THE QUEENSTOWN NEWS

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ZINKLEFOOT, THE UNPAID SCOUT

By JAMES F. DWYER

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MORE than ten thousand men, whose lives lost their savor through the attainment of something which they had pursued for years, have pointed out that the joy of pursuit is a thousand times greater than that of possession. Preacher Zinklefoot recognized this when a black head rose from the mosaic of white faces in response to his call of "Henry Hutton." Zinklefoot suddenly discovered that he didn't want Hutton—he only wanted to look for him.

His hunt for Hutton had commenced in a peculiar manner. Five years before, while addressing a revivalist meeting a white-haired woman had asked the preacher to call the name of her wandering son at every meeting he addressed. Zinklefoot promised. Quite unconsciously the woman had provided him with a trump act for his oratorical turn.

For the first few weeks after the duty had been put upon him, he told the story in as few words as possible, and called the name of the prodigal in a matter-of-fact way. Then the dramatic possibilities of the incident stirred him. He realized that he had a gem in his repertoire. He put in subtle touches. He braced the story with little pillars of pathos. With vivid oratorical flashes he pictured the waiting mother, and flung upon the minds of his audience a picture of the storm-tossed prodigal for whose return she waited. It was a unique turn. The telling of the incident and the solemn calling of the name tore the crust off the little pools of sentiment in the hearts of his male listeners, and threw the women into hysterics. It was a grand climax to his orations. It left the crowds gasping, hoping, praying, and feeling mighty well disposed towards Zinklefoot, the unpaid scout of the white-haired mother.

And after five years of uninterrupted possession of this act that he had adopted and brought to perfection, the preacher saw it suddenly torn away from him and the mighty kudos lost forever. No wonder that the uprising of the black head chilled him. A hate for the stranger surged up within him. Instinctively he knew that here was the long-lost Hutton, and he also knew that the white-haired mother story was gone forever.

The black-haired man appeared at Weehawpville. Zinklefoot was winding up a successful meeting, and it was the moment for the "Henry Hutton" act. He advanced to the edge of the platform and waited till the smallest whispers had been choked by the silence.

"Friends," he cried, "some years ago when speaking, a white-haired mother asked me to call the name of her wandering son at every meeting I addressed. She, poor woman, filled with maternal love—hungry motherly love, stored and gathered through the years, ready to be lavished upon the prodigal, thought that he might be guided to one of my meetings to hear her message. I promised her, and I have kept my promise. Night after night, year after year, over the broad breast of the Union I have called his name, listening, waiting, hoping always to hear the answering voice that will bring joy to the heart of the little white-haired woman."

The sound of suppressed sobs came from the audience, and Zinklefoot swept up the dizzy heights of oratory that he had built up before reaching the climax. The mother shone out like a snowy-headed angel, and tears dropped upon the green grass as he thrilled his hearers with the story of her love and devotion. At last he straightened himself and called the name of the prodigal.

"Henry Hutton!" The call went ringing through the night, and the listeners held their breath. "Henry Hutton! Henry—"

Zinklefoot's voice seemed to fall into a bottomless chasm as the black head rose in the center of the crowd. The head had the same effect upon him as a blow from a clenched fist, and he staggered.

"I'm Henry Hutton," said the man standing.

Weehawpville will not forget the scene that followed. The discovery of the prodigal was intensely dramatic, and as the inhabitants of the town had few opportunities for letting themselves go, they seized upon the one made by Zinklefoot. Men struggled to get near the wanderer; women wept hysterically. Hutton was carried shoulder high to the platform, and the preacher's commands for silence were lost in cheers and sobs. Women sobbed, men sobbed, and the prodigal sobbed. Only Zinklefoot was calm, but Zinklefoot's endeavors to calm the others were unheeded. He had stirred a monster tidal wave of sentiment that billowed around Hutton and left Zinklefoot stranded on the cold stone of neglect. Instead of being the leading actor he dropped back into the shade and stood there without a part.

The genius who always discovers the psychological moment, discovered it at that instant in the interest of Henry Hutton. He may have been a friend of the prodigal, for Weehawpville was unsuccessful in locating him amongst its citizens on the following day, but over the tumult the genius announced that the wanderer would go back to the white-haired mother at once if he had his transportation.

Weehawpville shouted the information, and then proceeded to demolish the little barrier that stood between the reunion of the white-haired mother and the long-lost son. Weehawpville was in a gracious mood. Weehawpville had been tapped on its deepest vein of sentiment, and with cheers and sobs they proved that the ore was good. When silence was at last restored, the wanderer was stammering his thanks for the $83 that had been stuffed into the ragged pockets of his clothes. Then Weehawpville sobbed again, and after carrying the stranger to a hotel, the inhabitants went home, still sobbing as their imagination pictured the meeting.

At daybreak next morning Preacher Zinklefoot startled the lodgers at the hotel by banging heavily at the front entrance, and when the annoyed landlord admitted him, he yelled loudly for the prodigal.

"Left by the three o'clock mail," snapped the proprietor. "Real anxious to see his old woman again."

Zinklefoot clung to the door. "Read—read that," he gasped.

The landlord took the sheet of yellow paper and read aloud:

Zinklefoot, Weehawpville.

Henry Hutton returned two years ago. Mother dead nine months. Your man evidently a fraud.

CHIEF OF POLICE, Decatur.

The landlord stared at the distressed preacher. "If I was you," he said solemnly, "I wouldn't show that to the crowd. They'll lynch you for putting the bait on the hook so that bunco guy could land them.

But Zinklefoot didn't hear the advice. He had fainted.

Monuments in Persia Few but Interesting

Monuments of the past are few in Persia. In the neighborhood of Kermanshah is the original prototype of Stone mountain. There a king once carved his record high up on a wall of rock: "I am Darius . . . the king of kings," for all to see even to this day. Hamadan, they tell me, is the ancient Ecbatana. There Queen Esther and Mordecai are buried, but the present population has no respect for Semitic queens and the tomb is used as a refuse heap. In Hamadan, too, is the home of Avicenna, that pioneer among physicians.

And a few hundred yards from Hamadan is an ancient lion carved of stone, placed on the brow of a hill where the road winds by. They say it guarded the entrance to Ecbatana. The poor animal is somewhat disfigured in looks now, because the Persian maidens, in the hope of offspring, have for countless generations anointed his nose with oil.—Justin Wroe Nixon, in the Atlantic Monthly.

Observant

The word observant we obtain directly from a French source. This origin is the French word "observer," to observe.

Of course, it has the other Latin equivalents of "osservatorio" (the Italian for observatory), and the Latin "observo," to observe. Of course, the word "observe" is the origin of the word "observatory."

An observant person is the person who notices or observes things, just as the man in an observatory is the person who notices or studies the heavenly phenomena presented to his view in the still, clear night.—Chicago Journal.

Queer Post Office

In the Glacier National park there is one of the queerest post offices in the United States. The mail is brought by auto from the railroad some 30 miles away to a certain log cabin. There it is hung in weatherproof bags on the outside of the cabin. The people who live within a radius of five miles of the cabin come to the bags and sort out their own mail.

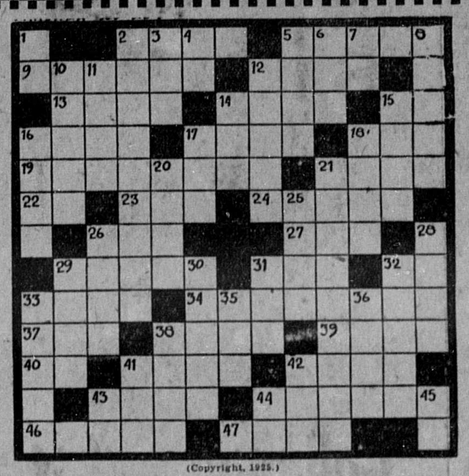
"Wonder of the World"

Otto III, emperor of the Holy Roman empire, was called "The Wonder of the World," on account of his intellectual endowments. His plans for a new universal empire, with Rome as capital, were checked by death.

French Wives Subordinate

As wives all French women have to yield to their husbands in varying proportions, according to whichever law they selected to be married under.

CROSS-WORD PUZZLE



(Copyright, 1925.)

Horizontal.

2—Expectorated
5—Animals valuable for milk
9—Scratched with the claws
12—Proper; neat
13—Always
14—Spoken
15—Another form of "I"
16—Aumil (variant)
17—Imitated
18—A stinging insect
19—Judges or magistrates
21—The male of the guinea pig
22—A measure of area
23—A point of the compass
24—Remained on the feet
26—A sea eagle
27—Amount (abbr.)
29—Plants used for garnishing and salads
31—A falsehood
32—A sloth
33—Merry
34—Kinds of ducks
37—Lord Advocate of Scotland (abbr.)
38—Blood-stained
39—A cleansing substance
40—An advertisement (abbr.)
41—To prod with a stick
42—A male deer
43—Part of a window
44—Arched
46—A small piece of rock
47—A man's name

Vertical.

1—District of Columbia (abbr.)
2—Perspired profusely
3—Through or by
4—An advertisement (abbr.)
5—A graduate (slang)
6—To lubricate
7—Part of the verb "to be"
8—To guide
10—An animal resembling a monkey
11—Bird
12—To iron
14—To open (poetic)
15—Metheglin
16—One of the Greek heroes in Homer's Iliad
17—A high card
18—A shoe
20—Taverns
21—High-sounding; inflated
25—A flexible appendage
26—Epochs
28—A few strands, as of hay or hair
29—Dressed
30—To use tobacco in a certain manner
31—To go through the air
32—A maxim
33—A transparent material
35—Exist
36—A certain kind of horse
38—Past
41—A cooking vessel
42—A capuchin monkey
43—A river in Italy
44—Pair (abbr.)
45—To perform

The solution will appear in next issue.

Solution of Last Week's Puzzle.

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.

WILLING TO TRAVEL ON DOG'S TICKETS

"The nations of Europe are great bargainers. We must remember that fact in arranging with them for the payment of their war debts," said Prof. Harold North Fowler, the noted archeologist of Cleveland.

"The Latin nations especially are great bargainers. A Spaniard from the country once walked into the ticket office at Malaga to take a railroad trip.

"'What's the fare,' he said, 'to Fuengirola?'

"'Five pesetas, senor.'

"'Caramba! Too much. I'll give you two, spot cash.'

"'We don't higgle here,' said the ticket agent.

"'Well, I'll give you three, then.'

"'Five pesetas is the price—take it or leave it.'

"'Look here, amigo, I have a dog with me. Can he come along?'

"'Yes, in the dog compartment, if you buy a ticket for him.'

"'How much?'

"'One peseta.'

"'Good! Let me have two dog tickets, please.'"

South American Drug Has Odd Properties

A new drug that has been recently brought to this country for chemical examination is called by the natives of the Colombian territories of the Putumayo and Caqueta rivers, where it grows, by the peculiar name of "yaje." The drug is prepared from the stem of a rather leafless shrub, which averages about nine to twelve feet high. What leaves there are are counterpoised and a dark olive green in color. The infusion made from the stem by heating in water is reddish with greenish fluorescence, and on keeping this changes to a topaz having a beautiful bluish green fluorescence.

Under the influence of the drink the natives jump, scream and run wildly about, making a great uproar. Accordingly it is highly prized for ceremonial occasions, fresh potations being taken as the effects of the preceding ones wear off.—Washington Star.

Rainbow Has Many Names

What the English-speaking people call the rainbow has many names in other countries. In France it is "the arch in the sky," in Italy "the flashing arch" and in different parts of southern Europe the "arch of St. Martin," the "crown of St. Bernard," the "bridge of the Holy Spirit" and the "girdle of God." In Sanskrit it is known as the "bow of Indra." The Annamites call it the "little window in the sky" and the Kabyles in North Africa name it as the "bride of the rain."

Evidently Made to Last

R. H. Price of Nocona, Texas, has a watch 200 years old, which was made by Smitton & Hutton in London. This ancient timepiece has been passed down in his family for generations. Although somewhat large, wound by a key and of the "chain-drive" variety, it keeps good time.

Parisian Perfume Shops

Paris is said to have more perfume shops than all other cities in the world combined. There are 10,000 perfume establishments in Paris, and about 15,000 hair-dressing shops which carry perfume as a side line.

His Great Oversight

Once a musical critic spoke a good word for a comic opera, and before he could correct his mistake the paper had gone to press.—Florida Times-Union.

Freezing Periods

Wyoming and Montana have seven months of freezing temperature, Michigan, Minnesota, New Hampshire and Nevada have six months, while 10 states in the Northern tier have five months of freezing weather.

Verse From the Bible

That which hath been is named already, and it is known that it is man: neither may he contend with him that is mightier than he.—Ecclesiastes 6:10.

Cause of Emotions

There is a great deal of unmapped country within us which would have to be taken into account in an explanation of our gusts and storms.—George Eliot.

Not So Novel, at That

Line from future novel: "Elise appeared at the door, weary and bedraggled, with two days' growth of beard on the back of her neck."—Kansas City Star.

Makes Candle Last

If you want candles to last try the following plan: Take each candle by the wick and give it a good coating of white varnish. Then put away for a day or two to harden. The varnish prevents the grease from running down and so preserves the life of the candle.

Brave

Pa said it was dangerous to eat peas with a knife, but he always was a man to take chances.—Oregon Orange Owl.

History Pillories Wife of "Arnold the Traitor"

Gamaliel Bradford, who has become known as a "psychographer," analyzes the wife of Benedict Arnold in Harper's. He sums up his study of the delicately nurtured Margaret Shippen who became yoked to the middle-aged soldier as follows:

"She loved him through it all, there is no doubt about that. But the question that teases me is what she thought of him. Yet to get a wife's judgment and her intimate knowledge is always a difficult task. The instant anyone else judges or criticizes she leaps to defend, not so much him but herself, her judgment, her choice, her love. If you want to get the truth you have to watch, to divine, to develop with the subtlest care.

"Such a process is immensely difficult when, as with Mrs. Arnold, we have only indirect and more or less formal correspondence. As to the one great event of Arnold's career, it may be said at once we have no word from her at all. What she thought of it we can only guess in the obscurest fashion. As to his later life, what is most interesting and impressive is her obstinate effort to defend his reputation, to see that his name was transmitted to his children without a stain or blot upon it; and does not this show that she did not for a moment recognize anything reprehensible in his earlier conduct? Or does it? To pay his debts, to assure his respectable standing in the world—for this she toiled with incessant, unfailing loyalty, and practically laid down her life. . . .

"This woman was delightful, adorable beyond most women and ought to have been remembered as such. Yet the one thing that causes her to linger in history is that she was the wife of Benedict Arnold, the traitor. True, you may mitigate, may emphasize her innocence, her grace, her tenderness, her nobility, her charm; but always when she is spoken of comes, 'Oh, the wife of the traitor, Arnold.' What strange, involving, enduring perdition we unwittingly bring upon ourselves!"

THE KITCHEN CABINET

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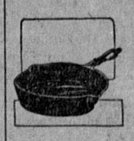
Go forth this day with the smallest expectations, but with the largest patience, with a keen relish for and appreciation of everything beautiful, great and good, but with a temper so genial that the friction of the world shall not bear upon your sensibilities.

HOT SANDWICHES

Sandwiches which are hearty enough for a Sunday night supper or a luncheon are quite worth while.



Hot Shrimp Sandwiches.—Remove the intestinal veins from shrimp — there should be a cupful—chop fine before measuring. Melt one tablespoonful of butter in an omelet pan, add the shrimps and stir until hot; add two eggs beaten with two tablespoonfuls of milk; season with salt and cayenne, and stir and cook as scrambled eggs. Have ready six slices of bread toasted lightly and well buttered, cover half the slices with a layer of the mixture and cover them with the remaining slices, buttered and toasted. Pour around a cream sauce, sprinkle with paprika and serve for luncheon.

Oyster and Sweetbread Sandwiches.—Parboil two cupfuls of oysters, drain, remove the tough muscle, finely chop and chill. Chop fine one pair of sweetbreads which have been cooked and chilled, add to the oysters with one-half cupful of finely chopped celery. Mix well and marinate with French dressing; let stand two hours. Drain well, and moisten with mayonnaise dressing. Cover thin slices of white bread with a layer of the mixture; spread the same number of slices with mayonnaise dressing. Put together in pairs, trim off the crusts, cut into triangles and serve with a combination salad for a Sunday night supper.

Green Pepper, Onion and Parsley Sandwiches.—Cut a slice from the stem end of four green peppers. Remove the seeds and the white portion and finely chop through a meat grinder. Chop one medium-sized Southern onion, add one-fourth cupful of finely minced parsley, mix all lightly and moisten with mayonnaise or cooked salad dressing. Use as a filling for whole wheat bread spread with mayonnaise. Cut into triangles and serve with oyster cocktails or oysters on the half shells.

Economical Desserts.

A tasty dessert which is not too much work to prepare, nor is too expensive for ordinary use, will always be popular.

Quaker Pudding.—Take three cupfuls of stale bread, three eggs, one-third of a cupful of honey or one-half cupful of sugar; salt and nutmeg to taste, and three cupfuls of milk, one-half teaspoonful of lemon juice, part of the grated rind, and raisins to suit the taste. Butter a mold, sprinkle with raisins and fill with the bread and raisins in layers. Beat the eggs, add the sugar or honey, nutmeg, milk, lemon and juice. Steam for one hour, turn out on a platter and serve hot with any desired pudding sauce.

Steamed Bread-Crumb Pudding.—Take one cupful of bread crumbs, one-half cupful each of molasses, cold water, corn flour and raisins, three-fourths of a teaspoonful of soda and a teaspoonful of salt. Mix the ingredients well, put into a greased mold and steam two hours. Serve with cream or sweet sauce.

Peach Cake Pudding.—Line the bottom of a pudding dish with thick slices of orange cake soaked in the juice from canned peaches. Fill the dish with the peaches, cover with a meringue, using the white of an egg and a tablespoonful of sugar. Brown in a slow oven.

Orange Ice.—Boil two cupfuls of water with one cupful of sugar for five minutes, cool and add one cupful of orange juice and one-third of a cupful of lemon juice; strain and freeze.

Combination Salad.—Cut a small tomato into quarters or eighths, leaving the sections together at the stem end. Arrange on lettuce and heap over the tomatoes finely minced celery, a quarter of a pear thinly sliced, and the tapering end of a banana to be placed in the center; shake a bit of paprika on the tip and serve. A few skinned, seeded and halved grapes may be used with or in place of the pear.

Carrot Pie.—Take one cupful of cooked carrots, one cupful of milk, one-half cupful of sugar, one-half teaspoonful of ginger, one teaspoonful of cinnamon, one-half teaspoonful of allspice, a few drops of lemon extract, one egg well beaten and a pinch of salt. Bake in one crust.

Fruit Cup.—Remove the skins and seeds from a cupful of white grapes and the membrane of one cupful of orange sections. Mix with one cupful of diced pineapple, one-half cupful of orange juice and one-half cupful of pineapple sirup; add a few grains of salt and honey to sweeten. Pack in ice and salt until the juice begins to freeze. Serve in sherbet cups garnished with maraschino cherries. This will serve six to eight and makes a good beginning for a dinner.

Nellie Maxwell

Missiles for Cannon

In the Middle ages various missiles were shot from cannon. Bolts are mentioned in 1413, and in 1418 Henry V ordered his clerk of the ordnance to get 7,000 stone shot made at the quarries at Maidstone. Since then chain, grape, and canister have been invented, as well as shells.

State Rich in Feldspar

One-third of this country's supply of feldspar is produced in North Carolina.

OUR MAGAZINE SECTION

Interesting Features for the Entire Family

SOMETHING TO THINK ABOUT

By F. A. WALKER

MENTAL PERSPECTIVE

IT IS a good policy every little while to call up your invisible self and make a critical examination of your methods of work, whether you be a painter, a soldier or a statesman.

To do this successfully, you must fling aside everything that savors of egotism.

Summon all your strength of character and austerity.

Consider that you are about to quiz some vain competitor of whom you are envious and that, under no consideration will you spare worthy censure or praise.

Be as cold-hearted a critic as Herod was a king. Assume for the nonce that you possess indisputable knowledge of all there is in art, in drilling and in statecraft.

Survey yourself from a goodly distance. Get the true perspective of your creative make-up. In all likelihood you have been so close to that which you have been doing that you have not the slightest idea of how your work appears from a distance or in the eyes of others.

Hundreds of men and women, gifted with brilliant talents, amply qualified in every way to perform work pleasing to their own eyes, fail every year in reaching their pictured goal, for the obvious reason that they lack mental perspective, or inability to observe themselves in a true light.

They see nothing beyond the tips of their noses. They do not recognize their own thoughts, or if they do, they hesitate to give them free expansion, fearing that their name may be sullied with the crime of stealing.

Criticism from others often stirs bitter resentment.

On the other hand, such criticism as you may find with yourself, when the scolding mood seizes you, especially when it is accompanied with a full realization of your own frailties, can but arouse your noblest instincts and give you new inspiration and courage to wage the battle to a glorious and honorable end.

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HAVE YOU THIS HABIT?

By MARGARET MORISON

JOHN FREEMAN

JOHN FREEMAN did not at the time know it, but about 7 p. m. on the 24th of December, 19—, he made the momentous decision of his life. Hurrying down one of the long streets of the city toward dinner at his usual little corner restaurant, he suddenly caught sight of a face that took him back twenty years. As John Freeman kept pace with the figure across the way, his mind raced in curious confusion. Should he go over and speak? It would mean being later for his meal. They probably had nothing in common now—better let sleeping years lie. Then quite illogically he dashed through the traffic at a cross street, and touched the other on the shoulder. Eventually they had dinner together on John Freeman's invitation at John Freeman's special table in what he had come to consider his private little restaurant. It was many years since John Freeman had acted host.

Afterward he actually allowed himself to be persuaded to go to see a Christmas Eve street celebration.

An hour later on his way up the stairs to his two-rooms-and-bath, he passed the old woman who kept his apartment and the other apartments in the building clean. He suddenly became conscious of the fact that from week to week he hardly set eyes on her.

"Merry Christmas!" he said with unwonted geniality.

"Thank you, sir!" said she evidently pleased.

Inside he found a letter. His sister back home had written to ask if he would find a decent boarding house for his nephew, a boy of sixteen, who had been offered a job in the city. John Freeman knew of such a place, the house where he himself had lived before prosperity made possible his present arrangement. As he stood with the letter in his hand, the clock struck ten. Afterward he always thought ten to have been the hour when he made his revolutionary decision; he would have Jack live with him. In reality, when at seven o'clock he had crossed the street to give an invitation to dinner, he had started a habit that three hours later only continued—the habit of social-mindedness.

HAVE YOU THIS HABIT?

(© by Metropolitan Newspaper Service.)

A SILVER FROST

By DOUGLAS MALLOCH

WINTER will come, and none can say it nay;
Winter will come, and tresses turn to gray,
Turning to white. So run the years away.

Winter will come, but winter need not be
Born of the storm, wild with the melody
Of swaying pine, or mad, tempestuous sea.

Winter will come, age in its time appear;
All of our years are after all a year,
Seasons of life; spring, when the buds are here.

Season of dreams; and summer, hope's high noon;
Autumn in turn, and round the golden moon;
Winter will come—yet never comes too soon.

If it shall come as I have seen the white
Of silver frost upon a moonlit night
Paint all the world with new and pure delight.

A silver frost!—the tree, the fence, the cot,
Sculptured in white, all ugly things forgot;
Dawn without wind, and earth without a blot.

Let us grow old, our age a silver frost;
Nothing we won, nothing we won or lost,
But that we know, know it was worth the cost.

Let us grow old, let us grow old in peace;
Silent the sky, now let the thunders cease;
After the storm, this is the sweet release.

A silver frost! So I have seen it there
Upon the brow, silvering ev'ry hair.
Yes, it is age—but marvelously fair.

(© by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

WHO SAID

"Wise men and gods are on the strongest side."

SIR CHARLES SEDLEY, author of the words quoted, led a wild and dissolute life as a young man. Later he refused to support the pretensions of James II for the throne of England because the monarch was of dissolute habits!

Sedley is known to fame in the world of letters as an able poet. The drama appealed especially to him and many of his works were presented to the public and received with considerable success.

The father, Sir John Sedley, died before the birth of his son and Sedley inherited his title. Thus, lack of paternal guidance, and to an over-indulgent mother, may be credited much of the wildness of Sir Charles' youthful life.

At an early age Sedley was entered at Wadham college, Oxford, and shortly after his graduation he was successful in his quest of a seat in parliament. His term of office began shortly after the Restoration and the young man stood high in the favor of Charles II. When the revolution occurred he favored it, in opposition to James II, on the ground that the latter had ruined his daughter, later the Countess of Dorchester.

Sedley was esteemed by his contemporaries for the wit and satire with which his dramatic works are replete.

Sedley's date of birth is generally fixed at 1639. He died in 1701.—Wayne D. McMurray.

(© by George Matthew Adams.)

SCHOOL DAYS

Mother's Cook Book

"You can bear me witness that I have endeavored to convince you of man's inextinguishable individuality, and of the organic nature of society; that there is no right without a parallel duty, no liberty without the supremacy of the law, and no high destiny without perseverance—that there can be no greatness without self-denial."—Francis Lieber's Address to Former Pupils.

TASTY GOOD THINGS

IF YOU have been served with a bowl of hot milk with a piece of toasted bread floating in it, for milk toast, you may like to review the way a real dish of old-fashioned milk toast is prepared:

Milk Toast.

Prepare the white sauce, using two heaping tablespoonfuls of butter and two of flour, cook until bubbling hot and smooth, then add a quart of milk, a little at a time until well blended. Season with salt and set back where it will just simmer while the toast is being prepared. Toast the bread, using slices that have been cut from a day-old loaf. Use an electric toaster or a fork over coals to make the ideal toast. As each piece is prepared keep hot and when enough is prepared to serve the family, dip each crusty edge into hot milk, and butter generously—the more butter the better the toast. When all are thus prepared, boil up the white sauce and pour over the toast which has been placed on a large platter. Serve at once, piping hot. Once serve this toast properly made and it will be welcomed for one meal each week. Dried beef is nice served with such a dish, or generous slabs of rich cheese may be passed with it.

Cheese Spread.

Put two cupfuls of milk into a double boiler; when hot add two teaspoonfuls of salt, one-half cupful of flour fixed with four tablespoonfuls of butter, add one pound of cheese cut fine; cook until smooth, beating well. The addition of a little chopped pepper will vary the flavor. Spread on buttered bread or wafers, or use as a sandwich filling.

Nellie Maxwell

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THE YOUNG LADY ACROSS THE WAY

The young lady across says she certainly be 5-5-3 naval ratio, makin tleships in all.

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