

Being Born in a Lucky Age

By John Blake

NO VISION of the millennium formed in the fifteenth century could have equaled the realities of 1927.

A great part of the things which people were most hopelessly trying to accomplish then has been done today.

People who talk about "the good old days" are either ignorant or silly.

Civilization has been set back in its progress from time to time.

The Dark Ages succeeded the grandeur of Rome, which, after all, was only the grandeur of the nobility. The common people of that city did all the work, got all the cuffs and kicks, and shared all the poverty.

But children born today find the world on the upgrade, and, as far as opportunity for enjoyment is concerned, getting better and better.

We are not yet free from war, or sure that this plague has been exterminated.

But the busy inventors of war machinery are arranging for the next war to extend far behind the battle lines, into the interior cities, and into the meeting places of the statesmen who usually make wars.

And when that is possible, wars will become fewer and fewer.

The son of a poor man today can

get a better education than could the son of a king in the days of Louis XIV. He can also get better food, and better medical care, and more sensible, although not such elaborate clothing.

One of the greatest of all accomplishments is the doing away of superstition which made fear one of the most dreadful burdens of life in the days of witchcraft and black magic.

Poverty there will be as long as there is idleness in the world.

Crime there will be as long as ras-

cality exists, and rascality will be long in exterminating.

But the general standard of conduct is higher today than it has ever been, and more safeguards are thrown by the nations around the foolish people who fall easy prey to designing schemers.

The hours of labor are much shorter than they ever were, and the wages are better.

We still have much to learn about

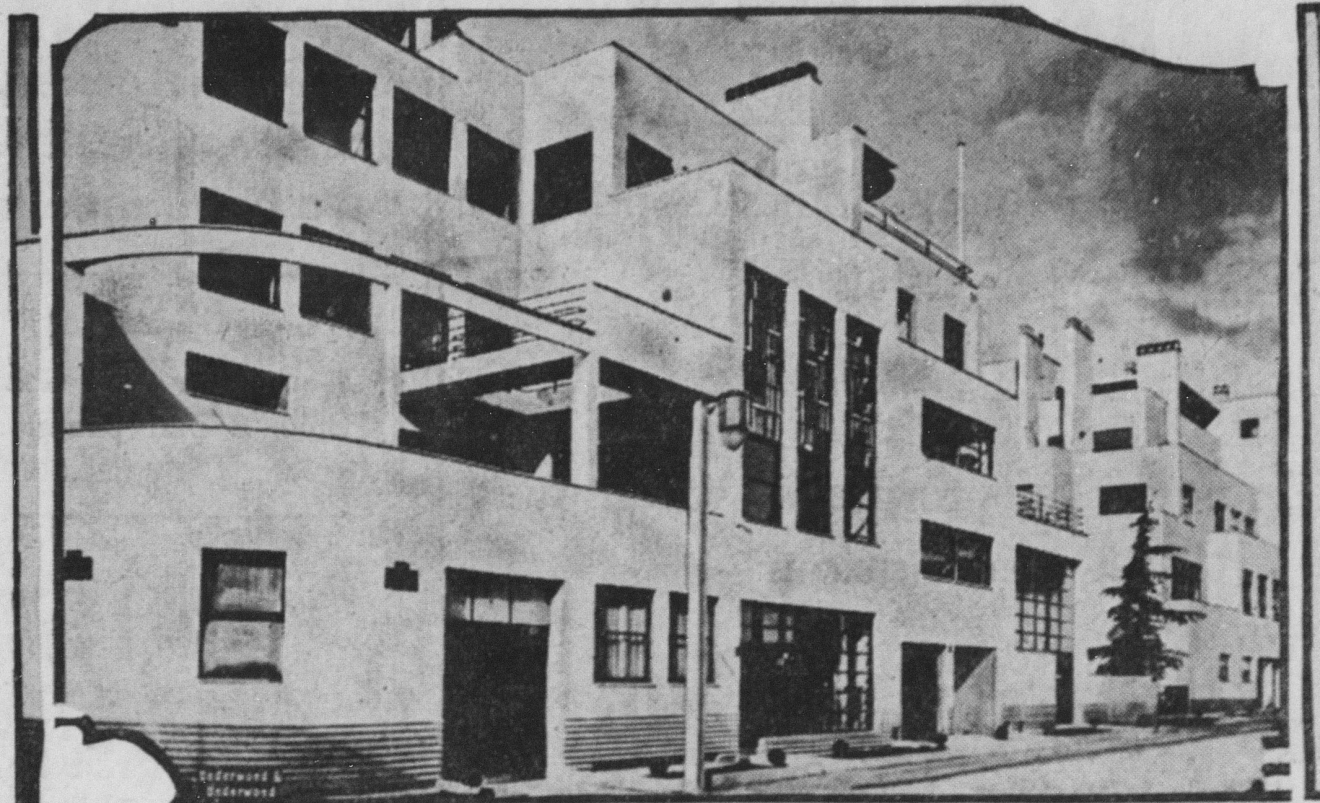
the cause of financial depression and the means of removing it, but panics occur with less frequency, and even great shortages of crops do not affect the people of a nation as they used to.

Mothers used to pray that their children might be born under a lucky age.

And this age, while it is capable of improvement, is the best age that the world has ever known—more fitted with opportunity, and more rich with the fruit of human labor.

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New Type of Architecture for Paris



Decks of the big transatlantic liners are the inspiration of the first ultra-modern street of Paris, the Rue Mallet-Stevens, built by and named after the brilliant young French architect who heads a new school of designers of buildings. The entire street is built in white cement.

Valuable Fertilizer

"Nitrated peat" is the fertilizer produced by an Italian chemist from explosives containing ammonium nitrate. The explosive is placed in a measured amount of water, which dissolves out the nitrate, and after a short time is decanted as a saturated solution. This is mixed with peat powder and evaporated. The product contains about 43 per cent of ammonium nitrate, and has been shown to have fertilizing value nearly equal to that of sodium nitrate.

Bedtime Story for Children

By MARTHA MARTIN

"COME on, Sir Freeze-the-Ponds," said King Snow. "Come on, Mr. Wind," he added.

"We're waiting for you, too, Lovely Snowflake children," he called.

"And we hope you'll not be late," he shouted to the Jeweler Brothers known as the Diamond-Snow Jewelers.

"I want to have a storm party," King Snow said, "and I'd like to have you all come."

But it is so much nicer when they do enter into the fun of a party and enjoy it themselves and help others have a good time.

"Mr. Freezing-is-Fun is a splendid creature at a party."

"And we must ask Prince Sleet, Prince Sleet would help a great deal."

"I'm here," said Mr. Freezing-is-Fun.

"Of course the jewelers don't have to come right away. But I hope they'll come soon after the party and won't be late in taking their places in the great winter reunion."

"You all know that a reunion means a gathering together once more so we all want to gather together to show that Old Man Winter is here."

"I'm here," Old Man Winter shouted. And Mr. Wind blew through his long fingers a great cold breath of air and whistled as he said:

"He's here all right. Old Man Winter is here."

"Oh, it's so nice to have a reunion," said King Snow.

"Would you like me to come, too, Your Majesty?" said an icy voice and there was Prince Storm dressed in lovely jewels of icicles and a crown of little snow peaks which had been frozen into shape by Prince Sleet's friend, Mr. Freezing-is-Fun.

"We want you, of course we want you," said King Snow.

So Prince Storm joined the party.

"And we want Mr. Freezing-is-Fun, too," King Snow added. "He is always such a nice one to have at a party. Some creatures go to a party and never say a word and don't make the slightest effort to help have a good time."

"For those who don't get into the fun of things don't enjoy themselves either. That is only fair, of course."



So Old Prince Storm Accepted the Invitation.

Fun, for Mr. Wind had offered him a free ride to the party and Mr. Freezing-is-Fun had accepted with great eagerness and pleasure.

"Well, well, well, this is nice to see the old friends again."

"How do you do, Snowflake children?"

"Why, hello, Old Man Winter. I might have known I would have seen you here. This is nice, ha, ha, ha, this is nice."

Counting Time

By DOUGLAS MALLOCH

IT'S—well, let's see—it's very near Eleven months, almost a year. Since you put on your hat one day

And said good-by and went away; And you, you smiled, and I smiled, too. That's all one ever dares to do;

And then I heard a door that closed, And—well, whoever yet supposed Eleven months could follow then

Before that door would swing again, That is, before that door would swing. And really mean a single thing?—

Eleven months, or maybe more, Before one heard a swinging door Just seem to swing some certain way. I can't describe, that seemed to say, "He's here! He's home! He's on the stair!"

Now where's my puff? and how's my hair?"

Eleven months—and yet a week It was before I dared to speak, Or hardly dared to speak, for fear Somebody else around might hear

Me—well, as gulping something down Because one man was out of town.

Now, isn't this a shameless note?— The worst a woman ever wrote. But I've been thinking more and more That ever since you shut the door, That anywhere you perchanced to be

That maybe you were just like me, And, just because I let you go, You didn't see, and didn't know, And didn't really understand;

And wouldn't it be awful—land!— If somehow somewhere sometime you Were counting months and minutes too!

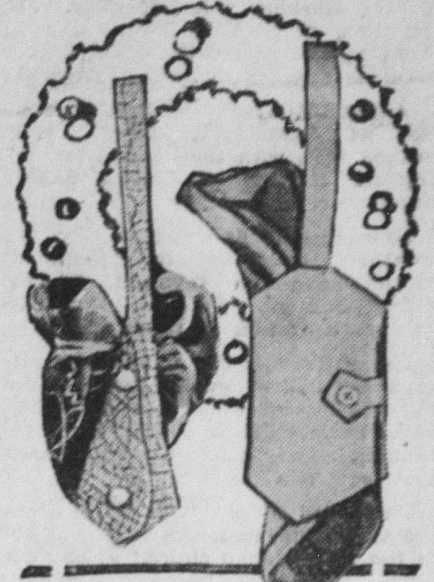
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Let Them Say

If you live beyond your means—people will criticize you, and if you keep within them they'll criticize the furniture in your home, the kind of a car you drive—and you. That's why it's a waste of time to worry about what people will say.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

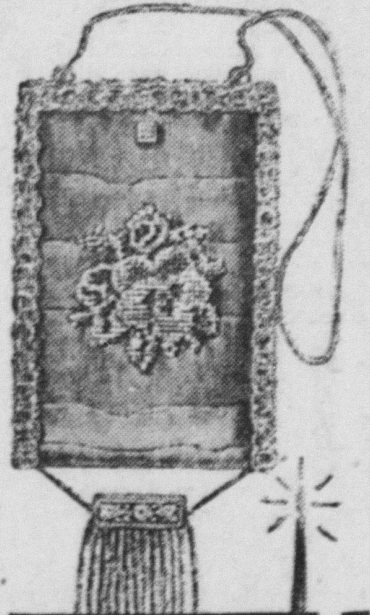
To Buy or Make for Christmas

For Milady's Convenience



A comb for the "bob," a mirror, one's handkerchief are essential to milady's good looks wherever she goes. To get them in form so as to be easily carried about is ever a problem. The little fine leather vanities shown here do the trick. They provide space for a rouge and powder compact, too. Santa Claus will do well to distribute these vanities of convenience among maidens fair who are sure to appreciate this gift beyond words.

Vanity of Moire Silk



Here is a swagger vanity to carry on dress occasions. It is of black moire silk bound with gold lace galloon. It shows quality in every detail, especially in its shirred silk linings which are all one could hope for in exquisite fineness. A choice floral done in genuine petit point embroidery adds a touch of refined coloring. Keep this in mind when jotting down things to buy "on the next Christmas shopping tour."

A Smoking Set for "Him"



There's a thrill coming to friend husband or big brother or bachelor man when he wakes up Christmas morning and finds a gayly attired "buttons" standing at attention ready to serve him during his smoking hours. These wooden figures are sold undecorated, ready for painting. To enamel them, prepare a paint by breaking sticks of sealing wax into little jars of denatured alcohol, letting it stand all night. Paint his trousers blue, his coat scarlet. Brass buttons on his coat, of course! Make them by dropping spots of hot gilt sealing wax along in the row as you see in the picture.

Historic Ivorex Plaques



It would seem as if ivorex plaques, which are made in bas-relief, are about to carry the honors, when it comes to most popular Christmas gift selections. They bespeak refinement and good taste in that the subjects they portray are personalities of famous scenes, characters and paintings, such as Dickens' home, Old Curiosity Shop, Whistler's "Mother," head of Shakespeare and so on. They look like fine ivory with sepia tones.

FAUST

By LEONARD C. BARRETT

FAUST hears at Easter dawn the music of cathedral bells. Thoughts of the immortal life bring him no joy. With suicidal intent he presses a vial of poison to his lips. Satan appears promising him happiness if he would be his subject. Satan enabled Faust to drink deep from the cup of power, only to leave his heart adamant and his eyes like balls of steel. The world of pleasure with abundant opportunities for happiness is next offered Faust, but he retires from it, satiated, tired and disappointed with Satan defeated. Faust now decides not to live for himself, but for others. He reclaimed a wide stretch of land from the ocean, which he made into a beautiful park where artisans could rest and children play. Thus Faust discovered that happiness was found in service, "in the merging of the interest of self into the general good." Through service, Faust found his way to redemption. Margaret in shining apparel awaits him as angels bear his soul to heaven.

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Your Embarrassing Puzzles

By F. A. WALKER

YOU who are so often discouraged in the gray dawn, when it takes all your resolution to arouse yourself, ought not to lose heart.

The embarrassing puzzles that confront you with the coming of another day have been the common heritage of mankind since the first tick of time.

Millions of men and women, long before you came to this planet, passed through the same slough of despond, broke away from its terrible mire and paved their paths to success in flaming gold.

Through trying hours of depression, through storming waters and tempestuous winds, through lonely days when not a friendly smile beamed upon them, through heat and cold, heartaches and tears, these tired, timorous and anxious souls held to their lofty aims.

They turned their backs upon the somber morning breeze and lifted their eyes to the fleckless blue above.

Like trustful children they clung to the hand of Faith as she led them gently over the rough places and cheered them with encouragement.

Then came the flushing sun to light up their way—the glorious transformation—the rebirth of inspiration and ambition which took them step by

step straight to the object of their life's desire.

To aim high, you should do as they did and pack your heart with good resolutions.

You may be cast in the world's drama for a leading part!

Aim high, pull hard on the bow-string and send your arrow speeding to the mark.

Let neither fear, pride nor passion weaken you.

Show those around you that you have mettle and character. Make the demonstration imposing, but not offensive.

Keep on the sunlit highway. Make room for fellow travelers.

Give swiftness to your feet as you turn away from folly.

Seek knowledge and understanding. Be loyal to your employer, to your creed and to your God.

If you do these things you will reach the enchanted dais at the summit of the hills, waiting there for your coming.

Can you vision it? If you can, you will feel the first thrill of the joy that will be yours when the world crowns you as one of its victors.

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SWEET POTATOES AND OTHER GOOD THINGS FOR THE TABLE

By NELLIE MAXWELL

He who loveth a book will never want for a faithful friend, a wholesome counselor, a cheerful companion, or an effectual comforter.—Isaac Barrow.

THOSE who enjoy the sweet potato will like this method of serving it:

Stuffed Sweet Potatoes.

Peel and parboil the potatoes of even size and shape, core with an apple corer and fill each cavity with prunes which have been softened and stoned. Close the ends with halves of the cores, thus keeping in the juices. Bake on a grate with a pan to catch the drippings. In the pan place two cupsful each of sugar and water and allow the sirup to remain while the potatoes are cooking. Remove the potatoes to a hot dish and boil down the sirup until it forms a thread. Pour this over the potatoes and serve with rich game, goose or broiled mackerel.

Boiled Ham.

No Virginia ham is considered fit for cooking until it has been cured

at least a year. Wash and scrub the surface well, place in a kettle with cold water and bring slowly to the boiling point, then let it simmer for half of the required time for cooking. One-half hour to the pound is considered the best time for cooking ham.

After half the time is passed remove and pour on fresh boiling water and finish cooking. Take from the water, trim and skin it while warm. Cover with cloves and brown sugar and baste with cider while cooking in a hot oven, until well browned on the outside.

Chestnut Stuffing.

This is one of the most tasty of stuffings. Take a pound of lean, uncooked ham cut into dice, cover with cold water and simmer until tender. Meanwhile slit a quart of large chestnuts, peel them and boil till soft in salted water. Press them through a sieve, add one-fourth cupful of butter, a tablespoonful of onion juice, a pint of bread crumbs, a tablespoonful of chopped parsley, with salt and pepper to taste, adding a bit of marjoram and paprika.

The fowl's giblets, cooked and chopped, are added to this stuffing if desired, making a most finely flavored stuffing.

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Invents New "Electric Man"

Dewey M. Radcliffe, young engineer of the Washington (D. C.) water department, and the "electric man" which he has invented. The apparatus, located at the national capital, automatically answers the telephone and gives the amount of water in the reservoir to any one calling the telephone to which it is attached.

