

ALONG LIFE'S TRAIL

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

MIDDLE age is less optimistic than youth, less courageous, and meets pain and dangers and discomforts with less fortitude.

My neighbor, Harris, shuffled into the office a day or two ago when the thermometer was registering 98 in the shade and in the sun had pushed its way through the top of the tube. He was mopping a damp brow, breathing heavily, and presenting a general appearance of ill temper and dissatisfaction.

"Well, who's sold you a gold brick this time?" I asked him.

"I'm all knocked out today," he replied. "It was so blasted hot last night that I couldn't sleep a wink, and I'll be no good all day."

"The trouble with you, Harris," I said, "is that you're growing old." I've known Harris since he was a boy of ten on the farm. He slept then in the unplastered attic just under the roof. The roof had but one little window in it, and this window gave no ventilation to the room but served only as a means of entrance of the sun's pitiless rays that beat on the roof throughout the long August days and rendered the room a veritable furnace at night.

And yet Harris scarcely noticed the heat then. He had youth; he was tired and groggy with sleep when he mounted to his bed in the attic, and he dropped off almost the moment he touched the hot sheets and slept until he was awakened in the morning by his mother's voice.

Now he has a cold shower before going to his pleasant bed in his sleeping porch with its dozen generous windows and its electric fan to stir breezes for Harris' comfort. He lives under the most favorable conditions, and has every modern convenience for his comfort at night, but a little rise in the thermometer puts him out of sorts for an entire day.

I visited Crane in the hospital the other day. He is middle aged. He has had some minor surgery done on him—an ingrowing toe nail taken off or a boil lanced or something of that sort. He is as gloomy as a grave yard, and as irritable as a teething child. All his plans for the summer have been upset, and the little pain and discomfort he has suffered has put him on "low." It was depressing to talk to him.

And then I remembered the letter I had from Blum. Blum was at the front at the beginning of the German drive. He met rain and mud and vermin with a cheerful laugh; he faced a storm of bullets and blood, and when he wrote the letter he was lying in a hospital severely wounded.

She cultivates a simple, easy coiffure. . . . Also, she goes without a hat whenever she can. There is no surer tonic for falling hair. . . . She supposes you want her to recommend you a tonic. Well, here is a hairbrush and plenty of patience and elbow-grease. . . . She has a nice, fairly firm, real bristle brush. She brushes her hair in long, even strokes night and morning without fail. She finds that a course of systematic brushing will restore any deranged locks to their normal condition in a surprisingly short

WORK

"WHEN I am dead," John M. Siddell once said, "I want you to carve on my tombstone this line: 'Here lies a man who lived a number of years and found out one thing—that there is no substitute for work.'"

It has been generally conceded, I believe, that our first parents, before they transgressed the regulations of the Garden, had nothing to do but enjoy themselves—to snip off a shoot occasionally from some over-ambitious vine or flowering shrub and to watch things grow. If such a condition of affairs had continued long they would have left the Garden of their own accord from utter weariness and dissatisfaction, and would not have had to be driven out as they were.

When the Lord said to Adam, "In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread," it was not a curse he was pronouncing but the greatest blessing he could have conceived. The happiest people in the world are those who work—and the most useful ones—no matter how hard and common the work may seem; and the most unhappy are those who have nothing to do but to think about themselves.

A great deal of the energy of the world has gone into the invention of "labor-saving" devices, and yet the operation of every such device involves a new kind of labor, and the total amount of work demanded is about the same as it was before. The people whom I have known who have tried the hardest to devise some way to get out of work have expended more physical energy in their attempts to evade work than would have been necessary to accomplish the task they were attempting to sidetrack.

Siddell was right. There is no substitute in the world for work, and it's just as well there isn't, for nothing induces more peaceful, more genuine satisfaction, more real happiness than work well conceived and well performed.

No Doubt About That

"That umbrella of yours looks as though it had seen better days."
"Well, it certainly has had its ups and downs."

Something to Think About

By F. A. WALKER

OUR UNWORTHY SELVES

TO BE constantly discussing the deficiencies of others without considering our own, is a common human failing.

It requires no special perception to see the faults in those around us, but to discern our own, is quite a different matter.

Indeed it is not strange that we bask at the effort.

It is a job that we do not like to contemplate, even when we are in a good humor.

But if we would achieve, attain and be highly respected, the obvious thing to do is to stand up and face the music, though the notes be disquieting.

Whoever is not doing his utmost to overcome his own defects, is cheating himself.

The first sane step we take toward self-improvement is the one taken arm-in-arm with self-dissatisfaction.

We tread then on ground in a new world, where we discover to our amazement sins within us equal in every respect to those we so loudly condemn in others.

Humans who are living in one sphere cannot understand those in another position. They have been trained in a different camp.

Yet each person has his or her own problem to solve, its correct solution being dependent upon individual discernment and ability.

If by being considerate of others

Through the Glad Eyes of a Woman

By JANE DOE

WHY SHE HAS NICE HAIR

SHE always says a hair in the head is worth two in the brush.

She dries with towels always. Hot ones. Gas heaters and electric dryers are the worst enemies of well-kept hair. They cause dandruff, split hairs and innumerable headaches. To her they represent an excuse for laziness.

She wears her hair loose, hanging down her back whenever she gets the opportunity. She gives her tresses an airing at the open window every day and in the warmer weather always dries them in the sun.

She cultivates a simple, easy coiffure.

Also, she goes without a hat whenever she can. There is no surer tonic for falling hair.

She supposes you want her to recommend you a tonic. Well, here is a hairbrush and plenty of patience and elbow-grease.

She has a nice, fairly firm, real bristle brush. She brushes her hair in long, even strokes night and morning without fail. She finds that a course of systematic brushing will restore any deranged locks to their normal condition in a surprisingly short

Mother's Cook Book

As you grow ready for it, somewhere or other, you will find what is needed for you in a book—George McDonald. A book's a magic thing. That makes you sailor, chief or king.

COOLING DISHES

THIS is the season of the year when aspic and gelatin dishes appeal to the taste as they supply food easy of digestion.

Aspic jelly is made from clarified meat broth solidified with gelatin. One two-ounce package of gelatin softened in one cupful of water is used for each five cupful of broth. Meat broths are flavored with vegetables freed from fat and clarified with crushed egg shells and white of egg. Aspic made of chicken or veal is a very delicate color. Consomme gives a darker color as it is prepared from beef, veal and fowl with spices and herbs. Beef broth is darkest of all.

The amount of gelatin used is sufficient to hold slices of tongue, or similar solid substances as well as whole eggs in an upright position after molding. It is also firm enough for croquettes, but a jelly that will not hold its shape, as far as taste is concerned, is much more desirable. As flavors are lessened by chilling, all broths used for aspic should be strongly flavored with the particular vegetable or herb that is desired in the particular dish.

The qualities of a good aspic are strength of flavor, transparency and delicacy of texture, that is, as soft as possible, though able to stand up.

Delicate Aspic Jelly.

Clean a chicken about a year old, cut up as for frying, cover with cold

we should pull the weeds from our own gardens and patch up the open fences, we might become more charitable.

We would be so busy overcoming our own imperfections, so pleasantly and profitably occupied, there would be no time at our disposal to search for flaws in our neighbors.

The whole world would be brighter. The brotherhood of man would be knit closer together.

Men and women everywhere would be better, more hopeful and happy. There would be less heartaches and fewer tears.

Let us pack our hearts full of love and sympathy.

Let us look first for defects in ourselves. Let us not be satisfied until we have found them and flung them away.

Then we shall know how to live—how to bring heaven's sunshine into the lives of our kin.

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LIGHTS AHEAD

By DOUGLAS MALLOCH

I SAT alone in all my gloom,
Yet moonlight came and filled the room.
The course of life seemed dark, uncertain,
And yet a star peeped through the curtain.

Though night shut down about me,
I found moonlight world and starlit sky,
A thousand things to journey by.

I needed but to lift my head
To find God's constellations spread
Across His azure acres, burning
A changeless lamp at every turning.
I needed but to look around
And silver was the world I found
Where moonlight magic touched the
ground.

So often do we choose to dwell
Within our souls as in a cell.
When right around us moon is gleaming,
When right above us stars are beaming.
Whatever path we have to tread,
If we will look, as I have said,
I'm sure that there are lights ahead.

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SCHOOL DAYS



time. It will also remove dandruff and tone up the scalp more effectively than any electrical appliances for sale can do.

She washes her brushes and comb every day.

She finds a safe rule is to shampoo when really dirty as often as necessary. Certainly once a week for very fair hair.

She finds that while constant brushing keeps her hair in good order, if at any time she wants an extra polish without the aid of brilliantine (which she never uses) she rubs strands of her hair with her hand tied in a silk handkerchief. This gives a really beautiful gloss.

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MEN YOU MAY MARRY

Has a man like this proposed to you?

Symptoms: Tall, gray, grizzly, seventy! Loves young women, likes to boss 'em, squeal 'em, spend a few cents on them. Never has been a real success yet; scathingly criticizes every one he sees. Taken a great shine to you, because you are like the wife of his youth. Always busy, thinks he is indispensable—fusses about and is content to death with Mr. Self.

IN FACT

Content has been his hold up.

Prescription to the Bride: Make him think he is your **R** age. Get lots of diversion. Absorb this: **OLD AGE IS ONLY WHAT YOU MAKE OF IT.**

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The Young Lady Across the Way



The young lady across the way says the thing to do is to catch the man higher up, and she doesn't consider the poor, ignorant bootlegger half so much to blame as the bar association.

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Patu glacier in the Swiss Alps has a movement of from 10 to 24 inches a day.

HOW TO KEEP WELL

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

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WHAT IS APPENDICITIS?

ONE of the favorite subjects for jokes on the part of our present-day humorists is appendicitis.

According to these gentlemen, appendicitis is a recently discovered disease which was invented for the purpose of giving surgeons a remunerative occupation.

"How does it happen," asks the newspaper humorist, "that our grandfathers never had appendicitis?" Bless your hearts! They did, just as people do nowadays, but they died of it. In the majority of cases they never got well to tell the story.

Appendicitis is as old as the human race. Ruffer found evidences of it in the Egyptian mummies of a thousand years before Christ.

Ever since man gave up an exclusively vegetarian diet and began to walk upright on his hind feet he has had appendicitis. But he didn't call it that. The doctors of fifty years ago called it "bilious colic," or "inflammation of the bowels." They knew there was something wrong going on in the patient's abdomen, but they didn't dare open him up to find out what the trouble was, because they knew that if they did the patient would die from the operation, while if they let him alone he might get well.

So they gave him opium to dadden the pain and he either got well or died, although in the great majority of cases he died.

About forty years ago Pasteur proved that inflammation and infection are due to minute germs. Sir Joseph Lister, an English surgeon, found out how to keep these germs out of wounds so as to avoid infection. This was the beginning of modern surgery. As soon as the surgeon could open the human body and close it up again without killing the patient, it was found that what had been called "inflammation of the bowels" was often due to an inflammation of the appendix, a little glove-like portion of the intestines, which we inherited from our herivorous ancestors. It is of no use to civilized man and is rather a danger because it easily becomes inflamed.

When this happens, the patient has pain and tenderness in the right groin, generally with increased temperature. If the inflammation goes on until the wall of the appendix is softened, it may rupture and produce an abscess or a general peritonitis.

The present-day surgeon doesn't wait for perforations. He makes a little incision through the skin and muscles, slips in his finger, draws out the inflamed appendix, ties it off and removes it, then drops the bowel back into the abdomen, closing the incision with a few catgut stitches.

Appendicitis isn't anything new. The recognition and treatment of the condition are new and proper treatment saves thousands of lives every year.

SPRING TONICS

WITH the first signs of spring our grandmothers went out into the woods and gathered herbs, roots and barley. Sassafras or camomile tea, spruce beer or ginger beer? Whatever it was, it was to "cool the blood," which was supposed to become hot and thick during the long winter.

This belief in a "spring tonic," like many popular delusions, had its origin in the teachings of the wise men of the past.

The old physiologists believed that there were four "humors" or fluids in the body—blood, lymph, black bile and yellow bile—and that disease was caused by improper combinations of these four fluids. In the winter the blood was supposed to become thick and hot.

Doctors know better now, but the popular belief still persists. The sassafras tea our grandmothers used to make wasn't bad stuff. It was brown and sparkling and pungent with the spicy odors of the spring woods. It didn't "thin the blood," but it didn't do us any harm and was the best our good old grandmothers knew.

Yet, like many popular beliefs, there was a germ of truth in it. During the winter most of us stay in the house too much. We sit at a desk or a worktable too constantly. We wear too heavy clothes. We eat too much heavy food. We don't get enough fresh air and sunshine.

When spring comes we feel the universal impulse toward growth and regeneration. We want new life. We want stimulation. We need a "spring tonic," but we don't need one out of a bottle.

The best spring tonic is God's great outdoors.

So get outdoors and play. It doesn't matter how. It may be with a golf stick or a shotgun or a baseball or a canoe paddle. Hunt up your old fishing tackle and overhaul it.

Now is the time for boys to get out their marbles and to start building kites.

It's the time for little girls to get their skipping ropes and jack stones. It's the time for baseball on the vacant lots and for pitching horseshoes in the backyard.

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