PANCAKES PAST AND PRESENT

Transformation Made That Is by No Means Flattering to the Delicacy Today.

The pancake of our fathers was a noble circular structure, spreading its wrinkled suburbs to the edge of the plate where the potter had wisely provided terraces. The radius must have been all of three inches. Within the area, duly buttered and sweetened, was gustatory poetry, such glory and wonder and delight and smacking savor that the hired man, facing the breakfast table, ceased altogether to grumble over a fate that got him out of bed before dawn. Appetites in the good old days were magnificent institutions, the finest products of open-air living and service at the plow handles. But for all these grand proportions no one could eat more than eight or ten pancakes at a sitting. The things were filling. They took up room like a good farm horse in his stall. At a quarter past the zero hour everyone at the table cried "Enough," even the hired man. The pancake of our fathers was no fluffy affair, after the manner of our modern desserts, that made a man ask what he'd eaten after he'd eaten it. In a contest between neighbors in a Long Island village some time ago, a native consumed 73 pancakes, so-called. The incident adds to the sorry evidence that this is a decadent age. It is proof that the pancake of the day is some miserable travesty of the honest, whole-souled pancake of blessed tradition.—Toledo Blade.

INSOMNIA CAN BE BANISHED

Trouble Is, With Too Many of Us, That the "Prescription" Is Hard to Take.

There is a cure for insomnia, but it is likely to be something awful—a tonsils walk in the country or sawing wood for four hours. One has to give up all other activities, it seems, when one "rassles it out" with insomnia.

Nobody has time for sawing wood for four hours except deposed European monarchs favored ones of earth whom even a revolution gives leisure. Theodore Roosevelt, who enjoyed so amply all that the world had to give, cut down trees for purposes of bodily invigoration; but then he had the trees to cut down; so also, Gladstone.

Hard, physical labor these great ones considered necessary for their well-being; and it is thoroughly established that it is the best lure of sleep, "balmy sleep, tired nature's sweet restorer." The point in that quotation is that one has to be tired; not tired in the cares that infest the day, but tired in the legs, arms and dorsal muscles. One can chase away insomnia if one gives his undivided attention to it. That's the difficulty.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

The Ungainly Flamingo.

The flamingo, so beautiful in coloring and graceful in flight, is not especially beautiful in build. In shape it is midway between a goose and a stork, ranging, when full-grown between 5 and 6½ feet in height. Its humped body is supported on legs amazingly long and thin, while its slender neck curves upwards like a big letter S, and ends in a small head with a great flat, down-curving beak. The lower part of this beak forms a deep, broad box, into which the upper part fits like a cover. When the bird is feeding on shellfish or water plants in the shallows and flats the neck is twisted like a corkscrew until the head is upside-down; then the top of the beak is pushed along through the mud like a scoop shovel, gathering in the food morsels. During the nesting period the female builds a curious mound of mud like a tiny volcano, in the crater of which a single egg is laid. On this the mother is said to sit with legs drawn up like a grotesque statue on a pedestal.

Oldtime Pharmacies.

Many ancient wood cuts show the pharmacies of the day—usually a mortar and pestle occupy a table in the middle of the room and many shelves on the walls are filled with bottles. Before the introduction of chemistry into pharmacy, a mortar was almost all the equipment that was needed. There were no complicated pills or ointments to be made. In the place of labels the bottles or containers bore the coats of arms of titled families and the badges of cities.

In the Sixteenth century there was a reformation in pharmacy. Labels appeared on bottles, and every kind of drug or preparation was carefully preserved in a fitting container. In England Paracelsus simplified the art of preserving by the discovery of tinctures, extracts and metallic salts.

Handel Expurgated.

The following anecdote is given in the preface to a copy of Dr. John Clark's edition of the "Messiah," the testimonial of which is signed by Henry R. Bishop, William Parsons, John Braham, and Muzio Clementi.

"Being on a visit to a friend in a country place the inhabitants of which were more primitive than scientific, Doctor Busby, on his way to church on Sunday morning, overtook one of the [illegible] with a bundle of music books [illegible] his arm. 'What have you got [illegible] my man?' said the doctor. 'Zum [illegible] music, sur, that we're goin' [illegible] church today,' was the re[illegible] 'Handel,' said the quizzist, [illegible] 'don't you find [illegible] 'Why,' said the [illegible] 'we did at first, sur, but [illegible] bit, and he goes very

ANCIENT LAW STILL STANDS

Edict Issued by Roman Praetor 2,290 Years Ago Held to Be Enforceable in Scotland.

A Roman praetor's edict of 2,290 years ago still affects innkeepers and ostlers in Scotland. A Dundee farmer handed his horse to an ostler to be stabled, and the ostler placed it into a double stable, where, shortly after, a second horse was placed. These two horses had previously shared a stall and were known to be quiet and not quarrelsome. The farmer's horse was sound when it was put into the stable, but when he returned for it, it was found to be lame on the off fore leg, and two days later, on the advice of a veterinary surgeon, was destroyed. The farmer sued the ostler and the judge dismissed the case, which was appealed. The appeal judge held that in law the Praetorian edict of 357 B. C. applied and that the injury was not due to "the act of God." The lord justice-clerk said the case raised questions of importance and difficulty. The first question they had to decide was whether a stabler fell within the praetor's edict. After carefully considering the arguments adduced and surveying the authorities cited, he was unable to find in modern law any warrant for the suggested discrimination. He was of the opinion that stablers, as well as inkeepers, according to the law of Scotland, fell within the edict.

CONDOR GIANT AMONG BIRDS

California Species Believed to Have Exceeded in Size Its Cousin of South America.

Naturalists have determined that the California condor exceeds in size its cousin, the condor of the Andes of South America, and is larger than the giant or wandering albatross which travels the ocean lanes of the Pacific south of the equator. The extreme wing expanse of the California condor is close to twelve feet. Through careful measurements, the naturalist learned that the condor of the southern countries is smaller than researchers.

One of these largest birds that fly is on exhibition in the Natural History museum at San Diego, Cal. Beside the condor, the turkey buzzard, a smaller relative, appears to be a dwarf. Both birds are carrion eaters, a fact which has contributed substantially to the near extinction of the condor. Naturalists of earlier years record that the condor was once fairly common in California.

Ranchers and settlers have been indirectly responsible for the killing of many condors through the placing of poisoned meat intended for consumption by coyotes, bobcats and panthers. Large numbers have also been wantonly killed through the indiscriminate use of firearms.

Problem in Psychology.

A commuter who spends most of his time on the train thinking instead of playing bridge or reading the papers has a new problem that he has been unable to solve.

"I buy a monthly ticket, which entitles me to two rides each day, Sundays included," he says. "I never come to town on Sunday and so I have four or five round-trip tickets left over at the end of the month. When a holiday comes along I have another one. Occasionally the conductor fails to punch my ticket and I can't help having a feeling of exultation, a sort of idea that I am ahead of the game in some way. Of course the extra ride is simply added to the unpunched rides on the ticket at the end of the month and is no real gain.

"Now, why should I be pleased at gaining something of absolutely no value to me? Perhaps Einstein could answer. I can't."—Chicago Journal.

Wild Boars Become Plague.

From the few swine that were let loose on the island of Santa Cruz in 1547 have come a race of ferocious wild boars. They have lost virtually every trace of their original domesticity, and have become powerful wild beasts as fleet of hoof as deer. They mature enormous tusks, long hoofs and bristles that are like wire, and are the plague of the ranch people who have sought to develop the island for sheep and cattle raising.

The boars tear down fences faster than the ranchers can build them, they root up garden stuff as soon as it springs from the ground, and not infrequently they have been known to gore horses, sheep and cattle. Young lambs are one of their favorite foods, and in the killing and eating of them they show skill and cunning and carnivorous traits comparable to the tactics of wolves.

How Toads Hatch Young.

The Surinam is the name of a thoroughly aquatic toad that inhabits South America east of the Andes and north of the Amazon, and which is rendered famous by its method of reproduction. The eggs are carried on the back by the mother, and the skin thickens and grows round the eggs until each is enclosed in a dermal cell, which is finally covered by a horny lid, believed to be formed by a secretion of the skin or else to represent the remains of the gelatinous capsule which at first surrounded the eggs. These, which may number about 100, and measure five to seven millimeters in diameter, develop entirely within these pouches, and the young hop out in the perfect condition, without the vestige of a tail, which they never acquire.

The Fog on That Day in '87

By MYRA CURTIS LANE

(©, 1923, Western Newspaper Union.)

"You see, a fog's different. Everything's different then. People are different. And maybe some day there'll be another fog like there was that day in '87."

The old man had been drinking or drugging himself, but Bryant, who was always interested in a human story, leaned forward to hear.

"I don't know as there's much to it, except it's a- a sort of symbol of life."

What did this broken-down old man know about symbols? It was the man Bryant was studying; he did not care anything about his story.

It appeared that he had been a shipping clerk somewhere along the water front, and all his life he had wanted to travel in strange countries. He used to see the ships come in from his window—tramps, old sailing schooners, manned by swarthy, gesticulating men. Then he would travel in imagination through tropic seas, and land on palm-fringed shores, pass through old, crumbling cities filled with color and incident and life.

Always he cherished that idea, and it took so strong a hold on him that at length he managed to save up seven hundred dollars to start on his adventures.

Of course there was the girl—but which girl? None of the girls he knew had mind or bent for anything like that. They wanted the gay life of Broadway, which then centered about Madison Square, gay little dinners, theaters, fun.

There was one girl, a waitress in the cheap restaurant he used to patronize. She was a tall girl with fluffy, yellow hair, and kind eyes, haughty, aloof; better game in hand than the twenty-dollar clerk. He admired here; she was only tolerant in a friendly way. He had dreamed of making her the companion of the adventure, but he saw that hope was impossible. Well, he would go alone. He would find his companion in the tropics, a dark girl, with raven hair and flashing eyes. . . .

A big ship was in from Honduras. He could get passage for forty dollars. He stood near the quay, watching her unload. Huge bunches of green bananas were slung ashore.

Then the fog came down. It crept in from the sea, shrouding everything in a clammy mist. He did not know the way back to the office, he could see nothing—nothing but the fog.

Out of the fog appeared the face of a girl. She came groping toward him. It was the waitress of the cafe.

"Oh, please can you tell me where I am?" she begged. Then she recognized him and gave him a little nod.

He took her gently by the arm. "Anice, you're coming with me to Central America," he said.

He saw her eyes dilate; he was mesmerizing her by the intensity of his will. For of a sudden he knew as surely as he had ever known anything in his life that this was the one girl for him.

"Now," he said. "They're sailing at three. It's only necessary to walk on board. I have seven hundred dollars in my pocket"—he always carried his roll about with him. "The captain can marry us. Come, Anice."

"You—you're mad," she gasped.

Nevertheless, she continued looking at him, and suddenly recognition seemed to come into her eyes—that this was the one man for her.

"We're not going back," he said. "Neither you nor me. We'll take nothing with us, just our love for each other."

And he began talking of their future together under two palms, and of their home in some old, decaying city. "Will you come, Anice?" he asked.

"Yes," she breathed, and he bent toward her and kissed her. And she returned his kiss, and they held each other closely in the fog.

And then—the fog began to lift. A sea breeze came in, blowing it away. Slowly the outlines of the buildings came into view. And now they saw each other, and slowly he saw that look of recognition fading out of the girl's eyes.

And some exultation was fading out of her heart, and, desperate to clutch it, he took her by the arm. "Come, Anice," he said.

She hesitated—then wrenched herself away. "Why, you—you're mad," she said.

She turned her back on him and hurried away to the restaurant. That afternoon he resigned his position and blew in his seven hundred dollars—he never knew how. And he never went to Honduras.

That was what the old man told Bryant. "But some day maybe there'll be another fog like that day in '87," he said. "People are different in a fog. Maybe I'll find her then and she'll be different, too."

Zoological.

Chimp (coming from the dressing room)—You said you had shown me everything of interest about the university, you deceitful old thing.

Panzee (all worried)—But I did, Duckie.

Chimp—You didn't show me the zoo, Panzee—There isn't any zoo, little girl.

Chimp—You mean old thing, I know there is. I heard Mary just say she saw a dancing Wham that was the cat's klookus, and Nell said, "That's nothing; I saw a bird with a pedal potency on him like a centipede."—Virginia Reel.

Weekly Calendar Of Feast Days

(By N. C. W. C. News Service)

Sunday, Feb. 4.—St. Jane of Valois, was the daughter of Louis XI of France and the wife of the Duke of Orleans who later became King Louis XII. After he ascended the throne his first act was to repudiate his wife who had been faithful and loyal to him for twenty-two years. She retired to Bourges where she realized her desire to establish the Order of the Annunciation in honor of the Mother of God. This order was approved by Pope Alexander VI in 1501. St. Jane built and endowed the first convent of the order in 1502 and died in 1505.

Monday, Feb. 5.—St. Agatha, virgin and martyr, was born in Sicily of noble and rich parents and was consecrated from her earliest infancy to God. In the midst of dangers and temptations she served Christ in purity of body and spul and died for the love of chastity when the Governor Quintanus found that he could not prevail upon her to sin either through threats or tortures or offers of safety.

Tuesday, Feb. 6.—St. Dorothy, virgin and martyr, was celebrated at Caesarea, her native city, for her angelic virtue. Her parents are thought to have suffered martyrdom under Diocletian and she herself was called before the Governor Sapricius and ordered to abjure the Faith. When she refused, she was subjected to fearful tortures and finally killed.

Wednesday, Feb. 7.—St. Romuald, Abbot, was the son of Sergius a nobleman of Ravenna. He founded many monasteries the chief of which was at Camaldoli, where he built a church surrounded with a number of separate cells for the solitaries who lived under his rule. He died, as he had foretold twenty years before, alone, in his monastery of Cal Castro on the 19th of June, 1027.

Thursday, Feb. 8.—St. John of Matha. This Saint's life was one long course of self-sacrifice for the good of his neighbor. He founded the Order of the Holy Trinity, whose members fasted and gathered alms througbout Europe and then used the money for the redemption of Christian slaves in Barbary. He died in 1213 at the age of fifty-three.

Friday, Feb. 9.—St. Apollonia and the martyrs of Alexandria. St. Apollonia was an aged virgin whose teeth were extracted and who was burned alive when the mob rose against the Christians in Alexandria in 249. So many perished gladly for the Faith that the judges themselves were struck with horror.

Saturday, Feb. 10.—St. Scholastica, Abbess, was the sister of the great patriarch, St. Benedict and the foundress of a community near Monte Casino. When she died, St. Benedict, her spiritual daughters, and the monks sent by St. Benedict, mingled their tears and prayed. She died about the year 543.

Five Sounds in Every Good Bell.

To the casual listener there is but one sound heard when the clapper of a bell comes in contact with the lip, but to the trained ear there are four other sounds and before a bell is said to be "in tune" each of these sounds must be strictly true.

These different sounds emanate from different parts of the bell and they are modified as desired by chipping the bell at the lip or by grinding away certain parts in a lathe-like apparatus made for the purpose. Four or five pounds of metal taken away from a large bell makes a great change in the sound.

Discouraging Trap Stealing.

A Basque sheep herder convicted of trap stealing in Lassen county, California, recently was fined $100 and sentenced to jail for six months. The case was brought to trial and settled within four weeks. The field operations in predatory animal work conducted by the biological survey of the United States Department of Agriculture have been seriously interfered with by the stealing of traps, and it is believed that as a result of convictions and heavy sentences the nuisance will be lessened.

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