

Unforgotten

By GRACE E. HALL

DO YOU think of me sometimes,
you who went
On an alien path ere our love grew
cold?
Out in the spaces where you have won
To the heights that you dreamed of,
have you done
Such deeds as have made you more
content
Than you were in our love of old?

Do you think of me sometimes, where
you are,
And wish you had held to the other
way?
Those high-flying trails—are they all
you crave?
Do they yield the sweetness our young
love gave?
You fastened your wagon to a star—
Does it brighten your every day?

Oh! I warm my heart by that youth-
time fire
When the breath of the years grows
chill;
And always I wonder if you recall
That white-hot flame, when the shad-
ows fall—
Do the heights suffice for your soul's
desire?
Do they warm like our first love's
thrill?

Do you think of me sometimes, dear,
out, there,
Where the trails lead high and you
longed to go?
I could not forget if I tried! I keep
My faith with you ever, awake, asleep;
And sometimes I call, and it is a
prayer—
Do you hear my voice on the warm
night air
Ever, when soft winds blow?
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Something to Think About

By F. A. WALKER

DISCONTENT

THERE are those who are contin-
ually complaining about some mys-
terious power which is holding them
back. They begin to grumble at the
breakfast table and keep airing their
discontent until night, when their
mood changes and they don their best
clothes and hurry away for their cus-
tomary frolic.

These are the individuals who pile
upon the backs of humanity its heav-
iest burdens of unhappiness. They are
always out of step, lagging behind,
contentious, gruff-voiced and ill-hu-
mored.

They would like to sit in the high
places, give orders, read the law of
deportment to subordinates, but they
lack the spirit to make themselves
capable, so they keep scuffling along
their gloomy way and acquiring bear-
ish dispositions.

It involves too much work, too many
deprivations of things which they con-
sider essential to their body-comfort,
so they loiter along through the best
years of their life, envious, unruly and
wretched.

When the awakening comes, as it
eventually does, they find themselves
so enslaved to pernicious habits that
they are powerless to break away.
Their customary diversions have lost
their lure. Old associates with whom
they idled their precious years have
disappeared. There is nothing ahead
but blankness and emptiness.

Study and books are a bore. Any-
thing that calls for thought or fixed
attention of the mind cannot be en-
dured. They never meditate, never
reach out for the great, glorious ideals
which have been hovering around them
all their life, begging recognition and
acceptance.

If you would not be among these
hapless souls when the shadows be-
gin to lengthen, seek while you are
yet in the flower of youth to improve
yourself. Make the start today.

You cannot hope to achieve and at-
tain except by hard work, long solitary
hours of study and constructive re-
flections.

At the top there is boundless room
for the faithful. The air is large and
free and inspiring. The world is call-
ing for creative thinkers, offering them
her richest treasures and highest hon-
ors. Heed the call while youth flushes
your cheek. Press forward, keep going
and help yourself.

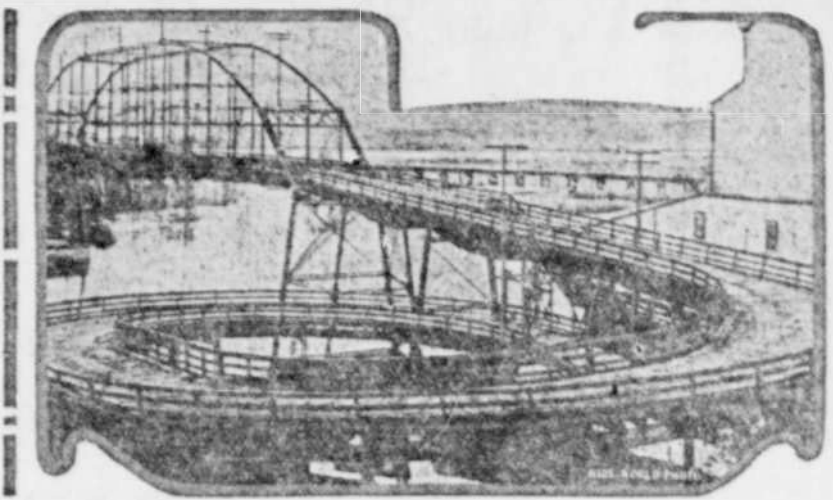
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ONCE IS ENOUGH

WELL, I'LL SEE YOU—
WHAT HAVE YOU
GOT?



Unique Feat of Bridge Engineers



When the bridge across the Mississippi river at Hastings, Minn., was built it was found there was not space for the usual long approach. So the engineers designed a spiral approach, as shown in the photograph.

Angora Plans Islam's Reform

New Turk Leaders Realize That Modern Economic Existence Makes Changes Necessary.

Constantinople.—Five times a day, above the modern tumult of the Grande Rue de Pera, Constantinople's most Europeanized thoroughfare, there rises in monotonous recitative a shrill, far voice. "Come to prayer," it chants, "Come to prayer, come to prayer! I bear witness that there is no God but God! I bear witness that Mahomet is the prophet of God! Come to salvation! God is great!"

The voice is all but drowned in the clanging of electric cars, the tooting of automobile horns; the crowds that press along the narrow sidewalks—Armenians, Greeks, Jews, Russians, Western soldiers and civilians of all nations—heed it not; and you may pass the place a hundred times without even noticing the minaret of the little old mosque, dwarfed and hidden between tall new houses, whence the muezzin sends forth his exhortation.

Between this voice with its spiritual message and the unheeding multitude bent on the business and pleasures of modern life lies all the depth of the apparently unbridgeable abyss that divides Islam as hallowed by the traditions of centuries from Western civilization. Five times a day the Moslem is commanded to interrupt his daily work to say his prayers and perform the prescribed ablutions that precede them, losing in the process, at a moderate estimate, five out of the ten hours of the normal working day.

Teachings of Priest.
In the mosque the priest will teach him that it is a mortal sin to lend money at interest, in other words to engage in any kind of banking business, and that all the future events of his life, whether fortunate or unfortunate, are preordained by God, thus stifling whatever spirit of enterprise he may possess.

It is the realization of the fact that the precepts of Islam in their present form have become irreconcilable with the conditions of modern economic existence which has inspired the leaders of new Turkey with the great plan of religious reform they are at present engaged in carrying out at Angora.

Islam still represents a tremendous political force, and Mustafa Kemal and his associates are keenly alive to the great future possibilities which lie open to Turkey as the strongest independent Mohammedan power. They know perfectly well that the extraordinary successes they achieved in their struggle against the allies at Mudania and Lausanne were not due to fear of their little army in Anatolia, however excellently led and organized it might be, but to the far greater menace exerted by the solidarity of the Moslem world against the colonial interests of England and France.

The British dared not risk war with Turkey because of the effect on India and Egypt, on the Afghans and Arabs. This dread of the European colonial powers, and particularly of Britain, has dominated and will for a long time to come continue to dominate the entire situation in the Near East, and the Turkish leaders naturally wish to exploit it to the utmost by infusing fresh blood into the veins of Islam and welding the Moslem world as closely as possible together under Turkey's leadership. The reform they contemplate has therefore a threefold aim: To bring Islam into harmony with modern economic civilization, to intensify its spiritual influence by restoring it to its original purity and to consolidate its political prestige and power.

Reforms Cause Anxiety.
It is not surprising that the European powers with colonial interests in Africa and Asia are inclined to view this reform of Islam with extreme anxiety and to attempt to discredit it. Officially inspired prophets have darkly predicted that it must infallibly sow incalculable dissensions among the Moslem world—as if this were not exactly what European diplomacy is most anxiously hoping will happen! As a matter of fact the modernization of Islam has been authorized by Mahomet himself, who expressly says in the Koran that the time may come when it will be necessary to modify his precepts in order to suit altered conditions.

Furthermore, many of the changes advocated by the reform committee

constituted by the grand national assembly at Angora are not innovations at all, but merely a restoration of the primitive doctrine of Islam, which, like other religions, has suffered in the course of time through the interpretations of zealous theologians.

Thus the first important measure taken by the Angora reformers, the election of the Caliph by the representatives of the people after the deposition of the ex-sultan, is entirely in accordance with the democratic conception of the Caliphate as held by Mahomet and his immediate successors. It has, therefore, completely failed to awaken that storm of protest so eagerly anticipated by the ex-sultan's European protectors and has been accepted and recognized as a legal act by the Moslems of all lands.

Similarly, the ban against taking interest for loans, which has paralyzed Turkish business activity in the past, appears to be based on an erroneous interpretation of the Koran, which in reality only prohibits usury. It is certain that this interdiction will be eliminated by the reform committee, and there are already today three purely Turkish banks operating in Constantinople.

When the Turks of all classes realize that it is no longer incompatible with their religion to engage in banking business they will be better able to compete with their Greek and Armenian neighbors, and the chief source of racial strife in Turkey will be gradually removed.

Another less vital but equally significant transformation has been effected as regards the Moslem interdiction of representing the human face or figure, which was inspired by Mahomet's dread of idolatry, but is absolutely out of date now. Even Turks of the lowest classes no longer evince any dislike of being photographed, and the national assembly has stamped its approval on their tolerance by decreeing the erection of an equestrian statue of Mustafa Kemal in Angora, the first monument of its kind in Turkey, though several already exist in Egypt.

May Heal Old Feuds.

The measures taken by the Nationalist leaders to restore the primitive austerity of Islam, far from creating dissensions among the Moslem races, are calculated to heal many old feuds. The introduction of prohibition in Turkey, which is entirely in accordance with the teaching of the prophet, has made a deep impression on the Wahabists and Senussis, the two great puritanical and warlike Arab nations, who until now hated and despised the Turks as "bad Mohammedans." The anti-luxury legislation of Angora cannot fail likewise to appeal strongly to these puritans of the desert, who do not even smoke or drink coffee and among whom even the wearing of silk and of gold or silver ornaments is forbidden.

A great step toward the reconciliation of Arabs and Turks, whose enmity has so far been the cornerstone of European diplomacy in the Near East, has thus been taken by the Angora government, and ere long its consequences may become alarmingly apparent.

The pan-Islamic movement, inaugurated by the astute Abdul Hamid, has found a new center in Angora, and it is being now conducted by young, ambitious men with modern ideas, who have all the daring courage inspired by their conviction that their country has emerged victorious out of a ten years' struggle.

The great sheik of the Senussis, whose power is a serious menace to Italy's colonies in Africa, is the constant guest of Mustafa Kemal, upon whom he conferred a sword of honor after the victory of the Sangarios, and is now on the borders of Mosul, using his influence over the Arabs of Mesopotamia to pave the way for a Turkish invasion in case of war. Ambassadors from Persia and Afghanistan have been accredited in Angora, and delegations representing the various nationalist parties of India and Egypt have made it their headquarters.

The ambition of all these Eastern patriots is to follow Turkey's example by setting up "national pacts" of their own and forcing their acceptance upon the European powers in the same manner as the successful Turks. Already it is reported that the Arabs of Tripoli have adopted a national pact after the

Turkish pattern, by which they pledge themselves to free their country absolutely from Italian domination.

Where Diplomacy Fails.

To meet this menace of rejuvenated, modernized Islam, European diplomacy has so far proved impotent to invent any new method of defense. It is following its antiquated policy of seeking to divide the Moslem world by subterranean intrigues. England, after staging the deposed sultan's flight from Constantinople to Malta, has sent him on a British warship to Mecca, where it appears that the refugee has been received with all the honors due to the true caliph by Hussein, king of the Hedjaz and guardian of the Holy Places of Islam.

Both Hussein and the emir of Nedj, the ruler of the Wahabists, are recipients of large "subsidies" from the British treasury, which accounts for the ready hospitality they have afforded to the discredited, half-witted ex-caliph. It remains to be seen, however, how long they will be able to conceal from their ignorant subjects the fact that all the rest of the Moslem world has recognized and pledged allegiance to the new caliph, Abdul Medjid, in Constantinople, elected by the national assembly of Turkey.

Most Eastern experts with whom I have spoken are of the opinion that when the truth dawns upon the Arabs of Nedj and the Hedjaz, this astute scheme of setting up a rival caliph will come to naught and the whole of Arabia will once more look toward Constantinople for spiritual, and inevitably also political, guidance.

While the Turkish leaders have divested the caliphate of its temporal power, they are making every effort to enhance its popular prestige as an important factor in the revival of Islam. With Oriental pomp, unseen since Abdul Hamid's time, the new caliph goes to pray every Friday in a different mosque, driving in an open carriage with four horses and outriders, preceded by his bodyguard in splendid uniforms and followed by a brilliant suite, keeping in the public eye as much as possible in order to revive the religious fanaticism of the multitude. The decrepit ex-sultan, hidden among his women in the unapproachable palace of Dolma-Bagiche, was a tragic-comic figure, held up to ridicule by Turks of all classes.

The new caliph, a highly educated, aristocratic prince in the prime of life, and of austere morals, thoroughly in accordance with his elevated religious dignity, is rapidly becoming a really popular spiritual leader. It is not impossible that his seat may soon be transferred from Constantinople to Angora, whither the "sacred relics" and other treasures of the seraglio have already been secretly removed, and if so, measures will probably be taken to have his election by the Turkish national assembly ratified by a special congress of delegates from all Moslem countries.

Islam a Political System.

Islam is not merely a religion, but also a political system. All modern investigators of Eastern unrest agree that Moslems are better fitted to embrace and put into practice the precepts of democracy than other Orientals, because the principles of democratic government are contained in the Koran.

It would be difficult indeed to find, outside of the United States, a more democratic regime than that prevailing in Angora today, where the deputies of the national assembly have refused the ratification of the peace project elaborated by the cabinet after weeks of stormy debate. Under the same circumstances any European parliament, and particularly the British house of commons, would have blindly endorsed the treaty submitted to it in a few hours. True democracy has its diplomatic drawbacks, but it seems unfair to accuse the Turks of Oriental procrastination because the national assembly of Turkey happens to be acting very much like the American senate.

In Scutari, on the Asiatic shore of the Bosphorus opposite Constantinople, there is a celebrated "tekke" or monastery of howling dervishes, which in pre-war days used to attract large crowds of foreign tourists. Tourists don't go there any more now, because they fear their presence may awaken the fanaticism of its devotees—an entirely groundless apprehension, for the dervishes, being really ecstatically sincere seekers after the divine spirit, are the most tolerant of all Moslems.

Not long ago the writer was a spectator at their weird service. By the constant and ever increasingly violent repetition of the name of God the dervishes had worked themselves up as usual to the highest pitch of religious exaltation, when a nationalist officer in full uniform, who was standing beside me, suddenly rushed into their midst with a wild "Allah-hoo-ooo" and joined in their exercises, outtelling the loudest, until he collapsed on the floor with the rest, foaming at the mouth, in an autohypnotic trance.

The scene was a revelation of the immense spiritual force yet dwelling in Islam, and of the strange things we may live to see if the nationalist leaders of Turkey succeed in using it to shape the economic and political destinies of the East.—New York Herald.

Broken Ankle Is Only Result of Long Fall

New York.—Joe Viola, five 11½-year-old, fell five stories from the roof of his home at 228 East Ninety-seventh street with no more serious results than a fractured ankle. The child lost his balance while playing on the roof. He struck four sets of clotheslines while falling, bounding from one to the next, and landed on his feet.

SCHOOL DAYS



Uncommon Sense

By JOHN BLAKE

AT CROSS ROADS

CROSS roads are dangerous places. In the Great War allied and German soldiers alike shunned all points where roads crossed. When a motor truck or an ambulance or an ambulance wagon neared such a point, the driver put on full speed and rushed past in the direction he had decided to follow.

There was no hesitating and wavering, backing and filling. This was because it was just about as dangerous to stand at a cross roads in the combat zone as it is to stand on a railroad track. If you stood long enough at the cross roads a shell would hit you. If you stood long enough on a railroad track a train would hit you.

The cross roads of life are just as dangerous as were the cross roads in Flanders and France.

When you come to a parting of the ways, make up your mind quickly which is the right way to go, and go.

Sooner or later you will come to a situation where you can save yourself a lot of trouble by departing from your usual rule of truthfulness and telling a lie.

That is a cross roads.

If you linger at it, wondering which way to turn, vacillating between the two courses, the chances are greater that you will take the wrong road—the road of the lie.

Your first impulse will be to take the course of truth. You will know it is the right road. Don't stand at the cross roads. Go full speed down the route you know is the right one. Next time you come to a cross roads with the same signs displayed, it will be easier to keep right on going.

And if you select the road of truth you will come to fewer puzzling corners than you will on the road to lies. It will be much easier to stay on the right road than to get back to it. Sometimes it is impossible to get back.

The same thing will be true of every road parting which you encounter. To linger there will be dangerous. To wobble back and forth between the two routes will mean that you are liable to be engulfed in a disastrous chain of circumstances before you have made your move. It is just like the soldier who stands at the cross roads until a shell searches him out and its explosion destroys him.

The arduous shelled all cross roads at frequent intervals because they knew that somebody was likely to be there, either because of congested traffic or because of indecision as to which way to go.

Chief among your enemies are your own weaknesses and habits. They will deliberately attack you while you are at the parting of the ways.

Do not loiter there.

(© by John Blake.)

Volcano Goes on Strike.

For the first time in history, perhaps, men are eager for a volcano to belch forth flame and gas. The volcano in question is one of the largest in the Hawaiian Islands. The men who want to see it in action are scientists. They have traveled a long distance from overseas, but the volcano now refuses to perform. The scientists are bent on analyzing volcanic gases and this particular volcano has poured forth incandescent gases which they wish to observe, and have taken with them a spectroscopic instrument that they may study the gases at long range. Obviously it is not practicable to bottle the hot gases and so study them in the laboratory.

And That's That.

Henpecke—Oh, life isn't worth living.

Flubdub—Cheer up. Nothing is so bad that it couldn't be worse. Even you must have something to be thankful for.

Henpecke—Yes, I suppose I might have been a bigamist.—New York Sun.

Mother's Cook Book

When Eve brought woe to all mankind, Old Adam called her woman. When she wooed with love so kind He then pronounced her woman. But now with folly and with pride Their husband's pockets trimmings The women are so full of whims That men pronounce them wimmen.

SEA MOSS AND ITS USES

SEA moss or carrageen is not well enough known to any but our New England friends, who have used and enjoyed it for years. The whitish sea weed which has the pleasant tang of salt water may be gathered freely on the coast or may be purchased at stores in various places. A pound goes a long way as a substitute for gelatin, sage and rennet.

Of course in its preparation it should be carefully washed in several waters, until every individual piece is clean. Tie the moss in a piece of cheesecloth or put into a small bag, drop it into the milk and cook for a half hour, or until the sea moss is well softened. Remove the moss, add such flavoring as desired with sugar to sweeten. A good flavor is orange, almond or caramel, while honey is also good; a plain unflavored blanc mange served with maple syrup is especially delicious. A bit of salt, a few chopped almonds with almond extract makes a dainty dessert.

Peach Pudding.

Add one-third of a cupful of sea moss to one quart of milk and cook for half an hour in a double boiler. If fresh peaches are to be used add two or three crushed peach kernels to the milk or three peach leaves, strain and partly cool, add one stiffly-beaten egg white, four tablespoonfuls of coconut, a little salt and one-fourth of a cupful of peach jam. If fresh peaches are used add sugar to sweeten and heap the sliced peaches in the center of a dish, cover with marshmallow cream or whipped cream and surround with the blanc mange. There are any number of combinations which will prove most delightful, using the sea moss as the foundation with milk.

Nellie Maxwell
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THE ROMANCE OF WORDS

"PICNIC"

DURING the early years of the past century it was customary for those who were invited to an outdoor entertainment to bring their own refreshments. A list of what was considered necessary would be made out and passed around among the guests, and each person would agree to furnish a certain portion of the repast, the name of each article being then crossed, or nicked, off the list. For this reason, this form of what the French refer to as fete champetre became known as a "pick-and-nick," referring to the selection or picking of the various articles and the crossing them off upon the card, and, through the usual contraction, the central word was dropped and the term shortened to "picnic."

Though this word does not appear to have been used prior to 1802, outdoor entertainments of this nature were common during the two centuries which preceded. Mainwaring, in a letter dated November 22, 1613, describes a birthday party for the Prince of Wales, at which "every man did bring his dish of meat." "Sir George Yonge's invention," adds the writer, "was four huge brawny pigs, piping hot and harrowed with ropes of sausages, all tied in a monstrous bag pudding."

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