

When Should Man Retire?

B. F. A. WALKER

IF THE title of this article is slightly confusing let yourself be straightened out by the statement that it is to be a little talk between ourselves about a questioning letter received from a reader.

He asks, "When should a man retire? I am forty-one years old, have been reasonably successful and can live comfortably, supporting my family of three up to their usual habits, if I do not do any more work. Do you think that a man under such circumstances is doing right to retire from active work?"

The quickest and shortest answer is "No."

No man has a right to discontinue being productive so long as it is possible for him to be a producer.

The great trouble with the world right now is that too many men have "retired."

They have stopped giving themselves and other people the full measure of their abilities to contribute to the wealth and happiness and good of the world.

A good many of them, the great majority, are not rich. They work perhaps, but they fall far short of their capabilities.

I read the other day an article on the bricklaying trade and the comparative cost of that part of house construction which consists of putting together bricks and mortar.

In the records of a construction company were found figures showing that twenty or so years ago a day's work for a mason and his helper consisted in laying 1,500 bricks in eight hours.

The day's result at the present time is just one-third of that amount, 500 bricks, although the pay

for the eight hours of labor is far more than the old pay.

It is not difficult to see where the bricklayer is cheating himself as well as the rest of the world.

He is not producing all that he might and therefore he is not getting as much for his efforts as he might well get if he did his work as efficiently as he might.

And he along with other workmen in the building trades by their lack of production make construction so expensive that many who would build homes if they could do so at reasonable prices continue without them.

What the bricklayers do with their hands and tools, the writer of the letter wants to do with all his capabilities and all his energies.

He wants to cut his production down to the vanishing point and be a drone for the rest of his life.

The ownership of wealth does not entitle a man to be a loafer either physically or mentally.

No man has a right at the age of forty-one to forego all the possibilities that he has to do the world and his neighbor service by his efforts.

If he has money enough, let him quit adding to his fortune and let him devote what he can earn to bettering mankind and its condition.

Let him do anything but be a human being with a brain of whom other people can truthfully say: "There goes a man who, except for spending his money, does nothing in the world that is useful or helpful."

Don't quit on the job of life. Don't say: "I'm through because I've got my share."

Keep producing until the last revolution of the wheels, till the last throb of the engine.

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Desserts the Family Will Like

By NELLIE MAXWELL

"O, hemlock tree! O, hemlock tree! how faithful are thy branches, Green not alone in summer time, But in the winter's frost and rime."

PRUNES are considered one of our wholesome fruits and they are especially recommended for the children. Served simply as stewed fruit with a dash of orange juice they are best. Prune whip is also good for the older members as well as the children of the family.

Prune Whip With Custard.
Pick over and wash twenty-four prunes, cover with cold water and let stand over night. In the morning cook without draining until tender, then remove the stones and rub through a sieve. To the pulp add one-half cupful of sugar, two table-spoonfuls of lemon juice, a grating of lemon rind and one-third of a teaspoonful of salt, then fold in the whites of six eggs. Turn the mixture into a buttered baking dish, set

into a granite baking dish of water and bake one-half hour. Serve with a boiled custard.

Nougat Ice Cream.
Mix four cupfuls of thin cream, three cupfuls of heavy cream, one cupful of milk. Boil one and one-half cupfuls of sugar and one-half cupful of water two minutes, cool and add to the cream. Add one-fourth teaspoonful of salt, one and one-half teaspoonfuls of vanilla and one-half teaspoonful of almond extract. Mix one-half cupful of chopped walnuts or butternuts, add to the mixture and freeze. Pack in a mold and freeze. Let stand three to four hours to ripen.

Cracker Custard Pudding.
Soak three-fourths of a cupful of cracker crumbs in one quart of scalded milk, add one-third of a cupful of sugar, one-fourth cupful of butter, two eggs slightly beaten, one-half teaspoonful of vanilla and the same of lemon extract with salt to taste. Bake slowly one hour in a moderate oven. Spread with a meringue and serve with orange sauce.
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For the Goose and the Gander

By Viola Brothers Shore

FOR THE GOOSE—
SCRATCH a vamp and you'll find a "sleepin' mother. Scratch a mother and you'll find a "sleepin' vamp.

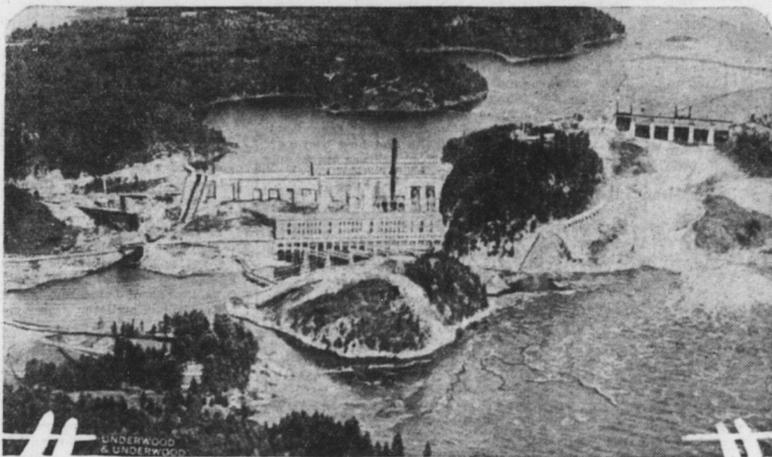
Everybody knows the saying—
Sweets to the Fat.

Poverty is no bar to love. But it certainly ain't exactly a drawin' card.

FOR THE GANDER—
A lotta guys has really believed they was marryin' a girl to save her from a worse fate.

A violinist makes a lot less noise than a boiler maker and gets a lot more money for it.
(Copyright.)

View of One of the Largest Hydro-Electric Stations



An excellent air view of the new hydro-electric plant of the Gatineau Power company, near Panguin, Quebec—one of the largest hydro-electric stations on the continent. The power house is designed for 22,000 horse power in eight generators of 34,000 horse power each. The main dam is 917 feet long, backing up the river 30 miles and creating a head of 136 feet. Eventually the station will deliver 1,190,000,000 kilowatt hours a year.

COMMUNION

By DOUGLAS MALLOCH

TOO tired to rest, too weary now to sleep,
Across the west I watch the shadows creep,
Too sad to weep.

Who has not had this moment in the years,
A time too sad to be a time for tears,
Too dark for fears?

There comes a day when human hearts conceal
Too much to say, too much to quite reveal
How much we feel.

Speech is the balm of those who suffer least
There is a calm a thousandfold increased
When words have ceased.

There is a pow'r that lifts our souls
There is an hour we stand apart from men—
But near God then.
(© 1929, Douglas Malloch.)



"The fact that beauty is only skin deep," says Meditative Meg, "doesn't put any premium on a thick skin."

Children's Story About Dogs

"ANIMALS have so many sensible ways which people haven't at all," said Bruce, the dog.
"Not long ago a little girl came to see my mistress. She had been brought up abroad and she could not speak English.
"Now my mistress and she looked at each other and tried to talk, each in her own way, but neither of them could understand the way of the other.
"It was different with the dog. This little girl had a pet dog and the dog and I understood each other at once."
Billie Brownie chuckled with amusement.

"But even though I am amused," he said, "I do think you have very sensible ways, you animals."
"Yes," continued Bruce, "I think so, too. The dog and I had a beautiful time. We talked in our dog way and then we each asked the other about games we liked to play.
"We had a splendid frolic and lots of fun.
"When we were given goodies to eat and a fine bone piece we thanked by wagging our tails and each of the little girls could understand us and our talk!
"When they tried to say anything like that they couldn't understand each other. And the more I thought of it the more it seemed to me so sensible that we animals can understand the language each other talks.
"All dogs understand the language of dogs. Dog language is what might be called a universal language, meaning that it can be understood all over the universe or world or country. Of

when spoken to in either language.
"A dog can understand dog talk anywhere, though, as I have said several times. If a dog started to go traveling his friends would not say:
"Now can you make yourself understood in that foreign talk the dogs you meet will speak? Do you know enough words to get along?"
"No, they do not have to say such things to us. Wherever we go it will be all right.
"Wherever cats go it is the same way. They can meow in one land and can be understood as well as in another.
"It is the same with all the different creatures save humans. Ah, poor, poor humans!"
"They'd be glad to know they have your sympathy," Billie Brownie said.
"I'll have to tell them about it."
"Do," said Bruce, "if you think it will be any comfort to them.
"And now I must be off, Billie Brownie. I have an engagement down at the Dogs' Luncheon Bone club at noon. It is almost that now.
"We all make speeches and say that we think there is no other place like ours and yet we say we must keep on and make it the finest town for dogs in any place around.
"Ah yes, we do things besides being interested in our bones! We think of how we can improve our fine hometown and that's a splendid thing to do.
"But do tell the humans, if you think it will comfort them, that we do feel sorry for them when we think how many languages there are for them to know if they want to speak to people from other lands.
"And tell the children how sorry we are for them that they must study different languages instead of knowing one language as we dogs do—ah yes, tell them we send them our sympathy and an affectionate tail wagging."
So Billie Brownie went off with his messages and Bruce, the dog, went to his Dogs' Luncheon Bone club.
(Copyright.)



"Quite All Right," Said Billie Brownie. "You Needn't Apologize."

course you mustn't mind if I don't put my words in the right order. Dogs aren't overly particular and I trust Brownies are the same way.
"Quite all right," said Billie Brownie. "You needn't apologize."
"Thanks," said Bruce, "for I hate to apologize if the truth must be known."
"It doesn't have to be known in this case," said Billie Brownie, "but I am glad to know it just the same."
"Ah yes, dog talk can be understood everywhere by other dogs, and dogs, too, can understand the language of grown-ups in whatever country they happen to be living in," continued Bruce.
"True, if they live in one country they understand what the grown-ups of that country talk, but if the grown-ups speak more than one language the dogs can understand it, too.
"I know a little girl who has a nurse who speaks more than one tongue, and her dog can understand

Self Hate Most Always the Worst Kind of Hate

By M. K. THOMSON, Ph. D.

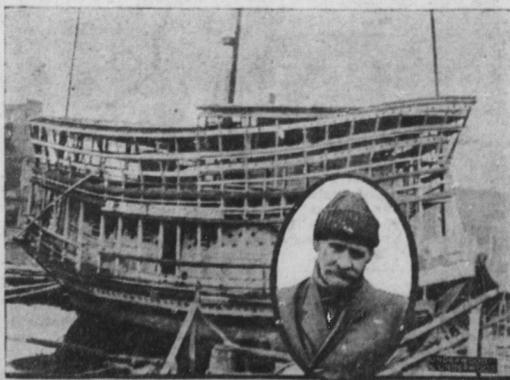
SELF hate is not only possible; it is the worst kind of hate.
We hate in general when we fear the loss of some cherished possession. The degree of hate that we feel depends on how strongly we have attached ourselves to the thing that is taken from us or the degree of difference it makes in our life. The hate is directed toward the person or object responsible for our loss.

The function of hate is to kill and destroy or otherwise get rid of the cause for our misfortune and anguish of soul. Human beings react in this manner to objects as well as to persons; witness the common practice of kicking the door that one runs into in the dark.
In self hate we blame ourselves for robbing ourselves. The true self within, the one we really care for,

rises up and condemns the lower nature or that part of us which is keeping the real self from realizing his aims.
We hate ourselves when we have no one else to blame for our folly. Actual self hate is of course very extreme and means the complete breakdown of morale and self respect. The result is suicide or at least some form of the inferiority complex.
Ordinarily we save ourselves from this fate by shifting the blame of our failure to hard luck or unfavorable circumstances or to some other person, anything or anyone but ourselves.
An ancient fable describes a man who was hard put to it for something to eat so he sold his clothes to buy food until he had disposed of everything except the undergarments and his overcoat. He chanced to see a bird of spring singing gaily and concluded that spring had come so he went and sold his overcoat. The next day it turned bitter cold. The unfortunate man went to see the bird of spring and found him on the ground dead and frozen stiff. He began to scold the poor bird, saying, "You are the cause of all my misfortune."
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Control Your Weight
Now, ladies and gentlemen, you can be thin or fat as you desire. But you must do your part. If you want to reduce eat more of your food in the morning. And if you want to increase your weight eat heavily in the evening. These are the conclusions of Frederick Hoesel, volunteer worker in the physiological laboratories of the University of Chicago.

HAS ARK READY FOR THE NEXT FLOOD



This is the "Ark" which William Greenwood of Olympia, Wash., (shown in inset) has built for his own personal use in the flood which he says will soon devastate the entire Pacific coast because of the wickedness prevailing there. It will carry no animals. The Ark is 80 feet long, 20 feet wide and 25 feet deep. It has no steering gear for Greenwood says "the good Lord will steer it."

Loss of Power



and vital force follow loss of flesh, or enervation. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery is a herbal tonic that makes the blood redder, stops the waste of strength and tissue, and helps to build up healthy flesh.

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In recovering from "Grippe" or in convalescence from pneumonia, fevers or other wasting diseases, it speedily and surely invigorates and builds up the whole system. Read this:

Manassas, Va.—"I have used Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery with wonderful results. I think it is one of the best tonics any one can take as a general builder for the blood, also for indigestion and constipation. I have given it to my whole family with good results. It brought my daughter through the 'flu.'—Mrs. R. Crouch.

RICHARD

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"Reggie has nothing to talk about except himself."
"Why the exception?"



SAME PRESCRIPTION HE WROTE IN 1892

When Dr. Caldwell started to practice medicine, back in 1875, the needs for a laxative were not as great as today. People lived normal lives, ate plain, wholesome food, and got plenty of fresh air. But even that early there were drastic physics and purges for the relief of constipation which Dr. Caldwell did not believe were good for human beings. The prescription for constipation that he used early in his practice, and which he put in drug stores in 1892 under the name of Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin, is a liquid vegetable remedy, intended for women, children and elderly people, and they need just such a mild, safe bowel stimulant.
This prescription has proven its worth and is now the largest selling liquid laxative. It has won the confidence of people who needed it to get relief from headaches, biliousness, flatulence, indigestion, loss of appetite and sleep, bad breath, dyspepsia, colds, fevers. At your druggist, or write "Syrup Pepsin," Dept. BB, Monticello, Illinois, for free trial bottle.

Don't Fuss With Mustard Plasters

Don't mix a mess of mustard, flour and water when you can relieve pain, soreness or stiffness with a little clean, white Musterole.
Musterole is made of oil of mustard and other helpful ingredients, and takes the place of mustard plasters. Musterole usually gives prompt relief from sore throat, bronchitis, tonsillitis, croup, stiff neck, asthma, neuralgia, headache, congestion, pleurisy, rheumatism, lumbago, pains and aches of the back or joints, sprains, sore muscles, bruises, chilblains, frosted feet, colds of the chest (it may prevent pneumonia).



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