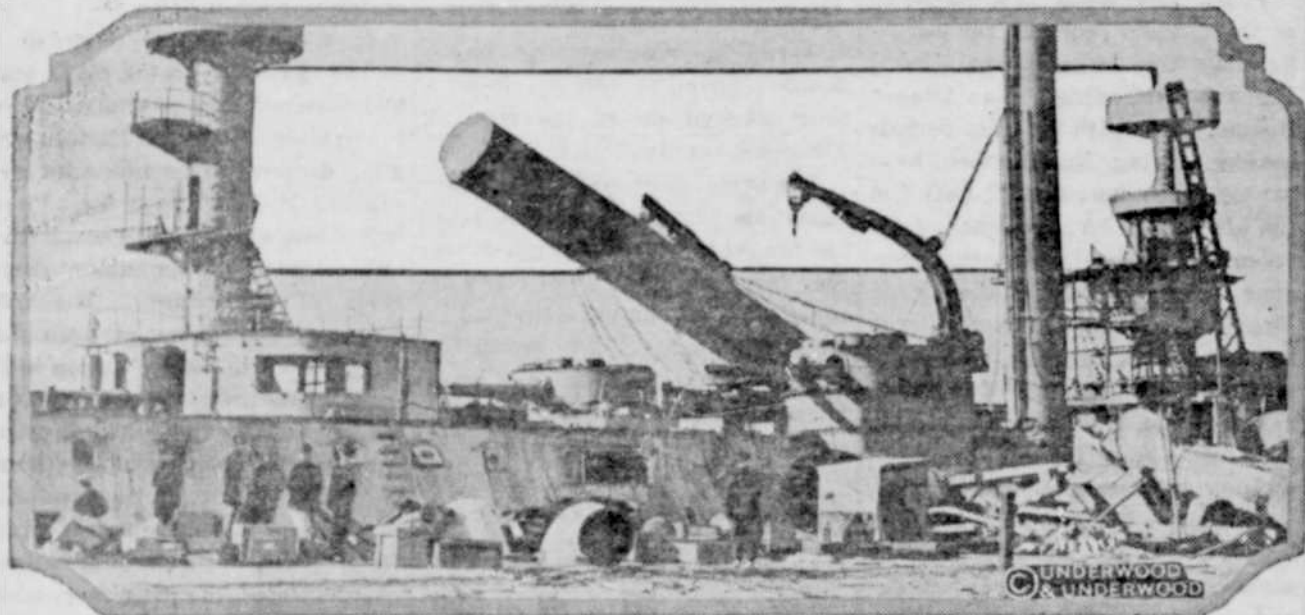


20,000 Mennonites in Exodus to Mexico



Recently the Canadian government and the Mennonites, a religious sect, came to legal blows. The high priests of the Mennonites ordered their followers to sell their thousands of acres of the richest farming land in Manitoba and take up homesteads in Chihuahua, Mexico. The migration follows the refusal of the Mennonites to take up arms during the World war. Moving in special trains, carrying people, live stock, farm and household effects, the first of the 20,000 are now on their way. The picture shows Abraham Wolf, leader of the caravan, and his family.

Once Pride of Navy Being Scrapped



The U. S. S. Brooklyn is being scrapped. This cruiser was once the pride of the navy and was Admiral Schley's flagship at the battle of Santiago, Cuba, July 3, 1898, in which the ship played a leading part in the destruction of the Spanish fleet. War veterans, out of work, are wrecking the ship which cost \$5,000,000 and has been sold to a junk dealer for \$40,000.

The Royal Honeymooners



Princess Mary of England and her husband, Viscount Lascelles, enjoying a short walk in the gardens of Weston park, where they spent part of their honeymoon.

Yardman Is Now Director



John W. McElroy, yardman of the Philadelphia Rapid Transit company at his work. McElroy was recently elected a director of the company.

Something to Think About

By F. A. WALKER

EXERCISING THE WILL

NOTHING is more fatal to growth of will than that form of indolence which shrinks from trial and experiment.

The person who is confronted by a new perplexity, loses his or her self-reliance and in despair cries, "what shall I do," is not destined to go very far afield in the creation of song or story or in the crafts.

He must, like boats, keep near the shore and be ever ready to scud into the harbor.

All the achievements in the arts and sciences result from exercising an individual will and strengthening it in difficult situations.

The practice of doing things habitually, as a bookkeeper adds a column of figures or a typist rattles off a routine letter, increases speed and contributes a certain quality of efficiency, but it does not by any manner of means improve the volitional power.

No new or original force is brought into play.

The mind functions from habit without any strain, unconscious of exertion. Mere habit is the impelling power which if persisted in for a long time weakens the will and eventually retards progress and originality.

The men and women who rise to the heights are those who every day exercise their will-power in new spheres. In their self-appointed occupations they call up their reserve strength, whip their brains to a faster gait and discipline their resolution.

They think and act for themselves, master their own problems by perseverance and mount step by step to places where rewards are largest and honors are unblemished.

They early learned how to depend on themselves by reasoning and using their judgment. They dug down to basic principles and discovered the "whys and wherefores."

Then followed a robustness and an ability of mind which developed will-power of the highest order.

And this high-powered will is available to all who will drill themselves to hard work and avoid slothful habits.

This special exercise of the intellect which is necessary to expand the will may be irksome at first, but if persisted in it becomes in a little while exhilarating and carries us forward at a wonderful pace without wearying in the least.

If you would test this to your own satisfaction and advantage, try it for a month and note at the end of that time how you have improved in mentality and self-reliance.

(Copyright.)

The Friendly Path

By Walter I. Robinson

THE WILD FLOWERS

SAVE the wild flowers.

Slowly, but surely, many of the most beautiful species of blooms are disappearing. Constantly those who love them carelessly pull them up by the roots, or the uncaring destroy them with little less than criminal intent. Virtually nothing is being done to give them lengthened lives.

Yet there are thousands who find some of the greatest pleasure in tramping through the woods and fields and viewing the fragrant beauties in their native haunts. God was kind in giving us so many varieties to enhance the landscape and make the world more beautiful. And those who love the wildflowers would be remiss in their duty to themselves and their fellows if they did not use every possible influence to have the floral species preserved.

Some may contend that nothing of material value is to be gained by exertions designed to prevent the flowers from being wiped out. They are wrong. Aside from the purely esthetic side of such work, it is of great importance to the education of the children who come after us. But of still greater importance is the influence the flowers will have on the lives of the people.

No one can look upon things which are beautiful without feeling more happy, or without a higher appreciation of God's greatness and recognizing that man is small. No one can spend part of his time admiring the flowers and breathing their fragrance without experiencing a thrill of enjoyment or without thinking better thoughts and feeling a desire to make his own work more nearly perfect. We, therefore, should be more thankful for the millions of blossoms so frequently trampled underfoot, and there should be greater effort to keep them blooming along all pathways.

A movement to preserve the species of wildflowers is taking practical form in one of the big cities of the United States. Through the influence of nature lovers, park officials have set aside a part of one of the public parks for a wildflower preserve.

Every community would assure greater happiness for its people by protecting these beautiful works of God.

(Copyright.)

The SANDMAN STORY

THE LITTLE FAIRY

THERE was once upon a time a little fairy who helped all children play make-believe, and I expect that same little fairy is about today if people would only give it a chance.

This particular little fairy Make-believe, crept through the keyhole of the door to a house where there lived two poor children, named Mary and Johnny, and they were trying hard to play at make-believe, for there was no food in the pantry or fuel for the stove.

Their mother had to work all day and Mary and Johnny wanted to make her think they were happy when she came home at night, so they talked

home of her old friend Jack Frost and asked his help.

She did not ask him not to make it colder by coming down from his home up in Northland. She asked him to come that very night and paint on the windows of the house in which the children live all the lovely pictures he could before morning.

Then she ran to another home where the people had plenty and to spare, and this sly little fairy crept into their hearts and nestled so close that the man put on his fur coat and while the children slept he came, with a basket of food and left it at their home.

The next morning while Mary and Johnny were just opening their eyes there came a man with a big load of wood and coal which the same nice man had ordered who brought the food, for you see it was at his house that the mother of Mary and Johnny worked every day.

"You see, Johnny, that all we played make-believe about yesterday came true," said Mary. "I am so glad we did not let mother know we were hungry."

"We did not get any beautiful pictures," said Johnny, "and we made-believe we had those just the same as the other things."

Mary thought for a moment and then her eyes fell upon the wonderful paintings Jack Frost had made in the night. "Look," she said, pointing to the windows, "there is a beautiful castle and away up in the tower I expect there lives a beautiful princess."

"See all the mountains around the castle and the flowers like daisies growing out at the top. Below is a little lake and a swan sailing about, and beyond is the forest, and through it will come the prince who is to rescue the princess from the tower."

Johnny opened his eyes wide at first when Mary began the story, but before she had come to the prince part Johnny saw, too, what she did, and again the little fairy Make-believe came through the keyhole of the door and crept close beside them.

And so some day when you cannot go out to play, find a window where Jack Frost has been at work and see if you cannot find wonderful things just as did Mary and Johnny.

(Copyright.)

THE RIGHT THING at the RIGHT TIME

By MARY MARSHALL DUFFEE

CAN YOU—?

THERE are certain things that every one who wishes to be well bred should learn how to do—certain things that one should master in order to establish smooth sailing on the sea of social intercourse.

Can you, for instance, glibly and without embarrassment introduce two strangers? Do you know how to introduce a business friend to your wife, your wife to the wife of a business friend, your son to your employer, your mother to the mother of a friend? None of these introductions should be worded the same, each calls for slight modification.

Can you, for instance, offer your seat to a woman in a crowded car in the proper way? Do you know the rules for good form when walking with a woman acquaintance in the crowded street of a city?

Can you word a letter asking a young woman to go with you to a dance, or, if you are a young woman, can you word a letter politely accepting or declining an invitation from a young man to a dance?

Now, all these seem like simple things to do, but they are things that sometimes baffle even persons who have had an opportunity to observe social usages. Stop and ask yourself if you can do them. They are the sort of thing that failure to understand sometimes causes no end of embarrassment when the time comes.

(Copyright.)

A LINE O' CHEER

By John Kendrick Bangs.

THE OLD DAYS

I WONDER if the Old Days came again. As oftentimes we mortals pray they may. We'd live them as we lived before, for pain Or joy, according to the special day?

For me the good that lay in olden days. Lost in the hurry of the onward flight. I still may find, I'm sure, in coming ways That lie beyond the curtains of Tonight.

And for their ills, the lessons that they taught. Will shield my path from many a lurking sorrow— And if of Old Days my New Days be wrought I'll find them born again in my Tomorrow.

(Copyright.)

"What's in a Name?"

By MILDRED MARSHALL

Facts about your name; its history; meaning; whence it was derived; significance; your lucky day and lucky jewel

PATTY

THE charming name of Patty is not a diminutive of Patricia as is popularly supposed, but comes, curiously enough, from Martha. For that reason it means 'becoming bitter,' despite the fact that it has always been bestowed on the sweetest heroines of classic fiction.

Patty has a certain sacred significance since it is derived from the Martha who was one of the sisters of Bethany. It was she who is said to have destroyed by the sheer power of her faith a fire-breathing dragon which attacked her family while they were on a pilgrimage. Although she is popularly supposed to have been the sister of Mary Magdalen, there is some doubt among historians on this score.

But however it may be, Martha was the forerunner of Patty and gives to the latter name, not only a religious flavor, but a good old-fashioned name, which has become almost synonymous with domesticity. A curious fact in her evolution is that she was derived through Russia where Martha became Marfa under Slavic influence. The name was so much used by the daughters of the Imperial family, that it was necessary for England, and later America, to evolve Patty as an endearment.

Ireland set the seal of approval upon Patty, preferring it to Martha, whose only survival is in "Mab," queen of the Fairies. France rejects Patty, but uses Marthe and Marthon. Marth is the Italian version.

Patty's talismanic gem is coral. It will give her strength, wisdom, and bodily health, according to old superstition. But if she breaks a bit of her coral, it's power vanishes as if the spirit imprisoned within had fled. Tuesday is Patty's lucky day and 7 her lucky number.

(Copyright.)

