The Young Lady Across the Way

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ALONG LIFE'S TRAIL

By THOMAS A. CLARK

GETTING AWAY FROM ONE'S PAST

T'S grievous," an old English writer says, though I am not at all sure that he is correct in this, "that with all amplification of travel both by sea and land, a man can never separate himself from his past his-

We are accustomed ardinarily in making such reflections, to apply the principle only to those things in our past that are unwholesome or questionable, and to emphasize the permanent influence of evil things, but it is equally true of our contact with healthy or noble or beautiful things. No experience of life, when it is past, leaves a man quite the same as he was before. One man has climbed Long's peak, or crossed the ocean or heard a great musician, or seen a beautiful picture, or been under the influence, even for a brief time, of a fine character, comes away from the experience with a little different view of life, a broader outlook, a higher conception of duty. He can never sink quite to the level he occupied before.

Isniah Harding, one of our neighbors when I was a child, had never been outside of the state. He had ploughed and sown and reaped his crops and had known no other outlook than the broad prairies that stretched endlessly before him. Then he visited the Centennial exposition in Philadelphia. The trip cost him one hundred and fifty dollars, he confessed after he came back. It seemed a small fortune in 1876, but it was worth it all. He was a new man for the experience, he had seen a new world, he had had an unexpected vision and he never tired of telling of it; he never got away from it.

It was a trifling experience which sent me to college-an irritating stimulating criticism of my appearance and my ignorance which I could not quite forget or ignore. The young fellow who was responsible for the remark had no thought of the effect of his words, I imagine, but his words bored into my consciousness and I could never get away from them. Ultimately they changed the whole current of my life and thought.

It is true of all of us. Every emotion we feel, every noble generous word we utter or thought we have, every experience that is ours, good or bad, leaves a permanent impression upon our lives and characters.

No one can ever get away from his past.

ECONOMIZING GASOLINE

WAS going off for a motor trip with I very little knowledge of the habits and vagaries of automobiles in general and this one in particular.

"If you want to save gasoline," Spencer said to me, "drive steadily at a moderate speed. It takes gasoline to stop and start the car frequently, and nothing eats it up like pushing the machine beyond its normal speed." I was interested.

An automobile is apparently not unlike people. Kinney was building a house for me. It was begun in April and was to be finished by September. The work dragged at first and I spoke to him about it.

"Don't worry," he said, "we have oceans of time. I'll have the job finished a month before the day agreed upon." He was mistaken, however. There were delays at a crucial time, a strike laid the men off for two weeks, and when September came, although Kinney was "steppin' on 'er" hard, the house lacked a month of completion. He had wasted his opportunities at the beginning and no matter how much gasoline he used up at the end he could not make the grade.

There was Culver, on the other hand, who did his work so regularly that he never seemed rushed or worried for fear he would not be finished in season. Other fellows thought that Culver was lucky or a genius but the real explanation was that he was a steady, consistent worker, who economized his gasoline throughout the whole trip. He got farther with the expenditure of less energy than anyone else I ever knew.

The fellow who does his work regularly, who keeps from worry, who sets for himself a moderate intellectual pace and keeps it every day will accomplish more by the end of the year than the fellow who works by fits and starts, who loafs at the beginning of the week, and then pushes himself to a pace of fifty miles an hour on Sunday. It is the moderate uniform rate of speed that saves the nerves and economizes the gasoline,

Very few young people give much thought to the future. The fact that they will some day be old, or weakened, or broken in strength does not occur to them. The young fellow. however, who dissipates his energies or his emotions, who lives the fast life, who taxes his physique beyond its normal resistance, ultimately pays the penalty. Before his journey is ended, his strength will be gone, the gasoline will be out, he will have wasted his powers. He will come to the heavy hills of middle life without the power to carry him up.

Each of us has about so much reserve power. If we waste it today, we shall need it tomorrow. If we use up our energies in youth, we may ex- | Every woman needs a guardian, and | mel, adding two-thirds of a cupful of pect a premature, weakened old age,

Something to Think About By F. A. WALKER

longer.

feel that we cannot bear them a day

It forms a pleasing background to

we may go and find rest when we

are unnerved, exhausted and discour-

Riches, honor and fame lose their

luster when in the presence of the

soul that is humble, patient and faith-

Earthly prizes such as these are

but the dress of a precious substance

made to endure forever, where the

light is always shining and life dis-

And certainly, whatever it may be

with regard to the persons who are

now skeptical about such matters, the

day will come when they, too, shall

see the light, and as likely as not find

it shining within their own breasts, in

a moment when they least suspect its

Hidden somewhere within us such

(McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

divine prseence.

into a beneficent blaze!

covers itself in its true sphere.

from which such a soul is made-

ALWAYS SHINING

In the hearts of the humble, the our existence, a sort of refuge where pause a moment to look into the faces of such mortals, you will catch a glimpse of celestial fire whose intensity cannot be measured.

With humility, these souls have patience and faith. They often pass us by unheeded, for they are not given to show or vaunting.

Their eyes are mild, their lips are set in a smile.

They go upon their way as softly as do the stars of night, mindful of their course and keeping steadfastly upon it, in all sorts of weather. Only rarely do we worldlings know

such souls when we meet them, yet we are conscious of their magnetic influence. The light that shines from their faces soothes and encourages us. It may be the face of a child, but

we catch the thrill of a new emotion and go souring off into another realm, wondering what subtle spirit has touched us and left us so sublimely thrilled.

This feeling of exaltation, when once experienced, is never forgotten. It clings to us through all the seasons and years of our life, cheering us in sorrow, strengthening us when we are weak, and easing our burdens when we

A FOUR-BASE

BLOW

By DOUGLAS MALLOCH

T THOUGHT of all the things that

To man to make him merrisome,

A whirling dervish, nothing can

Excepting one, and that is this, The very altitude of bliss,

But, for a joy to make a man

And gold is good, and fame is fine,

And praise is sweet, and love divine;

Pure stuff, A1, yard wide, all wool-

A home run with the bases full,

The team's behind, sny 4 to 1,

heard.

talk?

walk!

pull !-

The game is very nearly done,

And someone singles over third!

A grounder's all the next can do;

The shortstop lets it trickle through!

Two down, two on! What's all the

Two strikes, three balls. Hooray, a

Now grandstand, bleachers, hear 'en

"A home run with the bases full!"

We talk about the brotherhood

But only then beyond a doubt

Of man. All very well and good.

The ninth, two down. A crack is

SCHOOL DAYS



A man who tended bar some place, I've seen some haughty social dame Who let a drummer do the same, All leveled by (silk, cotton, wool) A home run with the bases full. (by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

I've ever seen it carried out. I've seen a minister embrace Reflections of a Bachelor Girl

By HELEN ROWLAND

OF COURSE, every married man | loves to feel like an object of charity, rules for ruling a woman.

But every bachelor thinks he knows a few, and never hesitates to whisper them confidently into the poor innocent bridegroom's ear.

Here they are—as far as I have een able to gather them:

1. Start right. Guard your independence with your life! Never humor a wife by explaining why you are going out or when you are coming back. mitting a single solitary sin. After she has spent a few hours trying to keep the dinner hot, and picturing you mangled by a taxicab, think what a thrill it will give her to see you come in well and cheerful, instead of on a stretcher.

2. Don't flatter her. When you are tempted to compliment her on her looks or her cooking, control yourself. Be strong. A little flattery may go to her head, and make her so dizzy that she'll wonder why she wasted herself

3. Assert yourself, from the start. Now, is your appointed hour. Every woman loves a "master." Show her that she is, after all, only your Riband that you are IT.

4. When your wife talks, never itsten. She will probably not say anything worth hearing. And besides, it is much more important that you should finish reading the sporting sheet, than that you should try to be companionable with one so mentally aside to chill. Soften a package of

unsophisticated little thing, and that you must keep tabs on her and remodel her. Never hesitate to criticize her clothes, to laugh at her ideas, and to disapprove of her friends. This will make her love you like an "uplifter."

6. Don't be too devoted to her in public. Let her catch you looking admiringly at OTHER women, now and then. She will soon learn to appreciate your good taste and broad-mind-

7. Always keep an eye on the weekly bills, and make her account to you them stand for an hour. Cook twofor the money you dole out to her. thirds of a cupful of sugar to a cara- but this is a bare apology for a saind

knows that there are no infallible and no woman knows the real value of money, even when she has had to earn it.

8. Never forget that marriage is a monarchy-not a democracy-and that there can be only one throne, one scepter, and one set of opinions in the house. Grab 'em, first! These are a bachelor's rules for rul-

ing a woman. Any bridegroom who will follow them, can make a complete wreck of marriage, without com-(by Helen Rowland.)

Editor-So you think our paper seeds editing?

Irate Subscriber-Yes, and some

EXTRA EDITING

more-so does the editor! She Explains

"How is it you can't find work?" "Well, I'm an upstairs maid and now everybody is living in flats."

Mother's Cook Book

Yesterday is dead—forget it; Tomorrow does not exist—don't worry; Today is here—use it. -Von Brocklin.

TOOTHSOME DISHES

A DELICIOUS dessert which will delight the children is:

Figs and Lemon Jelly Custard. Pour boiling water over a pound of figs and boil rapidly until the figs are tender. Add one-fourth of a cupful of sugar and simmer to form a sirup. Set mon gelatin or prepare the gelatin 5. Remember that she is an ignorant, | and lemon juice, if preferred, adding sugar to taste. Pour into a pan to make a sheet about three-fourths of an inch thick. When chilled, cut into cubes. Set the figs with the slrup in sherbet cups, arrange around them cubes of jelly and pour over all a cold

> Caramel Marshmallow Parfait. Cut twenty marshmallows into four pieces each; add one-third of a cupful of maraschino cherries cut into thin slices; cover with the sirup and let

cooked custard.

water; cook until the caramel is wellmelted and add two tablespoonfuls of sugar; pour, when dissolved and still hot, over a stiffly-beaten egg; beat until cold. Fold in the marshmallows and cherries and one and one-half cupfuls of cream, beaten stiff. Turn into a meion mold, cover with paper and pack in ice and salt, using equal measures. Let stand for three hours,

Scotch Shortbread.

Beat one cupful of butter to a cream; add one-half cupful of light brown sugar, then work in four cupfuls of pastry flour. If the flour is warmed slightly it will work better. that makes it possible for the ear, deaf Form the mixture into cakes seven inches in diameter. Prick with a fork and crimp the edges with the thumb and finger. Sprinkle the top with chopped cherries, caraway candles or preserved citron. Bake in a slow oven

(©. 1924, Western Newspaper Union.)

No Such Thing Hub-My dear, I hate to find fault Wife-It isn't, I dressed it myself

HOW TO KEEP WELL

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

(©. 1924, Western Newspaper Union.) BETTER ROADS - BETTER HEALTH

EVERYONE admits the value of good roads, but what possible connection is there between good roads and health?

Good roads have always been regarded as one of the necessities of a civilized state. The old Romans were famous road builders and some of their highways are still in exist-

Macaulay, in his "History of England," says: "Of all inventions of the human mind, the alphabet and the printing press alone excepted, those inventions which have bridged distance have done most for the civilization of man," Steamboats and railroads made possible the exploration of the civilized world in the Nineteenth The young lady across the way says century. The automobile, airplane, she supposes the farmer doesn't and the radio are going to complete a light is always burning, ready at have much more work to do in winter its civilization by bringing all nations the touch of the right word to flare up after he gets his December wheat harand races together.

But what have good roads to do

with health? The state board of health of Kansas says that good roads prevent disease.

How? In many ways.

The removal of weeds and trash and the drainage which follows road building destroy breeding places for mosquitoes, files and other insects which are known as disease carriers, not to mention chinchbugs, grasshoppers, and other pests which hurt the crops.

Hard roads and oiled roads also promote drainage and prevent insect breeding. Dry roads offer pedestrians and especially children who are compelled to walk to and from school, a dry path.

Good roads promote travel and make it easier for the farmer to move his produce, to get his supplies and to take his family to town. Good roads and automobiles have improved health by making it possible for the doctor to see more patients and to see them more promptly, to send his patients, when necessary, to a hospital and to give them better care.

Good roads have made it possible for townships to unite in building central high schools and so provide as good education for country children as for city children.

Good roads have done away with the isolation of the farmer and his

Anything which contributes to the physical or mental wellbeing of the individual helps prevent disease and prolongs life.

Good roads have reduced the amount of dust and so have decreased the irritation to the nose, the throat, the eyes, and the ears. Dust catches disease germs and the less dust we inhale, the better off we are.

Good roads, either in the city or in the country, mean healthier, happier, and longer lives for all of us.

OPENING DEAF EARS

THE radio is the wonder of the present. It has practically annihilated space. It has increased a speaker's audience far beyond the capacity of any building on earth. It is estimated that over a million American citizens heard President Coolidge in his address before congress last December. This was probably the largest audience which has ever listened to one man. Yet it is small compared to what the audiences of the future may be. In a few years radios will be as

common as telephones. But the radio has done something else that is greater than annihilating distance or making all of our citizens

one vast audience. It has opened the ears of the deaf. Not all deaf persons can hear the radlo, but some so deaf that they have not heard the human voice for years are able to hear over the radio with perfect ease. The New York League for the Hard of Hearing is so enthuslastic over the radio that it has equipped its clubrooms with radio apparatus carrying 24 head sets. Warren Pond, the president of the New York league, writing in the Volta Review, a magazine for the deaf, says, "When my radio was installed and, sitting in my home, I heard clearly the notes of a song, the tears came to my eyes. After living in silent land for 45 years, the spell was broken and 1 found a new heaven and a new earth."

Think what this means to the man or woman whose ability to hear has practically disappeared, to whom not only the human voice but all forms of music are forever silent. What is it to ordinary sounds, to respond to radio waves? Is there something about the radio wave that is different from the ordinary sound wave and that produces a vibration in the ear that is dead to ordinary sounds? We do not know, but we do know that the development of the radio and its widespread • use has brought happiness to thousands of men and women who have been cut off from the world of sound for years. No one could anticipate that such a miracle would take place. The unexpected results of science are sometimes the most mar- W. N. U., BALTIMORE, NO. 33-1924.

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