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THE WINDOW OF TONATHIU

By SCOTT I. LITCHFIELD

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EVERY traveler who has penetrated the interior of Mexico to that stony region, the "pedregal" of Queretaro, has seen, at a distance at least, that huge cliff which runs from north to south and rises abruptly from the level plain to a sheer height of nearly five hundred feet, and, if of an adventurous disposition, has even attempted the hazardous and almost impossible task of climbing to a collection of archaic ruins perched on a wide shelf within a few yards of the summit. If he has had the rare fortune of gaining that nearly inaccessible place he has stood upon a spot from which few human beings ever departed alive.

On the morning of Monday, May 28, 1900, James Mason left the camp from which, the previous noon, he had studied the distant cliff, attracted by a brilliant flash of light, which crept slowly down the face of the precipice and suddenly disappeared. He was accompanied by Mara, an Indian, whom he had succored in a dying condition in a lava desert. When, at ten o'clock, they reached the base of the cliff, they, separated, Mason choosing a direct ascent toward the most prominent of the ruined structures, while the native sought an easier route promising less fatigue to his weakened system, not yet restored to normal health.

Mason, though a practiced climber, found the cliff the stiffest bit of scaling he had ever attempted. The wall was of a hard, greenish-black basalt, and even the edges of the fissures, which gave precarious hold, were of glossy smoothness. More than once his heart stood still as his fingers slipped in particularly dangerous places. But by the aid of tough grasses and cacti growing in the crevices he worked his way upward till but fifty feet above him projected the ledge which had formed his objective point. Hanging on by fingers and toes, flattening his body to the wall and struggling upward foot by foot, he at last clambered over the edge of the projection. It proved to be a barren little spot, nearly circular in shape and but a few feet in diameter, and thickly carpeted by a fine gray dust. As Mason paused to take breath before lifting himself over the low rocky parapet surrounding this bed of dust, he noticed that the color of the cliff had abruptly changed to a dull gray, and where he rubbed against it it crumbled to powder. Losing no time, he pulled himself into a secure position, perceiving that his upward journey was ended, in that direction at least, for the wall above was absolutely perpendicular, and a portion of a ruined temple overhung his resting place.

The fine gray powder rose in clouds, irritating his eyes and nostrils, as he essayed to traverse the narrow ledge to seek an egress, but at almost the first step his foot slipped into a crack concealed by the deep dust, and he fell, with a sprained ankle pinned into the crevice so that the least movement not only caused the keenest agony but bound the imprisoned foot more securely.

Frantic shouts to Mara brought only mocking echoes from the cliff, and at last the explorer lay exhausted and silent on his dusty bed, staring helplessly upward into the intensely blue and cloudless sky, feverishly wondering how long it would be before help came from the Indian, or his comrades in the distant camp became alarmed. He remembered some strange looks and gestures of the native when attention was first called to the ruins, and his heart sank with a vague dread.

His gaze wandered over the face of the cliff above and the overhanging roof of the temple, on a portion of whose ancient floor he now knew himself to be lying. The roof was far above him, and was of circular form, composed of huge blocks, surrounding a central disk of crystal clearness, smaller than its fellows. It was about four feet in diameter, convex, and perfectly transparent. A small bird, flying above, was magnified to enormous proportions.

As he lay studying this curious mosaic, the sun, in its upward course, touched with a shaft of light the outer edge of the great lens, and, following the golden beam with his eyes, Mason saw a wonderful sight. When the ray was cast on the ashy grayness of the cliff, an elliptical blotch of intense light sprang up beneath its touch, and the crumbling wall slowly took on a dull red glow, such as one sees in a dying ember. As the sun approached the zenith the splash of light with its accompanying glow of heat crept gradually downward and assumed a more exactly circular shape, decreasing in size. The blinding spot slowly descended the wall, leaving a smoking wake behind it. As Mason watched, a lizard ran from its hiding place and, crossing the scorching pathway, curled and smoked and fell to the man's side, a brittle cinder.

With a hot but freezing flush of horror Mason realized that he was lying in the focus of an immense burning glass, fixed in place with fiendish ingenuity in some bygone age! The shelf on which he rested was the destined converging place of those terrible rays!

In a spasm of terror he raved and cursed and prayed, but still the relentless pencil of light grew smaller and brighter, and came nearer and nearer! Already he could feel the heat from the glowing, crumbling wall.

His brain rocked with the heat and the horror and he closed his eyes. Through his half-closed eyelids he could still see and feel the glowing beam of heat, but now, as in a dream, a haze seemed to intervene, and to overspread the heavens. Birds, with frightened cries, flew by with quickly beating wings. The sky was darkened. Then all noises, except that of a tremulous breeze, died away, and a strange, weird hush fell upon the earth.

Mason opened his eyes. It was not a dream. The earth was silent, the heavens dark! The blinding ray of heat had disappeared, and the wall, still warm, had lost its threatening incandescence. Bewildered and wondering, he lay gazing about him, and was not conscious of surprise when a portion of the wall at the end of the shelf moved a little and then swung outward, revealing the mouth of a small tunnel, framing the pallid face and bloodstained form of Mara, the Indian.

Speechless he remained, as the native released him from the durance so nearly fatal. He could not understand the awful danger escaped, the strange silence and darkened sky, Mara's bloody garments and wild expression.

The Indian spoke:

"Listen to the voice of Mara, the last of the Jonaces—the last of the priests of Tonathiu! Listen in awe, and give thanks that you are not as these ashes! You saved my life from the desert; I have saved yours from a greater power—from the god Tonathiu himself—who has permitted me to do so. This is his temple, the ancient sacrificial place, where, each day at noon, Tonathiu looks down through yonder window to kiss that which reposes here. I knew that you would climb to this spot, and that naught I could say or do would stay you. So I came by another way, meaning to lead you hence by the secret passage of the priests, but a puma attacked me. I killed him at last, and as I fought I prayed and promised Tonathiu my life for yours, if he would only save you. Behold him now! He listened to his faithful servant, and velled his face! But he shall not be cheated of a sacrifice!"

Suddenly waving his arms above his head, the last of his race plunged to death, four hundred feet below!

Over the grim basaltic cliff a pale light had been spreading, growing stronger as Mason gazed, till the scene was once more bathed in golden sunshine. Then he knew.

As he groped and stumbled through the dark passage to safety, it was with a pang of pity for the superstitious, self-sacrificing pagan that he remembered the date—the 28th of May—the day of the sun's eclipse, and that the scene of this adventure lay in the path of its totality.

Pueblo Art

The Pueblo Indians have been adept for centuries in pottery making and embroidery and their designs have become famous, but there was fear that it would be allowed to die, as other fields of labor seemed to be more attractive from a remunerative standpoint. The government has taken a hand to prevent this, and a special effort will be made to encourage the art of the Pueblos, under the supervision of the bureau of Indian affairs. A supervisor of native art has been appointed and, according to the present plans, material to be used will be issued to the Pueblos and after they have completed the articles a market for the goods will be found.

Fragrant Lives

The purest lives I have known have not been those carefully screened from the world, but which, coming up in it, have kept themselves unspotted. The sweetest and truest have grown and ripened under conditions, you would say, most hostile, but which have been wrought into the means of a grandly elevated faith and life.—J. F. W. Ware.

"Grouch" Under Handicap

Where one man gets only so far and stops to growl about something that isn't exactly pleasing, another good-natured man goes ahead with the task. The chronic grouch is seldom a "finisher" even of mediocre tasks.—Grit.

Keep Serene

Good temper, like a sunny day, sheds a brightness over everything. It is the sweetener of toil and the soother of disquietude.—Washington Irving.

Ladies' Walking Sticks Modeled on Directoire

The directoire, a long, beautifully headed cane of yesterday, and the sturdy walking stick carried by so many women today, have very little in common, yet their origin was one and the same. Women are given to carrying sticks today to add a further touch of masculinity to their dress. Canes are by no means confined to the strictly tailored, the Springfield Republican says.

But to get back to its origin—and, by the way, no walking stick, before or since, was ever wielded to a better purpose than by Queen Blanche of Castile, the mother of King Louis IX, also called the Saint. Toward the middle of the Thirteenth century this godly and strong-minded queen discovered that practically an entire community was thrown into dungeons for its inability to pay church taxes. As her entreaties did not bring any results she smote the doors of the jail with her cane, whereupon her followers broke them down and released the captives.

Centuries later many other fair women carried walking sticks to make rather than release captives. Toward the end of the Seventeenth century, during the heyday of Louis XIV, ladies of the court carried them regularly. They became as dangerous a weapon of flirtation as the fan.

These sticks were long and had jeweled or gold handles. Years later, in the Eighteenth century, the so-called pastoral plays affected by society called for long shepherd's crooks, each worth a fortune. The most interesting detail of these were long, colored ribbons, very aptly called "follow me, young man."

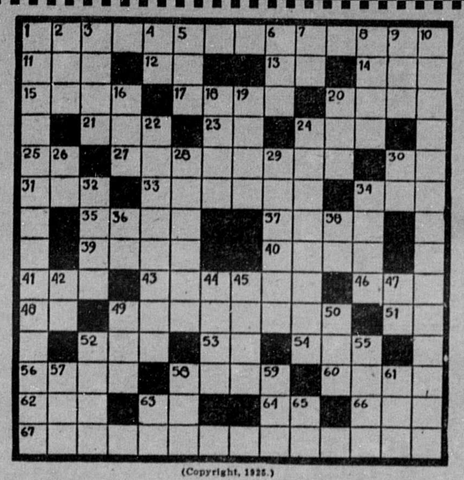
That Boston Accent!

A stranger was being shown through the house of the Boston chapter.

"And is this the lodge room?" he asked.

"Well," was the reply, "it's rather lodge, but the living room is much lodger."

CROSS-WORD PUZZLE



(Copyright, 1925.)

Horizontal.

1—One who believes in the Eighteenth amendment
11—A bar
12—Therefore
13—Newfoundland (abbr.)
14—To deface
15—A musical instrument
17—Parts of plays
20—A sound made by babies
21—A tatter
23—Credit (abbr.)
24—To butt against violently
25—Therefore (init.)
27—Made by a tailor
30—Exists
31—To weep with a convulsive heaving of the breast
33—Joins
34—A mountain in Switzerland
35—To tear
37—To distribute
39—To stake
40—Snakelike fish (pl.)
41—Equipment of a ship
43—Put forth leaves
46—To possess
48—Steamship (abbr.)
49—One who saves
51—A Latin and French conjunction
52—A domestic animal
53—Upon
54—Split pulse (East Indies)
56—A metal
58—Insects
60—To make a signature
62—A common article of food among the Hawaiians
63—Price (abbr.)
64—A printer's measure
66—A drinking vessel
67—Those whose native language is a certain one used in parts of central Europe

Vertical.

1—Positions of academic professors
2—To steal from
3—Smell
4—Exists
5—A long, round scarf of feathers
6—Opposed to "outs"
7—A preposition
8—A Mohammedan priest
9—Sorrowful
0—Acts of removing and planting in another place
16—To chew and swallow
18—Two hundred and fifty-one (Roman num.)
19—To go at a certain gait, said of a horse
20—Father
22—A glove
24—Sowed over again
26—To move
28—Certainly
29—To repurchase
30—Independence league (abbr.)
32—To boast
34—Besides
36—A printer's measure
38—A nickname for Albert
42—Exists
44—An immeasurable period of time
45—To give passage or outlet to
47—You and I
49—Went quickly
50—A short, napped fabric
52—A material taken from coconuts to make cord
55—A kind of bean
57—Eggs of fish
58—Part of a circle
59—A large body of water
61—A weapon
63—A river in Italy
65—Mountain (abbr.)

The solution will appear in next issue.

Solution of Last Week's Puzzle.

L	PAST		FANG											
UP		TARS		SING										
COP			TAIL		PAR									
KEEP		PROP			WE									
	TREE			EVER		A								
R		TALK			ELIAS									
OR		RAIN			TOTE									
PIT			NEAR			TO								
EDEN				LIAR			ME							
	SAIL				LION			A						
I		SCAB				SEEDS								
FREE			EYE				TOT							

C

HOW TO SOLVE A CROSS-WORD PUZZLE

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

LONDONERS PRAISE AMERICAN WOMEN

Many American women have visited London this fall on strictly business trips. They came to see the Bond street shops rather than Westminster abbey, the great stores along Victoria street rather than the tower. They illustrate, according to British comment, a remarkable indication of women's growing tendency to occupy prominent places in international business life. According to English manufacturers, who have dubbed them "the merchant princesses," they pay out money lavishly, make quick decisions, and in many ways are superior to men as commercial agents. Besides, they have a more intimate knowledge of the goods in which they deal—perfumes, wraps, furs and the like. Other professions honored by the visiting American women are insurance, advertising and land. The manager of the Savoy hotel announces with something akin to awe that one of them recently presided over a luncheon given to London business men of her profession and that she handled the difficult function with "all the keenness and precision of a man."—London Telegraph.

Mosquito at Home in All Countries

The mosquito is perhaps of all insects the most widely distributed throughout the world. There is absolutely no known land that is not infested with at least one variety of it—and there are at least 150 varieties. England has, indeed, claimed to be free from them, but that is only because they are called gnats, though they are mosquitoes, all the same.

It is stated on scientific authority that not only the eggs but also the larvae of mosquitoes—the familiar "wigglers"—may be frozen solidly within blocks of ice and thus kept for an indefinite time, only to be as vital as ever when they are thawed out. The entire life-cycle, from the laying of the egg, through the various larval and pupal stages, to the laying of eggs by the new generation, comprises only a few weeks. Complaints have been made by miners and others in the Yukon region and at Cape Nome, of the almost intolerable plague of those insects in northern Alaska.—Detroit News.

Too British for Senate

William Blount, elected United States senator from Tennessee in 1796, was expelled from the senate in the following year for having persuaded the Creeks to help the British drive the Spanish from West Florida.

From Knees to Feet

Many a fellow proposes to an heiress on his knees in the hope that she will put him on his feet.—Illinois State Journal.

Dance Dispels Loneliness

Life on the loneliest island of the British empire, Tristan da Cunha, is a strange affair. Dancing is the chief amusement, but men dance with men and women with women, save on very special occasions.

Three Years to Sprout

Seeds of the Kentucky coffee tree have such a hard, impervious shell that when they are planted it takes from three to five years for them to soak up enough water to sprout.

Backgrounds for Furniture

Sturdy pieces of furniture take rough plastered walls, stippled effects or wallpaper with peasant or quaint designs. Delicate slender-line furniture requires walls of smooth plaster finished in soft shades or wallpaper with more refined patterns.

Too Salty for Fish

The Dead sea contains nearly 27 per cent salt. There is no known fish that is able to live in so strong a salt solution.

Not to Be Thrown Away

A man is not a wall, whose stones are crushed upon the road, or a pipe, whose fragments are thrown away at a street corner. The fragments of an intellect are always good.—George Sand.

Removing Grease Stains

Grease stains on leather may be removed by applying benzine or pure turpentine. Wash the spots afterward with well-beaten white of an egg or a good leather reviver.

Explaining the Lotus

The legendary lotus, the fruit of which made Ulysses' sailors forget their homes, is supposed to have been the same plant now used by natives of northern Africa to make sun-dried cakes which taste like gingerbread.

There Have Been Others

The man who recently ate his wife's will because he was disappointed with his legacy is not the only man who has had to swallow his wife's instructions.—Exchange.

The KITCHEN CABINET

(©, 1925, Western Newspaper Union.)

Age cannot wither her, nor custom stale
Her infinite variety. Other women cloy
The appetites they feed, but she makes hungry
Where most she satisfies.
—Shakespeare.

NICE FOODS

A pretty dessert which will be good to serve when a light and dainty dish is needed is:

Trilby Cream.—Take one pound of mashmallows, one can of pineapple, one cupful of whipping cream. Cut the marshmallows into quarters, using shears dipped into cold water occasionally to keep them from sticking. Put the cut-up marshmallows in soak in some of the pineapple juice. Cut the pineapple into small bits and drain. Beat the cream and when stiff add the drained marshmallows, and pineapple, a few chopped walnut meats or blanched almonds and candied cherries. Serve in sherbet cups with a cherry on top.

Casserole of Ham.—Take a slice of ham cut rather thick. Place in the bottom of a casserole and cover with sliced potatoes, season with salt and pepper—salt will not be needed if the ham is not freshened—place in the oven and bake well covered one hour.

Spaghetti de Luxe.—Take a small package or less of spaghetti, one can of chicken soup, one can of mushrooms, one shredded green pepper and one-fourth of a cupful of buttered crumbs. Cook the spaghetti in boiling salted water until tender, drain and blanch with cold water. Butter a baking dish, place in it a layer of spaghetti, half of the mushrooms, and pepper; repeat until all are used. Cover with the can of chicken soup and sprinkle with the buttered crumbs.

Prune Almond Jelly.—Soak one cupful of prunes in one quart of cold water over night. Cook the prunes in the same water until soft; remove stones and cut into small pieces. [illegible] one envelope of gelatin in [illegible] water, pour the prune liquor boiling hot over the soaked gelatin, add three-fourths of a cupful of sugar and stir until all is dissolved. Put the prunes and blanched halves of almonds in a mold, setting them with a little gelatin around the mold. When hardened, fill the mold and set away to chill. Serve with whipped cream.

Bread Fritters.—Cut stale bread into thin slices, shape with a biscuit cutter, spread with jam, and dip in the following batter: Sift one cupful of flour, one tablespoonful of powdered sugar, one-fourth teaspoonful of salt, add two-thirds of a cupful of milk gradually and two well-beaten egg yolks. Beat well, add one tablespoonful of olive oil and the whites of the eggs, beaten stiff. Dip the bread and fry in deep fat.

Baked Cheese Sandwiches.—Stir a little finely grated cheese into rich white sauce. Cut bread into rounds, butter and spread with the white sauce, heaping it well up in the center. Place the bread in a hot oven to toast. Ham may be used in place of cheese.

Tasty Tidbits.

A few pieces of good-flavored cheese (grated) will add a zest to many dishes. When preparing escalloped potatoes, add a bit of grated cheese. To scrambled eggs, to macaroni with white sauce, on crackers, grated over pumpkin pie, in fact numberless ways will occur to the cook who likes to prepare tasty food.

Homemade Cream Cheese.—When cheese has become dry or is in unattractive pieces, grate it and stir it into a half cupful or more of boiling hot cream. Add enough cheese to thicken, stir and beat well, add cayenne pepper, a bit of chopped pimento or any seasoning liked. Pour into a jar and set away in the ice chest. Serve as any cream cheese.

Cottage Cheese Salad. — Arrange well-seasoned cottage cheese in shapely spoonfuls on head lettuce, sprinkle with chopped nutmeats and at the side place a spoonful of good salad dressing. A bit of colored jelly may be used as a garnish to the cheese, if preferred to the nuts.

Cheese Savory. — To one cream cheese add a tablespoonful of softened butter, one teaspoonful of minced chives, one-half teaspoonful of minced parsley, one-third of a teaspoonful of worcestershire sauce and anchovy essence, with salt and paprika to taste. Press into a glass and serve with salted wafers.

Cream cheese mixed with a tablespoonful or two of chopped green and red pepper, made into balls and served with salad dressing on lettuce, makes a pretty as well as a nourishing salad.

Cheese Supper Dish.—This has appeared before, but will never grow old, as it is so well liked: Spread bread with butter, sprinkle with chopped cheese, making as many layers as needed in a baking pan. Pour over a custard, using a pint of milk to two eggs, and salt to taste. Bake in a moderate oven until the custard is set. Serve hot.

Nellie Maxwell

Losing Ground

"The world is getting better every day."

"Yes," replied Miss Cayenne. "But my limited observation tempts me to think it is growing worse every night."

It Wouldn't Be Necessary

Actor—I'm cast for the part of the fool in the new play.

Actress—I suppose you are glad that you are to have a part where you won't have to make up.

OUR MAGAZINE SECTION

Interesting Features for the Entire Family

SOMETHING TO THINK ABOUT

By F. A. WALKER

A CLEAR TRACK

THE white lights are blazing encouragingly along your track, young man and woman, and the world is waiting open-armed to receive you.

There is work to do for yourself and your country.

The shops and factories are calling you. The professions are opening places in their ranks for your acceptance.

The smiling acres in pleasant valleys and on magnificent, health-giving hills are stretching out their plump, brown arms to embrace you in a friendly welcome.

From everywhere comes the call to honor and prosperity.

The old and worn are falling by the wayside; the young and vigorous must move up and take their places, full of promise and overflowing with riches.

Mount your steed and whip him up. Do not be afraid.

Nothing is impossible if you will accept responsibility intelligently and give the best that is in you.

There are greater fortunes hidden in the future, waiting for development than are visible in the present, and the track is clear along the entire way.

Keep going in all sorts of weather. Keep away from your own ugly moods, angry quips and storms of passion.

Carry with you all the cheer, willingness and sunshine that you can.

Stop frequently at the wayside stations and take on a new supply, for these are the things which will make it possible for you to write your name in later years side by side with the illustrious leaders who are now showing you the way.

When their day is over, if you have proved yourself capable and true, you will take their places and help others as they are now helping you.

Every morning when the sun comes up it shines upon the smiling face of a new captain, who has passed safely through the trying darkness of night and proved his worthiness to command.

Some morning the sun may shine on you!

Let that thought give you encouragement, greater incentive to keep going straight ahead on a clear track where the white lights are flashing you a friendly welcome at every milestone.

Pack your heart full of love; pack it full of accomplishment; pack it full of faith, courage and noble ambition, then ride on assured that you will reach the coveted goal.

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THIS KEEPS US TWENTY

By DOUGLAS MALLOCH

A SHADOW will fall
Across us all,
There never yet was a year all summer,
And men will win
To an empty inn
Where never a light will greet the comer.
But the cloud will pass
And we'll find the grass,
And the spring will come with the buds returning,
And we'll trudge along
When the inn goes wrong
Till we come to a house where the lights are burning.

The wind will blow
From the north, you know,
And the snow will drift, and the ice will gather,
But the wind will swing
To the south and bring
Us clearer heavens and better weather
Why, all we need
Is to wait, indeed,
And to smile a little, and pray a plenty.
The days we scold
Are what makes us old,
And the days we hope are what keep us twenty!

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Among the NOTABLES

FRANCIS SCOTT KEY

FRANCIS SCOTT KEY, born August 9, 1780, made himself immortal by writing the "Star Spangled Banner."

It happened that, in the War of 1812, towards its close in '14, the British invaded Washington. Some friends of Key's, who lived on a plantation nearby, were being held as prisoners and Key obtained the permission of President Madison to secure their release. With another man who had charge of the release and exchange of prisoners, he went out to the plantation and was courteously received by the British. They agreed to let the owners go, but said the entire party would have to stay over during an attack on Baltimore. Consequently, they were detained on board the frigate Surprise, part of the fleet firing on Fort McHenry.

The battle raged during the night, a puny enough fight, as battles go nowadays, but was watched with anxiety by the Americans. From his place on the deck, Key could see the American flag flying in the glare of the guns. Then there was a lull, and only darkness and smoke, and he lost sight of it, and had to await the first rays of dawn to see whether the Stars and Stripes still floated. When he saw it again, in the first faint light, he was so overflowing with relief and exultation that he wrote the first part of his immortal poem on the back of an envelope. It was printed and sung by a Baltimore actor, that very day, they say, and swept through the country as the greatest song of the time.

Key was a lawyer, though he did publish a book of poems with this song included. He died in Baltimore in 1843, and since then several monuments have been erected—one in Frederick county where he was born.

(© by George Matthew Adams.)

Occasionally there is a February with no full moon. Two such cases occur in the present century—1915 and 1961.

SCHOOL DAYS

Your Last Name

IS IT BRIGGS?

BRIGGS is a more usual name than Bridge or Bridges, yet they both have the same meaning, and Briggs is the dialect variation of Bridge. Rigg is in the same way a form of Ridge, yet Rigg or Riggs is rather more usual than Ridge or Ridges.

In England the name is renowned as having belonged to Henry Briggs, a contemporary of Shakespeare and of the greatest mathematicians of his day.

There have been several distinguished members of the Briggs family here. One was George N. Briggs, one fine governor of Massachusetts and congressman. And another was Charles Augustus Briggs, an American theologian.

FERRIS—This is said to have been derived from a French nickname from Frederick.

MASON—Sometimes this is an occupative name but probably oftener it is derived from Matthew, having the significance of son of Matthew.

CATT—This is undoubtedly derived from the first name Catherine. It may have been that the first of the name took his name from his mother—and illegitimacy was surely not always the reason for this. Again it is highly probable that such first names were taken in honor of some saint or church festival. Thus a man born on St. Catherine's day might have been given this name to distinguish him from his associates.

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Mother's Cook Book

it is better laughing than crying,
However the world go by!
Though the laughing be only lying;
It is better laughing than crying;
So laugh—it is well worth trying—
Though a teardrop burn in the eye!
It is better laughing than crying,
However the world go by!
—Stokley Fisher.

FOR THE FAMILY TABLE

FEEDING the family is a very important business and one which every mother will do well to study. Simple food well prepared is much more wholesome for all ages than the rich foods and hearty meats so often considered necessary.

Panned Chicken.

Separate a chicken into pieces at the joints; set into a buttered baking pan, adding a bit of butter to each piece; pour in a cupful of boiling water or veal broth, add salt, cover closely and set to cook in a hot oven; let cook an hour and a half; baste the chicken once or twice and turn over the pieces when half-cooked. When done remove the chicken to a platter, surround with savory rice and serve with

Sauce for Panned Chicken.

Melt three tablespoonfuls of butter; in it cook three tablespoonfuls of flour and a scant half-teaspoonful of salt and a few dashes of pepper; when bubbling hot stir in three-fourths of a cupful of cream and the broth from the pan which should make a cupful or more. When boiling, strain into a bowl.

Raisin Pie.

Grate the rind and add the juice of two lemons and one orange, add one cupful of light brown sugar, two cupfuls of seeded raisins, one cupful of coarsely chopped walnuts, one and one-fourth cupfuls of water and bring to the boiling point; add four tablespoonfuls of flour blended with two of butter. Cook until the mixture is smooth, pour into a well-lined pastry plate, cover with a crust and bake for thirty minutes in a moderately hot oven until delicately browned.

For a family with a member or two who cannot eat sauerkraut, those who do must deny themselves a wholesome, tasty dish. Isn't it too bad that we cannot all sit down to such a dish as this?

Nellie Maxwell

(©, 1925, Western Newspaper Union.)

THE YOUNG LADY ACROSS THE WAY

The young lady across the way says it's interesting enough to go to the New York Stock Exchange once in a while, but she doesn't see why anybody wants to pay the prices they ask for a seat for the season.

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