

POETRY

By Douglas Mailech

GOD writes such rivers everywhere,
And prints such mountains on
the sky,
I would not weep, I would not care,
If you should never read what I
Attempt to say. Why fool with rimes
Amid our singing summertimes?

I bid you put the book away
And walk outdoors, and see the
world,
There is more truth in one bright day
Than all the truth that man has
hurled
Down all the ages, more of hope
Lone green blade on one gray slope.

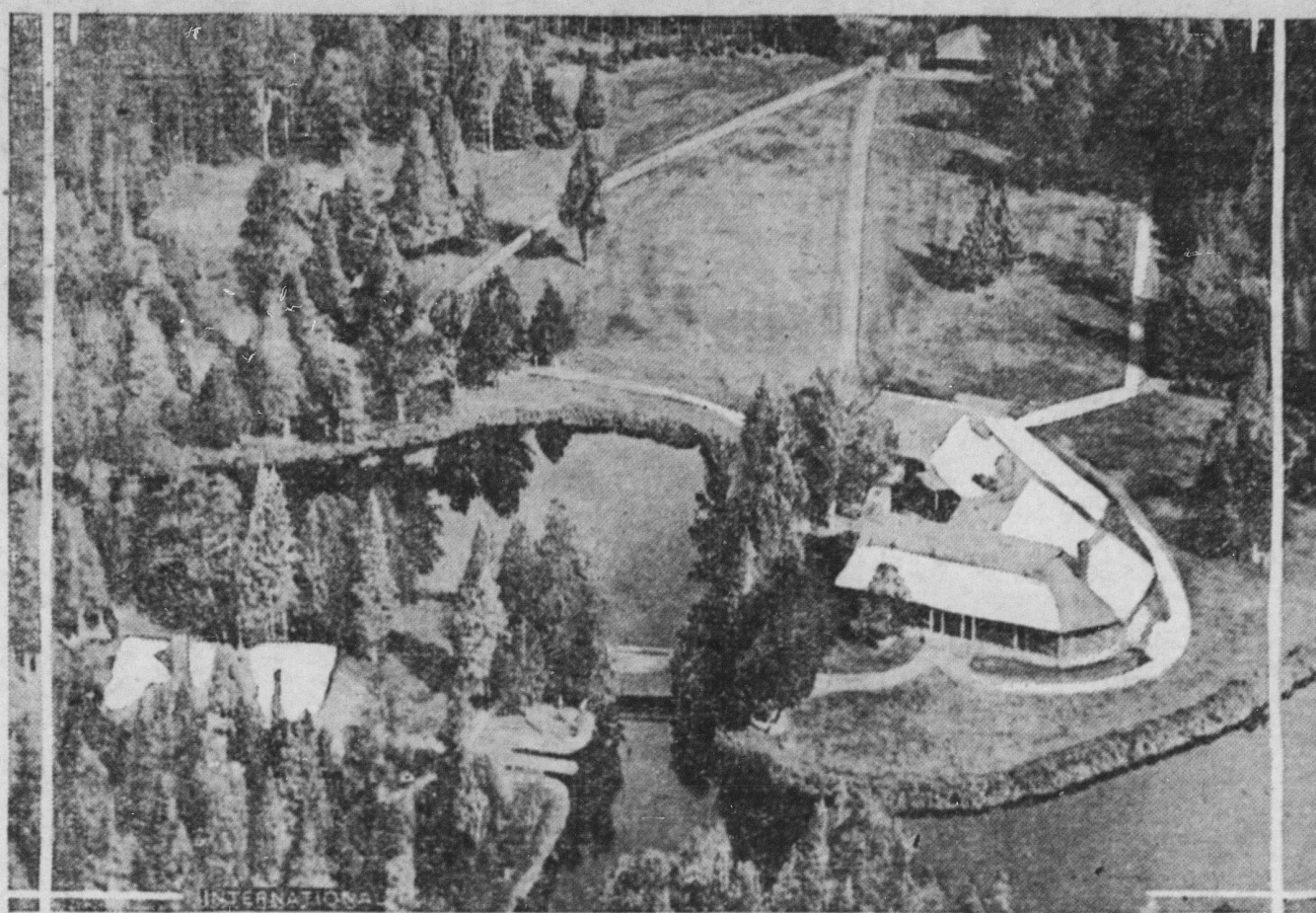
And, if I ask you friend, to read,
'T is but to ask that you will look
Above, beyond, this simple screed
And read the lines in God's great
book.

Yea, thrill with us, the poetry
Of hill and sky and wood and sea.
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Fun for Photographers

Butterflies and moths are not only exceedingly beautiful, but the various stages of the development are most interesting to observe, says Nature Magazine. They furnish wonderful opportunities for one "addicted" to a camera.

Coolidge's Camp on Brule River in Wisconsin



An excellent air view of the Henry Clay Pierce estate on the Brule river, near Superior, Wis., where President and Mrs. Coolidge recently arrived to spend the summer.

FOR THE GOOSE AND THE GANDER

By Viola Brothers Shore

FOR THE GOOSE—

REAL love is like man eatn' sharks.
Everybody talks about it, but you
hardly ever meet anybody that's really
seen it.

Tears dry quick and don't even leave
a spot.

Real passion of any kind makes a
good actress outa any woman except
an actress.

FOR THE GANDER—

Most people wouldn't be so concerned
about upholdin' justice if they
wasn't so afraid of sufferin' injustice.

A lie can't do near as much harm as
a good imitation of the truth.

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Giving Credit Where Credit Is Due

By John Blake

THE other day I listened to a very excellent sermon by a celebrated clergyman—a man whose ability is unquestioned, and who is a power for good in his community.

He was discussing the question of religion and science and showing very effectively how they can be reconciled, and abide side by side, each doing its share for the betterment of the world and the freeing of men's souls from evil and superstition.

But while, in support of his commendation of religion he quoted many religious writers—beside those whose words are immortalized in the Bible—he borrowed liberally, in talking about science, from a recent book, and neglected to mention either the book or its author.

This, perhaps, would not have been so subject to criticism had he not—unwittingly, no doubt—conveyed the idea that the many facts which he employed had been gathered by himself through his wide reading.

matter of truth he spoke of little or the science side of his argument that was not contained in that particular book.

His author did not pretend to any erudition or research—he gave all his authorities—and told his story without asking any credit for himself. But the clergyman, hitting story after story from the volume, went on and on and on, citing case after case—and all of them, as was plain to one who had read the book, came directly out of that one volume.

Now this is not theft, of course, or a clergyman would not have used it. It is mere thoughtlessness.

Yet I got for him, in the eyes of some of his readers, a reputation for wide learning which he did not possess, and this was hardly fair. The

clergyman occupies a peculiar position before his congregation and before the world.

If he is eloquent and able, he is greatly admired—and what he says has a real authority.

He must read widely, and think deeply to be convincing, and he must above all maintain his intellectual integrity at a high standing.

He cannot give page verse and line as authority for everything he says, but when he dips whole handfuls of material from one book, it would be more generous for him to name the author of the book, and thank him for having written it.

Scientists must depend on writing men to make their work known. Few writing men are qualified for this job. This man was so qualified. He did

an excellent work. He rendered the achievements of modern investigation better than the investigators could have rendered it.

Yet if I had not read his work, I would have given this pastor the credit for this achievement—and he did not deserve it at all.

(Copyright.)

The Study of Self

By F. A. WALKER

INSTEAD of going ahead, wasting precious time and energy in recounting the short-comings of others, suppose you sit down in your favorite chair some evening for at least half an hour and soberly catechise yourself.

Without some such attention to your own faults, accompanied with a real desire to overcome them, there will be but a small likelihood, indeed, of your rising above those you frequently censure.

Go to the distasteful task with an open mind, resolved to dig to the unexplored depths of your soul and lay bare its innermost faults.

Do not despair at what you find, for your infirmities are similar in almost every particular to those of your acquaintance upon whom you have gazed with an Argus eye for months and years.

There is within you the same lack of virtue, the same streaks of careless clay, the same disposition to err, the

same inclination in hasty outbursts of passion to soil your lips and soul with ugly words and deeds.

Those human beings who lack the moral courage to study self, must during their lives be reconciled to sit in dusty seats in the back row.

They can never hope for anything better, without being disappointed. A thick veil of misconception hangs continually before their hard drawn faces and darkens their vision.

They blunder along till the sunset of their days hides them in its somber shadows, wondering all the while as they hold to their shambling gait, why the good angels fail to favor and prosper them.

They never learned that success is built upon a knowledge of self, a knowledge available to all.

Let this knowledge once illuminate your mind, you will emerge a new man or woman, equipped to do battle, to face uncontrollable facts, and to accept with unflinching strength and assurance the ennobling duties that crown men and women with victory.

"Know thyself," says an ancient proverb. Know that to study and to master self is your paramount obligation.

Know that by your own power of will, by your own honorable effort, assisted by fair-eyed faith, you can ride over "impossible" while those ignorant of self continue blindly to chase elusive hopes and perilous illusions.

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Taking Unnecessary Risks

By LEONARD A. BARRETT

A GENTLEMAN desiring to employ a chauffeur suggested to each applicant that the side of a particular drive was very perilous and should be passed with great caution. All applicants failed to prove satisfactory, although each negotiated the dangerous curve with ease and safety. The last applicant for the position, however, remarked, that while he was reasonably sure he could steer the car safely around the dangerous curve he did not wish to take the risk unless it was absolutely necessary. "You are the man I am looking for," replied the gentleman, and he landed the job.

About half the risks undertaken by people could be avoided. They are not necessary. Taking an unnecessary risk is a foolhardy act. The welfare of others is at stake as well as our own. While risks cannot altogether be eliminated they can be reduced to

a minimum. It is scarcely fair to ask a friend to help us out of a mess into which a foolish risk has plunged us. The wise man refused to take the risk and he got the job.

A person may risk his friendship, reputation and money in a foolish adventure. All three are dangerous adventures for it is difficult to regain either one of them when once lost. A man of affairs, who had recently lost all three, was told by a friend that had he counted ten before taking the risk he would have stopped and seriously thought about it and had he counted twenty he would not have taken the risk at all. A large number of risks are taken because people are in a hurry. Speed, the crime of our

age, plays havoc with the venture-some spirit.

The only thing which justifies the element of risk is whether or not the goal to be attained is worth it. If the goal expresses a moral value or is of scientific and humanitarian value, the venturesome spirit may well be applauded even though its price might be martyrdom.

Discriminating judgment is a wise man's caution.

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Billie Brownie Bird Story

BILLIE BROWNIE was given permission, as he so often is, by Mother Nature to visit the different birds.

You know Mother Nature has given Billie Brownie the power to understand the language of the different creatures and they tell him their stories so he can let others know of their interesting ways.

Billie Brownie was eager to call on the birds. He hadn't chatted with them for ever and ever so long.

First he had a talk with the Tree Sparrows.

"We don't mind the winter weather. We eat seeds from old weeds which we find sticking up above the snow," they told Billie Brownie. "And it is very seldom that we beg for food around houses. We can provide for ourselves.

"Now we've heard a description of sparrows as told by some one who knows all about birds," the Tree Sparrow talking explained to Billie Brownie. "and I shall give you that description for it is quite true and it was told well by human words.

"We were described as belonging to the same family as the Field Sparrows and Chipping Sparrows belong to though the others do not stay around so much in the winter.

"Now and again we have a Field Sparrow for a companion as we have much the same likes and dislikes but we do feel different, about the weather.

"These are the words used to explain about us and our looks.

"Chipping Sparrow has a black bill and Field Sparrow a red one during the summer but when the fall comes their bills are dull in color and lose their summer gorgeousness.

"Field Sparrow wears a reddish coat

while Chipping Sparrow wears handsome white touches above his eyes.

"Now, I'm bigger in size than these other two.

"I have white touches to the wings and a dark spot in the center of my waistcoat which I call my pet spot! "I dearly love that spot.

"Sometimes we can sing quite sweetly. But I suppose we're not famous

for our voices. Anyway they say it is nice to see us about in the winter time."

"I should say so," Billie Brownie answered, "and I thank you so much for having told me your story. It was enormously good of you."

"Delighted to tell you it," said the Tree Sparrow, with a pretty little trill to his voice.

Then Billie Brownie went to call on the Red-Breasted Nuthatch and there

he heard of how these birds loved the great forest though at times they wandered off to see other places, too and often they went for a trip with the Chickadee family or the White-Breasted Nuthatch.

They told Billie Brownie of the lady who always put suet on a lilac bush so that her bird friends could have nice meals all through the winter.

"We have blunt little tails and pointed bills," said the Nuthatch, "and that is really quite easy to remember. For one part of us is pointed and one is not, and that to us seems very simple.

"We don't think anyone would forget and say, "Let us be on the lookout for the birds with blunt bills and pointed tails."

"No, surely they will be on the lookout for the birds with the pointed bills and the blunt tails. For these belong to the Nuthatch family.

"We of the Red-Breasted family are not so well known as the ones of the White-Breasted family. The latter are the ones about the lady's house where the suet hangs on the nearby lilac bush.

"But we have paid her a visit, too. "The White-Breasted cousins are bigger than we are. Then, of course there is more reddish brown to us and more white to the cousins as you'd imagine by their names.

"Then, too, the White-Breasted cousins have white faces. And our voices are higher in pitch. Those are some of the differences.

"We hope we've told enough, Billie Brownie."

And Billie Brownie thanked them and said that now he thought he would always be able to tell the difference between the two families of Nuthatches.

(Copyright.)

Prize Winners in Dance Marathon



Robert Johns, ex-marine, and Serena Gergandi of Chicago, who won the \$3,500 first prize in a dance marathon, after 250 hours 59 minutes. Photograph shows them with the cup which also went to the winners.

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muttered.
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relief for
aching heads forever more.
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muttered
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more.

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"AS NECESSARY AS BREAD"

Mrs. Skahan's Opinion of Pinkham's Compound

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