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Flour Named for Lecturer

Graham flour, which takes its name from Sylvester Graham, an American lecturer on temperance and food reform, is unsifted or unbolting wheat flour; that is, flour in which all the wheat kernel except the husk is used. Sylvester Graham was born at Suffield, Conn., in 1794, and died at Northampton, Mass., September 11, 1851. After studying at Amherst for a time he entered the Presbyterian ministry in 1826. As part of his temperance and food campaign, he not only advocated total abstinence from meat but also recommended the eating of bread made of unbolting wheat flour because of its great nutritive value. Graham, however, was not the "inventor" of this kind of bread, for whole wheat bread was the first wheat bread made. His name became associated with it because he included this article of food in his dietary regimen.

Believe White Animals Should Be Held Sacred

Among many primitive peoples white animals of various sorts, albinos and otherwise, have been endowed with supernatural virtues. The animal selected for this reverence is usually one closely associated with the life of the people, like the elephant in Buddhist countries. The ordinary bison was the plains Indians' source of livelihood. It provided him with food, clothing and utensils and with the hides for making tents, recalls a writer in the Chicago Daily News.

SHORT SHORT STORY

Long before the Indians had guns and horses, they killed the bison by driving them into pens, or over the brink of high embankments. According to a story collected from among the Atsina Indians of Fort Belknap, the meat and hides of a herd thus taken was not touched if a white bison were found in the herd unless there was great scarcity of meat in the Indian camp.

Among the Teton Sioux the white bison was believed to have been the form, according to their legends, of a beautiful woman, who has a benevolent and powerful spirit.

References by early explorers to the white bison are few and widely scattered. It is believed that Juan Oñate, who explored east Texas in 1601, is the first white man to make mention of the white bison. Oñate, in mentioning the herds of bison he saw in the country, says that "all these cattle are of one color—namely, brown—and it was a great marvel to see a white bull in such a multitude."

Ceylon Once Residence Of Ousted Adam and Eve

If the Mohammedans were right, Adam and Eve, after their expulsion from Eden, were transported to Ceylon. Not only did our First Parents visit Ceylon but Adam also became a pearl fisherman there, tradition states. Adam's peak was named for him, notes a writer in the Los Angeles Times.

Three Cigarettes on a Match

The most usual explanation of the origin of the superstition attached to lighting three cigarettes with one match is that this was originally a wartime precautionary measure. During the World war, or even according to one authority, during the Boer war 15 years earlier, the glow of a match was sufficient to give an enemy marksman a target. The first and second man to use the match might be safe, but the enemy would be sure of the range by the time the third cigarette was reached. Another theory finds the origin of the superstition in the funeral service of the Russian church, where three altar candles were lighted with one taper. It was considered sacrilegious to make any other lights in groups of three, hence such a procedure as using the same light for three cigarettes must bring bad luck.

Congress Hall in Philadelphia

Congress hall in Philadelphia, at the corner of Sixth and Chestnut streets, was begun in 1787 and completed in 1789. It was used by the United States congress from December 6, 1790, to May 14, 1800. The house of representatives met on the first floor and the senate in the south chamber on the second floor. In 1800 the hall was burned and the present building was inaugurated for the second time and there he delivered the celebrated Farewell address. President Adams was inaugurated there. John Marshall, when a congressman from Virginia speaking on the death of Washington, first uttered the famous phrase "First in the hearts of his countrymen," taken from Henry Lee's formal resolution. The building was last restored in 1913.

When Britain Owned France

Almost 800 years ago an English army invaded France, and 76 years after this invasion a British king was crowned in Paris. The city of Calais, France, which remained in English hands for more than 200 years, has given the world one of the brightest examples of patriotic devotion when, upon the first coming of the English to lay siege to the city, six of her leading citizens, with halters about their necks, presented themselves to the invading English king, offering their lives to ransom their city from destruction.

The Poor Prune

By SALLY LLOYD
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IT WAS across the breakfast table mornings, after they had been married ten years or so, that Alice began to think of Bill as a prune.

SHORT SHORT STORY

The little snoring noise he made as he scooped up his oatmeal, his reckless manner of attacking the matutinal egg, the bald spot that shone mildly on the top of his faithful head—all these filled her of late with a sense of exasperation.

Alice wondered crossly why she had married him. Had she realized that Bill was fated to grow stooped and commonplace with the years, she would have thought twice before turning down Bruce Watson.

Alice sat a long time at the breakfast table after Bill had gone, turning over in her mind the note she had been going to write in Boston over the week-end, and would Alice meet him at the Bellair for dinner Saturday night? It had been more than ten years since they had met. He hoped they could have dinner, a chat and a dance together—alone.

The thought of stirring the ashes of old fires filled Alice with a guilty sort of exhilaration. Surely there could be no harm in accepting the invitation.

Now that she had decided to go, Alice was tremulous and half afraid. Would Bruce still think her charming? She glanced in the dressing table mirror. After all, she hadn't changed much—a few gray hairs, a few pounds heavier.

From her wardrobe she selected a Chinese blue thing that matched her eyes. Bruce had once called them. Would he think them cornflower eyes tonight?

It was about three in the afternoon when she called his hotel. No, they didn't know just when he would be in.

Suddenly she saw him coming through the lobby, his eyes scanning the face of every pretty, unscorned girl. The same old Bruce, tall and smoothly blond. Alice rose and took a step towards him. His gaze traveled over her face for a casual second and then passed on impersonally.

He hadn't recognized her! Alice felt as though she had been suddenly submerged in cold water. Was it possible that he had changed as much as that?

"Bruce!" she said eagerly. For a moment he stared blankly, then grasped her welcoming hand. "I'd never have known you, he answered, looking her over appraisingly.

"Have I aged so much?" Alice asked, with an upward, coquettish glance.

"Not at all," returned Bruce functionally. His air was casual, almost cold.

In the center of the small table he had reserved were yellow roses. Alice glowed with appreciation. He had remembered her fondness for yellow roses. Her sagging spirits rose again.

"This is fun," she began gaily. "Just like old times. Tell me, Bruce, have you ever married?"

"Twice," answered Bruce gruffly. "Twice! Alice subsided in flat silence. That was that! She watched him covertly as he ate. His hair was almost as thin as Bill's and he had grown older, heavier. He had talked incessantly about deals he had struck through. And at times his eyes strayed to a pretty girl who sat at the table at their right.

"Shall we dance?" he suggested, as the orchestra broke into a blaring fox-trot.

Bruce recognized that Alice's dancing days were over, or at least badly impaired, before he had circled the floor with her. He wiped his forehead often, and towards the end of the dance Alice caught him looking the sympathetic look bestowed by the girl who sat at their right.

Bruce excused himself for a moment and stepped over to speak to the girl on their right, whose glances had become more and more friendly.

"My aunt from Chicago," Alice heard him say in a would-be guarded voice, nodding towards her. "Nice old gal, but rather heavy on her feet!"

Alice went berserk and stalked out of the hotel.

Bill was sitting on his side of the living room lamp when she came into the room. He looked up and whistled as she removed her wrap, exposing the blue gown that had watched her eyes so well.

"That dress is a knockout," he said in his dull way. "You get younger and prettier all the time, Alice."

"I often wonder what you see in a dumbbell like me," he went on humbly. "I used to think that dashing Bruce Watson, whom you turned down, was more your style than I am."

"What!" cried Alice indignantly. "That poor prune! I wouldn't pick him up with a toasting fork!"

And she kissed lightly the spot on top of his head whence the hair had long since departed.

First Roquefort Cheese

A French shepherd left his black bread and milk in a cave some 200 years ago. Returning a fortnight later, he found that it had turned into what is known as Roquefort cheese. This variety of cheese is still made in that manner.

Casteth Out Fear

By MARCIA DINSMORE
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OF THE little group about the fire, Gwen alone grew restive as the story went on. Her half-sisters, Mary and Jean, were listening with rapt attention to Sid's well-placed voice as it rose to the high pitch of excitement demanded by the mystery story which he read aloud.

SHORT SHORT STORY

The other member of the group, John, was half asleep, scarcely listening. "She felt the touch of icy fingers upon her soft shoulder," read Sid with obvious enjoyment. Mary and Jean shivered delightedly. Gwen alone shrank back and hated herself for it.

Mary and Jean, with the two boys, had planned a sleighing party for tonight. The rain had spoiled their fun, and even a rousing fire with its inevitable accompaniment of popcorn and marshmallows had failed to soften their disappointment. Then Mary had stumbled upon the mystery story, tucked away in a corner, had seized it with a cry of joy and demanded that Sid read it aloud.

"Come on over, Gwen; gathering round," Sid had called out, smiling. And though Gwen knew that his thoughts were not with her, but with the younger, lovelier Jean, she had come gladly.

"She tried to cry out," read Sidney, "when through the darkness came a long, eerie wail." "Oh!" it was almost a shriek. The four on the davenport came to a sudden, startled attention. Gwen flushed hotly. "I—I'm sorry," she looked away into the fire.

Jean's lip curled slightly. "We forgot about Gwen," she explained to the boys. "Poor dear, she's so timid—actually afraid of the dark!" "Great-scoot, child," drawled John kindly, "you'd better trot off into a blaze of light till the story's over."

Finally, disappointingly, the mystery was solved and Jean sprang up with an impatient cry.

"Oh, bosh!" she cried. "Let's do something." The other three sprang up laughing, and without more ado set off through the rain to the movies.

Gwen curled herself up in the corner of the davenport where Sidney had been sitting, and sobbed herself to sleep.

She was awakened suddenly by sounds in the hall, voices again, but no laughter.

"Don't be so silly, child. Of course he's all right," she heard in John's reassuring drawl.

"No, no," Jean's cry was almost hysterical. "We shouldn't have let him go down there."

Lights sprang up in hall and living room. "I'll go look for him," announced John. Gwen sat up. The two girls were clinging to him fearfully. "I won't be left alone!" wailed Mary.

"What's the trouble?" quavered Gwen.

"Mary heard a noise down cellar when we got home from the movies, and Sid went down to investigate. We thought it was just a joke, but he's been gone some time. And we've just discovered that the electric wires have been cut, or something."

Stark terror seized Gwen. Sid in danger? But she spoke calmly to Mary and Jean. "I'll go. I have my flashlight." And in spite of his protests she went.

The cellar seemed to be miles away, and every step, lighted only by the pale flash of her little light, was a step into eternity. At last her foot struck the cement of the floor.

"Si-Sidney," cried Gwen softly. She had never dared the diminutive. A faint groan answered her. "I'm here," Sid heard her coming and spoke faintly. "There really was a burglar, it seems. We had words." He laughed a little.

"He got away." His voice altered slightly. "Oh, it's Gwen."

Gwen helped him with difficulty to his feet, and called reassurance to the watchers on the floor above. There was a flurry at the head of the stairs and Jean rushed down through the darkness to sob on Sid's shoulder. "If you had been killed!" she cried fiercely.

Gwen turned away, surrendering her place, and glad of the comforting gloom. A gentle hand fell on her shoulder.

"But, child, I thought you were afraid of the dark!" drawled John. She walked slowly up the stairs beside him, and wondered how much he knew. His arm slid across her shoulders, tightening for a moment, and she knew that he had guessed. She dabbed furtively at her eyes.

"I was afraid," her voice was low, "but—"

As John finished it for her, his eyes were very kind. "But perfect love," he ended gently, "casteth out fear."

Brass, Copper Fixtures Used in Old Fireplaces

There are few more delightful objects of fireside furnishing than the old pieces of brass and copper which were originally an essential part of the equipment of every fireplace.

The brass candlesticks and fireirons, the copper kettle on the hob, the trivet which kept the food hot before the glowing coals, and the warming pan hanging nearby ready to help in driving away the chill.

The earliest warming pans of which we know are of the Elizabethan period, writes Alice R. Rollins in the Los Angeles Times. These have wrought-iron handles, the pan for the coals being a sort of cradle of oak stretchers forming a cage that held the hot cinders. It is at this time we find examples bearing engraved arms, while a text or crudely worded motto frequently is a part of the handiwork on the lid.

Of a later date are those found bearing patriotic or pious phrases and sometimes dated.

Many warming pans were made in the early days of the Colonies. As early as 1650, we read of copper being shipped to America, which was used not only to make utensils for household use but also for such things as buttons, snuff and patch-boxes, tea-caddies, buckles and many other articles.

Warming pans were made of brass and copper. Circular in shape they were deep enough to hold hot cinders of coke or charcoal. The long handles were of wood or iron. These pans were made by country craftsmen who nevertheless showed considerable skill in displaying the beauty of the wood in the turned handles of beech and oak. In addition to those made of wood, others are of iron. These are mostly of a later date and are of Dutch origin. The lids are hammered or chased or engraved and the pierced work is fine, mostly of a conventional character.

'Coals to Newcastle' Is Used in Many Languages

Newcastle, England, is located in the center of a great coal producing region. In fact there are two cities in England by that name, both in coal-producing areas. But the expression "carrying coals to Newcastle" refers to the more populous Newcastle-upon-Tyne, which began to export coal as early as the thirteenth century. Since Newcastle is in the coal-producing country, it would be unnecessary to carry coal there. Hence, "carrying coal to Newcastle" means to do something that is superfluous; to supply a need already well supplied, and by extension, to throw away one's labor.

The expression is of Seventeenth century origin, or perhaps older. But similar proverbs exist in many languages. There is one in French about "carrying water to the river." Ancient Greece has one about taking owls to Athens—Athenian coins being stamped with the owl; an Oriental poet speaks of "importing pepper into Hindustan;" and the Romans expressed the same idea in "carrying wood to the forest."

Bowler Hat Known as Derby

The bowler hat, known in this country as the derby, got its British name through having first been made more than 60 years ago by William Bowler of St. Swithin's lane to the design of a Norfolk farmer.

The bowler or derby is popular in Britain and has many adherents here. The bowler is a symbol of solidity. The high silk hat represents lofty social standing. John Hetherington invented the "topper" in London some 140 years ago. When he first wore it he was arrested for inciting a riot; the complaint was made that timber persons were frightened by its sheen. A century ago a Frenchman, Antoine Gibus, contributed the opera hat spring. This is the only successful mechanical device in the hat business, and the inventor's family receives royalties from it. High hats are all made by hand.

Gaur Is Wild Ox

A gaur is a wild ox, native of northeastern India, and is probably the largest living species of wild cattle. Full-grown males are sometimes 6 feet high at the shoulder and have horns 3 feet long with a basal diameter of 6 inches. The gaur is alert, wary and exceedingly pugnacious when brought to bay. A full-grown male is said to be a match even for a tiger. In India the animals are kept in partially domestic herds for their flesh. They are often erroneously called bison.

South American Nuts

Among South American nuts are the Brazil, or cassidine nuts which grow in a woody covering that holds 18 to 24 nuts each, packed together closely. Then there are the South American cream or paradise nuts, more slender and delicate version of the Brazil nut. Scour nuts are several times as large as Brazils, rather oily and rich in flavor, and grow in shells that weigh as much as 25 pounds each.

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