

Hubert Van der Broeck

Hubert Van der Broeck, supervising pastry chef of the Hotel Statler, at Buffalo, has discovered way to make bran cookies, and be is rather proud of his achievement.

The ingredients are one-half cup brown sugar, one-half cup butter, one heaping teaspoon ground cinnamon, one-half cup Sultana raisins, one-half cup chopped walnut meats, two cups flour, one level teaspoon baking soda, one heaping teaspoon baking powder, two and one-half caps of bran, one egg and one-half gap water.

Beat sugar and butter to a eream; add egg and beat well; add water, mixed with baking soda and flour, sifted with baking powder; then add the other ingredients and mix thoroughly. Drop by teaspoonfuls on greased baking sheet and bake in a moderate oven. Sufficient for thirty cookies.

Burgassi of an etc.

Miss Virginia Pope a surgesti birds, intended to be a crist and she started out in the She never interested in birds while selling propared bird food in ener to maintaherself while Art was still a beckening Muse, with nothing substantial, from a financial standpoint, in her turin palm. The birds were so tascinating that Miss Pope decided to devote her self to feathered friends and let Ar drift on over the mountains. - Ex change.

Abnormality in Mankind.

Regardless of whether "genius is to madness close allied," eccentricities no soubt could be found in all great men But if the truth were known would not something just a trifle abnormal he discovered in everybody? Is it not too much to expect that the brain should always be well balanced under the terrific strain to which modern conditions of life subject it? What a dull place the world would be if everybody always did the conventiona. thing!-Exchange

Cosmic Dust.

A has been only lately discovered that cosmic dust forms layers at the bottom of the deepest seas. Between Honolulu and Tabiti, at a depth of 2,350 fathoms-over two miles and a helf-a vast layer of this material ex-

MICKIE SAYS



The Margin of Safety

Is represented by the amount of insurance you carry.

Don't tall yourself into a fancied Security.

Because fire has never touched you it doesn't follow that you're immune Tomorrow -no today, if you have time-and you better find timecome to the office and we'll write a policy on your house, furniture.

store or merchandise. -LATER MAY BE TOO LATE-

O. C. TEEL

Reilable Insurance

WHO'S WHO

By MARTHA EATON

(by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.) John Wentworth was in confusion.

For three months a widow with two charming daughters had occupied Rambler cottage, the grounds of which adjoined his estate. Conservative, nearing middle age, Wentworth was making his maiden voyage upon the sea of romance.

The daughters were twins, hence his confusion. Equally charming, they made equal appeal to his old-school chivalry. One girl was so identically the embodiment of the other that Wentworth became puzzled as to which he should offer marriage,

At last something happened which promised to aid him in his decision. In the late twillight, as he sauntered through his orchard, he saw a familiar figure hurrying along the footpath which led from Rambler cottage across the meadow skirting the lower orchard. It was one of the twins, carrying a basket of "goodies" to lame Mrs. Brode. Thereafter Wentworth strolled in the orchard every evening, and every evening a familiar figure burried ncross the meadow with a laden bas-

Wentworth let his decision fall upon this twin, thoughtful and unselfish, doing errands of mercy in the dim of twillight. She was the girl for him; but the question arose as to which of the two she was. Not such a simple matter to learn as it had first appeared to

On two evenings Wentworth intercepted Miss Twin in the pathway. On the first evening he said: "Good evening, Miss Lucile," to which she replied; "Good evening, Mr. Wentworth." On the second evening he said; "Good evening, Miss Louise," to which the young lady replied: "Good evening, Mr. Wentworth.

Was it Miss Lucile one evening and Miss Louise the next, or was it Miss Lucile every evening, or Miss Louise every evening?

"She doesn't wish to be considered more praiseworthy than her sister."

On the day following the sixth evening. Wentworth called on Mrs. Brode. "Blessed if I know whether she's Miss Lucile or Miss Louise. I only know she is an angel. I asked her once which one she was, and she said: 'Oh, never mind, Mother Brode, I'm just Miss Rambler,' so, you see, I can't tell you, Mr. Wentworth."

On the seventh evening Wentworth called at Rambler cottage at about the time when he thought Miss Twin would be on her mission. He was received by Miss Lucile and her mother only. So the matter was settled at last; tomorrow he would seek the hand of Miss Louise, the little kind-hearted masquerader. But no, in a very few moments Miss Louise appeared too, and th girls vied to give him a pleasant

John Wentworth was still in confusion.

On the eighth evening Wentworth, near desperation, again paced in his orchard and again saw the familiar figure skipping across the meadow. The girl glanced in his direction and then went on so hastily that her sunbonnet was caught in a low-hanging bough. Wentworth saw her disentangle a some time gone Wentworth went to the offending bough and broke a twig which was bound with hair.

He now held the solution of his difficulty securely in his hand. Tomorrow's sunlight would tell the tale. Miss Lucile's bair was brown and was Louise's hair was brown also, but un-

touched by gold. Alas! morning brought frustration. The sun shone bright, to be sure. It lingered on the hair-engirdled twig in Wentworth's band; but the hair was neither gold nor brown. It was red. red, RED.

Wentworth worked on a mental problem during that morning, and later went to Mrs. Brode's cottage. From questioning her he was able to arrive at a pretty definite conclusion regarding the owner of the red hair. He learned that the widow was in straitened circumstances, and that she kept but one servant, a cook, who was tidy.

quiet and never went out. On the ninth evening, rather late, Wentworth walked back and forth by Rambler cottage and saw through unshuttered windows the widow, the twins and a red-haired girl. By and by he rang the widow's doorbell. The twins greeted him effusively, while their mother, in evident confusion, presented him to her of the auburn hair. "My daughter, Lois. She has just come from Detroit."

Wentworth spent a wonderful evening, eating delicious little cakes which the twins served, and watching redhaired Lois. Yes, he could readily see how one of her unselfish nature might easily be persuaded to stay in the kitchen and cook, so that the more attractive sisters might keep up appearances and secure a wealthy husband. Lois' merry eyes were on him and he ate the last cake.

"Mrs. Rambier, I have loved one of your daughters for a long time." Wentworth's eyes glanced upon Lucile and Louise. Both young tadies were rosy and expectant, find more so when Wentworth continued:

"Now I am going to take my right and kiss her."

"Your right, my don't Mr. Wentworth?" breathed the widow. "Yes, I've eaten the last cake and I

may kiss the cook." And he did, on the red hair. SIGHT THAT IS MARVELOUS

Power of Vision of Some of the Small est of Nature's Creatures Far Above Mankind's.

Bees, humming birds, and other honey hounds detect pollen deposits not by sense of smell or even by instinct, but by a marvelously perfected sense of sight, which enables them to differ entiate between color variations infinitely too fine for perception by hu man vision, according to Prof. Frank E. Lutz and F. K. Richtmeyer, who read papers on the pollination of flow ers by insects before the American Academy of Science at Pittsburgh re cently.

In order to minimize the possibility of hybrid plant development through the pollination of two unrelated plant species, nature has provided fine grade tions of color imperceptible to the hu man eye, but readily discernible to insects, according to the new theory. Na ture also has developed in different representatives of each species of bird and insect an individual fondness for a given color gradation. When a bee, for example, starts out on his daily routine he visits only such flowers as appeal to his individual color tastes. In this manner he pollinates only such flowers as are identical with each other both as to species and as to ex net color graduition

Occasionally after a family row, or an annual election, an irresponsible bee or bee-ess may run wild among all serts of colors and conditions of plants, thereby playing hob with na ture, and eventing anything from a sundower with pansy petals to a double-foluted papell. Such hybrid creations are erred mutations, and frequently they are the basis for a new species.

However, such things rarely happen, bees being, on the whole, rather methodical and reliable individuals. But there init anything to be done about it, anyway,

Input to Injury.

The 5:43, neting in accordance to one of those inexplicable rules which inexplicably govern all late commuters' trains, stopped just outside the terminal, and several hundred returning suburbanites sighed wearily, for they were hungry

Time passed and the 5:43 made no. movement. The sighs of hunger in-

Then, as though the malevolent rallroad men had planned it, along came an Omnha-bound train and stopped on the next track. Thus it was that in three coaches the returning suburbanites, crowded and jammed into their straight-backed seats or standing. were awarded- the view of travelers who lounged comfortably in parlor cars and in elaborately appointed smokers.

In the fourth coach matters were even worse. Opposite it the dining car had pulled up. A miserable quarter-hour it was when the hungry commuters, already late for dinner, stroy to keep their eyes and thoughts from the smooth, sleek goers west, who consumed warm, fragrant dishes a few feet away,-Chicago Post,

Odd Forms of Rent.

A quaint survival from the early Thirteenth century was witnessed at the Law Courts in London, Eng., recently, when the city solicitor and the secondary made their annual attendstrand of hair. After she had been ance before the king's remembrancer to render rent service on behalf of the eity corporation for two properties at one time held under the crown.

For the first of these, described as a piece of waste land called the Moors, in the county of Salop, but long since out of the possession of the corporlighted with gold by the sun; Miss ation, the city solicitor cut one fagget with a hatchet and another with a bill hook, and for the second, a tenement called the Forge, in the parish of St. Clement Danes, which was pulled down by a mob in the reign of Richard II, and never restored, the city solicitor counted out six horse-hoes and 61 nails.

Childish.

The Woman went to see some children who were in the hospital in a peor part of the city.

When she went in there was undue excitement. "Say, ma'am, you came in a taxi, didn't you?"

"No," the Woman said. "I didn't." There was evident surprise and disappointment.

"We saw a taxi outside-limmle did-his bed's near the window-and when you come in then we said we knew'd you'd come in it. There ain't been anyone come in a taxi."

And the Woman decided the next time she would drive up in a taxi if there was so much prestige attached. -New York Sun.

Air Service Over English Channel. For the first time in history, more than 1,000 people have crossed the English channel by air in one week. The total number of passengers and crew on the continental airplanes from August 14 to 20 was 1,076, of whom 734 were paying passengers, the remainder being crew. These people

were carried in 200 machines, the British ships carrying 620 passengers in 173 machines against 72 foreign machines which carried 114 passengers.

High Price for a Tiny Skin. Russian sables are the best seen for

many years, prices for the skin of a single member of this small species of the weasel tribe varying from \$100 to acro, but the cost of a cost would be rem \$10,000 nowards. Nutria fura obtained from the skin of the coppes rat. a pative of lateral and the Argentine, are plentiful met are to be popular as trimmings for collars, coats, etc.

(**************************** HER STORY

BY MARGARET A. SWEENEY

Reconstructions to by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

One night in late December -- a snapping cold night in 1918-Mrs. Haland told this story that I am about to repeat. Phoebe Haland, my husband's aunt, was then about seventy, a sincerely pious woman who was temporarily making her home with us while her two sons, both surgeons, were oversens with the Yankee division.

My husband had just finished reading aloud a newspaper article about a house in our neighborhood that was supposed to be haunted. The article gave the history of the house and a list of its former owners, who had found it advisable to sell the place soon after moving in. The last owner had bought the place for almost nothing, and after a week's trial he, too, moved out, and told the world, through the newspapers, that he would have the place torn down in the spring.

"That ghost talk is all bosh," my husband declared. "A house gets a name for being haunted, and then everyone that moves into it is on the lookout for spooks and-and their imagination does the rest."

The newspaper fluttered, and we, Mrs. Haland and I, continued with our knitting and waited to bear some more news. Then Mrs. Haland looked at me over the top of her steelrimmed spectacles and said:

"A good deal of it is both, no doubt, but there are, I am sure, troubled souls that for one reason or another return and make themselves seen or

Mrs. Haland put down her knitting. and her serious, kindly old eyes narrowed and she took a long look into the face of Time before she spoke.

"It will be 50 years next May-May 10-since I was married," she began, "and we started housekeeping in a little house that is still standing in a small village a mile or two beyond Hartford, Conn. My nearest neighbor was a Mrs. Wright, and she called upon us almost as soon as we were set-

"She was a tall, thin woman, and I remember well the buff-colored challie dress with little blue flowers in it that she wore that day. She had her little girl with her-a sturdy child of six or seven, her black hair braided in two stiff braids that hung down her little square back.

"I was twenty then," she continued, "and I think that Mrs. Wright was about thirty-eight-she was just forty when she died, and we had been neighbors for two years. In that time I had learned to love Mrs. Wright-she was like a mother to me. She was not n well woman-some heart affectionand her husband was a drinking man. She shielded him all she could. She know that he had at times beaten her and his little daughter.

"She was not long ill-a few days, and I was in and out all the time, and not once did she complain. Bessie, her little girl, seldom left the bedslde, but that last day, when the child was out of hearing, Mrs. Wright said to me. 'I-I don't mind it at all-only for Bessie-my poor Bessie!' It was having to leave Bessie that troubled her.

"When it was all over the husband disappeared-no one knew where, so I took Bessie home with me, and for a week I tried hard to lessen the grief In the childish heart. Then one evening, as I was about to send Bessie to bed, her father came in-swaggered in without knocking-growling and wild-eyed. Bessie at my knee, repeating the Lord's prayer, buried her face in my lap and I felt her little body quiver. He wanted Bessle to come right home-he guessed he had 'a right to his own daughter.'

"Well, he took Bessle-took her screaming-dragging her along. 1 could not reason with him and my husband had gone on some business to Hartford. My instinct was to follow Bessie, but I was afraid of this man, and as I stood there he the kitchen, near the open door, praying that my husband would come soon, Mrs. Wright walked in. .

"I saw her as plain as I see you now. She wore her buff-colored dress with the little bine flowers in it, and she looked neither to the right nor left, just passed me as if I were a piece of furniture, and walked straight into my bedroom.

"Something-the mystery, the awe of it-overwhelmed me and brought me to my knees, and then suddenly 1 arose and ran out of the bouse and up the road toward that man Wright's

"When nearing the house I could hear Bessie still crying, and I went in-I went in as brave as a lioness defending her cub, and I faced him and I shouted at him that my husband and all the men in town were mixing tar and getting feathers, and that it he wanted to save himself he had beiter clear out.

"I think it must have sobered him, for he ran so fast, and till this day I don't know what made me tell him such a-a terrible lie-it just popped into my head.

"I took Ressie home again with me, and I was sure the beyond the shadow of a doubt-that the troubled soul of Mrs. Wright had found peace.

Record Murder Prosecutions.

The record of having prosecuted more murderess than any other man Hving belongs to Sir Harry Poland Lendon's oblest barrister, who la now itr his nicety ditta year, and has been produced in the last twenty-six years

SHOWS SUPREMACY OF MAN

Single Blast of Dynamite Has Power to Destroy What Nature Took Centuries to Build.

The next time you pass one of the excavations that are being made in the solid rock here, there and everywhere in New York these days for foundations of new buildings, stop, look and wonder, says the New York Sun. Every foot of rock that is destroyed by these workers with pick and steam shovel, drill and dynamite, nature spent a hundred years to make.

For stratified rock forms at the ate of about one foot in a century. So it follows that if you see an excavaion through stratified rock 30 feet deep this means that within a few weeks' time 3,000 years of nature's labor has been destroyed through the brain and brawn of man.

This is one thing to wonder over when looking at such an excavation. But it is not all,

When this rock was being formed man had not appeared on the earth. Yet the earth in those dim ages of the past teemed with living creatures. Creatures that, through the passing of untold millions of years, developed from weak invertebrates into huge, weird monsters unlike anything known today. They ruled the earth, the air and the water. And part of their dominion was this region of New York where man's dominion is now supreme.

Some of these creatures, as they walked over this region, stepped into shallow water and left the imprint of their footsteps in the mud, which, as it hardened into rock preserved the imprint, a perfect outline on the surface of the stone. Others, sinking to the bottom of deeper water that was then where is now dry land, were buried in the mud. As this mud turned to rock, their bones fossilized into the water from the land and the streams, settled to the bottom and, in its turn, was hardened into stone. And so, layer on layer, the rock was formed, miles in depth. As it formed it imprisoned and turned to fossils the bones of many a bizarre creature that no man ever saw, but whose likeness and history may be found in these records of stone.

A blast of dynamite! The rock fails shattered. Men lift the pieces into containers. The great cranes, as by magic, lift the containers and dump the contents into the wagons waiting above. Who cares if the work of 30 centuries is destroyed? Soon this great hole will be the basement of a skyscraper. It will be filled all day and every day with men carrying on their busy bustling activities with no thought of the strange animals that made this very spot their home mil-Hons of years gone by.

Pulverized Coal.

With the commercial advent of pulverized coal many engineers who made preliminary tests with the subdrew conclusions that it never become an important factor in power development. At that time the remarkable ability of the internal combustion engine became known and coal-power engines, as a whole, were given but a short period of life. Investigations have proved, however, that coal as a power factor will live for many years to come, at least in this country, as the United States contains more than half the available coal deposits of the world.

Pulverized coal has one decided advantage—it burns almost smokelessly. Injecting the pulverized material into the furnace is accomplished by much simpler means also than with lump coal. Boiler repairs are less frequent in factories using pulverized coal than in those employing lump coal.

Advertising.

Advertising has become such a monumental feature of newspapers today, that it is somewhat refreshing to see how unsophisticated appear the advertising attempts of a couple of centuries ago. The following is taken from a copy of the American Weekly Mercury, dated November 29, 1722;

"Whereas, Mathew Burne of Chester county served John Camm two years (that is, 10 or 12 months), at stocking weaving and other work, during which time John Camm's stockings here many reflections, and now the said Mathew Burne goes about selling stockings in John Camm's name, as the they were his make, which is false and not true."

It is sincerely to be hoped that 'said Mathew Burne" felt that he got his money's worth from the insertion of this notice.

Plantigrade.

Interesting is the origin of the word 'plantigrade," frequently used in the science of zoology. Its classic origin is the Latin "planta," the sole of the foot, and "gradus," meaning a step.

The species homo, with the exception of the man with a broken instep, s not, however, properly speaking, a plantigrade, because he does not walk on the entire, or nearly the entire, sole of his foot.

The high instep saves men from be ing designated as plantigrade.—Chieago Journal.

Suspected.

The general manager entered the president's office, mysteriously.

"That new assistant to the superintendent," he said, "reports every morning on time, works hard all day, never flirts with the stenographer, attends strictly to busines and is the last to leave at night."

The president turned white and trembled.

"It is as I expected!" he exclaimed, "A detective."-New York World.

KWASIND

By RUBY H. MARTYN

Decessors

(by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.) Rosemary flushed and stammered over the contents of the parcel which had come by mail; the stout little box and tissue paper wrappings had enfolded a shining new, nickeled key. Lest anyone should ask silly questions about it, she dropped the key into her pocket and the papers on a blazing stick in the kitchen range. And she was angry all over again with Ben Baker.

"What an old stick-in-the-mud," she scorned. "I suppose he's up to some stunt with this key and thinks he's being funny! Well, what he gets is a freeze tight."

Illness and a lean purse had driven Rosemary to vacation at her uncle's farm on the Rockdale road. At the end of a previous summering there she had vowed never again to set foot in the remote vicinity of Ben Baker, whose folks owned a farm out Bald Pate mountainway, and with whom she had found cause for quarrel after a true-sweethearting season.

Now time and physical weakness and hunger for the real outdoors had modified Rosemary's former decision to deny herself the hospitality of her uncle's home. By cross cuts it was fully two miles from here to the Baker place and more than twice that distance over the tortuous, sidehill roads.

As her strength returned Rosemary roamed farther and farther from the farmhouse. When the chance item in a local paper informed her that Ben Baker was away on business, she determined to venture a day in the woods beyond the pasture.

As Rosemary went along the wood path that sunny morning she found the woods amazingly transformed. The trees around the farmhouse had been so well trimmed that she had not correctly estimated what damage the sleet and ice storm of the previous winter had wrought. Even here in the woods verdure covered its raw nakedness, and the fresh sap color of the broken limbs had weathered.

But every tree gave its own mutesignal of devastation. Rosemary roamed on and on, marvelling at the ruins. She remembered what Ben used to tell her about the winter storms and knew that a giant among them must have been this way. He quoted Hiawatha:

And whenever through the forest Raged and roared the wintry tempest, And the branches, tossed and troubled, Creaked and groaned and split asunder, "Kwasind!" cried they, "that is Kwasind! He is gathering in his firewood!"

And for a fancy she had remembered her "Hiawatha" and called him "Kwasind." "For his strength allied to goodness."

Curiosity drew Rosemary on toward the oak knoll where they had often kept tryst together. And when the path opened ahead she stopped in amazement. The oaks had been sawed off, chopping-block high; only one had been trimmed and left to cast its shade on the red roof of a boarded cabin. The foundation was of native stones and a trail of stepping stones wound from her feet to the beautifully grained oak door. It was the materialization of what Ben and she had imagined for themselves right here.

For the first time some special significance of the key in her pocket dawned upon Rosemary. Did it fit this door? She skipped along the stepping stones and turned it in the lock.

A staunch work bench occupied one end of the interior, and a half-finished piece of furniture stood beside it. The other end had a wide stone hearth, flanked by settles of the same beautifully grained plank that had fashloned the door. Wrought iron dogs, piled with kindling, stood below the yawning mouth of the chimney.

And because, in the midst of her spirit of mischief, Rosemary felt a sweet possession of the place, she touched a lighted match to the kindling and watched it burn. And the corner of the settle where she curied herself was se comfortable that she hadn't moved when ashes began to gray over the smoldering embers. A quick step on the threshold startled her to her feet.

"I saw the smoke, Rosemary, and 'twas to me the sign that you'd come! You can't guess how I've watched for smoke from that chimney. Sure and certain, I built the cabin for you-and me! Sure and certain, I'm .an old stick-in-the-mud that doesn't want any girl but you!" said Ben Baker.

Rosemary gripped the settle back. How splendid he was! And full of purpose! He must never know how silly she had been!

"I was just thinking this place was ready for the touches of a woman's hand," she admitted.

"Your hand," corrected Ben Baker, specializing her generality. "My hand, then, Kwasind!" agreed

Rosemary. "Don't ever let me fly off the handle again, dear," he said, contritely, "Keep me Kwasind, and write it large when I get heady:

Straight between to lies the pathway, Never grows the gross open it; Singing birds, that utter falsehoods, Story-tellers, mischlef-makers, Find no eager ear to listen, Cannot breed ill-will between us; For we keep each other's counsel, Speak with naked hearts together."

Worth Considering. "When we lose one portion of the body others become more petive." "Well, it I thought it would help my

brains any I might chop off a leg.