About Mother Ocean

"I M LIKE all great creatures," said Mother Ocean. "I have my friends and I also have many enemies."

Billie Brownie smiled to himself, and yet no one in the world could help but say that Mother Ocean was certainly great.

"You see, there is a lot to me," said Mother Ocean. "Now, when there is a lot to a person it means that that person has character and brains and all that sort of thing.

"But when I say that there is a lot to me I mean not only such things. I mean there is a great deal of size to me.

"Perhaps I shouldn't say it in just that fashion. But I'm not fussy about how I speak. I am too powerful to mind.

"Why, I have had people traveling upon me and they have talked most beautifully. They have used fine words and they have talked really very grandly.

"But that didn't bother me. I let them know that I was superior to that. So I have tossed and rocked and have told the Wave children to have as rough a party as they wished and then it was more than the fine talkers could do to keep up such grand talk.

"They just didn't say anything, except:

"'Oh, dear, but I feel poorly.'

"And there is nothing very brainy about that.

"Well, as I was saying, I have my friends and my enemies. My Wave children are my family, so I'm not speaking of them.

"They love me! Just think what it means to have a mother who lets you be just as rough as ever you wish. Ha, ha, that's something!

"Of course, some might not think so, but I do!

"I want to tell you about my friends now, though.

"A little girl was going sailing with her brother in one of my bays. She was talking to an old, old naval gentleman.

"'I hope it doesn't get too rough,' she said. 'But I also hope it doesn't get too calm.

"'I don't care to be becalmed and sit out doing nothing on the water for hours at a time.'

"'I suppose not,' the old naval gentleman said, 'but do you know I have lived almost all of my long life at sea

"I Am Too Powerful to Mind," Said Mother Ocean.

and I have never been bored with the sea for a moment?

"'I've always loved it better than anything else in the world—no matter how it is.'

"Now, that old gentleman, Billie Brownie, I consider one of my friends."

"And well you might," said Billie Brownie.

"Then," continued Mother Ocean. "I must tell you of the men who arrived at a little seaport town some few days ago.

"They had been on a long, long ocean journey. They had come from the Far East.

"And they had arrived, at last, on land.

"But, Billie Brownie, how do you think they spent their holiday and rest-time?"

Billie Brownie shook his head.

"They came down and watched me," Mother Ocean said. "They watched me by the hour as though they couldn't see too much of me.

"They walked along by the beach and they watched me in the early morning and at nightfall and every moment they could.

"They had been seeing practically nothing but the ocean for weeks, and yet when they were on land the land did not arouse that affection in them that I did.

"Oh, it was most interesting to see how they loved me.

"And now, Billie Brownie, I don't think I'll tell you about any who don't like me, or any of my enemies this time.

"I feel too happy to do that. Much too happy, Billie Brownie."

And Billie Brownie understood.

So with a wave of his cap he went back to Brownieland and Fairyland to tell them about Mother Ocean's friends and great admirers.

(Copyright.)

What Fires Cost

Fires on American farms, all preventable, cost $150,000,000 a year and the loss of 3,500 farm lives.—Farm and Fireside.

Bronze Statue for 104th Infantry

Col. Paul J. Norton of the One hundred fourth infantry (left) and Lieut. Wallace C. Day unveiling the bronze statue given by General Passage of the French army to the National Guard outfit whose colors were first to be decorated on foreign soil in the World war. The statue was erected in Boston.

Some Food Suggestions

By NELLIE MAXWELL

IN MANY homes the price of good milk keeps the poor mother from buying what her children really need. Other foods during infancy may be slighted, but milk is necessary and should be their constant food. Strong bones and fine teeth depend upon calcium; in combination with phosphorus it is their chief mineral element. Milk supplies these compounds. Calcium is found in the outer coats of cereals, hence the value of whole wheat, oatmeal and corn in the menu.

Another invaluable food is found in vegetables. They furnish iron in large proportions as well as other minerals and valuable vitamines.

Pear Bavarian Cream.

Drain the sirup from a can of pears. Soften one-third of a package of gelatin in one-fourth cupful of cold water, then add to one cupful of heated pear juice. Add the juice of one lemon and one-third of a cupful of sugar. Turn half of this mixture into an oval mold of one quart size, set on ice to chill. Set the rest of the mixture to harden.

Cut thin slices from the halved pears and line the mold. Do not put these in place until the jelly becomes firm. Put the remainder of the pears through a sieve. Soften one-third of a package of gelatin in a little cold water and let it dissolve over hot water. Add the pear pulp, the juice of a lemon and the grated rind, one-third of a cupful of sugar, stir over ice water until set, then fold in one cupful of whipped cream. When stiff enough to hold its shape finish filling the mold. When serving unmold on a platter and garnish with roses of whipped cream and cubes of bright-colored jelly.

Filling for Pumpkin Pie.

To one and one-half cupfuls of sifted pumpkin add one-half teaspoonful each of salt, mace, one teaspoonful of ginger, a few drops of lemon extract or a little of the grated rind of lemon, three-fourths cupful of honey, two well-beaten eggs, one cupful each of sweet cream and milk.

Peach Betty.

Use the soft crumbs from the center of a stale loaf. Mix three cupfuls of the crumbs with one-half cupful of melted butter. Put a layer of the crumbs into a baking dish and place over them sliced peaches, sprinkling each layer with sugar; add a bit of grated orange peel, or any spice preferred. Cover the dish while baking, then remove the cover to brown.

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All Knowledge Not in Books

By JOHN BLAKE

YOU do not have to go to college to get an education. Some of the best informed and educated men I know never got past grammar school.

But if you really desire an education you can usually manage to get one—or part of one. For there is no such being as a completely educated person.

No person can cram into one head knowledge of all the literatures, all the sciences and all the philosophies, or into one body skill in all physical labors, sports and exercises.

But the person who is anxious to acquire culture can generally succeed in acquiring it.

The first thing to do is to observe what goes on about you. Knowledge is not confined to books and never has been. You can pick up a great deal of it in everyday life.

Especially if you are on the look out for it.

Observe people and see how they act in different situations and under different conditions. Then think about what you have seen.

Then read. And remember that all books are not alike.

Some books teach us something. Others are just about valueless for anything except killing time.

If you are interested in the former try to select books that will be useful to you as well as interesting. Your librarian will probably be glad to help you select the books you want.

• • •

Don't be afraid to indulge your own inclinations. If your trend is toward science you will probably want to specialize in scientific works. If you dislike sciences there is certainly no very strong reason for forcing yourself to study them.

You might as well read about the subjects in which you are interested. Because if you attempt to force your education it will probably not progress very far.

• • •

Some people can always find time for a little reading no matter how busy they are. You do not have to take a day off to read seriously. Make your spare time pay you a few dividends in culture.

Remember that because a book is a classic it is not necessarily dull and unreadable. It must have something to recommend it. A bad man may acquire lasting fame but not a bad book.

Select the books that will teach you something if you are interested in learning.

But however much you read, remember that all knowledge does not lie in books. A great scholar may be densely ignorant of how to care for his body.

Books reflect the lives of others. And they are not infallible.

They will help to educate you but don't depend on them alone. Let your own life educate you, too.

(© by the Bell Syndicate, Inc.)

GIVING A 'THRASHING'

By JEAN NEWTON

"I'LL give you a thrashing," says the irate father to his insubordinate son. It may be going out of style now, but it was the accepted formula of a generation ago. Anyway the word "thrash" is still used as a synonym for beating or whipping.

The expression is figurative, coming to us from the lexicon of the farm and the wheatfield. The reference is to the method of beating grain to purify it of waste which was called "thrashing" from which we have the modern "threshing."

It is easily comprehensible that when the object of the beating happened to be an obstreperous boy or farmhand instead of a stalk of wheat the word should have been appropriated to describe that form of chastisement.

A Little Song

By Douglas Malloch

I HAVE a little song I sing.
It hasn't words or anything.
I never made
It into rime,
I never played
It any time
On any sort of instrument,
I couldn't tell you how it went.

But I can tell you how it came:
You called me by a dearer name
And in my heart
A little tune
That seemed a part
Of skies and June
Began to sing like whip-poor-wills
At sunset hours from wooded hills.

And I have never quite forget
That song, although I know it not.
You never near
Our cottage door
But that I hear
That song once more.
When sunset hours your footsteps bring
I have a little song I sing.

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When Love Was Real

By F. A. WALKER

THE secret sorrow of a thousand modern homes is that the Elaine of the tower does not prove to be capable of protecting the battlement.

And this failing, you will find, if you look into the matter without prejudice, is the root of a growing evil which is spreading its branches like a noxious tree in every part of the world.

As the boughs cast their shadows where the sun ought to shine, there comes the alarming conviction that home life is losing its old-time charm; that the newly married are turning to boarding houses and hotels, afraid to accept such responsibilities as their fathers and mothers assumed with every evidence of gladness.

This trend of the new generation is the meaning of the hue and cry against landlords, extravagant rents, pressure of hard times, discontent and the ceaseless grinding of the mills in the divorce courts.

Dan Cupid, with his quiver of arrows, standing at the crossroads, hiding in gardens of roses, or waiting at splashing fountains where moonbeams silver the waters, is not the merry, saucy and confident little imp that he was a generation ago.

His lips have lost their smiling curl and his chubby hands are a bit unsteady as he bends his bow and lets fly an arrow.

And oftener than not, unless his arrow be tipped with gold and studded with gems, he misses his mark.

In the olden days, the love that soared and sang at the twang of the bow, also busied itself in building a nest of its own, and the beautiful lady of the tower could make the airiest bread and broil a steak to a turn, proud of her accomplishments.

But those were the delectable days of the Darbys and the Joans, when the indy stood unafraid on the battlement and helped her lord to win the fray.

Love then was real and it lasted from the springtime of orange blossoms to the sere and yellow leaves of autumn, down to the snows and the last sigh of winter.

And all through their lives, in the glorious years and in the somber, the married pairs held their troth and sang from the joy in their hearts:

Hand in hand when our life was May,
Hand in hand when our hair is gray.

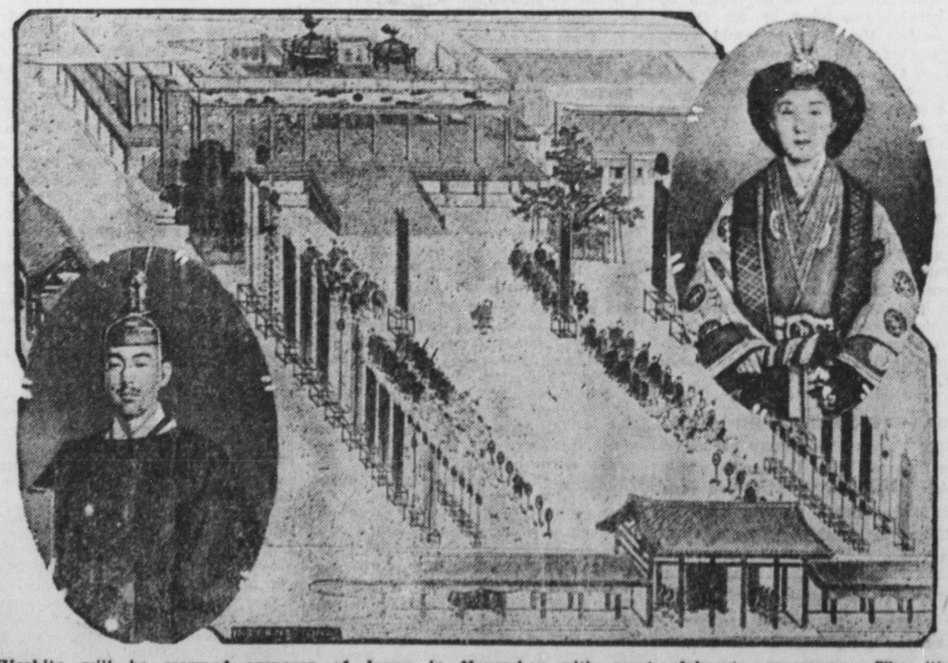
And here is the sentiment that keeps love delicate, sweet and beautiful through the eternal ages!

(© by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

Joints of the Acrobat

Everybody has seen the acrobat dislocate his joints. By means of flexions and contortions that have been practiced from a very early age the spinal cord has been converted into what is to all intents and purposes a rubber tube. He can throw his head low enough to put his neck between his legs and bend his back into a bow almost as complete as that of the fireside cat. A medical man has classified these dislocations and says that the digestion of such men is almost always perfect, provided they do not carry their exercises to excess. He thinks the circulation is stimulated to a degree where the waste products of the body are more easily eliminated.

Japan Ready to Crown New Emperor



Hirohito will be crowned emperor of Japan in November with most elaborate ceremony. The illustration shows a sketch, by a Japanese artist, of the coronation court in Tokyo, and, inset, the emperor and empress as they will appear in their formal costumes.

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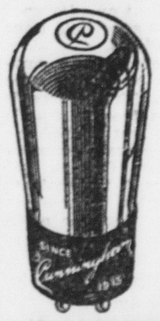
Wasn't Positive

Reporter—Are you happily married?

Movie Star—I believe so, but to be sure I'll get my secretary to look it up for me when he comes in.



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Jinks—He's the kind you are lucky if you don't know him.

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