

ALONG LIFE'S TRAIL

By THOMAS A. CLARK
Dean of Men, University of Illinois.

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HOME-COMING

I HAVE never been away from home a great deal. A week at some distant relative's or a summer engaged in recreation or employment with strangers has made up the tale of my separation from my family. I remained in the home of my childhood until I had made a home for myself. But even these short separations from home have given me an appreciation of the joy of getting back.

I rushed everywhere in and out of the house to note the changes that had taken place during my absence. I visited my old familiar haunts, I looked up my old companions, and I snuggled down in my special corner with a book in my hand and another sitting by, both of us happy over the reunion. It was great to be home again! How much more so to those who have been away for a longer time and at a greater distance to return to the home fireside.

Home-coming is for all of us, and should be more or less a sentimental time. We appreciate the comforts and the privileges and the delights of home the more by being separated from them for a time. It is another case of absence making the heart grow fonder. The absence and the home-coming, too, often give one a clearer appreciation of the obligations and responsibilities one should have toward home.

Home-coming is a pleasure because it gives opportunity to talk over accomplishments, to stimulate ambition and to fire the imagination of the younger and less experienced members of the family. We have been out in the world even though it may be for so short a time, we have seen new sights, we have done wonderful deeds, we have tried our wings and have found them strong. We have experience behind us, and we are eager to confer its benefits upon the less sophisticated members of the family.

Sometimes there is the selfish son who sees in home-coming only a time for pleasure, for self-gratification, for temperate indulgence in eating, drinking and sleeping. He gets out of the family everything that it will give. He contributes nothing to its happiness or to its progress; he looks out only for what he can get to satisfy his selfish desires. His return is not looked for with joyous anticipation; his going is relief.

Home-coming for all of us should be a time of renewing old acquaintances, of visiting old scenes and old friends, of stimulating old ideals. There are the younger children to drink in the tales of adventure and accomplishments out in the real world, and to be stirred and stimulated by them. Those who come back may get pleasure; they may give help and encouragement. If their object, however, is only selfish gratification, the satisfying of old appetites, then it were better they did not come at all.

PAINTING THE LILY

I HAVE often felt that perhaps flowers have a kind of conscious feeling of their own beauty and that possibly, like young girls, they would like sometimes to touch it up. Perhaps the lily sighs for a lipstick or a box of rouge.

Of course a young girl likes to look pretty; it is a feeling quite human. It gives her self-respect and makes her feel more comfortable and knowing that she is well groomed, and becomingly dressed, and it gives her a sense of satisfaction to realize that her friends, both male and female recognize her attractiveness. Not even a savage puts on her simple costume carelessly.

I have never quite understood, however, why the modern girl has so little faith in the effectiveness of youthful natural beauty—why she would take a perfectly fine complexion or a beautiful head of hair and dab the one with parti-colored cosmetics like a Hottentot unless—I hate to think it—she is determined deliberately to attract attention to herself at any cost. Of course she must follow the fashion, changing as it is. She cannot have her skirts trailing when other girls have theirs at the shoe tops or at the knees; she cannot wear puffed sleeves when her friends are eliminating that part of their garments entirely; she cannot wear her hair down her back straight or in curls when "cootie cages" are in style, but she can be conservative. She does not need to make herself seem either freakish or extreme. She should give some thought to fitness.

I met a little girl yesterday morning when I was on the way to my office. Her hair, straight as an Indian's naturally, was crudely curled until it stood out like a bunch of wire; her face flamed unnaturally as if she had been cooking doughnuts over a hot kitchen stove in the summer time. Her open-work silk stockings through which a sharp wind was blowing were quite in contrast to her heavy fur coat, the collar of which was thrown open exposing a rather wide expanse of chilly bony chest. Perhaps she was comfortable, undoubtedly she was stylish, but pretty—not even to her family. She was grotesque, she was a caricature of youth, she was a lily daubed up with paint by the crudest hand. She looked like a bareback rider at the circus. I could only laugh and then feel sorry. She was a perfectly nice girl spoiled.

Something to Think About

By F. A. WALKER

A PRICELESS TREASURE

WITHIN your house of clay there is a rare treasure, worth more to you than all the wealth of the world. This remarkable jewel, which you have never seen, is you, yourself, hidden all the time from your most searching gaze.

Even by looking into a mirror, you can not glimpse its form or discern its beauty, though at every moment of your life you are conscious of its existence.

This wonderful gem, this spark of enduring vitality, controls your thoughts, stirs your emotions and bestows happiness or wretchedness. It leads you to destiny. In the twinkling of an eye it is capable of arousing the fondest love or the most despicable hate.

It may be generous or selfish, noble or mean, brave or cowardly, but whatever its nature, its erratic moods are beyond all human understanding, never comprehended except darkly, from one moment to another.

To know yourself is to spend a lifetime in the quest and fall at the end, yet the quest is worth making.

You may be among the world's greatest philosophers, but be as ignorant of yourself as a wooden spoon. You cannot say with certainty whether in battle you would be a coward or hero, forgive an arch enemy or destroy him, hide yourself if suddenly impoverished, or face the jeers of former associates.

Some time ago, a woman who had shot lions in the jungles of Africa, fainted before a group of smiling friends who had come to hear her lecture. Their beaming faces and shining eyes were more overpowering to her than the crouches and charges of snarling wild beasts.

Her soul was suddenly parted, her house of clay crumbled.

You are robust and lustrous today.

Reflections of a Bachelor Girl

By HELEN ROWLAND

THERE are only 13 original jokes, but every man seems to fancy that he married one of them.

Every woman knows that a man is a little bit out of his mind when he proposes marriage to her, but her vanity won't permit her to admit it, by offering him a chance to escape.

Why will a college boy waste weeks in working up an effective "line," when the little ones, "How beautiful you are!" and "I love you!" which grandfather used, are still the most thrilling in the English tongue?

Silence is the lace curtain, through which a wise woman peeps out at men, without permitting them to see her undraped thoughts or to satisfy their curiosity about mental furnishings.

When a man can't find anything around the house to improve, criticize or "sympathize," for a whole week, he begins to think that his "morale" is weakening.

An innocent young man should be perfectly sure of his heart before he gives it into a strong woman's keeping. In these days, he may never get it back again!

As long as a man can make a woman cry, he can dictate terms to her; but no sane man was ever so foolish as to argue with a smiling woman.

Mother's Cook Book

Let us have enough strength to be sweet, enough sweetness to be strong and too much of both to be queer.

SEASONABLE DAINTIES

A VERY attractive and tasty dish which may be served for an occasion is:

Pimento Bisque.

Put through a ricer one can of pimentos (six); add two teaspoonfuls of salt, one-half teaspoonful of tabasco sauce, one-half cupful of cream and three pints of nicely-seasoned chicken stock. Let come to the boiling point and season; serve in cups.

Aspic Jelly.

This is used in so many ways that a good recipe is a great comfort. Take one quart of well-seasoned soup stock, three tablespoonfuls of gelatin, the juice of a lemon and a few grains of cayenne. Stir in the slightly-beaten egg whites and pour into mold to chill and become firm. This may be used as garnish for various dishes.

Ginger Ale Salad.

Soften one-fourth of a package of gelatin in one-fourth of a cupful of water. Let stand over hot water to dis-

but tomorrow you may be weak and dull.

The dominating power within you has temporarily lost its force.

Without it you are nothing but dust, blown hither and thither by the winds.

Judgment cannot be sure, faith cannot be strong, nor life itself made to function as it should, unless the jewel you are carrying with you shall be kept as clear and bright as the stars of the firmament.

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MEN YOU MAY MARRY

By E. R. PEYSER

Has a man like this proposed to you?

Symptoms: His broad A trombones and halls the rosy dawn and dewy eye! He likes you because your A is natural and he knows his is flat and often narrow! His clothes are entirely Britishly cut, his spirit is in England, though his forefathers are gathered here. He is no athlete, yet, when in America, he can still "take the train." His climbing, however, is a miracle to see!

IN FACT

The social trapeze is never still from his activities.

Prescription to the bride:

R Teach him the real who's who.

Absorb this:

THE CREAM IN SOME MILK WILL NOT RISE TO THE TOP.

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SCHOOL DAYS



Marriage is the point at which some women stop kissing—and begin hissing.

A man never suffers until love is quite dead; but it is the death throes of a romance which torture a woman. After the funeral, she can be so resigned and serene that she almost enjoys her "grief."

(© by Helen Rowland.)

The Young Lady Across the Way



"Captain, I am afraid of seasickness. What food shall I eat?" "The cheapest!"—Kasper (Stockholm).

Will Be Wasted Anyway

"I expect to spend my vacation at a couple of hotels. Do they do you good? They certainly do."

USUALLY DO.

I expect to spend my vacation at a couple of hotels. Do they do you good? They certainly do.



POINTS ON KEEPING WELL

Dr. Frederick R. Green,
Editor of "Health."

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SUNLIGHT

WE ARE just beginning to appreciate the value of sunlight as a health-producer.

The ancient people worshiped the sun, which they recognized as the source of all energy and life. Modern science is proving what the ancient civilizations believed.

King Tut had had more front-page publicity in the last two years than any living man. His name is known today to ten times as many people as ever heard of him while he was alive. King Tut was a sun-worshiper, as were many of the people of his day.

The Greeks took sun baths regularly. The Romans knew that sunlight is of benefit in healing sores and infections and in maintaining health. Pliny, the Roman historian, writes that his aged friend Spurlina kept himself youthful by taking an hour's sunbath every day.

When civilization moved from southern to central and northern Europe, people wore heavy clothing and lived in houses and forgot the value of sunlight.

Dr. Rollier of Switzerland reports remarkable cures of tuberculosis in children by the use of sunlight. Dr. Lo Grosso, medical director of J. N. Adams Memorial hospital at Perysburg, N. Y., gets wonderful results in bone and skin tuberculosis by undressing the children and keeping them in the sunshine and fresh air. Even in winter the children wear nothing but overshoes to keep their feet dry and caps to protect their heads and ears.

Dr. Lo Grosso says, "With the exception of one or two isolated hospitals we are neglecting the greatest of all healers, the sun. Our eyes are cast down, whereas healing is from the skies."

Sunlight kills disease germs in a short time. The more sunlight we have in our houses the healthier we are. The more we get out in the sunlight the healthier our bodies will be.

Exposure of the skin to sunlight lowers blood pressure, increases the depth of respiration, dilates the blood vessels and brings the blood to the surface. The number of blood corpuscles is increased, as well as the power of resisting disease.

This remedy must be used with common sense. A sunburn is just as painful and as bad as any other kind of burn. Don't go out the first day the bathing beaches are open and lie all day in the sunlight. Don't try to get the tan in a few days of summer vacation that should have accumulated all through the year. Get the good effects of the sun without the bad effects. Get outdoors every day all the year round, especially in the summer, and get the benefit of the healing and stimulating effect of sunlight—the source of all heat, light and life in the universe.

WHY RISK LIFE TO SAVE 5 MINUTES?

PUNCTUALITY is a virtue. But even virtue can be carried too far. Samuel E. Freundlich, sixty years old, had been employed by one firm for over thirty years and in all that time he had never been late. He lived at Rosehill, a Chicago suburb, and took the 7:06 a. m. train every morning. The other day he was a few minutes late and reached the station just as the train was pulling out. He ran to catch it, jumped for the platform, missed it and went under the wheels. He lost both of his legs and probably his life.

We are all creatures of habit. Regularity and punctuality are highly commendable characteristics. But they aren't worth risking your life for.

It's better to break your record than to break your neck. Be on time, by all means, but when an occasional miscalculation makes you a few minutes late, don't risk your life in order to maintain your record.

Men who are sixty years old haven't any business running after trains, anyhow. It's all right for the boy or the young man. But the muscle fibers of the heart are like rubber. When you are young they can stretch, even beyond the ordinary, without permanent injury. But by middle life the heart muscle is like old rubber. It's all right as long as you don't put an unusual strain on it, but if it's stretched, it's apt to break.

Men and women over forty-five, and especially over fifty, should avoid sudden, extreme and unusual exertion. If the heart muscle is not diseased, it's fully equal to the ordinary, everyday strain which is put on it. But sudden and severe exertion may cause serious if not fatal consequences. Unusual exertion increases the rate and force of the heart's action. The heart is like a rubber ball. If it is overstrained, it stretches. This may cause acute dilatation of the heart, sometimes severe enough to produce death, or it may result in stretching the valves of the heart so that they never work properly thereafter.

Many serious heart conditions have their origin in some unusual exertion, which is often unnecessary. If you are middle-aged or past, don't run after street cars or trains. Wait until the next one comes, even if you are a little late. This may require five or ten minutes' waiting, but it may mean several years longer life.

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W. N. U., BALTIMORE, NO. 30-1924.

Neelie Maxwell
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