

Uncommon Sense . . .

By JOHN BLAKE

OUR CURIOSITY

THERE are two kinds of curiosity, morbid and intelligent. The one is useless—even harmful. The other is the driving force that is behind all science and all progress. A man gets out of an automobile in a busy street to pump up a tire. A hundred people gather round to watch him. The same people will stand around a man who has fallen and injured himself, gaping at him, and interfering with those who want to aid him. They gain nothing by being there. They have seen hundreds of tires pumped up—scores of men fall down. Their curiosity only breeds rudeness and idleness.

Intelligent curiosity is born in the human being. It prompts the baby to pull his rattle to pieces, and later on to punch a hole in his drum to see what is inside that makes the noise.

It finds its fullest development in the painful investigations of the scientist, seeking to solve the riddle of the universe.

Finding out how things work is almost all of useful knowledge.

The man who is indifferent to his surroundings is not going very far on his journey in this world.

He needs curiosity. It is important that he should gratify it. He ought to be curious about the growth of the tree, the manner in which buildings are put up, or battleships are put to-

gether—the movements of the stars in their courses.

He ought to cherish an abiding thirst for knowledge—knowledge about everything. Such a man will set an education whether or not he ever sees the inside of a college building. His curiosity, rightly directed, will force him to know things—and knowing things is education.

The child who asks countless questions should be encouraged. More-over his curiosity should be employed as a means of educating him. It should be fed, and developed, and made greater as the years go by.

And presently it will send him out into the world determined to find out things for himself. When he reaches that stage his parents and teachers can stop worrying about him.

He will get along.
(© by John Blake.)

THE PHANTOM

By GRACE E. HALL

A THOUSAND times I've said good-by to you, And turned away from every common thought That formed the vital tie that once we knew, With all the wondrous, joyous hours it brought.

A thousand times I've said a last farewell To memories of laughter, moods and tone, Have bade them lift their tantalizing spell And leave my soul in stillness—though alone.

I close the door against the whispering night, And bid my heart give o'er its drear refrain, But lo! you stand between me and the light

And all those sad good-bys have been in vain.
(© by Dodd, Mead & Company.)

THE KITCHEN CABINET

"He was a brave man who first did eat an oyster."
"Canst tell how an oyster makes his shell? No! nor I either."

SOME GOOD WAYS WITH MEATS

Squabs are always delightful eating, broiled or served en casserole.

When they are not obtainable try: Pigeon Pie.—Clean and split four pigeons—and simmer until tender, seasoning when nearly done with a teaspoon-

ful of salt, one-half teaspoonful of celery salt and one-fourth teaspoonful of paprika. Remove the larger bones and arrange in a buttered baking dish, together with the livers, hearts and two hard-cooked eggs quartered lengthwise, and two dozen fresh mushrooms or dried ones soaked in warm water for an hour. Use the broth and the liquid in which the mushrooms were soaked; reduce by cooking until a pint of liquid is obtained. Thicken with butter and flour cooked together, using a tablespoonful of each for each cupful of liquid, adding seasoning if needed. Pour this over the birds and cover with a half-inch biscuit crust. Cut across in the center and turn back the corners. Bake one-half hour in a hot oven, brush over the crust with beaten egg and bake fifteen minutes longer.

Stewed Ducks With Turnips.—Cut the duck into pieces at the joints. Put a tablespoonful of butter into a saucepan, add two onions chopped fine. When a golden brown add a square inch of ham, minced fine. Then add six turnips sliced, a tablespoonful of flour; stir until brown, then add three sprigs each of thyme and parsley, one bayleaf and a clove or garlic finely minced. Stir often and smother well covered fifteen minutes. Add water to cover the ducks well, cover tightly and cook for another half hour.

Stewed Beef Heart and Prunes.—Four boiling water over the beef heart and let stand ten minutes. Trim off the fat and arteries and cut into pieces for stewing. Drudge with flour, brown in a little fat and place in a kettle with enough hot water to cover. Add one cupful of soaked stewed prunes which have been pitted, season with salt and pepper and stew slowly until tender. Use care that it does not burn. This dish will serve eight generously.

Baked Apple With Sausages.—Scoop out the centers of firm, good-sized apples, leaving a shell a half-inch or more thick. Cut up all the pulp and chop with a cupful of sausage meat. Refill the apple shells with the mixture and bake in a hot oven until the apples are tender. Serve with baked potatoes as a luncheon dish.

Oh, suns and skies and clouds of June, And days of June together, You cannot rival for one hour October's bright blue weather.
—H. Jackson.

TIMELY TIPS

Now is the time to fill the fruit closet shelves for winter. Red peppers are so good to add to salads and meat dishes that a few jars will be enjoyed.

Canned Red Peppers.—Wash and cut peppers in strips with scissors. Cover with boiling water; let stand three minutes; drain, plunge into ice water to cover, in which there is a large piece of ice. Let stand thoroughly chill; drain again and pack solidly in pint jars. To one quart of vinegar add two cupfuls of sugar; bring to the boiling point and boil fifteen minutes. Pour the boiling hot vinegar over the peppers to overflow the can. Seal and store in a cool place.

Beet Relish.—Boil, peel and chop two dozen small beets, add to them one-half cupful of horseradish. Put two blades of mace, one tablespoonful of ginger, six cloves into a cheesecloth bag, place in a saucepan with one quart of vinegar. Bring to a boil and when boiling hot pour over the beets. Seal and keep for a week, when it will be ready for use.

Pepper Relish.—Wash and cut into halves or quarters one dozen sweet red peppers and one dozen green peppers; chop fine fourteen medium-sized onions, sliced and chopped fine, one cupful of sugar, two cupfuls of vinegar and one tablespoonful of salt. Boil the vinegar-sugar mixture, drop in the vegetables and boil fifteen minutes. Seal while hot.

Tomato Conserve.—Take five pounds of ripe tomatoes, two pounds of sugar, three lemons cut into dice, one cupful of sliced citron and one and one-half cupfuls of raisins. Slice the tomatoes, chop the citron or cut fine with scissors; add all the other ingredients and cook until thick. Add one cupful of walnut meats coarsely chopped and, when boiling hot, pour into jars and seal.

A nice combination for marmalade is equal parts of tomatoes and crab-apple, prepared as usual. The mixture is put through a sieve and sugar added to suit the taste.

Nellie Maxwell
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Daddy's Evening Fairy Tale

THE OSTRICH PAIR

Billie Brownie call this day was so be upon the Ostrich pair at the zoo.

Billie Brownie was always much amused by Mr. and Mrs. Ostrich. He thought their ways were interesting and he always liked to hear about them.

Then, too, he always liked to tell everyone he could that ostrich feathers meant unhappiness and tragedy in the lives of birds.

The ostrich family weren't hurt when their feathers were taken from them, no, not at all; in fact it made them pleased and comfortable.

But this time that he went to see Mr. and Mrs. Ostrich he could see from the moment of his arrival that they were each in a funny frame of mind and Billie knew he would enjoy himself.

"We haven't large brains," said Mr. Ostrich, "but we have a fine system for all that."

"Tell me about it," urged Billie Brownie.

"Our brains are small in size," said Mrs. Ostrich, "and my mate is quite correct when he says what he does. But we have enough brains for our purpose."

"If we had more brains we'd have to study and keep our brains up to the mark."

"That would be a nuisance. Thankful I am that our brains are no more trouble to us than they are."

"To some, it would appear, brains are a great bother."

"Yes, our system is fine. Mr. Ostrich was right about that, too."

"We take turns in hatching the eggs. I sit upon them in the daytime for my gray costume looks like the sand in the daylight and so protects me," Mrs. Ostrich explained.

"A good idea," said Billie Brownie. "And I sit at night and watch out for them then as I wear a black

feathered suit which looks like the night," said Mr. Ostrich.

"That does sound like a perfect system," agreed Billie Brownie.

"Neither of us are cowardly when it comes to protecting our young," Mr. Ostrich continued.

"I will hurry the brood away while Mrs. Ostrich will face the enemy and fall down as though there were no more life in her and so it makes the enemy feel it is useless to do anything."

"We have good eyesight. Our hearing is our next best sense and smelling comes third. We really only use this sense in feeding and in recognizing our young."

"Some say it is a strange way of knowing one's children, but then it does for us so why should we over-tax our brains and think of other ways?"

"It would be foolish," said Mrs. Ostrich. "But I hope in time people will stop saying I hide my head in the sand when I'm frightened."

"I fall down and have my head quite close to the sand—but I don't hide it. People have thought it was hidden because by head and the sand are so much alike in color."

"And the story has been passed along. And gossip has kept it going."

"I may have a small brain, but I know enough to know that my body isn't safe just because my head might be hidden—and so I don't hide my head."

"Oh, well, I'm above getting mad even if I'm gossiped about."

"That is very wise of you," said Billie Brownie, "for I must admit that while I know it is foolish, I feel a little hurt at anything said about me that is not kind."

"You are far more sensible, Mrs. Ostrich."

"But I've been delighted to have heard your stories and to have had the honor and pleasure of this talk."

"How very handsomely you make your departure," said Mr. Ostrich, as Billie Brownie made a low bow upon finishing his speech.

And Mrs. Ostrich added, "You show a fine and respectful manner toward the happy Ostrich pair."

"It makes our ostrich hearts rejoice!"

The Problem of the Pencils.

Here is a little arithmetic problem. It has puzzled lots of folks. Can you do it?

A girl has 20 cents with which she is to buy 20 pencils. The pencils are of three prices; one-quarter cent each, one-half cent each, and four cents each. How many of each will she get for her even 20 cents?

Nellie Maxwell
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SCHOOL DAYS



ductive of results, except of the kind that divests us of our sunny disposition, which we stand and deliver without a word of protest.

An odd phase of the covetous spirit is that it generally sets its affections on objects of no substantial worth. The fine, ennobling things which develop strength of character are often overlooked in the exciting chase for the ephemeral, which grows hotter as the pursuit is continued.

Friendship is ruthlessly brushed aside. Hearts are broken. Reason loses its balance in an excitement of feeling. Talents are neglected or wrapped in a napkin and hidden. As the tide of years sweeps us on, we become impelled by a sort of fanaticism whose power we are unable to resist.

Daily we sink a little lower from an existence of independence to a state of mere servitude, controlled in every thought and act by the fervent spirit of covetousness.

It is a natural inclination which manifests itself when, as children, we covet the toys of our playmates. But that is not all. It sometimes compels us to appropriate the playthings and impudently to claim them as our own.

Having grown up in such an atmosphere we cannot at once escape its mischievous influence, though the most of us finally succeed in doing so.

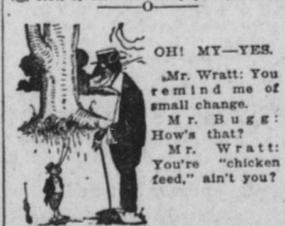
There are some humans, however, in whose blood the fever never quite subsides, causing them intense suffering all their lives.

They prefer to covet gorgeous pearls

and gowns, or great estates and yachts, each according to one's sex and particular fancy.

There's a sort of morbid pleasure in imagined ownership in which even the avowed indifferent like stily, to indulge.

In this temptation to covetous indulgence lies the peril to our happiness. But as happiness is elusive as dreams, and inconstant as flirts, we who have the fire of youth in our veins sometimes deliberately rush into the game and take our chances!
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Mr. Wratt: You remind me of small change.
Mr. Bugg: How's that?
Mr. Wratt: You're "chicken feed," ain't you?

Might Be Getting Rich.
Exhausted Pressman (to garrulous barber)—Tell me—do you get paid by the week, or so much per thousand words?—Punch.

The Young Lady Across the Way



The young lady across the way says that in her opinion the saloon will never come back, but she notices that the bar association is maintaining its organization, and she supposes it still has hopes.

Nellie Maxwell
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Has Anyone Laughed At You Because—

By ETHEL R. PEYSEP

You write illegibly?

When they laugh here they have something to laugh and suffer about! Maybe you never realized the agony you have caused by illegible hand writing. Maybe you have a reason that makes you unable to write clearly, such as neuritis or rheumatism or nerves of some sort. If this is so the laughter is cruel. But if you are just careless, you do cause a lot of time to be wasted by your good friends, and their laughter is the kindest thing they could do for you. Take stock and see what's the trouble with your writing. Maybe you haven't a comforting pen or do not use the right kind of paper to make writing a joy. Maybe, too, you are in too much of a hurry to think of others. Don't float over your gem-like writing. This sort of genius is long out of date.

YOUR GET-AWAY HERE: is to try a little each time you write to make your writing more of a pleasure to yourself and then less of an agony to your friends. Failing that, a typewriting machine adds all comfort necessary to both sides of the equation.

TELEPHONE.

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Something to Think About

By F. A. WALKER

COVETOUS SPIRIT

NO OTHER prompting within the human breast is quite so mischievous or tantalizing to the tranquility of the mind as the sordid coveting of things beyond our reach and means.

Its effect is seldom productive of satisfactory pleasure.

And no other motion is so unpro-

Mother's Cook Book

You can tell her by her cellar, By the way she keeps her brooms, Or by peeping at the keeping Of her back and unused rooms.

TASTY DISHES

A NICE way to serve cabbage, when one has plenty of time for its preparation is

Cabbage Rolls.

Boil a small cabbage in salted water until the leaves are soft enough to roll without breaking. Drain and when cool enough to handle, cut the leaves into six-inch squares. Mix one pound of chopped steak, one cupful of uncooked rice, one and one-half teaspoonfuls of salt, one minced onion and a beaten egg, with a few dashes of cayenne pepper. Put a heaping teaspoonful of the mixture on a square of cabbage and roll into rolls the size of a finger. Have ready a large kettle of boiling water well salted, into it put a perforated ket-

tle or colander in which the rolls may be placed to keep from touching the bottom of the kettle, as they burn quickly. See that the rolls are covered with water and cook covered for forty-five minutes or until the rice is done. Serve with drawn, butter sauce.

Kipperd Herring Salad.

Take one smoked herring, boil five minutes in water to cover. Drain, bone and shred it. To one-half cupful of the shredded fish add two cupfuls of diced celery, one green pepper chopped, one-fourth of a teaspoonful of salt, one-eighth of a teaspoonful each of onion salt, pepper and paprika, one chopped hard-cooked egg, and enough mayonnaise to moisten well. Arrange on beds of lettuce and serve with more mayonnaise.

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It All Depends.

Guy—Do you think it possible to love two girls at the same time?
Girl—Not if they know it.

A MAN WHO BECAME FAMOUS

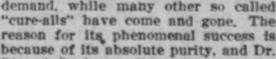
Doctor R. V. Pierce, whose picture appears above, was not only a successful physician, but also a profound student of the medicinal qualities of Nature's remedies, roots and herbs, and by close observation of the methods used by the Indians, he discovered their great remedial qualities, especially for weaknesses of women, and after careful preparation succeeded in giving to the world a remedy which has been used by women with the best results for half a century. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is still in great demand, while many other so-called "cure-alls" have come and gone. The reason for its phenomenal success is because of its absolute purity, and Dr. Pierce's high standing as an honored citizen of Buffalo is a guarantee of all that is claimed for the Favorite Prescription as a regulator for the ill-peculiar to women.

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