done nor are carving implements needed.

The busy housekeeper appreciates the casserole because after the food is once put in it, very little further attention is necessary. For an hour and a half or two hours she is free to attend to other things. She may precook the meat in the casserole early in the day, and as she can easily reheat it at dinner time in the same dish, she can go out for the entire day if she wishes. Foods served from a casserole remain hot at the table longer than those spread out on a platter.

Brown stew of beef, Hungarian goulash, pot roast and many other slowly-cooked meats may be prepared in a casserole. Advantage may thus be taken of the fact that the oven is in use for something else, to plan a casserole dinner. Chicken is perhaps most often served in this way. This method of cooking by slow moist heat, blending with other flavors, makes it

Preparing a Casserole Dish, Using a Glass Casserole.

possible to serve many an old tough bird palatably, the bureau of home economics points out. Rabbits are cooked in most of the ways chicken is cooked, and a casserole rabbit is always excellent. A slice of ham can be laid in a casserole, covered with tomatoes and cooked until it is deliciously tender.

Some Favorite Beverages

By NELLIE MAXWELL

For those who like the flavor of ginger, this will be a most enjoyable drink:

Ginger Sorbet.—Chop one-half pound of ginger fine, add it to two quarts of water and two cupfuls of sugar and boil fifteen minutes. Cool and add more iced water to make ten cupfuls of liquid. Add the juice of four oranges, one cupful of lemon juice and serve with crushed ice. Fill the glasses half full and add the sorbet.

Special Punch.—Put into a chilled punch bowl one cupful of granulated sugar and the juice of six lemons. Stir to dissolve the sugar, and add a little ice to stand until serving time. Then add three peeled lemons sliced very thin, one quart of cracked ice and pour in one or two bottles of mineral water and the same amount of ginger ale. Stir and serve in glasses.

Japanese Skillet Cake.—Melt one-half cupful of butter in a hot iron skillet. Add one cupful of brown sugar, stir until melted. On this place one cupful each of pineapple and pecan meats.

Take one cupful of cake flour, previously sifted, add one and one-half teaspoonfuls of baking powder, one tablespoonful of melted butter or other shortening, one teaspoonful of vanilla, the yolks of four eggs beaten well, one cupful of sugar and the egg whites beaten stiffly. Combine as usual, adding the egg whites at the last. Pour over the mixture in the skillet and bake in a moderate oven an hour. Loosen the cake from the sides of the skillet and serve upside down. Garnish with whipped cream.

Tea Punch.—Pour two quarts of boiling water over a teaspoonful of tea. In the meantime have the juice and peelings of three lemons and one orange in a pitcher. When the tea has steeped five minutes, strain through a fine strainer into the pitcher. Add one cupful of sugar and cool. At serving time put into glasses with plenty of ice.

Vienna Chocolate.—Mix three heaping tablespoonfuls of grated chocolate with cold water. Pour into a double boiler with four cupfuls of boiling milk. Add sugar to taste and let cook five minutes. Beat the whites of two eggs to a stiff froth and put into the chocolate pot, pour the hot chocolate over the eggs and add a teaspoonful of vanilla, stir constantly until well mixed. This may be served chilled as a cold drink.

No matter how well ordered a household may be, there are always contingencies unprovided for in the most efficient housekeeping schedules. The motto seen on many business men's desks is a good one for all housekeepers to have over their desks, too—"Do it now." The seam of a cushion rips, a streak appears on the polished table or mirror, it takes but a few seconds to attend to some of these trifling things, but allow them to accumulate and weary hours must be taken to restore order.

If a grease spot appears on a gown when one is away from the cleaning fluid bottle, just dash on a liberal supply of talcum powder and lay away for a day and the spot will have disappeared.

A stitch in time is surely a great saver of time and energy. These allowed-to-accumulate soiled things become more soiled, require twice the effort to put them to rights again.

Here is a conserve that may be made at any time of the year and is especially good. Those who spend winters in the South where jellies and jams from home are longed for will enjoy adding this to their note books, and make a few jars this winter to serve when hungry for a sweet of this kind.

Pineapple and Apricot Conserve.—Take one pound of apricots, dry ones, soak overnight, and in the morning put through the meat grinder. Use just enough water to cover and well soak them, then use it to add to the conserve. Add one can of shredded pineapple and four cupfuls of sugar. Cook until thick. Pour into glasses and seal with paraffin.

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Pennsylvania's Many Trees

Pennsylvania is said to have 110 different kinds of native trees in its forests. All Europe has but 50 varieties of trees.

NEARBY AND YONDER

By T. T. MAXEY

A Master Speech-Highway

THE busiest long-distance speech highway in America, according to the records, is that one which speeds up talking by wire between New York city and Philadelphia—a distance of about 100 miles.

So great has been the demand for telephone service between these two great aggregations of humanity that calls are made at the rate of about eight per minute or about 10,000 every 24 hours—some 200 telephone circuits being kept busy day and night.

Four underground cables, each enclosing hundreds of wires, in addition to two wire-and-pole lines, are required to carry these messages and a fifth cable probably will be placed in service by the time this appears in print.

The underground cables used in this service are ingenious contrivances. They are considered stormproof, insulated against dampness and encased in a sheath of lead. Although less than three inches in diameter, a sufficient number of wires can be packed into one of them to permit 250 telephone conversations and 500 telegraph messages to be transmitted at the same time—by virtue of a special apparatus which makes possible the sending of many messages over comparatively few wires.

The amazing demand and consequent rapid increase in facilities for overcoming the handicap of distance is here illustrated to the nth degree. The first telephone service between these points was installed in 1885. Doubting Thomases regarded the service as an experiment which might develop into a convenience, but never would develop into a necessary service to the public.

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"The Greatest Bridge in the World"

A MASTODONIC bridge, officially known as the Hudson River bridge, but referred to as "The Greatest Bridge in the World," which will cut the air high above the waters of this famous and lordly stream between the Palisades of New Jersey and Riverside drive, New York, is under construction.

In an attempt to cope with the probable traffic demands of future generations, man has dared to build a bridge of such gigantic proportions as to stagger the imagination. The bridge proper will jump the river in a single span 3,500 feet long, while its length, exclusive of the ornate plazas which are planned for either end, will be 7,800 feet. Its two piers, resting on bed rock, will each be 210 by 65 feet at base and tower 635 feet above the water and its floor, which will be 253 feet above the water, will have an ultimate width of 188 feet. The weight of the suspended construction will approximate 90,000 tons, supported by cables containing 26,474 wires each and three feet thick.

The design adopted admits of expanding the capacity as necessity demands. Originally, its one deck will carry four lanes of vehicular traffic and two sidewalks. Later, two 24-foot roadways can be added. Finally, a second deck can be swung under the first one, providing for from two to eight tracks for rapid transit service, bringing the maximum capacity of the structure up to something like 30,000,000 vehicles annually. All told, this is one of the most difficult construction feats yet attempted by man.

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The Moffat Tunnel

AFTER years of tedious boring through six miles of solid rock and the expenditure of about $18,000,000—the Moffat tunnel, carrying twin steel rails through the backbone of this continent, fifty miles northwest of Denver, was completed in 1928.

This is the highest tunnel in the world—being upwards of a mile and a half above the waters in the seas, notwithstanding which some of the peaks of the Continental Divide tower half a mile above the track. It measures 16 feet by 24 feet and was built with a high-point at the center so that seepage water would readily drain away. It is 23 miles shorter and 2,400 feet lower than the previous route which squirmed over "The Divide" through that bleak canyon known as Rollins Pass.

This tunnel promises to become a national asset of no mean importance. It provides a gateway between a territory in Northeastern Colorado and Eastern Utah—that is larger than France and, 'tis claimed, holds enough coal to supply this country for several centuries, oil shale beds capable of producing enough ammonium sulphate to fertilize all the farms in the Mississippi basin, billions of feet of timber and millions of acres of public lands open to entry—and some 40,000,000 persons who people that great area between the Rockies and the Alleghenies. When the railroad is completed to Salt Lake City it will materially shorten the distance between Denver and the Pacific coast and will thus operate to speed up transcontinental traffic.

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Of Double Value

It is one of the most beautiful compensations of this life, that no man can sincerely try to help another without helping himself.—Samuel Smiles.

True Greatness

It is easy in the world to live after the world's opinions; it is easy in solitude to live after our own; but the great man is he who in the midst of the crowd keeps with perfect sweetness the independence of solitude.—Emerson.

Pasteur Given Credit

The quotation "In our century science is the soul of the prosperity of the nations, the vital living source of all progress" is accredited to Pasteur.

One-Piece Street Dress Popular

By JULIA BOTTOMLEY

Come what may in the wake of the present sensational onrush of elaborated fashions into the style-picture, the prestige of the smartly but simply made one-piece street dress remains unchallenged. As a matter of fact the really swagger thing to wear about town is the tailored or, rather, semi-tailored one-piece gown of some one or other of the delightful new lightweight woolens [illegible] so widely heralded throughout [illegible]ion's realm.

A novelty woolen which glistens with rayon interweavings is especially recommended for the making of the modish frock for general daytime wear. It is one of these attractive rayon-wool cloths which serves as the medium for the genteel mode in the picture, the rayon and wool being interworked in an etamine weave.

Note how eminently up to the demand of fashion is this costume, even to its slightest detail. It suggests the new molded-to-the-form slenderizing lines which are being stressed for the future. Because of the carefully positioned side plaits the hemline flares very properly, as it should. The sleeves display novel and effective treatment at the wrists, while the vestee at the front opening exploits a popular style-formula for this season. The scarf, which hints at a cape because of its circular-cut, also answers to the call of the mode.

In the current catalogue of fabrics the name rayon appears as frequently and as importantly as silk, wool, cotton or linen. One of the most interesting and deserving-of-mention new rayon manifestations is a series of weaves which have every appearance of handsome wool. The thought which intrigues the practical woman in connection with these marvelous rayon suitings and dress materials, which look so wool-like only an expert can detect the difference, is the fact that they actually launder as perfectly as cotton or linen. Fabric-wise couturiers and dressmakers at home and abroad are using these washable to-all-appearance-wool rayons with utmost success for the making of many of their niftiest suits and ensembles as well.

Rumor has it in regard to the one-piece street dress which is outstanding for immediate wear, that later it is to be topped with an extremely modish short fur jacket.

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NICE WAY TO COOK CHICKEN

A heavy broiler is sometimes more satisfactory if "smothered" rather than simply broiled under the flame in a gas oven. Those who like gravy with their chicken will also prefer this method of cooking because of the fine flavored sauce. Directions for preparing it are from the bureau of home economics:

1 broiler chicken weighing about 2 to 2½ lbs.	2 tbs. flour
4 tbs. butter	½ tsp. salt
	1 pint milk

Put the chicken in a greased shallow pan with the skin side down and sprinkle lightly with salt. Prepare a sauce of the butter, flour, salt and milk. Pour this sauce over the chicken. Put the pan into a moderate oven and cook for one hour. Turn the chicken and continue the cooking for one-half hour longer or until the chicken is tender and lightly browned. Serve from the dish in which cooked, garnished with chopped parsley. If the gravy is slightly curdled remove the chicken, add a little flour and milk, stir until well blended and smooth, add the chicken, reheat and serve.

Sweet Potato Puff a Nice Dish

The dryness of sweet potatoes [illegible] and making them [illegible] dish, seasoning them into [illegible] This is [illegible] in size or shape [illegible] be trimmed [illegible] sweet [illegible]

Boil the sweet [illegible] skins. When tender and any discolored [illegible] the potatoes should be about [illegible] to pulp. Mix [illegible] milk and butter. Beat the yolks and whites of the eggs separately. Stir the yolks into the potato and then [illegible] in the well-beaten whites. Pile [illegible] mixture lightly into a greased [illegible] dish and bake in a moderate [illegible] 45 minutes or until light and [illegible] brown on the top.

Taste in Books

[illegible] taste in books is often de[illegible] the opportunity they have [illegible] into contact with good [illegible]man's Home Companion.

To Prepare Potato Chips

Wash and peel three potatoes and cut them into very thin slices. Keep them in cold water for half an hour. Drain well and dry on a cloth. Put them into a frying basket, not too many at a time, and cook in a pan of hot fat until tender, or for about three minutes. Lift out the basket, allow the fat to become smoking hot, then fry the potatoes again for a few seconds until crisp and a golden brown. Drain on paper, sprinkle with pepper and salt, and serve very hot.

Disease a Cause of Fear

If a person is quick-tempered or timid, he is probably still a victim of diseases suffered when a child. Experiments made by Dr. George M. Stratton of the University of California, indicated that those who suffered the most diseases in childhood were most susceptible to anger and fear.—Popular Science Monthly.