


Try Miss McFarlane's Favorite Recipe for BISCUITS

1/2 teaspoon salt 4 teaspoons Magic
2 cups pastry flour (or 1 1/2 cups
for 1 1/2 cups 2 tablespoons
bread flour) shortening
1/2 cup milk, or half milk and half water

Sift together flour, baking powder and salt. Cut in the chilled shortening. Now add the chilled liquid to make soft dough. Tom dough into a floured board and do not handle more than is necessary. Roll or pat out with hands to about 1/4 inch thickness. Cut out with a floured biscuit cutter. Place on slightly greased pan or baking sheet and bake in hot oven at 450° F. 12 to 15 minutes.



"For Light, Flaky Biscuits use Magic Baking Powder,"

says Miss M. McFarlane, dietitian of St. Michael's Hospital, Toronto

"I RECOMMEND Magic because I know it is pure, and free from harmful ingredients."

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Chinese Sunset

(From the North American Review)

The hills are monkeys crouching
In hostile camps each side the valley;
Their wrinkled blue-black skins
Shine through their gray, mist-matted hair.

Upon the bending boughs of day
The sun's ripe, lush persimmon hangs
Above the hungry dark-lipped western
mouths.

Sharp, eager teeth are in the sun's
bright skin;
Rich juice runs out along the slaving
lasts.

The eastern horde is silent,
Saving, shrewd;
They hold their sugared-ginger moon
In calm, black, epicurean hands.

The western gluttons hide their tense,
round-bellied time,
Knowing the gods are with them—
They will have silver-sugared ginger
in the cool night hours.
Leaving that other raw-boned, dream-
ing camp
Only the cloudy unstrained wine of
dawn.

—Frances Hall

The average man seems to use his wishbone more than any other bone in his body.

ADMIT ONE

BY SIDNEY HORLER.

SYNOPSIS

When Philip Crane, a young aeroplane designer, arrives in London on a holiday, he is taken for the crook Crane, who is a tool of a hand raised by a mysterious "Empress."

He rescues Margery Ferguson and is taken to a convent. He then goes to Manding in Kent to rescue her father. Meanwhile Charles Whittle, an American detective, is trailing a band of forgers. By close confinement The Empress hopes to lead Ferguson's will to her own. Philip Crane arrives at Mrs. Hamble's Inn, and while reconnoitering, accidentally attempts to enter the "White House" alone. Whittle rescues him.

CHAPTER XI.—(Cont'd.)

Whittle raised his glass.

"Here's how," he said.

They were sitting in Mrs. Hamble's own private sitting-room at The Jolly Sailor. Late as it was, a hot and beautifully-cooked meal was before them. A monstrous beef-steak, fresh from the frying-pan, flanked with a huge dish of boiled potatoes and another of Brussels-sprouts, stood on the white tablecloth. A quart jug of beer completed the repast.

"An' there's some appletart to follow, gents," had been Mrs. Hamble's parting words.

"You're not saying anything," went on Whittle.

Crane smiled. "I've got so much to say I don't know where to begin," he confessed; "just give me a couple of minutes to think, will you?"

He laid down his knife and stared into space. Really, this business was more like a dream than actual life. The past hour—that was until he and his surprisingly-found companion had gained sanctuary in The Jolly Sailor—had been a nightmare. Four men had poured out of the mechanically-controlled gates, curses hot on their lips. The fugitives had waited, crouched on all fours, in a belt of thick woodland until the search party had turned off sharply to the right; and then, at a nudge from Whittle, who had once again resumed the generalship, this recruit to adventure had risen and, with what remained of his strength, had started forth towards safety.

But the danger was not yet past. They had moved too soon. A shout—and a flurry of rushing footsteps behind told them of hot pursuit.

"You go on," Whittle had said; "I've got five more shots in this gun."

"Five?" Philip had repeated; "did you use one, then?"

"Yes; had to. Now, no more talking, boy; you get on."

Crane had refused. He couldn't leave the man there. Whittle had said he was a detective—but there was murder in his eye, he felt certain, as he glared into the darkness ahead.

"No; I stay here," he had replied.

And then what seemed like a miracle had come to pass. When the searchers were almost on them, something appeared to distract their attention, and they turned off once more—this time to the left. Another ten minutes, and all was still.

"I think we can go now," Whittle had said. And noiselessly, but speedily, they had departed.

Arrived at The Jolly Sailor—and how thankful Crane was to see its glimmering lights shining so hospitably in the gloom!—he had to undertake the job of introduction.

"Mrs. Hamble, this is a friend of mine. I met him unexpectedly whilst out for a walk tonight." How weak it had sounded! "Mr. Green wants to know if he can put up with me here for a few days."

"If it's quite convenient to you, madam," put in the American detective, very much on his best behaviour and speaking in what he imagined was rustic English. "I've heard a lot about Manding."

If Mrs. Hamble had any suspicion, her broad, homely face showed no sign of it.

"I must say we're getting quite famous down here," she responded with a smile. "Mr. Padden," turning to Crane, "you seem to have a good many friends who're fond of Manding—first of all, there was your Mr. Smith, and now, there's your Mr. Green... As it happens," she went on, addressing her remarks to the American now, "I do 'ave one more room vacant. It's small, but perhaps you won't mind that?"

"I'd sleep in a barn, if needs be, Mrs. Hamble," said the American anxiously to please. "It's a shame, disturbing you at this time of night."

"Not at all. I've always found the best of gentlemen 'as somewhat peculiar ways... Any luggage, sir?"

"My bag's at the station, Mrs. Hamble."

"I can send Joe down for that. Now, perhaps you'd like a bit of a wash? In the meantime, I can prepare a bite o' food for you. Anything particular you'd like, gentlemen?"

"I don't mind what it is—that's how hungry I am," confessed the American.

"Yes, anything you like, Mrs. Hamble," supported Crane.

Altogether, the interview had passed off very well. The landlady was evidently one of those broad-minded people who, once they took a fancy to anyone—as she had apparently taken

to both on them—didn't trouble her placid mind about too many side issues. She went on face values, more or less and probably, in the past this criterion had not let her down.

After taking a deep drink out of his glass, and replenishing it from the quart jug of home-brewed beer, Whittle applied himself to his portion of the steak.

"Thank heaven for food," he said. "I don't wonder soldiers, after battle, stake all they can. But you're not eating anything, young fellow."

Crane roused himself out of his lethargy.

"I'm going to," he said; and at once fell upon his share of the viands. After all, he had come out of the escapade alive, and that was something to be grateful for. True, he had not exactly covered himself with glory. As a matter of fact, if this American joker had not dropped from the blue, he might have been dead at this time. But the cosy fire, the warm food, the wholesome beer, the satisfying companionship of the American—whom he was getting to like more and more as time went on—restored something of his usual optimism.

There was silence after this for at least twenty minutes. The nervous tension through which they had passed had made both men hungry; and it was not until the last of the steak had vanished that they sat back with satisfied sighs.

At that moment, Mrs. Hamble, like the good housewife she was, entered with a laden tray.

"I thought you might like a cup of coffee, gents," she said; "an' it's real coffee—that I can promise you."

One sniff at the steaming beverage, and Whittle, who came from a country where appetising coffee could be obtained at any cafe, pronounced the words justified. A sip—and he sprang from his chair.

"Mrs. Hamble," he said, "I've paid as much as two shillings for a cup of coffee at a London Hotel, and this beats it hollow."

A couple of minutes later they were alone once again. The landlady had told them that they need not hurry, but that she herself was going to bed.

"You know your rooms, gents, so I needn't bother you any more," she added.

After closing the door behind her, Whittle resumed his seat.

"Now, young man," he said decisively, "I think you and I had better have a talk."

"I've been thinking that myself," was the reply; "who's to begin—yourself?"

"Suppose we start with you?"

"What do you want to know?"

"Everything."

"Well," returned Philip, lighting a pipe and sitting well back in the old-fashioned wooden chair, whilst Whittle, man-like, flung another lump of coal on the fire with his hand; "my story starts no further back than last night. My name, as I've said, is Philip Crane—although I told Mrs. Hamble it was Padden. That's not too big a lie, because Sir Timothy Padden, the well known designer of aeroplane engines, for whom I work, is my uncle. I've lived practically all my life in Truro, where the Works are, and the reason I came to London yesterday afternoon was because of a belated holiday." The speaker proceeded to narrate the events following on his arrival at the London terminus down to the moment of meeting Whittle in so unexpected a fashion outside "The White House."

The detective listened with absorbed interest.

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"And the girl you say is at a convent?"

"I think it's a convent; at least, it's a sort of nunnery, for want of a better description. She's safe enough there, anyway. That is, if that Soho restaurant keeper can be relied upon. But there, I know she's all right—I only had to look at the face of that Sister to be sure of it."

Whittle asked quickly one more question.

"What's the girl's name?"

Crane laughed in rueful fashion.

"You'll think me an awful ass, but I don't know," he confessed; "you see, there was so much else to talk about that I didn't think to ask."

"So you haven't heard her father's name?"

"No. But after what happened at that house tonight, I feel pretty certain he's being kept a prisoner."

"For some moments, Whittle did not, as his companion expected, make any reply. But when he did speak, it was to bring into that cosy atmosphere a shiver of apprehension.

"This is a nasty business," Whittle said.

"I agree," replied Crane. "And now, let's hear your end. Where exactly do you come in on this thing?"

"I've already told you something. I've been sent over here to pursue a certain line of enquiry. By the way, breaking off quickly, during the short time you've been associated with this gang, have you heard anything about a woman called 'The Empress'?"

"Yes. The man Stevenson mentioned her to me last night."

"You didn't see her?"

"No. Who is she?"

"I don't know—but I'm going to find out. And when I do, I think we shall be a little nearer the solution of the mystery. And now, do you mind answering some other questions?"

"Not at all. I'm in a complete maze myself, except for the one outstanding fact, that I'm uncannily like another fellow called Crane who's a member of the gang."

(To be continued.)

The Feast of Silence

How the glory of your going is sweet again and new
When the August moon is at your feet and twelve stars fall the glow

Of the light that drenched our darkness and wove the only blue
For the mantle of Assumption from the air where lilies blow.

How the armor of October flashes challenge to the sky
On the smoldering bridge of summer when the harvest wars are won.

Till the life-blood of the wounded year is read as Bostra dre,
For the staining of your roses at Lepanto in the sun.

But all the yearning world is still when Love lifts up your name—(Immaculate, Immaculate, our tears are in His voice!)

Lo, in snow-fall of December flowers the mystery of the flame,
That is burning in His silence, the silence of your choice.

—By Sister Thomas Aquinas in The Commonweal.

\$2 Becomes \$10.53

Winnipeg, Man.—Fifty-seven years ago, in 1874, to be exact, Mr. Samuel B. Blackhall, of Winnipeg, deposited \$2 with the Dominion postal savings bank branch in Winnipeg.

Evidently, he forgot all about it until just recently, when he decided to ask the Government for his money. The account was still on record, and it was a pleasant surprise for Mr. Blackhall to find that his original \$2 with compound interest at 3 per cent., had grown to \$10.53, which he received.

Hit the Golden Stars

Jack and Jill
Sped down a hill
And hit a curve quite sharp;
The car turned turtle
Jack's wrath was myrtle
And Jill is playing the harp.

CUSTOM

Thoughts, passions, affections are domesticated by custom, till, like barn-door fowl, they will always eat their meat from the same platter, and sleep upon the same roost.

Centuries Old Relics Found Cashed in New Mexico Cave

Boulder, Col.—Relics of early occupation of Arizona caves have been found by Earl H. Morris of the Carnegie Institute and are now being catalogued by the Laboratory of Anthropology in Santa Fe, N.M.

Mr. Morris found six long-braided sashes of animal hair—two white, two black and two brown. The white hair has been identified as dog hair. The sashes and two wooden flutes decorated with feathers were so well cached in Broken Plute Cave, fifty miles south of Shiprock, N.M., that they are in good condition.

Necklaces hung with wildcat and mountain lion claws and quartz beads were also found. Mr. Morris says the caves reveal the material culture of Basket-Weaver III, period in full detail.

New Towers on Thames

London.—Two gigantic towers, each half as high as the Eiffel Tower of Paris, are to be erected soon to carry electricity cables across the mouth of the Thames, it is announced.

According to the Ford survey, a man earning \$1550 in Detroit can live equally well in Barcelona, Spain, for \$878, which should give those in the \$3000 class fresh material for building castles in Spain.—The Christian Science Monitor.

Latest Offerings Of Science

London Uses Her Waste—Moth Ball and Plant—Coal-Dust Engine

New York.—Dirt and waste are especially abhorrent to Henry Ford. The thousands of letters that he receives from crank inventors with new ideas about cheap automobiles, from beggars who plead for anything from ten to a million dollars and from dealers in antiques who want to stock the Ford museum at a price, go through the pulp mill and are ultimately converted into cardboard in which the smaller parts of his automobiles are wrapped and sold.

The same principle is now being carried out in the new Ford plant in England. London has a huge rubbish heap. Found for pound it has only about a quarter the heating value of good coal. Yet it is fuel for all that. And so Dr. Ernest W. Smith has planned for the Ford Museum a huge rubbish heap. Ford's electricity is to be generated and supplied to the hundreds of motors in the plant. Even after the refuse is burned there is still something useful left. That something is hard clinker good for road building, and scrap metal. All told, about 17 cents a ton can be netted from what London has always regarded as waste.

Moth Balls for Plants

Drs. Freeman Weiss and E. L. Eviner pathologists of the United States Department of Agriculture recently informed the American Phytopathological Society that moth balls (naphthalene) will check the growth of the fungi that kill plants. Although as many as twelve tons of naphthalene to the acre were used, the plants themselves were not injured. The normal dose, however, may be as little as 500 pounds to the acre. Since moth balls cost only 2 to 3 cents a pound, farmers have here a parasite-killer which they can afford to buy. It is the fumes given off by the moth balls that are so efficient.

Coal Dust Engine

Rudolf Pawlikowski a German engineer, has spent twenty years in devising an engine to explode coal-dust in its cylinders instead of oil or gasoline. He claims to have driven engines thousands of hours by coal-dust explosives. It is a cost which most inventors in his native country where Diesel oil is expensive and gasoline still more so. Let him speak for himself. "The saving made by this engine is so great that it certainly will not be surpassed by any improvement in the Diesel engine and probably not by the steam turbine, even with improvements in steam operation." His nearest rival, the steam turbine, is 26 per cent. less efficient.

Any inflammable substance when reduced to a fine powder will explode if mixed with the right amount of air and ignited. In mines coal-dust explosions are so alarming a menace that governments spend large sums to discover ways of preventing them. Pawlikowski therefore applies an elementary fact. His engine is not unlike a Diesel in which air is subject to so high a pressure that it becomes what is the equivalent of red hot whereupon a charge of fuel is squirted into the cylinder. Ignition follows without the aid of spark or flame.—W. K. in "The New York Times."

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SICK HEADACHE?

It is not necessary to give in to headaches. It is just a bit old-fashioned! The modern woman who feels a headache coming on at any time, takes some tablets of Aspirin and heads it off.


Keep Aspirin handy, and keep your engagements. Headaches, systemic pains, come at inconvenient times. So do colds. You can end them before they're fairly started if you'll only remember this handy, harmless form of relief. Carry it in your purse and insure your comfort while shopping; your evening's pleasure at the theatre. Those little nagging aches that bring a case of "nerves" by day are ended in a jiffy. Pains that once kept people home are forgotten half an hour after taking Aspirin! You'll find these tablets always help. In every



Two Great Thoughts

There are two thoughts, which, if once admitted to the mind, change our whole course of life—the belief that this world is but the vestibule of an endless state of being, and the thought of Him in whom man lives here, or shall live hereafter. We each have the choice of following good or following evil. Who shall say which shall prove the mightier? It depends upon ourselves—on our awakened conscience and enlightened will. Troubles and sorrows may have to be encountered in performing our various duties. But these have to be done, and done cheerfully, because it is the will of God. Good actions give strength to ourselves. They prove treasures guarded for the doer's need. Let us therefore strengthen our mind, and brace up our soul, and prepare our heart for the future. The race is for Life.

Avoid the law by acting in a way that will make the law avoid you.



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