

# ALONG LIFE'S TRAIL

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

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## THE SNAP

"I'M LOOKING for a three-hour course to fill up my program for next semester," Gregg said to me yesterday. "Do you know any snap course?"

Before I answered him my mind went back to commencement time. We were sitting on the porch talking it over, Frank and I, after the fellows had left. We had been celebrating the twenty-fifth anniversary of our graduation from college, and we had had three happy days together with the fellows, some of whom we had not seen since the day we parted after our commencement exercises. We had all been struck by the changes which had come to each of us, and naturally each one had swelled with satisfaction whenever some one intimated that he had changed little.

Mac had been in Arizona most of the time, working cruelly hard in the mines; he was bald and seamed and crippled with rheumatism. Pete's hair, which had been a riotous bunch of black curls, was entirely white. Fred, who had been slender and smooth-checked, showed a face that was the result of hard struggle and a physique that pulled the scales at twice the amount he could manage when he was a freshman. Ed seemed most like himself; brown-haired, smooth-faced, slender as a boy, he had changed the least of all. Life had been a rather easy routine for him; he had not needed money; he had struggled little; he had developed little ambition; he entered only slightly into the reminiscences and the controversies which sprang up; he had no plans for the future, little thought of the past.

After they were all gone, some way we decided that Fred had gripped us most of all. He had been a wild, untrained, harem-scarem fellow, who cared little for God or for his instructors. He had brought himself to the front; he was the head of a big engineering plant; he had great ambitions for the future, and he was managing his men and his boys in a masterly way; best of all, he had conquered himself, and all the wild passions that seemed to rage through him were under his control. His face showed character and conquest and self-control. You could tell by looking at him that he was strong and dependable. He had tried the hard thing and he had made good at it, while Ed was just as he used to be. He had got nowhere; he had no ambition to get anywhere. He had not sacrificed; he had not suffered, and for him there had been no development. And so, as we thought it all over, we decided that the man who had changed the most had done best. It is struggle that turns the hair gray and eats furrows into the face and bends the shoulders. All these suggest accomplishment and so are venerable and beautiful.

The man who is looking for the snap, for the soft job, is not likely to get anywhere; a passive, unaggressive existence means weakness and stagnation.

"No," I said to Gregg, "I can't think of any snap courses."

## COURAGE

"BUT the things courage can do!" Barrie says, "The things even incompetence can do, if it works with singleness of purpose."

The one thing Carlson wanted was a chance to go to college, and yet there had never been anyone to encourage him. His people were illiterate and unambitious, he had no money, he had never even been to high school, for he was forced to go to work before he was fourteen—hard work, too, that left him bruised and exhausted. And yet always there burned in him the one desire, the one purpose of getting a college degree.

"You cannot meet the entrance requirements," the college officials always replied when he tried through interviews or correspondence to find a way within the academic circle.

"Give me a chance," he begged; and finally, after he was twenty-one and had saved a few dollars, he was given an opportunity as a special student to take up college work.

No one ever knew how he got on. He came and went every day across the campus; he earned his living as other eager students did, washing dishes or waiting tables, or in the performance of simple tasks about the town. He was cheerful and happy in the thought that he was having a chance to accomplish the impossible.

And all the time he was getting on. He was making up his entrance credits, he was passing studies with credit to himself, he was getting nearer and nearer to a degree. He reached his ideal, he got his diploma, and now he is out in the world an honored and a successful engineer. It was singleness of purpose that brought him success in spite of his ill-training and incompetence. It was courage that helped him to accomplish the impossible.

Today Strong was in my office. He has plenty of money, he has a good body, he has a normal brain, and he has as excellent a high school training as a boy can get. Yet he has not passed five hours. He doesn't like his work, he says. If he could just get into something interesting he is sure he would get on.

"Put the things courage can do!"

# The SANDMAN STORY

## "THANK YOU AND SMILE"

ONCE there was a little girl named Neva, so very poor that she had to sell matches for a living, and even that could not be called a living, because many times she went hungry to her bed in a poor room in an attic which the hard-hearted landlady could not rent to any one else.

One night Neva came back to her attic room and found everything changed. On the floor was a soft rug, warm blankets on the bed, soft slippers and a bathrobe lay before a bright fire burning in the grate.

At first she thought she was in the wrong room, but that could not be, because this was the attic room under the eaves.

While Neva slipped into the soft robe and slippers she was still more surprised to see at one side of the fire-



"Oh, I Am So Unhappy!" Cried the Little Creature.

place a table with a nice hot supper on it!

Neva rubbed her eyes. "It must be the fairies," she thought. "It wasn't here when I came in. Perhaps the landlady will know."

But the hard-hearted landlady only told her if she didn't pay her rent she would have to leave and she knew nothing about hot suppers or soft blankets and could not furnish beggars with such things.

Neva ran back to her attic and ate her supper. Then she wrapped herself in the blanket and went to sleep. It was so nice and warm she did not awake until the sun was streaming in through the one little window in her room.

That night when she returned again the hot supper was waiting, and now Neva was sure it was the fairies. But even fairies must be thanked, and as she did not see them Neva went to the window before she went to bed and opened it. "Dear fairies, I thank you," she whispered.

Every night for a long time she did this, but after a while so many things came to her that Neva became careless about the thanks and many nights went by and she did not open the window to whisper her thanks for all the good things the fairies gave her.

One night she opened the door of her attic room, but no hot supper or warm fire was waiting for her. The room was cheerless and still and on the window sill Neva saw by the light outside a tiny little creature weeping.

It was a fairy; she was sure of that. But why should a fairy be crying? Neva was wondering as she walked toward the window.

"Oh, I am so unhappy!" cried the little creature. "I was so sure she would never forget to thank us, and now the Queen is angry with me because I picked out this poor girl to help."

"Please don't cry," said Neva, knowing at once she was the cause of the little creature's grief. "I am sorry I forgot to thank you for all the nice things every night. I guess it was because you gave me so many things."

The little fairy jumped up. "Yes,

that is the reason," she said. "The Queen told me I was giving you too much, but I was so sure you would never forget to be grateful that I persuaded her to let me keep on giving and now she has made me take everything away."

"Don't cry," said Neva. "I am glad the Queen has taught me a lesson. I will never again forget to give thanks no matter how much I have or how little. I wish I could become a fairy and see your Queen."

"That wish I cannot grant," said the fairy, "but I can help you by telling you a secret our Queen has told us—that a 'thank you' and a smile will bring happiness. Try it and see."

The fairy had disappeared, but somehow the room did not seem cheerless. She had left something behind for Neva to think about, and the next day as she sold her matches she smiled at everyone who bought and said: "Thank you."

It was not long after this that a lady stopped to buy matches one day and was so won by Neva's cheery "Thank you" that she took her to live with her, where she had all the comforts the fairy had given her and more. And when she remembers the fairy and the little Neva wonders if after all it was not a dream in which some good fairy whispered to her the charm of a smile and a "thank you."

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# Have You This Habit?

By Margaret Morison

## LOUD AND LOUDER

FROM her box, fair Polly caught a dash of color athwart the dull black of the orchestra below her, and Pierre, in his gold-braided, red-topped cap and military cape and French-blue coat, took his first-row seat. The curtain rose and still Polly, whose bright brown eyes and curling locks had snared all hearts in her home town, watched Pierre. With lips half-parted, she leaned over the edge; he looked; their glances met; something sharp cut through the medals on his breast. Until they met there was for them no peace, no rest.

The curtain fell amid applause, and Polly, who knew all there was to know about The Gaiety, with one sweet look and a hint or two had sent a swain by hook or crook to bring Pierre to her box. But when the swain reached the first row there was no Pierre to be seen; French wit moved faster than dramatic action.

Meanwhile Polly, baffled in her plans, grew more and more distraught. The second act was almost through, and still Pierre's seat remained empty. Again the curtain fell. A footstep sounded behind her. She turned and saw Pierre just entering her box door, behind him a friend to pronounce the introduction. The benediction, "Chere mademoiselle," murmured he.

"Mister Pierre," said she. The horrid fact lay there glaring between them—she had no French, and he had no English, and tempus was fugiting in a most terrifying manner. Speaking more loudly and more loudly, she tried to make herself understood.

"Qu'est-ce que c'est?" cried Pierre, anxious lest he lose any precious pearls, and bending imploring at her side.

She raised her voice more. "If you—," she said.

"Comment?" he asked. The minutes fled.

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To poor Pierre Polly's unduly loud tones seemed anger. He turned. He fled. And he never knew that bawling

## Lewis Stone



Heavy parts in the "movies," played to the satisfaction of the millions of patrons of motion pictures, are responsible for the popularity of this actor. Stone is a veteran of two wars. In 1898 he served as a boy with the Twelfth New York volunteer infantry in Cuba; in 1917 he got his commission as an infantry captain at the first Plattsburg camp.

## HOW TO KEEP WELL

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

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### VITAMINES

WHEN Nebuchadnezzar carried the Jews away captive to Babylon, he told his court chamberlain to select four young Hebrew captives, "comely and without blemish," to serve in his court.

Daniel, Shadrach, Meshack and Abednego were selected and put in a school for courtiers, along with a lot of young Babylonians.

That they might have the best of food the king commanded that they be fed from his own table.

But Daniel and his companions refused the rich foods and demanded that they be fed "pulse and water."

When their training was completed the chamberlain found that the young captives were "more comely and of better appearance" than their Babylonian companions.

Why? It has taken us three thousand years to find out.

Daniel and his three friends ate plain, fresh food. The Babylonians ate heavily spiced and richly seasoned dishes.

We know now that the human body must have a certain amount of fresh, living food.

Primitive people learned this long ago. The Arabs eat dates; the Moors eat figs; the South Sea Islanders eat breadfruit and coconuts; the natives of central Africa eat bananas; the Indians eat fruits and berries.

Even the Eskimos, without fresh fruits or vegetables, eat raw seal meat or fresh blubber.

When sailing vessels made long voyages and when methods of preserving food were limited, sailors kept too long on salt meat and dry biscuits developed scurvy. The gums softened, the teeth fell out, the mucous membranes bled and finally the men died.

The food was good enough, but there was no living matter in it.

As soon as the sailors got limes, lemons, oranges, bananas, apples, even raw potatoes, the scurvy disappeared.

Recent experiments show that animals given a proper amount of green food are larger, stronger and better developed than those deprived of such feed, no matter how abundant their diet.

The substances in raw, fresh food necessary for health and growth are called vitamins. From the Latin word vita, meaning life. Insufficient amounts of these substances cause rickets, eye diseases, scurvy, decay of the teeth, dropsy and paralysis.

So the age-old experience of the human race and the latest scientific research agree that the human body must have fresh fruits and raw vegetables if it is to be strong and healthy.

Cabbage, lettuce, celery, radishes, tomatoes, apples, oranges, grape fruit and other fresh foods should form a regular part of our daily diet.

### PINK EYE

PINK eye is a very common and very uncomfortable condition. It is ordinarily known as "sore eyes." Almost everyone has had a mild or a severe attack at some time.

It generally occurs in warm weather and is caused by a small germ or plant, a near relative of the influenza bug.

The infection is generally contracted through towels which have been used by an infected person or by bathing in swimming tanks which have been used by others having the disease. The germ may be carried through the air. The condition is often found in epidemics in schools.

For the first two days after infection about the only thing noticed is a slight itching or irritation of the eye, as if a cinder or a grain of sand had gotten in. On the third morning the eyelids are often found stuck together so that the eye cannot be opened. The lids are swollen and bloodshot. The flow of tears is increased and burning of the lids is constantly present. The discharge increases and becomes yellowish in color and the lids become intensely congested and inflamed. The attack lasts from three to seven days, after which the inflammation gradually disappears. In severe cases it may last for months.

To avoid this painful condition don't use towels that anyone else has used. Be sure that you bathe only in clean water. If your eyes begin to itch and smart, be sure that it isn't due to a cinder or a foreign body. If the irritation lasts more than two days, have a competent physician examine your eyes or, if this isn't possible, put on cloths wrung out of cold water, wash the eyes frequently with boric acid solution, keep out of the dust and strong light and put one drop of a 20 per cent solution of argyrol (which can be bought, with a dropper, at your drug store) in each eye four or five times a day.

Don't use patent medicines or eye drops. Don't put on bandages or ointments or anything else except cloths wrung out of cold water. Don't allow anyone else to use towels or cloths which you have used.

If the redness does not entirely disappear in a week or ten days, get the advice of a competent physician. Otherwise the inflammation may last for a considerable period.

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Polly was only trying to make her meaning—her tender meaning—clear to his French ears when she was raising that unholy din.

Do you attempt to "burst your lungs" to people speaking a foreign language, trying to make what they have heard, but not understood, more clear by shouting and gesticulating at them?

HAVE YOU THIS HABIT?  
(© by Metropolitan Newspaper Service.)

# The Why of Superstitions

By H. IRDING KING

## RINGING IN THE EARS

THAT a ringing in the ears is a prognostic of death is a very general superstition in this country and in many parts of Europe. It is not supposed to foretell the death of the one who hears the ringing but that he—or she—will, within a week, learn of the death of a relative, friend or acquaintance. The superstition is merely the result of association. The ringing in the ears, which is simply due to a sensitiveness of a nerve in the auricular cavity, by association recalls the "passing bell" which in old times it was customary to ring from the parish church when a parishioner was dying.

In fact in many localities one who has this ringing in the ears will say: "I have heard the death-bell." In some localities the direction of the apparent ringing indicates the direction from which the news of death will come. It is an undoubted fact that all superstitions connected with death have a deep root in popular belief, are very widespread and vary but little in different localities. In this connection William Wells Newell in an introduction to Mrs. Bergen's collection of current superstitions, says: "It is always found that an especial conservatism attaches to customs and ideas associated with death; the disinclination to exercise independent thought on a subject so serious leaves the field open to the continuance of ancestral notions and practices."

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pearl's augury for tears will be impotent in the case of Melissa, since the gem will prove a talisman against unhappiness and dangers of every sort. Wednesday is her lucky day and 3 her lucky number. The daisy is her flower.

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The Italian poets called Melissa the beneficent fairy who protected Bradamante and directed Ruggero to escape from Atlante and afterward from Alcina, upon the hippogriff. It is they who are responsible for Melissa's heritage of romance and for her widespread popularity in romance-loving lands.

France has a Melissa in great vogue, and Melite, another form, is also popular. The sweet significance of Melissa brought her into favor with the Puritans in this country, where she still exists as a proper name for demure maidenhood. In France, on the other hand, Melissa implies a tinge of mischief and coquetry which has made her a popular heroine in literature.

The pearl is Melissa's gem. It will enhance her sweetness and affability and bring her sincere friends. The

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# "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

## MELISSA

MELISSA is literally one of the sweetest of feminine names. It comes from the Greek word meaning to soothe or sweeten, and hence, honey of the honey-bee. Melissa was sometimes said to have been the name

## A LINE O' CHEER

By John Kendrick Bangs.

## THE ROD AND THE STAFF

HE TOOK the rod that beat him  
And turned his wheat to chaff.  
And—lest its smart defeat him  
He made of it a Staff.  
And on his way he wended  
Out of the depths of Fear,  
And with its aid ascended  
Up to the Heights of Cheer.  
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## An Arizona Wonder

The Palo Verde, those wonders of Arizona, are like nothing we have in the East, unless one could imagine an asparagus plant twenty feet or more in height, writes Anna Botsford Comstock in Nature Magazine. The trunk usually divides rather low into two or three large, spreading branches which in turn divide into several irregular, rather crooked limbs that bear masses of intricate branchlets and twigs, and which in aculeata carry the bare rachises—midribs of the fallen leaflets—that give the tree a resemblance to the long-leaved pine. There it stands, an object of beauty because of its vivid greenness and fringiness which softens its outline so that the easterner classes it mentally as to loveliness with the ferns and larches.

After he has been neglected long enough, a man will blow his own horn.

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