THE QUEENSTOWN NEWS

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THE MARKED BILL

(© by D. J. Walsh.)

AS JEAN FORREST stepped from the train a thin, sallow, sharp-eyed woman took possession of her.

"I am Mrs. Rock," the woman said. "Your aunt sent me to meet you. Come this way."

A cab was waiting and as they jolted over the frozen ruts of December, Mrs. Rock talked steadily in a deep, dull, sing-song voice.

"Your aunt is very bad. The doctor thinks she can't last much longer, but she wouldn't be here now if it wasn't for me. I've stood over her day and night, as you might say. I couldn't do anything else and live with my conscience. That woman who does the work, Mrs. Drum, I've no use for her, and you won't have, either, after you've observed her for a day or two. I'm open and above board myself. When you wrote to your aunt that you were coming, I said to myself: 'I see Mrs. Drum's hand in this,' but all the same I'm glad you could come, I am so."

Jean kept quiet. Three days before a letter had come, signed, Agnes Drum. Jean had been impressed more by what it did not contain than by what it did. She had said to her husband: "We are sending more and more money to Aunt Sate, and I wonder if she's getting all of the good of it. I don't see what's become of her own income. She couldn't have used it up. I don't see either, why she has ceased writing to me. It isn't like Aunt Sate even if she is frail. I'm going out to Hickville to discover what I may. After all, she's my mother's sister, and I'm not going to let fifteen hundred miles of railroad ties stand between me and my duty I owe her."

So Jean was in Hickville tonight and Mrs. Rock, a woman she had never seen nor heard mentioned, had taken charge of her.

"Odd that Mrs. Drum didn't mention her," Jean thought. "What sort of person is this housekeeper of Aunt Sate's, I wonder."

She decided not to judge until she could see for herself, but already these few hurried, timid sentences, and that delicate, old-school hand of Mrs. Drum's had visualized for Jean a small, gray-haired woman with gentle eyes.

And this was just what Mrs. Drum turned out to be when she met them at the door. Mrs. Rock went in with Jean boldly, as if she had the right.

"You'll likely want a bite of supper," she said, "before you see your aunt. I'll go up and stay with her till you're ready to come."

Jean saw a look of helpless exasperation pass over Mrs. Drum's face. But she said nothing, merely led the way to the dining room.

Jean ate heartily. She had been two days on the train and she was hungry. After she had eaten she went upstairs to her aunt's room.

She found that Mrs. Rock had laid aside her coat and hat and was rubbing the sick woman's arms with a massage brush.

"Auntie, dear, I've come to see you," Jean said, bending over her.

Aunt Sate opened her eyes. Her expression was cold.

"It was not necessary. I am sure I am doing well enough as I am. Mrs. Rock looks after me as well as I wish," she said.

Jean drew back, surprised and hurt.

"If I had wanted you I should have sent for you," Aunt Sate said, and closed her eyes again rebelliously.

Jean's eyes were dark and bright. She turned them now in a flashing glance of interrogation upon Mrs. Rock, who surpressed a look of triumph and malicious satisfaction that roused in her instant suspicion.

"Mrs. Drum had no authority from me to send for you," Aunt Sate continued. "I am going to get through with that woman just as soon as I can find some one to take her place."

"Don't get excited," murmured Mrs. Rock, plying the massage brush soothingly. She turned to Jean. "Maybe you better go now. If she gets stirred up she won't sleep all night."

Jean slept soundly that night for she was of a vigorous habit and she was tired. When she awoke her head was clear, her nerves rested and she felt equal to any situation.

She had her breakfast. Mrs. Drum waited on her silently. Afterward she went to her aunt's room, carrying the breakfast tray herself.

"Look here, auntie," she said as she sat down beside the bed, "who is Mrs. Rock and what is she doing here? You haven't known her long, have you? Why don't you have a regular nurse instead of her?"

Aunt Sate's large, pale face stiffened. "She is my friend. She had been very good to me. Now, if you've come to make trouble between Mrs. Rock and me you may as well go away. It can't be done."

"I don't want to make any trouble," Jean replied. "But I do certainly want to find out what makes Mrs. Rock so attentive. That sort of woman is never disinterested."

She spent an hour trying to find out something from her aunt, but she could not discover anything. So she went to Mrs. Drum. And Mrs. Drum was evasive. She seemed to be too much frightened to say anything.

A week passed. Jean watched every moment. She wanted to be sure that what she suspected was true. She wanted to have proof before she declared herself against the woman who was unmistakably taking the money her husband sent for Aunt Sate's support.

Mrs. Rock's tremendous influence threatened her at every turn. She could see that Aunt Sate was utterly in the wily woman's power, which was great enough to turn the old woman against her niece and her guest.

One afternoon Jean was with her aunt when Mrs. Rock entered.

"Mrs. Drum can go," the woman said in her crafty voice. "I've found some one to take her place. The new housekeeper will be here tonight."

Jean was so astonished that she could not speak. She could only stare at the audacious speaker.

"Jean," Aunt Sate said, "you tell Mrs. Drum that I don't want her here any longer."

Jean got to her feet. Her dark eyes were blazing.

"I shall do nothing of the kind," she said. "Mrs. Drum shall stay. I furnish the money that pays her, and I certainly have something to say in the matter." She saw Mrs. Rock was going to speak and she hurried on. "As for you, Mrs. Rock, you may return that $5 bill I saw you take this morning from the purse which Aunt Sate keeps under her pillow. And when you have returned it you may go. I am perfectly acquainted with your persistent system of thieving. And, besides," she smiled, "the bill was marked and I have notified every store in town to be on the lookout for it."

Mrs. Rock turned ghastly white. She clutched her throat.

"I—I—" she began. She made a movement toward the door.

"If you were a poor woman I would readily forgive you," Jean went on. "But you are only an avaricious one. Now go, and never come here again."

Mrs. Rock went.

Aunt Sate went, too—into hysterics. It took both Jean and Mrs. Drum and the doctor to quiet her.

"It was a hard thing to do," Jean told Mrs. Drum. "You wouldn't tell me anything and I had to find out for myself. I waited until she had taken three bills before I marked the fourth. Ten minutes before she returned. Mr. Higsby phoned me that she had passed him the bill." She pushed back her dark hair with a weary hand. "And now Mrs. Drum maybe you'll make us up a good pot of tea. I'm sure we both need it to brace us."

Attacking Europe

Courtland Bleecker, the New York clubman, said on his return from Europe:

"Europe is changed. It's the land of the profiteer now. The European profiteer, when he does you out of six dollars for a bad lobster or eight dollars for a near-silk necktie, will tell you he's losing money, but he won't expect you to believe him. Why in his pride of wealth he won't want you to believe him.

"The European profiteer reminds me somehow of Liza Jane Green.

"'Ah sut'ny was insulted last week,' said Liza Jane. 'When Ah paid back Miss Lil White dat half-dollar wot Ah owed her, she done had de nerve to bite it. Yah, yah, yah! She's down wiv lead poisonin' now.'"

Kissing Under Mistletoe

This custom originated among the early Scandinavians. It is supposed to be associated in some way with the killing of Balder with an arrow given to the blind Hoder by Loki, the god of mischief. Balder was restored to life and the mistletoe was placed under the care of Friga, and was never again to be an instrument of evil. The kiss of love and peace under the mistletoe is supposed to be an assurance that it will never again be an instrument of mischief. — Pathfinder Magazine.

No Birds, No Crops

There is no comment necessary to add, says Nature Magazine, to the following editorial from the Waco (Texas) Times-Herald. The paper tells the whole story when it says:

"Over and over again has this newspaper shouted from the housetops, No birds, no crops. More than once has it alluded to the fact that a farmer in south Texas had no insects in his cotton because turkeys ranged the field."

Thousand Miles to Spawn

Think of traveling 1,000 miles to lay an egg! Many of the quinnat salmon, says Nature Magazine, in order to spawn in the rivers of the Sawtooth mountains of Idaho travel 1,000 miles from the sea.

Races Evince Marked Differences in Blood

Racial relationships go a good deal deeper than the facial kind. The relations of the races are literally a blood relationship, for the composition of an American Indian's blood is not like that of a white man or a negro, and there are even differences between the blood of certain European nations.

If a biologist prepares a serum from the blood of one animal and injects it into the veins of an animal of a different species, the serum is immediately precipitated—in other words, thrown out. This is accomplished by things called antibodies about which nobody knows very much.

There are four "serum groups," and they have a definite relation to the various races of men—and monkeys. Chimpanzees have one kind of substance, orang-utans have two, South American monkeys have a kind different from the chimpanzees, and still other monkeys have neither. In northern and central Europe there is one type of blood, further east quite another kind, and still another in India. But the various characteristics have an odd way of appearing in mixtures—showing that the various races of mankind have been mating with one another for a long, long time.—Prof. M. Muhro Fox in the Forum.

Most Fatal Disease

Heart disease is now the greatest cause of death in the United States, according to a recent survey which shows that tuberculosis has taken second place. As a preventive, medical science urges the avoidance of stimulants, such as alcohol, tobacco and caffein, and prompt medical attention for rheumatism and what are commonly known as "growing pains" in children.

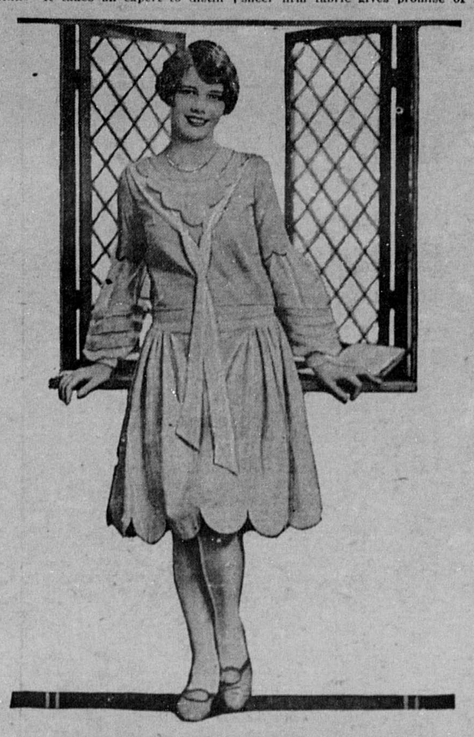
Rare Manuscripts

There are only three classical manuscripts in existence—the two Vergil manuscripts now in the Vatican, and the "Ambrosian Iliad," now in Milan.

GIRLS' WASH-GOODS FROCKS; SHORT JACKET FOR MATRON

IT IS the mood of the mode that the once-upon-a-time "simple" washable daytime frock be now styled to the point of distinction. One cannot slight in the making either school dress or house frock of cotton weave though it be, and expect to remain in the good graces of Dame Fashion nowadays.

The new washable materials themselves are a very challenge "to do and to dare," in their fashioning. There are, for example, the new charmeuse prints. It takes an expert to distinguish them from the genuine jacquard silk—and they can be made up every whit as effectively. And how beautifully they do emerge from a tubbing, just like new! The "last word" in fashiondom are the very tiny allover prints.



Distinctive Wash Frock.

Speaking of a better styling for wash goods, why need sweet Miss Sixteen or younger or older ever bemoan the lack of a silken frock when a gingham can be fashioned as adorably as is the one in this picture! Yes, this is really and truly just a "simple gingham," endorsed by the Fashion Art League of America as demonstrating the possibilities as to what can and should be accomplished in the styling of washable cotton weaves. The idea of trimming prints and ginghams with organdie is very popular this season. Just how prettily this may be done is told in this picture. The forearm puff on the sleeve of organdie is banded with the gingham and there is a deep cape collar of the organdie dropping from the neckline at the back.

Charming Frocks for the Matron.

It is already apparent that much interest will be forthcoming in fine wash goods this spring and summer. A favored material is flowered dimity. Exquisitely sheer printed voiles also promise a tremendous vogue.

All-black or black with white and strictly tailored, briefly yet definitely describes a smart matron mode, as Paris sees it for early spring. The new short-jacket types carry special appeal, some of them handsomely trimmed with sleek flat fur, preferably broadtail or calfskin, the latter spotted in black and white.

Exquisitely textured twills, lusterless suede-finished cloths, broadcloth with a satiny sheen and what is of decided interest this spring, heavy bengaline or faille silk, these are mediums favored for the matronly tailleur. To this list for summer wear must be added georgette, for the tailleur of sheer firm fabric gives promise of a successful vogue. Even now it is being exploited throughout notable French style exhibits. These georgette suits are handsome in all-black.

An Easter-day ensemble-ideal for the matron is pictured in the foreground of this picture. Suede-finished cloth is the chosen medium for this handsome tailleur. Black-and-white spotted calfskin faces the coat revers. Not only is the suit itself 100 per cent perfect in its minutest detail, but from the crown of madam's head to the tip of her toes not a proper accessory is missing.

Dignity and good style are bespoken in the tall-crowned fine black felt chapeau which tops this costume. The tiny white-wing trimming carries out the black-and-white theme in harmony with the black-and-white spots of the calfskin which faces the coat. The separate fur neckpiece smartly answers the call of the mode.

Very good style, too, for the matron is a short-jacket suit of gray or beige covert cloth, fashioned after the model shown to the left in the picture.

JULIA BOTTOMLEY.

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Blue in All the Shades

All shades of blue are good, and if a prediction amounts to anything, they will continue to be good through winter.

Knickers Made of Frock Fabric

In these days when underthings are scarcely ever entirely under cover, French designers have been emboldened to do a bold thing but modest. They have designed knickers made of the same material as the dress which is wrongfully supposed to cover them.

Beige Is Smart

A smart color scheme for this season is a dark brown and gray beige. It has a sophistication that more obvious combinations lack.

Many practical coats for day wear have straight lines, but a cape across the back neutralizes the severity and gives a pleasing silhouette.

They cannot be seen when the wearer stands, but when she crosses her legs they are fully evident.

The Sandman Story

by Martha Martin

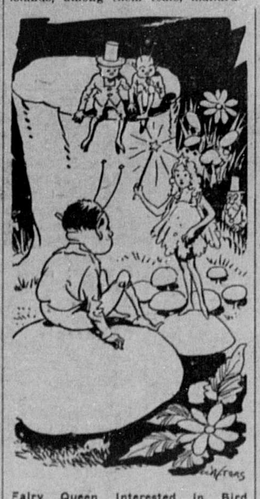
NEWS FROM FAIRY QUEEN

EVERYONE was sitting about in Fairyland that evening while the Fairy Queen was telling them of all the good news she had heard recently.

Some sat upon toadstools, some had mossy seats and some had dear old cozy stumps of trees to sit upon.

"I heard," said the Fairy Queen "that there were wonderful bird sanctuaries in one part of the country and that there were islands upon which these bird sanctuaries were placed.

"Many of the birds came to these islands, among them teals, mallards blue bills, redheads and canvasbacks, laughing gulls and brown pelicans as well as herons and grackles.



Fairy Queen Interested in Bird Sanctuaries.

"Societies which care for and protect birds are looking after these islands and the birds know they will be safe there and that no animals will be allowed who will destroy their eggs. It is a beautiful thing for the birds and it is a splendid piece of news.

"Another piece of interesting news I heard lately was that at a big contest rag dolls were voted as being the favorites. Many, many children voted as to their favorite kind of a doll.

"Many thought that the walking doll and the talking doll would be popular and so they were but by far the most popular of all were rag dolls.

"Yes, the children voted that they liked old rag dolls they could love and fondle and they didn't care whether they were beautiful rag dolls or unusual rag dolls.

"I've always known how popular Allie Baa was and still is. She is the doll belonging to the little girl who is now a grown-up lady, and when children go to call on the grown-up lady, Allie Baa is at once loved by them above everything else the lady has.

"Oh, Allie Baa entertains so many children every year. They dress and undress her, and even though Allie's clothes are old-fashioned no one minds, for there is something about Allie's dear, lovable, huggable body and her sweet rag face that no child can resist.

"Another interesting bit of news I had to tell was that I heard that chickens could trace their ancestry back generation after generation.

"Yes, I heard that they are among the oldest of creatures known, for there were chickens in the world, almost three thousand years ago.

"But I don't suppose any of the chickens ever stop to think of their family tree and count back how great-great a grandfather one would be of several thousand years ago!

"And then I have heard recently of a splendid dog who dove into the water when it was frozen over and rescued a little girl who had walked over ice which was not strong enough.

"How many dog heroes there are in the world!"

"Oh, yes," said the Fairies, "dogs are so splendid. They are always doing wonderful things."

"That is so," the Fairy Queen continued, "for I heard of such splendid things about dogs, dogs who knew every sound of distress a child could make, dogs who cared nothing for their own safety but only for those they loved.

"Oh, yes, I could talk on, it would almost seem forever, about the dog heroes.

"But this little bit of news I thought was interesting, too. An elephant of today—splendid big creature—marched to a table made of bronze, some distance away, and put upon it a wreath of wild flowers in honor of the first elephant who had appeared in a circus in America upon that spot, many years before. The big elephant walked along with his circus keeper but they did not hurry. They took their time and all along the line of march everyone came out to see the elephant.

"After all, that was only natural. I wouldn't miss seeing an elephant, if I could, any time.

"Even though I'm the Fairy Queen with a magic wand an elephant to me is a rare treat to see—always and at all times."

And all the Fairies in Fairyland agreed with the Fairy Queen and they thanked her for telling them the news.

(Copyright.)

THE WHY of SUPERSTITIONS

By H. IRVING KING

STIRRING WITH A KNIFE

"STIR with a knife; stir up strife." This rhyming piece of old-time superstition is still firmly believed in by a great many people. It is especially prevalent in some rural districts—and is of ancient descent. The superstition has its root in imitative magic in which our barbarian ancestors were particularly strong. Seeing effects only, and ignorant of causes and yet convinced that causes must exist, they adopted the homeopathic doctrine of "like produces like," imitating what they desired to produce.

In those days a man's knife was not a table implement; it was his weapon for strife with wild beast and with his fellow man. In the old Teutonic dialects the word "stir" has, besides its present meaning, that of "to destroy," "scatter," "disturb." In the depths of that vast and gloomy forest which once covered Europe from the shores of the Mediterranean to the shores of the Baltic a savage ancestor of yours stirred up something with his knife in imitation of what he was about to do with that same knife to his enemies, upon whom this stirring up ought to have a homeopathic effect. So today it is a barking back to a belief in imitative magic which makes us say, "Stir with a knife; stir up strife."

That's a few thousand years in the life of a superstition.

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What Does Your Child Want to Know?

Answered by BARBARA BOURJAILY

WHAT IS SAND?

When old earth's crust began to cool
The sand formed a great mass.
Its other name is sil-i-con,
From it we get our glass.

(Copyright.)

Laughter Better Than Complaint and Anger

Some folks have such an exalted notion of their own importance that they stiffen up as though overstarched, to such an extent that they would break if they had to bend in laughter. To such an one poor, simple, light-hearted Charles Lamb went up to in the street one day, and innocently asked: "Beg pardon, sir, but are you anybody in particular?" Such a man could not laugh. He could only fume and boil inside, until he burst out in complaint to some one. If we really valued things aright, we should see that very often we ought to let our laughter rise, instead of our complaints and angry passions, when things do not go our way. A bishop of Oxford slipped and fell one day. An unctuous confrere leaned over him with the remark: "Ah, Sam; sinners stand in slippery places." "I see they do," said Wilberforce looking up, with a laugh, at him, "but I can't!" Which was a whole lot better than getting grouchy with the unctuous one! What good would complaining have done in his case?—Exchange.

Notebooks in Pockets Have Banished String

The man who tied a string around a finger to remind him of errands to be done for his wife has forever departed. The string has been banished by the notebook so effectually that if ten men were challenged to account for their good memories nine would display notebooks and the tenth would confess that he made memoranda of his errands on the back of a letter.

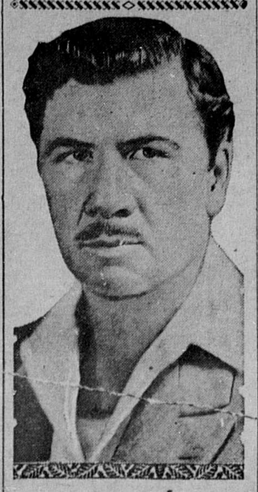
Even the farmer no longer drives to town with his finger tied around with a string. He may not have the businesslike notebook, but somewhere in a pocket there is a letter he intends to answer some time, or a bill of sale, or a notice from the road overseer, and on the back of one of these he writes down the errands he is to do for his wife. There hasn't been a string jogger of memory in his generation.

"In the old days," explains an elderly man, "there were few pockets, no convenient scraps of paper and not always pen and ink or a pencil. But always in one of these pockets was a bit of string. The men of my days grew up with string in their pockets. People carry pencils nowadays instead."

Would Hurt Politicians

What a pity that there isn't a society for the prevention of the waste of discussion!—Des Moines Register.

George Bancroft



Here is a "straight" picture of George Bancroft, the "smiling villain" of "The Pony Express" fame. Bancroft has a prominent part in "Old Ironsides," and his latest is "Too Many Crooks."

For Meditation

By LEONARD A. BARRETT

HOPE

A MAN was once asked for a contribution toward the erection of a monument, to which he replied, "Not a dollar. I am ready to contribute toward building monuments to those who made us hope, but I will not give a dollar to help perpetuate the memory and influence of those who live to make us despair." Tourists in the Alps are able to see below them the shadows of the night while above them the sun is still shining. Pessimism always looks downward into the shadows, while hope looks upward where the sun shines.

The ship at sea fights against the storm. Something goes wrong with her machinery. She is [illegible] of the forces of natu[illegible] destined to play havoc wi[illegible] The S. O. S. signal is sent through the air. In a few moments the answer comes that another vessel is coming to the rescue. Immediately there is lit in the hearts of all on board the lamp of hope. The physician enters the sick room at a time of doubt and discouragement. Nature begins to react favorably to his medicine. Hope helps nature complete her task of recovery.

We could not live very long in a world where there was no hope. The worst possible thing that could happen to any person is to be plunged into that hell on earth where all hope is abandoned. To extinguish the light of hope is to meet with despair, disaster and ultimate failure in life. Where there is hope there is life, opportunity, purpose and ambition. Ideals are not abstract things. When hoped for they are half realized.

A man who has no hope in his heart is an unwelcomed member of society. Wherever he goes he finds himself not wanted. We naturally shun the man whose presence breathes an atmosphere of pessimism and despair. There is nothing so contagious as energy, hope and enthusiasm. If hope is so important a factor in one's career then let it be cultivated and cherished. The world is so full of beautiful things that we should all be as happy as kings. Light the lamp of hope within the heart. It will always lead upward and on.

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How It Started

By JEAN NEWTON

"HYPOCRITE"

THE hypocrite today may be, indeed, he usually is, a good actor. He may be an artist in dissimulation; but if so, it is a shameful art and one that is looked upon with nothing but contempt. Originally, however, the hypocrite found nothing derogatory in the appelation, for it named an honorable calling and described an artist in the right sense of the word.

The word comes from the ancient Greek, where hypocrisy meant acting a part on the stage. The more artistically a role was performed, the more perfectly a player concealed his own personality in that of the character he was supposed to assume, the greater artist he was acclaimed to be and the more he was lauded by the people of his beauty-loving race. The "hypocrite" of old was the Hampden and the Barrymore of today.

Little did the lovers of the Greek theater dream how their good word would be perverted and corrupted in the centuries to come.

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THE KITCHEN CABINET

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He is happiest who hath power
To gather wisdom from every flower,
And wake his heart in every hour
To pleasant gratitude.
—William Wordsworth.

HELPFUL HINTS

Rubbers with leaky heels are worse than useless. Cut out the heel making a sandal rubber.

Rainy days are good days to do the odd things which we have put off for a more convenient season, as on such days we are less likely to be interrupted or there is less desire to go outside.

Looking over boxes, rearranging drawers and closets, looking up the articles in magazines, mending and all sorts of duties which we have slighted may be attended to on a rainy day.

When there are growing children in the house there is nothing more helpful than a scrapbook. Mother may get things cut out and assembled and the young folks will like to do the pasting. One such scrapbook may be made of authors' pictures, leaving a space to write in a short history of his life and works. Any interesting clippings will find a place in this book, which may be handed down to the next group of children to enjoy. Knowledge gained in this way in youth will never leave them. Very young children may have their minds stored with valuable knowledge without the effort of study. The pictures of famous people can be learned as easily as those of other pictures.

When entertaining for a children's party, get a box of animal crackers and after dipping some in chocolate and others in fondant of different colors, stand them up on salted crackers to dry. These will delight little people and there is nothing harmful in such refreshments.

When out of cake put delicate crackers together with frosting in which chopped raisins and nuts are added. They are sufficiently sweet to be satisfying with a cup of tea.

When troubled with rats put unslaked lime around their runways. Once burned they avoid that place again.

Dampen slightly the brush of the carpet sweeper; this will take up lint and save the dust that will rise from the sweeper.

[illegible] things necessary [illegible] who does the [illegible] regulate her [illegible] purse. It develops self-denial to confine herself to the needs of her family and refuse to buy attractive delicacies which she knows she cannot afford.

Perhaps some day we will become as progressive as our oriental brothers who pay their physicians to keep them well.

A leak in the wash boiler may be temporarily stopped by covering with a little corn meal and water. The corn meal will swell and fill the holes. Flour and water can be used in the the same way—bake it in.

Seasonable Recipes.

A little care in the selection and arrangement of food will make a common dish something worth while.

Sweet Omelet.—Separate the whites and yolks of the eggs, using four, six or eight, according to the size of the family and appetite. Beat well, season with salt and a dash of cayenne, add as many tablespoonfuls of cold water as there are eggs. Separate the whites and yolks, beating the whites until stiff and the yolks until well mixed, add the water to the yolks and then stir into the whites. Pour into a hot buttered omelet pan to which has been added a half a cupful of blanched almonds. Cook as usual, fold and pour over the omelet a hot maple sauce.

Ramekin Eggs.—Butter small ramekins and drop an egg into each, season well and cover with cream; bake in a moderate oven until the egg is set. Serve garnished with parsley.

Ragout of Mutton.—Cut cold roast or boiled mutton into inch pieces. Take one tablespoonful of butter, add one tablespoonful of flour, one-half pint of stock, season with salt, pepper, three drops of tabasco sauce, a tablespoonful of worcestershire sauce and a pinch of asafoetida. Add the mutton, heat to the boiling point, then add one tablespoonful of orange juice and one tablespoonful of currant jelly. Serve hot.

Fried Onion Slices.—Cut good-size onions in half-inch slices and cover with cold water for an hour to chill. Drain and wipe dry, then fry in deep fat, drain, sprinkle with salt and pepper and serve as a garnish to steak.

Orange Puffs.—Cream one-third of a cupful of butter, add a cupful of sugar, two beaten eggs, one-half cupful of milk, one and one-half cupfuls of flour and two teaspoonfuls of baking powder. Flavor with orange and serve with:

Yellow Sauce.—Beat two eggs until very light, add one cupful of sugar gradually and continue beating, flavor with the grated rind of an orange and one-half cupful of orange juice.

Nellie Maxwell

Scientific Follies

The so-called "seven follies of science" are the quadrature of the circle, the duplication of the cube, trisection of the angle, perpetual motion, transmutation of metals, fixation of mercury and the elixir of life.

Who Remembers

The old-time family doctor who, when called to attend a sick child, always took along a sack of candy to induce the patient to take his medicine?