

ALONG LIFE'S TRAIL

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

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CHANGING CUSTOMS

I HAVE seen a good many statements within the last few months to the effect that our young people are degenerating, that the moral standards of girls especially are lower than they were, and that youth is going to the dogs generally. I have seen as many young people as the next man, and I don't believe it.

It is simply that girls are more frank than they were a generation ago; they are more open, they conceal less—they, in fact, conceal very little, either physical or emotional. The older generation of women may have had a good many questionable things go through their minds, but they were discreet; they thought under the cover of darkness; they seldom gave anything away.

In our grandmothers' day the mysteries of life were never discussed; they were not nice. The privacies of the feminine toilet were inviolate and beyond the knowledge and the experience of man. Things are different now.

In a public restaurant early one morning not long ago, while waiting for a train, I sat near a young girl and her fiance, as I gathered from the conversation that drifted to me. She was a pretty girl, tastefully gowned. Her voice was soft and her speech correct and refined. It was early morning, as I have said, and she was to take a train, as I was. She had had one too much time, I presume, for arroying herself properly.

The male member of the combination, true to type, addressed himself pretty completely to his bacon and the morning paper. The young woman, attention to her toilet, with as little embarrassment as a careful chauffeur starting on a journey might have gone over his car to see that the battery had water in it, that there was oil in the differential, gas in the tank, the carpet brushed and the body of the car properly polished.

From a bag of tools, which all careful young women now carry with them wherever they go, she got out the paraphernalia for putting her nails into condition. There is nothing more irritating than a dangling hang-nail. Then the lip-stick was generously applied and the edges of the rouge blotch on her powdered cheek softened a little. I should not have been surprised or shocked—nor would her companion, I think—if she had given her teeth the once over, and screwed on a pair of earrings, or adjusted a transformation dragged from the recesses of her tool box. But her friend had finished his breakfast at this stage of the proceedings and she had no time for further details.

As I said, I don't believe that young people—males in particular—different from what they were in our grandmothers' time. It is just that customs are changing.

THE ROLLING STONE

WHEN Erwin was twenty-four he married and his father settled him on a little farm, reasonably well-stocked, and started him out in what seemed to be a prosperous career.

The boy had a good mind and a strong, healthy body; he was somewhat better educated than the fellows of his acquaintance, he was not afraid of work and he was absolutely honest and dependable. The girl whom he married was capable, intelligent and loyal to him in the extreme.

But Erwin was not satisfied. He wanted a bigger place, so he sold his farm shortly for less than it was worth and moved to Texas. The soil was gummy, his crops burned up, his two children were malarial, and he came back within a year or so, richer in experience but poorer in pocket.

He decided to give up farming and bought a little store in the village near which he had lived. He soon saw, however, that he was no storekeeper. He had been brought up on the farm and farming was the only game he knew, so he disposed of the store and rented a large farm which he was to manage on shares. Disaster pursued him, his stock died, the place was more than he could manage, and just as he was getting things in hand to make a little money he decided to move back to town and run a grain elevator and sell farming implements.

This was not a bad venture. He had a wide circle of friends and acquaintances, he was a practical machinist and he soon began to prosper. But his boys were growing up, there was little for them to do, the responsibilities of the new business weighed on him tremendously. He sold out and bought a farm in Minnesota, only to find that his boys did not care for farming.

That was twenty years ago, when he was past fifty. He has tried a dozen ventures since then—always working hard, always hopeful, always changing at a loss with the expectation that the next move would put him on his feet and make his fortune. Now, at seventy-four, his strength gone, his ambitions cooled, he is poorer than he was fifty years ago. The farm that he sold at that time is worth today ten times more than he received for it.

It takes courage to stick to a task that is difficult and ungenial, no matter what it is; adjacent pastures often seem greener than our own; the other man's job has its deceitful attractions, but whoever gets anywhere must stick with persistence to the road, even when it leads him through muddy swamps and over tedious hills.

Something to Think About

By F. A. WALKER

IDLERS' ISLAND

IF you are resolved to continue your search for Idlers' Island, contrary to the advice of the experienced, and those disconcerted souls out at the elbow who have spent the best years of their lives in its quest, you may set it down as an unassailable fact that you are doomed to sorrowful disappointment.

The youth who dreams of this mystic place, forgetful of his duties to his parents and his employers, while he is fitting up his phantom ship to sail away in pursuit of perpetual pleasure, is heading straight to a land of sorrow and desolation, which he will find in the meridian of life, when his sky is turning gray and the icy winds of winter nip his shivering body and freeze up his last remaining energy.

There is only one event at this time of his existence which really astonishes and startles him out of his self-imposed impoverishment, and that is, he cannot build himself up again to hopeful manhood.

He is pushed and jostled on the streets and takes it as a matter of no consequence; he is shunned by old friends who pass him with a sneer, but there is not enough fire in his blood to kindle resentment; he is miserable and lonely, but so dull in sensibility that he is unconcerned.

He may sometimes try to brace himself up, as a sudden ray of hope momentarily flashes across his darkened mind, but the effort proves too much for him.

The background of his subconscious self is still covered with dream pictures of Idlers' Island, blurred by cobwebs and out of harmony with the colorful scenes around him, and his present physical and mental lassitude.

When he was twenty-five he was lazy, careless, wasteful and imprudent, with friends everywhere delighted to help him spend his inheritance; now that he is five and forty, he is destitute and alone, left to drift seaward with the ebbing tide.

Oh! that he could warn the hot-headed youths of today of their folly. But he cannot. He is despised and shunned; ragged, hungry, gaunt and cold, all because in his earlier days he refused to work, so that he might have time to search for Idlers' Island, where now he is imprisoned for life!

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Babies on a Train

By DOUGLAS MALLOCH

BABIES nearly always cry On a train; And I also think that I Would complain If you took me from my cot On a dusty day and hot, On a railroad jiggled me Where I didn't want to be, When I didn't want to roam, Wanted just to stay at home.

Babies nearly always yell Loud and long; And I think I'd shout as well, Good and strong, If my mother took me out, Tugged and tumbled me about, Shook me up and shook me down, Hustled me from town to town, When I wanted most to stay Right at home on such a day.

Babies always cry before The journey's through, Babies always raise a roar— So would you. Seems to me that all along Railroads are entirely wrong: All it does, a railroad car, Is take you from the place you are To some other place you aren't at. Tell me, what's the sense of that?

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HOW TO KEEP WELL

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

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OVERCOMING MISFORTUNE

MISFORTUNE, which crushes some, stimulates others to greater effort. Shakespeare makes Cassius say, "The fault, dear Brutus, is not with our stars, but with ourselves."

The newspapers recently told of a tragic occurrence in one of our great cities. A prosperous baker, who had invested his savings in city real estate, died several years ago, leaving three children, all grown. The daughter was normal, but the two sons had been blind since early childhood. The daughter carried on the business and took care of her two blind brothers. The three lived much to themselves, the men never going out of the house without the sister to guide them.

Recently, the neighbors noticed that the house was closed and apparently deserted. After waiting a week, the police broke in to find the sister dead on the floor, apparently from heart disease, and the two brothers dead from starvation. With money in the bank and valuable real estate in their possession, they died for lack of food because they were totally dependent on their sister and had never learned to care for themselves.

The same papers contained an account of a young man of twenty-four also blind from childhood, who had passed the state bar examination and graduated from law school with high honors.

One man conquered his affliction. The other men were conquered by it.

Blind men have won success and reputation in many lines. Prescott, the historian, was blind during the greater part of his life. Senator Gore of Oklahoma has been blind for years. One of the leading physicians of Chicago lost his eyesight in boyhood, yet he went through college and medical school, graduated with honors, and is today an authority on heart disease, recognized as such all over the country. These men did not succeed because they were blind, but in spite of it.

One man loses his sight and becomes a beggar. Another meets the same misfortune, overcomes it, and becomes a successful man.

A boy born without arms, who learned to write with his toes, recently took a prize as a penman. A girl born without arms learned to write, sew, comb her hair, and dress herself with her toes. She graduated this year from Vassar.

Are you handicapped in any way? Don't give up to misfortune. Learn to overcome it. Others have done it and so can you.

SAVE THE BABY'S NECK

STAMPING out tuberculosis is saving our babies' necks.

Tuberculosis may affect any part of the body. In former years, tuberculosis of the lungs was called consumption, because the lung tissue was consumed or destroyed, and great cavities formed in these organs.

Tuberculosis of the skin was called lupus, or wolf, because the skin became reddish brown, like a wolf's coat.

Tuberculosis of the glands was called scrofula. In England, it was for centuries called King's Evil, because it was believed that it could be cured by the touch of the king. So thousands of scrofulous children were brought to the king for cure.

Some of these children recovered or improved, because they were carried by their parents for days or even weeks from their homes all over England to London and so got fresh air and sunlight, which they never would have had otherwise.

But it wasn't the king's touch that cured them. King William of Orange, who, with his wife Mary, ruled England from 1688 to 1702, was the last English king who touched for the disease and evidently he had little faith in his ability to cure. To one man whom he touched he said, "God give you good health and better sense."

After Koch discovered the germ of tuberculosis in 1882, it was found that scrofula in the glands, lupus in the skin, and consumption in the lungs were all different forms of the same disease. For twenty years more, surgeons treated scrofula by removing the diseased, broken-down glands and draining the abscesses which had formed. This left ugly scars.

Tubercular glands in the neck were common in all hospitals, dispensaries and surgical clinics. Then it was found that this condition was caused by milk from tubercular cows. This danger could be removed by pasteurizing the milk.

Today, 96 per cent of the milk used in large cities is pasteurized. As soon as all the milk for our large cities was pasteurized, cases of gland tuberculosis began to decrease.

Then our national and state agricultural departments started a systematic fight against tuberculosis in cattle and the disease decreased still more. So now it is comparatively rare.

This is not only a good thing for the cattle, but it is also a better thing for our babies. No tubercular cows, no tubercular milk, no raw milk, no gland tuberculosis in babies.

SCHOOL DAYS



OBSTACLE RACE THE LOSERS HAVE TO ROLL IN THE NETS! PATCH

Through the Glad Eyes of a Woman

By Jane Doe

WHEN YOU MARRY A MAN

IT WOULD be foolish, O Miss, to let the idea take root under your hair that he who stood you the best of theater tickets, the slickest of taxis, the choicest of flowers, the most melting of chocolates, doesn't know that 100 cents make one dollar, and won't expect you to.

Observe, that even as a lover he found much to stare at in the menu. It's all very well to find out a man's favorite dishes; try some of your own sometimes for a change. It is a wonderful love that can stand apple pie and custard Sunday after Sunday.

Don't worry too much over the fact that there are hundreds and hundreds of super-attractive damsels in the city where he does his work, for no doubt it equally concerns him that there are many super-attractive men where you have your home.

Taunt not your husband by alluding to his ignorance of domestic matters. If men conducted their business on the lines of some households, America would be a back number amongst commercial nations.

Remember there are many ways of killing love. Some wives do it by strangulation, some by malnutrition.

Mother's Cook Book

To work to help and to be helped, to learn sympathy through suffering, to learn faith by perplexity, to reach truth through wonder; behold! it is what it is to prosper; this is what it is to live.—Phillips Brooks.

TO TEMPT THE APPETITE

DELICIOUS accompaniment to a broiled steak is bananas sauted in butter. Slice them lengthwise and cook in a small amount of butter, arrange around the steak on the platter. Another way to serve them (nice for dessert) is

Baked Bananas, Sultana Sauce. Cook one-half cupful sultana raisins in one and one-half cupfuls of water for half an hour. Mix well one-half cupful of sugar with two teaspoonfuls of cornstarch, then stir into the raisins. Cook six minutes, add a tablespoonful of lemon juice and a few drops of vanilla. Serve poured around baked bananas.

Bianquette of Chicken. Prepare one cupful of cream sauce, put into a double boiler and add one pint of cooked chicken cut into bits and one teaspoonful of minced parsley. When hot beat the egg yolks of two eggs, add two tablespoonfuls of milk and stir in the chicken. Serve in a rice or potato border.

Coconut and Marmalade Jelly. Take two and one-half tablespoonfuls of gelatin, one-half cupful of water, one cupful of hot milk, one-fourth cupful of orange marmalade and one cupful of canned coconut, with honey to sweeten. Soak the gelatin in the cold water; dissolve it in hot milk. Beat smooth with an egg beater, add

and some by suffocation. Love needs plenty of nourishment; it rarely thrives on rations.

You'll know what it is to have him present you with a button-missing waistcoat while you are engaged in bathing your infant. It will save a lot of snappiness on both parts if you never sew on tomorrow the button you sew on today.

When your husband comes in at the door, do not let a sweetheart fly out of the window.

It is well to take heed that wives are not the only ones that lament the passing of the sweetheart stage. A

The Young Lady Across the Way



The young lady across the way says she sees by the paper that the bank note circulation in Germany has passed the trillion mark, so she supposes their financial troubles are over at last.

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Famous English Society

The Royal Geographical Society of England was founded in 1830. Its object is to collect, register, digest and print in a cheap and convenient form such useful and interesting facts and discoveries as the society might from time to time acquire. It has always welcomed to its fellowship those anxious to further this object by their interest and support as well as those able to take a more active part in their work of discovery and explorations.

WILLING TO BE ILL

A kiss? Certainly not! Don't you know that kissing breeds disease? Well, who cares! You've studied nursing, haven't you?

MEN YOU MAY MARRY

By E. R. PEYSER

Has a man like this proposed to you?

Symptoms: A perfect Apollo! Tanned, a figure like a pagan god, can wheedle you into doing anything he wants you to; you like him 'cause he can. He never bothers to do what any one else wants. He lounges sumptuously all over a room and looks like the cat who swallowed the canary when he's comfy.

IN FACT

He's the original Panther Kid. Prescription to his bride: People the earth for him. Show him there are others. Absorb This:

ONE MAN IS A HOST IN HIMSELF.

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It Will Do to Tell

The hardware clerk who claims he's never lost patience with a woman customer, and that historic party who declared he'd rather be right than President, will probably sizzle on the same gridiron.—Good Hardware.

WRIGLEYS

After Every Meal

It's the longest-lasting confection you can buy—and it's a help to digestion and a cleanser for the mouth and teeth.

Wrigley's means benefit as well as pleasure.



Encouraging "When can I hope to receive the money that you owe me?" "Always."—Boston Transcript.

Avoid self-pity, and you will escape most of your grief.

BACK ACHY?

Lame and achy in the morning? Tortured with backache all day long? No wonder you feel worn out and discouraged! But have you given any thought to your kidneys? Weak kidneys cause just such troubles; and you are likely to have headaches, too, with dizziness, stabbing pains and other kidney irregularities. Don't risk neglect! Use Doan's Pills, a stimulant diuretic to the kidneys. Doan's have helped thousands. They should help you. Ask your neighbor!

A Maryland Case

Mrs. Ora Bowditch, Third Street, Denton, Md., says: "My kidneys got out of order. My back ached and I was tired easily and had no energy. My kidneys acted irregularly and I knew they caused all the trouble. A friend advised me to use Doan's Pills and I bought some. In a short time my back was free from the aches and pains and my kidneys were in good order."

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