

# OUR MAGAZINE SECTION

Interesting Features for the Entire Family

## Have You This Habit?

By Margaret Morrison

### THE JOY OF LIVING

**T**HIS little New England village of Puritan Crossroads didn't know what to make of Robert Adaire when, one fall after the summer people had left, he stayed on. For Robert Adaire was outside the ken of Puritan Crossroads. He wasn't serious, said the verdict.

That October, Prof. Alden Standish invited the doctor and Reginald Prince II, in to test his cicer; and the conversation as it had been doing for a month turned upon the newcomer.

"His good spirits!" said the doctor. "Merely excellent health!"

"Personally," put in Professor Standish, "I think he hasn't the brains to worry about anything—he doesn't know enough to feel sorrow."

"Some Celtic strain, if we knew his ancestry, I imagine," ended the heir of all the Princes,

Then Puritan Crossroads forgot all about Robert Adaire because the influenza reached them. The town was struck very hard, and the thick, foreign settlement down near the Prince mills was a plague spot. The town rolled up its sleeves and gritted its teeth and fell to work with good Puritan spirit. Everyone did his bit—it was a case of noblesse oblige. Professor Standish was therefore scandalized to find Robert Adaire joking with a dying Portuguese mill hand, whose temperature he was taking. But the workman would have no one near him except Adaire. Then the doctor discovered that Adaire's gait was a valuable medicine among his stricken families, and that when Adaire came his patients seemed to think it worth while to try to get well. So the un-serious Robert Adaire was worked night and day until he himself fell ill. Then Reginald Prince, who appreciated the work among his operations, went to see Adaire. The newcomer to Puritan Crossroads was in the worst throes of the disease. But he welcomed Prince with his usual amused smile.

"This is what I call knowing influenza from the inside," said he.

For days it was nip and tuck. The whole town seemed to have been thawed out by the warmth of his personality. Everyone, sooner or later during the day, came to hear that life was still flickering; and those three old friends—Alden Standish and the doctor and Prince—stayed by Adaire's ribald bedside.

They were talking in undertones. "It's his vitality," said the doctor, "that's so wonderful: he likes to know that he's alive; he wants to feel existence; he doesn't have to have a smooth road."

**S**omething to Think About

By F. A. WALKER

### IMPERFECTIONS

**S**O THINKING, the dogmatic young man or woman sallies forth to show the staid, sober elders at the head of large industries how to do things in a modern way.

Being fanatics, these young folk have no fear. They are sure of their ground, positive, too, that they can support their own unworthiness and march to victory with flying colors.

The young man with a literary bent will tell the old editor how to run a newspaper to please everybody and earn a million subscribers within a year.

He has given a great deal of thought to the subject and knows there is not a single flaw anywhere in his self-discovered theory.

The editor removes his glasses and gasps.

But he understands himself as he understands his newspaper.

He begins to be excused from the humiliating explanation of the fact, readjusts his tortoise-shells, settles down again to his work and chuckles good-naturedly as he beholds the swagger youth being shown the way out by a copy boy.

The impudent young man or woman

"He has no ulterior motives," said Professor Standish. "He does a thing because he wants to do it, not because it will get him something else."

But all three of them felt it was Prince who hit the bull's-eye.

"Robert Adaire has the habit of joie de vivre," said Prince. And perhaps it was joy of living that pulled Adaire through.

**HAVE YOU THIS HABIT?**

(By Metropolitan Newspaper Service.)

### The Young Lady Across the Way



The young lady across the way says she doesn't wonder, after what he did to Carpenter, that Jack Dempsey can't get anybody to wrestle with him.

(By McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

### SCHOOL DAYS



Hot Dog!

### Reflections of a Bachelor Girl

### WHAT WILL YOU DO TO LIFE?

By DOUGLAS MALLOCH

**W**HAT will you do to life, I wonder?

It isn't much that the world requires. You will sometimes fall, you will sometimes blunder.

You will sometimes follow the wrong desires;

But, if one coal to the watchman's fires.

You add that will make the highway brighter,

If your heart, your hand, your help, inspires;

One traveler; makes one burden lighter,

It is well you lived, it is well you do,

Though little or much life brings to you,

What will you do to life, I wonder?

It isn't much that the world requires,

That we follow on, that we follow under

The splendid flag of our splendid sires

And, when the arm of the elder tires,

We lift the banner and never waver,

That the race may be, when the day expires,

A little better, a little braver,

Not what you have—it is what you do,

That really matters the most to you.

What will you do to life, I wonder?

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