

## THE WINDOW OF TONATHIU

By SCOTT I. LITCHFIELD

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EVERY traveler who has penetrated the interior of Mexico to that stony region, the "pedregal" of Queretaro, has seen, at a distance at least, that huge cliff which runs from north to south and rises abruptly from the level plain to a sheer height of nearly five hundred feet, and, if of an adventurous disposition, has even attempted the hazardous and almost impossible task of climbing to a collection of archaic ruins perched on a wide shelf within a few yards of the summit. If he has had the rare fortune of gaining that nearly inaccessible place he has stood upon a spot from which few human beings ever departed alive.

On the morning of Monday, May 28, 1900, James Mason left the camp from which, the previous noon, he had studied the distant cliff, attracted by a brilliant flash of light, which crept slowly down the face of the precipice and suddenly disappeared. He was accompanied by Mara, an Indian, whom he had secured in a dying condition in a lava desert. When, at ten o'clock, they reached the base of the cliff, they separated, Mason choosing a direct ascent toward the most prominent of the ruined structures, while the native sought an easier route promising less fatigue to his weakened system, not yet restored to normal health.

Mason, though a practiced climber, found the cliff the stiffest bit of scaling he had ever attempted. The wall was of a hard, greenish-black basalt, and even the edges of the fissures, which gave precarious hold, were of glossy smoothness. More than once his heart stood still as his fingers slipped in particularly dangerous places. But by the aid of tough grasses and cacti growing in the crevices he worked his way upward till but fifty feet above him projected the ledge which had formed his objective point. Hanging on by fingers and toes, flattening his body to the wall and struggling upward foot by foot, he at last clambered over the edge of the projection. It proved to be a barren little spot, nearly circular in shape and but a few feet in diameter, and thickly carpeted by a fine gray dust. As Mason paused to take breath before lifting himself over the low rocky parapet surrounding this bed of dust, he noticed that the color of the cliff had abruptly changed to a dull gray, and where he rubbed against it it crumbled to powder. Losing no time, he pulled himself into a secure position, perceiving that his upward journey was ended, in that direction at least, for the wall above was absolutely perpendicular, and a portion of a ruined temple overhung his resting place.

The fine gray powder rose in clouds, irritating his eyes and nostrils, as he essayed to traverse the narrow ledge to seek an egress, but at almost the first step his foot slipped into a crack concealed by the deep dust, and he fell, with a sprained ankle pinned into the crevice so that the least movement not only caused the keenest agony but bound the imprisoned foot more securely.

Frantic shouts to Mara brought only mocking echoes from the cliff, and at last the explorer lay exhausted and silent on his dusty bed, staring helplessly upward into the intensely blue and cloudless sky, feverishly wondering how long it would be before help came from the Indian, or his comrades in the distant camp became alarmed. He remembered some strange looks and gestures of the native when attention was first called to the ruins, and his heart sank with a vague dread.

His gaze wandered over the face of the cliff above and the overhanging roof of the temple, on a portion of whose ancient floor he now knew himself to be lying. The roof was far above him, and was of circular form, composed of huge blocks, surrounding a central disk of crystal clearness, smaller than its fellows. It was about four feet in diameter, convex, and perfectly transparent. A small bird, flying above, was magnified to enormous proportions.

As he lay studying this curious mosaic, the sun, in its upward course, touched with a shaft of light the outer edge of the great lens, and, following the golden beam with his eyes, Mason saw a wonderful sight. When the ray was cast on the ashy grayness of the cliff, an elliptical blotch of intense light sprang up beneath its touch, and the crumbling wall slowly took on a dull red glow, such as one sees in a dying ember. As the sun approached the zenith the splash of light with its accompanying glow of heat crept gradually downward and assumed a more exactly circular shape, decreasing in size. The blinding spot slowly descended the wall, leaving a smoking wake behind it. As Mason watched, a lizard ran from his hiding place and, crossing the scorching pathway, curled and smoked and fell to the man's side, a brittle cinder.

With a hot but freezing flush of horror Mason realized that he was lying in the focus of an immense burning glass, fixed in place with fiendish ingenuity in some bygone age! The shelf on which he rested was the destined converging place of those terrible rays!

In a spasmodic terror he raved and cursed and prayed, but still the reflection of pencil of light grew smaller

and brighter, and came nearer and nearer! Already he could feel the heat from the glowing, crumbling wall. His brain rocked with the heat and the horror and he closed his eyes. Through his half-closed eyelids he could still see and feel the glowing beam of heat, but now, as in a dream, a haze seemed to intervene, and to overspread the heavens. Birds, with frightened cries, flew by with quickly beating wings. The sky was darkened. Then all noises, except that of a tremulous breeze, died away, and a strange, weird hush fell upon the earth.

Mason opened his eyes. It was not a dream. The earth was silent, the heavens dark! The blinding ray of heat had disappeared, and the wall, still warm, had lost its threatening incandescence. Bewildered and wondering, he lay gazing about him, and was not conscious of surprise when a portion of the wall at the end of the shelf moved a little and then swung outward, revealing the mouth of a small tunnel, framing the pallid face and bloodstained form of Mara, the Indian. Speechless he remained, as the native released him from the durance so nearly fatal. He could not understand the awful danger escaped, the strange silence and darkened sky, Mara's bloody garments and wild expression.

The Indian spoke: "Listen to the voice of Mara, the last of the Jonaces—the last of the priests of Tonathiu! Listen in awe, and give thanks that you are not as these ashes! You saved my life from the desert; I have saved yours from a greater power—from the god Tonathiu himself—who has permitted me to do so. This is his temple, the ancient sacrificial place, where, each day at noon, Tonathiu looks down through yonder window to kiss that which reposes here. I knew that you would climb to this spot, and that naught I could say or do would stay you. So I came by another way, meaning to lead you hence by the secret passage of the priests, but a puma attacked me. I killed him at last, and as I fought I prayed and promised Tonathiu my life for yours, if he would only save you. Behold him now! He listened to his faithful servant, and velle his face! But he shall not be cheated of a sacrifice!"

Suddenly waving his arms above his head, the last of his race plunged to death, four hundred feet below! Over the grim basalt cliff a pale light had been spreading, growing stronger as Mason gazed, till the scene was once more bathed in golden sunshine. Then he knew.

As he groped and stumbled through the dark passage to safety, it was with a pang of pity for the superstitious, self-sacrificing pagan that he remembered the date—the 28th of May—the day of the sun's eclipse, and that the scene of this adventure lay in the path of its totality.

### Ladies' Walking Sticks Modeled on Directoire

The directoire, a long, beautifully headed cane of yesterday, and the sturdy walking stick carried by so many women today, have very little in common, yet their origin was one and the same. Women are given to carrying sticks today to add a further touch of masculinity to their dress. Canes are by no means confined to the strictly tailored, the Springfield Republican says.

But to get back to its origin—and, by the way, no walking stick, before or since, was ever wielded to a better purpose than by Queen Blanche of Castile, the mother of King Louis IX, also called the Saint. Toward the middle of the Thirteenth century this godly and strong-minded queen discovered that practically an entire community was thrown into dungeons for its inability to pay church taxes. As her entreaties did not bring any results she smote the doors of the jail with her cane, whereupon her followers broke them down and released the captives.

Centuries later many other fair women carried walking sticks to make rather than release captives. Toward the end of the Seventeenth century, during the heyday of Louis XIV, ladies of the court carried them regularly. They became as dangerous a weapon of flirtation as the fan.

These sticks were long and had jeweled or gold handles. Years later, in the Eighteenth century, the so-called pastoral plays affected by society called for long shepherd's crooks, each worth a fortune. The most interesting detail of these were long, colored ribbons, very aptly called "follow me, young man."

### Pueblo Art

The Pueblo Indians have been adept for centuries in pottery making and embroidery and their designs have become famous, but there was fear that it would be allowed to die, as other fields of labor seemed to be more attractive from a remunerative standpoint. The government has taken a hand to prevent this, and a special effort will be made to encourage the art of the Pueblos, under the supervision of the bureau of Indian affairs. A supervisor of native art has been appointed and, according to the present plans, material to be used will be issued to the Pueblos and after they have completed the articles a market for the goods will be found.

### "Grouch" Under Handicap

Where one man gets only so far and stops to growl about something that isn't exactly pleasing, another good-natured man goes ahead with the task. The chronic grouch is seldom a "finisher" even of mediocre tasks.—Grit

# In the JUNGLE

With Cheerups and the Quixies  
By Grace Bliss Stewart

## MRS. SPIDER GETS ADVICE

"LET'S see, where was I?" said Mrs. Spider, as she settled down on a piece of moss beside Cheerups for a good long talk.

"You were just telling me about your wonderful house," replied Cheerups; "how you dug a tunnel two feet deep and hid all the earth you have dug out, so no one will discover where you are building."

"Yes, that's the very place; and didn't I promise to tell you how I furnish my little home, too? Well, I just line the tunnel I have dug with



"Let Me See. I Have It, Mrs. Spider!"

two sheets of silk which I spin myself. It's the same kind of silk of which other spiders make their webs. The lining next the earth is coarse and waterproof, but the one inside is very fine and soft. That sounds comfy, doesn't it?" said Mrs. Spider proudly.

"I should say so," cried Cheerups, "but you are forgetting the trapdoor. That seems to me the most wonderful part of all."

"Oh, no, I'm not forgetting. Mr. Cheerups," said Mrs. Spider. "I'm just leaving the best till the last, like frost-

ing, you know. First I have to measure the doorway with my feelers, then I spin a little silken pad exactly the right size and shape, which I make sticky with my own special kind of earth; this pad I sprinkle with bits of earth; then comes another pad of silk and so on, until I think the door is thick enough. It's quite a layer cake."

"Well, whatever it's like, it's certainly very remarkable," said Cheerups, his eyes round with wonder. "And then how do you fasten it on?"

"Why, with a hinge, of course, silly," piped Mrs. Spider, "a hinge of silk, and I put it on the outside, too, so the door will close of its own weight after me. I don't believe in any more work than necessary. But I do go so far as to cover my front door with bits of dirt and tiny stones. Then, unless I am just coming out, no one would know it from the rest of the ground."

"Now I call that very complete!" said Cheerups admiringly; "just a perfectly snug little home! What more could anyone want?"

"Yes, it is that, sir; it's all of that, and yet," sighed Mrs. Spider, "it's not as safe as it sounds. If an unwelcome visitor wanted to come and pull up the door he could, in spite of me. There's something lacking, but I can't think what it is; yes, something lacking."

"Mmmmmmm," murmured Cheerups. "Let me see. I have it, Mrs. Spider! Spin some threads of silk, fasten them to the inside of your door, and then sit on the other ends when you don't want to be disturbed."

"That's a splendid idea, Mr. Cheerups. How good you are to help me out. But suppose an enemy came along who was stronger than I and

## AN ABBREVIATED STORY

### THE CAMEL'S BACK

THE scene of today's story, just for a change, is the wild Harhar jungles of Abyssinia.

The natives were in a state of the wildest disorder, for their troubles were proving too much for them, and a revolution was brewing. Yet the Harhar savages were a cautious bunch, and Blubjaw, their champion orator and worker-up, harangued them in vain to take the decisive step.

"Squx eraw Dimbo spaw!" he cried. ("King Dimbo is a tyrant and should be dethroned. He allows us only six wives apiece and imposes ruinous taxes for every additional wife!")

"Skrix shrox" ("No use acting hastily"), muttered the populace.

"Kincan yaybo wimbo yan!" ("He allows the common people one meal a day while he eats seven!") cried Blubjaw.

"Dithy rambus" ("Don't let's be rash"), murmured the mob.

"Slux nindo yithter wow!" ("He has forbidden us to smoke!")

"Osh kosh!" ("We'd better not do anything reckless!")

"Tooral Chaplox nlnski Fairbinx! Yinx!" ("He's ordered all the 'movies' to shut down and now we can never see Charlie Chaplin or Doug Fairbanks any more!")

There was a mighty guttural roar as the long-suffering public rose to arms and rushed toward King Dimbo's bungalow.

(© by George Matthew Adams.)

centuries later many other fair women carried walking sticks to make rather than release captives. Toward the end of the Seventeenth century, during the heyday of Louis XIV, ladies of the court carried them regularly. They became as dangerous a weapon of flirtation as the fan.

## "WHAT'S IN A NAME?"

By MILDRED MARSHALL

Facts about your name; its history; meaning; whence it was derived; significance; your lucky day and lucky jewel

### EVE

IT IS fitting that Eve, the oldest name in the English language, should mean "life." "The mother of all living" was originally called by the title Chavva, which the Alexandrian Jews, coming upon in their translation, rendered as Zoe. Later it was Latinized as Heva and finally becomes Eve on English lips.

Curiously enough, Eve has never been a popular name in England. On old parish registers it appeared in isolated instances when a pair of twins was christened Adam and Eve. But the Latin form, which became Eva in Ireland and Scotland, also flourished in England and became popular in Germany.

In this country, Eve has had greater prevalence than Eva. The former is a far more euphonious name, as well as the finest of the old Biblical appellatives—a fact which appealed strongly to the Puritans. We have also revived the title of the Alexandrian Jews and Zoe is frequent in modern times.

Jade is Eve's talismanic stone. It

is the Chinese gem of life and is believed to bestow upon its wearer the blessing of the gods, which is health, wealth and happiness. Sunday is Eve's lucky day and 4 her lucky number.

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immediate family of the deceased person—the death of any relative will suffice to fulfill, in their opinion, the prognostic.

This superstition has its origin in the conception of the ancients with regard to the relations existing between the living and the dead and their idea of the needs and requirements of the world of shades. Attention has been called to the idea of primitive man that the spirits of the dead desired companionship; that in their journey into the "great darkness" they ought to be accompanied by some of those who were near to them in life. Hundreds of slaves and captives were slaughtered upon the grave of Attila in order that his spirit might have on the stygian shore a retinue appropriate for so great a king; and Indian widows met death upon the funeral pyre of their husbands in order that the departed rajah might be consoled beyond the veil.

There appears also to have been an idea that when these attentions were not bestowed the spirit of the deceased might possibly and under certain circumstances, exercise a power of summoning companionship from the living world; and in the classic stories of the Heroic ages we find now and then ghosts that will not rest until human sacrifice has been made, actually or by substitution.

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## THE WHY OF SUPERSTITIONS

By H. IRVING KING

### DEATHS NEVER SINGLE

IT IS a rather common superstition all over the country, especially in the rural districts, that deaths "never come singly." In some sections they say that if one person in a family dies there will be three deaths in that family before the year is out. In other sections they say two deaths. Those who believe in the superstition do not limit the operation of the omen to the



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## WHO SAID "Labor conquers all things."

IT IS said that when Homer, the great epic poet of ancient Greece, was alive he lived in poverty and traveled about from place to place existing on the sparing hospitality of those who would shelter him for the sake of hearing his adventures related. Years after his death, when his work began to be properly appreciated, no less than seven cities of Greece fought for the honor of calling him a native of their locality. And to this day it remains a mystery where the man's real home was located.

Modern knowledge of Homer rests upon his known works. When he was born is as much a mystery as where he was born. Historians agree in fixing the year of his birth sometime between 1000 and 700 B. C., and his birthplace "somewhere in Greece."

The poet's best known works are his Iliad and the Odyssey. The Iliad is the story of the siege of Ilium, or Troy, and relates the attempt to rescue Helen, wife of the king of Sparta, whom Paris, son of the king of Troy, had abducted.

The Odyssey concerns itself with the adventures of Odysseus or Ulysses, as he is better known, on his way home from the battle of Troy and of his welcome by his faithful wife, Penelope, and the punishment of her presumptuous suitors.

By all of the great poetry critics of the world Homer's work is ranked as among the finest. His memory has been further kept alive by numerous busts—all of which, of course, are wholly ideal.—Wayne D. McMurray.

(© by George Matthew Adams.)

### A LINE O' CHEER

By John Kendrick Bangs

### DEPARTING SUMMER

THE summer may be gone as some do say, yet, seems to me, she lingers on the way, and as she slowly moves along her track I feel she sort of wistfully looks back and smiles on all about her quite as though she really wished she did not have to go—And maybe that is why September days still hold so much of summer in their ways.

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## Irene Rich



Popular Irene Rich, the "movie" star, is a prime favorite with the millions of people who like moving pictures. Miss Rich seems to be fitted to the parts she plays as if they were especially written for her. This is one of her very latest pictures.

pulled open my door by force. I could never hold it down with those threads."

"Then build a little side tunnel leading from your house to run into until the danger is past, Mrs. Spider," said Cheerups.

"Well really, sir, you astonish me," gasped Mrs. Spider. "I thought I was clever, but you are both clever and kind, and that's much better. I shall try not to bother you, but I shall certainly call again when I want advice. Good morning, sir!" and the tiny trapdoor clicked behind Mrs. Spider as she "dropped into her cozy little home."

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## The KITCHEN CABINET

(©, 1915, Western Newspaper Union.)  
Age cannot wither her, nor custom stain  
Her infinite variety. Other women cloy  
The appetites they feed, but she makes hungry  
Where most she satisfies.—Shakespeare.

### NICE FOODS

A pretty dessert which will be good to serve when a light and dainty dish is needed is:

**Trilby Cream.**—Take one pound of marshmallows, one can of pineapple, one cupful of whipping cream. Cut the marshmallows into quarters, using shears dipped into cold water occasionally to keep them from sticking. Put the cut-up marshmallows in a bowl in some of the pineapple juice. Cut the pineapple into small bits and drain. Beat the cream and when stiff add the drained marshmallows, and pineapple, a few chopped walnut meats or blanched almonds and candied cherries. Serve in sherbet cups with a cherry on top.

**Casserole of Ham.**—Take a slice of ham cut rather thick. Place in the bottom of a casserole and cover with sliced potatoes, season with salt and pepper—salt will not be needed if the ham is not freshened—place in the oven and bake well covered one hour.

**Spaghetti de Luxe.**—Take a small package or less of spaghetti, one can of chicken soup, one can of mushrooms, one shredded green pepper and one-fourth of a cupful of buttered crumbs. Cook the spaghetti in boiling salted water until tender, drain and blanch with cold water. Butter a baking dish, place in it a layer of spaghetti, half of the mushrooms, and green pepper; repeat until all are used. Cover with the can of chicken soup and sprinkle with the buttered crumbs.

**Prune Almond Jelly.**—Soak one cupful of prunes in one quart of cold water over night. Cook the prunes in the same water until soft; remove the stones and cut into small pieces. Soak one envelope of gelatin in cold water, pour the prune liquor boiling hot over the soaked gelatin, add three-fourths of a cupful of sugar and stir until all is dissolved. Put the prunes and blanched halves of almonds in a mold, setting them with a little gelatin around the mold. When hardened, fill the mold and set away to chill. Serve with whipped cream.

**Bread Fritters.**—Cut stale bread into thin slices, shape with a biscuit cutter, spread with jam, and dip in the following batter: Sift one cupful of flour, one tablespoonful of powdered sugar, one-fourth teaspoonful of salt, add two-thirds of a cupful of milk gradually and two well-beaten egg yolks. Beat well, add one tablespoonful of olive oil and the whites of the eggs, beaten stiff. Dip the bread and fry in deep fat.

**Baked Cheese Sandwiches.**—Stir a little finely grated cheese into rich white sauce. Cut bread into rounds, butter and spread with the white sauce, heating it well up in the center. Place the bread in a hot oven to toast. Ham may be used in place of cheese.

**Tasty Tidbits.**  
A few pieces of good-flavored cheese (grated) will add a zest to many dishes. When preparing scalloped potatoes, add a bit of grated cheese. To scramble eggs, to macaroni with white sauce, on crackers, grated over pumpkin pie, in fact numberless ways will occur to the cook who likes to prepare tasty food.

**Homemade Cream Cheese.**—When cheese has become dry or is in unattractive pieces, grate it and stir it into a half cupful or more of boiling hot cream. Add enough cheese to thicken, stir and beat well, add cayenne pepper, a bit of chopped pimento or any seasoning liked. Pour into a jar and set away in the ice chest. Serve as any cream cheese.

**Cottage Cheese Salad.**—Arrange well-seasoned cottage cheese in shape of spoonfuls on head lettuce, sprinkle with chopped nuts and at the side place a spoonful of good salad dressing. A bit of colored jelly may be used as a garnish to the cheese, if preferred to the nuts.

**Cheese Savory.**—To one cream cheese add a tablespoonful of softened butter, one teaspoonful of minced chives, one-half teaspoonful of minced parsley, one-third of a teaspoonful of Worcestershire sauce and anchovy essence, with salt and paprika to taste. Press into a glass and serve with salted wafers.

**Cream cheese mixed with a tablespoonful or two of chopped green and red pepper, made into balls and served with salad dressing on lettuce, makes a pretty as well as a nourishing salad.**

**Cheese Supper Dish.**—This has appeared before, but will never grow old, as it is so well liked: Spread bread with butter, sprinkle with chopped cheese, making as many layers as needed in a baking pan. Pour over a custard, using a pint of milk to two eggs, and salt to taste. Bake in a moderate oven until the custard is set. Serve hot.

Nellie Maxwell