

Daddy's Evening Fairy Tale

By MARY GRAHAM PONNER

OCEAN'S GENEROSITY

"Wonder if they thought I was selfish before," said Mother Ocean. Mr. Sun was looking down upon her and was saying a polite good night before he went to sleep.

He was wearing a very handsome suit of gold and red and he had over a beautiful band of coral right around the rim of the world, it seemed.

"I am sure no one ever has thought you were selfish," said Mr. Sun.

"Well," said Mother Ocean, "I heard a very curious thing today. Some people were traveling on one of the great big boats I allow to pass over me."

"It was the first trip they had ever made upon the ocean," he said. They nearly have said that, for I could realize from the speeches they made that they had not traveled on the ocean before.

"Thoughtless they knew about coasts and rocks and of how I look near the land when I talk to my shore cousins, the Rock family and all the others."

"But they said 'Goodness, but there is a lot of ocean.' We've been out now for three days and we have been going steadily all the time and still we are not near land. And not another boat to be seen. We never knew the ocean was so enormous."

"Ah, Mr. Sun, they had no idea of my generosity. I'm not one of your mean little bores of a water."

"The generous. I'm sorry generous with myself."

"I understand over a much distance and I say to all who cross me."

"Here I am. Look and lots of me when you get an ocean voyage you get a little bit of a boat ride and then home in time for supper."

"Oh, no. I'm not generous either."

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"I don't know that they always care for so much generosity on my part. Perhaps they would like me to be smaller so they could travel all about the world and get everywhere in quick time."

"But they'd soon realize that 'What would be the fun in thinking of strange places all over the world'."

"Goodness, there is a lot of ocean," and in planning to see them some day if they were right around the corner?

"Or when thinking of their great and enormous country would people like it if they could see it all in a day's ride?"

"I don't believe they would. It's an event to go from one part of the country to another."

"Maybe they dream for years of the time when they'll see what the West looks like if they happen to live East or what the East looks like if they happen to live West—or they may want to see it further North or down South or along the Middle states."

"The country is generous. There is lots of it. Lots and lots to see."

"So is the ocean generous. I may not have all the different sights that the land has—I may not have different views every time you look out at me from a ship as you would have if you looked out from a train window going across the country—but I have this."

"Everything that has bits of water cabinet on the ocean. I have really accomplished something."

"I have done what only a few others have done—and they are all of my own Ocean family."

"Oh, Mr. Sun, when you go to sleep tonight I think perhaps you may dream of the miles and miles and miles and miles and miles of ocean you've seen and you'll think how beautiful it is to see me in the morning when you get up and in the evening when you go to bed."

"Oh, no. Many travelers have said they would never know which was east and which was west when traveling at the ocean unless they saw you for they know you rise in the east and go to bed in the west bedroom side."

"Yes, you have an east morning dressing room, and a west bedroom for sleeping."

"It's of particular help to ocean travelers."

"But of Mr. Sun, no one has any idea of the ocean's generosity until they come and take a trip upon me and then they see how enormous I am and how perfectly enormously enormous!"

"That's the only way in which I can describe my size. And I call it penmanship to spread one's self out as I do."

Place for Summer Resorts

"What are the mountains for?" asked the teacher of the juvenile geography class.

"For summer resorts," answered the boy at the foot of the class.

Something to Think About

By F. A. WALKER

HELP YOURSELF

EVERYTHING beneath the sun is available to the deserving, so reach out your hands and help your self.

To be worthy you should be patient, industrious, persevering, charitable toward the weak, respectful to the strong.

You must overcome foolish pride and envy, be not afraid to ask your hands, but a veritable coward when it comes to the point where you are called upon to smother your soul.

Go forth with a heart full of faith and a loyal contentment.

Do not grumble if you happen to be in the lower ranks.

Think of the great men of today who came up from humble places and won distinction, whose names are written across the lands and seas in flaming letters.

Hold faith high above your head. Let its unflinching torch illuminate your path all through life and march on assured that the goal you have set your heart upon is just ahead.

Do not falter if your road should be difficult and your burden wearisome.

Difficulties are common obstacles. No one can get anything worth while without overcoming them.

Affirmance and power have their beginning in small things, both capable of being won by well-directed thought and effort.

They belong to the capable who are qualified to use them in the right way, not to the doubtful, inefficient and wavering, but to the courageous, the steadfast, who never admit defeat nor

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Your Last Name

IS IT CUSHING?

THE name of Cushing, well known in England and the United States, may be derived from Cushon, a place in France, though it may, in some instances, be derived from the French word for cousin. One authority on name origin has it, however, that the name is derived from an older name Cushon, from the French, meaning cousin, and that it is therefore an occupational name like Cook. Other forms of the same name are Cushon and Cushion.

The Americans of the name can trace their descent back to a period before America was discovered by Columbus. The first name and record are known as Thomas Cushing of Hartenham, England, whose will is dated 1406. His son, William, of Hingham, England, had a son of Hingham, and his son Peter was the father of Peter Cushing who was born in 1580, who came to this country with his wife Nazareth, settling in Boston in 1638. Later they moved to Hingham, Mass., named from the old home of the Cushings in England.

There have been many prominent Cushings in many different professions. William B. Cushing was a distinguished naval officer in the Civil War and Nathaniel Cushing was a

brave soldier in the Revolution. There was a Thomas Cushing noted as a statesman in the Revolution, and a Caleb Cushing, born in 1806, an able statesman in post-war days. He it was who confirmed the first treaty between the United States and China. Frank Hamilton Cushing was a noted ethnologist and Jonathan Cushing was a prominent educator.

Tiffany.—This is an old English name derived from the word once popularly used for Epiphany. Perhaps it was first adopted by one who was born in the season of Epiphany—just after Christmas.

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Mother's Cook Book

Few people rich or poor, make the most of what they possess. In their anxiety to increase the amount of meat for the future enjoyment, they are apt to lose sight of their responsibility for the present.—Lena Hunt.

PUDDINGS AND CAKE

It is during the cold weather we enjoy the puddings and cakes. The following is a famous pudding which the Navy chef prepared and shipped two tons of to America for holiday consumption.

English Plum Pudding.

Take twelve ounces of malaga raisins, the same of sultana raisins, currants, sweet and candied orange peel. Ten ounces of bread crumbs, nine ounces of flour, one ounce of preserved ginger chopped, four ounces of chopped apple, one ounce of chopped citron, one teaspoonful of salt, eight ounces of brown sugar six eggs and a cupful of milk. Mix and steam five hours. This recipe makes seven pounds of pudding.

Plum Pudding.

Put into a bowl one-half pound of finely chopped nut, the same of flour, and brown sugar, one-fourth of a pound of bread crumbs, one-fourth of a teaspoonful each of cinnamon, nutmeg, allspice, cloves and ginger. One-half pound of currants, one-fourth pound each of malaga raisins, lemon peel, citron and orange peel, all cut fine. One-half pint of heavy cream, one-fourth pint of grape juice or other two beaten eggs, the juice and grated rind of two lemons. Mix well, put into buttered molds and steam four hours. This keeps indefinitely. Reheat before serving.

Bishop Bread.

Take two cupfuls of brown sugar, one-half cupful of butter, four eggs added one at a time, one cake of sweet chocolate grated and mixed

turn their faces in the darkest hour from the sun of faith, shining always on every cross and care.

If you would help yourself to the best there is, keep track of your faults. If inclined to procrastinate, take a lesson from the tides, the revolving earth, never delaying or hurrying.

Be methodical, even though it may in the present day of haste and confusion be considered old-fashioned.

Train your mind to remember what your eyes see, keep your brain sensitized so that the impressions made upon it shall become permanent pictures to which you can turn when they may be needed.

Only what you can recollect in the vital moment is of any use to you, and in that moment, if you should fail to remember, your whole future might be blighted.

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Back there in boyhood days. The things they called me when a kid. Is sweeter than the praise. That any flatterer may give. Will help me more my life to live.

The last name is the name of age. The first the name of youth. I pray you, backward turn the page. To innocence and truth. When I was young, and were you, And call me what they used to do.

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THE PATTON CORNER

THE FIRST NAME

By DOUGLAS MALLORY

TO KNOW the fellow that I meet. And meet him with a smile. And not unknown to walk the street. Unnoticed all the while.

Oh, that's the road I want to go. I want to have a friend or two. To call the fellows "Peter" or "Bill." Not "Mister" all the time.

Will keep me younger on the hill. Of life I have to climb. Will make me feel a boy again. And do the same for other men.

To have men called me what they did. Back there in boyhood days. The things they called me when a kid. Is sweeter than the praise.

That any flatterer may give. Will help me more my life to live. The last name is the name of age. The first the name of youth.

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SCHOOL DAYS



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