

Uncommon Sense

By JOHN BLAKE

LEARN TO AIM

BEFORE the soldier is permitted to shoot his rifle he is taught to aim it. Over and over again he must practice holding his weapon, and sighting it.

It is discouraging work. With the target before him the recruit naturally wants to try to hit it.

But to permit him to fire too soon would be fatal to his efficiency. He will never shoot well unless he first learns to shoot correctly.

And the long drill in holding the rifle properly, and aiming it properly is never wasted.

These rules are as necessary in life as they are on the rifle range.

It is easy enough to aim high, but it is not easy to reach your target.

Before you actually set out to accomplish your ambition you must learn how to accomplish it. This means long and often uninteresting toil, but without it all your aiming at the target will be useless.

There can be no success without training, severe and continuous.

You can no more become a bank president without learning how to be

Misunderstanding

By GRACE E. HALL

YOU'RE far away tonight, my dearie, dearie,
The sunshine has been mocking me all day;
I've strained my eyes 'til they are weary, weary,
Longing to see you passing by this way;
Within my heart a pain is growing, growing,
The truth insists that I shall heed and know
That further still you're ever going, going,
And oh, I love you dearie, love you so!

The world is very cold, my dearie, dearie,
Outside the magic circle of your arms;
My heart is pleading to be cheery, cheery,
Safe locked against your breast from all alarms;
The tears persist tonight in falling, falling,
The breezes whimper of an unknown woe,
And 'cross the silence I am calling, calling—
Come back to me, I love you, love you so!

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Uncommon Sense

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TELLING YOUR BOSS

THE man who hires you thinks he knows how to run his business. He may be wrong, but that is what he thinks.

Also he believes he knows what he wants you to do. Again he may be in error, but such, notwithstanding, is his belief.

It may be easy for you to tell the boss where he is mistaken in many things, but don't do it.

It may hurt his feelings in the first place, and it may hurt his opinion of you in the second place.

For most men who have risen to a position which enables them to hire other men have a very strong belief in themselves. And they naturally will think more of men who agree with them than of men who differ.

We sometimes hear young men in fits of anger "telling the boss where he gets off," although not as often as we hear them say that this is what they do.

But we never saw one who gained any advantage by it.

If you are right about a thing, and know you are right, it is very well to prove it—provided it will do the business any good.

But unless you can save your employer a lot of money by showing him that he is wrong, you'd better refrain from doing so.

Men don't like to be put in the wrong, and they like still less to be proved in the wrong. And bosses, like the rest of us, are only men, after all, with men's weaknesses and failings.

If you're hired as a consultant, you are selling your opinion, and can give it with immunity. But if you are hired as an assistant, charged with carrying out orders, it will do you no harm to carry out orders exactly as given—no harm at all.

Carry them out as well as you can, asking only such questions as are necessary, and believing that to carry them out is just at that time the most important thing in the world.

If you will do that repeatedly the boss will have to promote you, whether he wants to or not, because if he doesn't somebody else will find out about you and hire you.

With hundreds of people hunting for exceptionally competent men nobody can hide you. But if you begin by showing the boss how much better you can run the business than he can, you will never have a chance to prove your confidence, for you never will be given anything important to do.

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THE CHURCH MOUSE

LITTLE MISS MOUSIE lived all alone in one corner of the big church, that is, she did until one day she spied Mr. Tim Mouse wandering about the church.

"How did you get in here?" asked Miss Mousie. "This is my church and no other mouse has ever lived here."

Then Mr. Mouse told a fib. "I came in to call on you, Miss Mousie," he replied.

Mr. Mouse had come in through a hole he found under the church steps and after wandering about in the church had decided that it was a very nice place to live, no traps, no pussies and plenty of space to run about.

"How trim and smart you look in your gray clothes," said the clever Mr. Mouse. "Your eyes look brighter than those of the pantry mice and your figure is much more graceful."

"Now what do you say, Miss Mousie, if we get married and I come here to live with you, for I know of no other place that would make so nice a home."

Miss Mousie was very much pleased by all these compliments, so she hung her head and pawed with one tiny foot

at the soft carpet, but if she was silly enough to be flattered she also had a wise little head and in a second she realized it and looked at Mr. Mouse.

"You have never lived in a church, have you?" she asked.

Mr. Mouse had to confess he never had and Miss Mousie told him there were many things that had to be lived up to in a church that did not matter at all in a pantry.

"You may not do at all for the husband of a church mouse," said Miss



"What Do You Say, Miss Mousie, if We Get Married?"

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"You may not do at all for the husband of a church mouse," said Miss

Mousie, "so I will tell you what we will do. You will live in the cupboard at the back of the church where the books are kept for a week and then I will give you my answer."

Mr. Mouse did not mind in the least doing this. What he wanted was to make his home in the church, so he ran into the cupboard and that was the last he saw of Miss Mousie for a week.

But Miss Mousie saw him every day and at the end of the week she had decided that he would not do at all for the husband of so refined a creature as a church mouse.

"Such manners and such taste," said Miss Mousie to herself as she ran about eating the crumbs and making the place tidy every day when Mr. Mouse ran out for a while. "No, he won't do at all and I will wait and tell him so this very day."

Pretty soon Mr. Mouse returned carrying a piece of cheese which he dropped when he saw Miss Mousie primly seated by the cupboard door.

The smell of the cheese almost caused Miss Mousie to change her mind, but she remembered that she was an aristocratic church mouse and above being tempted by such things as mere food.

"Well, when shall we get married?" asked Mr. Mouse, never dreaming that Miss Mousie could refuse to marry him, he was so plump and handsome.

"I deeply appreciate the honor, Mr. Mouse, but I cannot marry you," said Miss Mousie. "I find you are not fitted to become a church mouse."

"In the first place, you do not seem to care for nibbling books and old paste, but run to the pantry every day and bring back all sorts of queer things, making the place most untidy."

"If it had not been for me, the sexton would have had you in a trap long ago, for you were easy to track by the crumbs you dropped about. No, Mr. Mouse, we must part and at once."

Mr. Mouse was so surprised that he forgot to pick up his piece of cheese, or perhaps the sexton, who saw him and threw his broom, made him leave it. Anyway, he ran into the hole and out of the church and never returned.

Miss Mousie, when all was still again, crept out from under a pew and nibbled at the cheese. "I must say," she murmured, "the food of those common pantry mice is rather nice; but I am sure I should soon lose my trim figure if I ate it all the time. A church mouse has much to live up to and many sacrifices to make."

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Something to Think About

By F. A. WALKER

MENTAL EXPLOSIONS

IF BY any chance you should fall into the lamentable habit of becoming truculent, peevish, ill-humored and sharp-tongued in moments of trial, take a new tack and head straight for the delectable port of good-will.

Nothing is more detrimental to the individual happiness and success than mental hysterics, whether they be of a mild or severe form. Often, in spite of himself, the victim of passionate outbursts is plunged into a sea of trouble from which he cannot extricate himself without loss of friends and self-respect.

Men and women have fallen from high estates by allowing a burst of anger to sweep them off their mental balance and been taught a very trenchant principle for future judgment and action, in most cases, however, too late to be of any use to them.

If you will look about you, you will see them among the sad-faced and forlorn, eking out a bare existence in a lowly station from which they are unable to rise because of their ungovernable spirit.

When an automobile has been wrecked by a careless driver it serves as a warning to others, but it fails to restore the car.

Just so do foolish persons who have ruined their life prospects through impetuous impulse serve as warnings to the observing and thoughtful.

And yet the world goes on, a large part of it unmindful of what is taking place under its very eyes.

The true conclusion is obvious: if you will apply the experience of others to yourself, profit by their follies and hold your spirit in check when it is about to burst forth into a violent quake, you will have nothing to fear.

SCHOOL DAYS



To the man or woman who can control his or her action in the vital moment the world is willing to yield its riches.

The eyes of employers ever watching such men and women, taking note of their worthiness.

Such persons do not have to beg for opportunity or advancement.

In matters of art, intellect and self-restraint they are always at home, sure of themselves in every field of human endeavor, confident that they can "make good," even when opposing winds beat hardest against them in their darkest night.

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YOUR HAND

How to Read Your Characteristics and Tendencies—the Capabilities or Weaknesses That Make for Success or Failure as Shown in Your Palm

THE FINGER NAILS

FINGER nails that are unusually broad and long, show a disposition that is uncertain and inconsistent, and subject to bodily ailments. It is also held by some authorities that the possessors of such nails are in danger of being influenced too greatly by the opposite sex.

If the nails are long, but not too long, and properly proportioned, they are an indication of a well-balanced nature. Of course, this indication must be read in conjunction with other signs in the hand. But, speaking generally, the possession of such nails means a nature that is affable, agreeable, trustful, but not too confiding. "These people will from youth understand deceitful purposes," says one authority.

Small, crooked nails, or nails that are bent at the point or apex, show ambition, courage and high spirit. Naturally, such natures are apt to be self-willed and impatient of contradiction or opposition.

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Has Anyone Laughed At You Because

You are ashamed to ride in a cheap car?

This laughter may or may not be well deserved. If you are ashamed of the car you should get the laugh. If you are ashamed that you cannot earn money enough to have a better car, you are not quite so culpable. If you are ashamed that you cannot make your mother more comfortable than having her weak back ache in too long automobile parties, then you are a bit less blameworthy. However, some folk have no cars at all. You should be glad that you can have any car—after all, they all carry you about and make you independent of trolleys and jitneys!

SO

Your get-away here is:
To get away with it the best way you can, if you can't get away with another kind.

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"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

FREDERICA

FREDERICA is the feminine counterpart of the popular masculine name Frederick. It signifies "peace ruler" and comes originally from the old Freyr of Teutonic mythology. Freyr meant "free", which is loosely translated to "love of peace". The idea was personified into a god of very high rank, who later was disintegrated into a brother and sister, called Freyr and Freya.

Freyr named the sixth day of the week and presided over love and marriage and drove over battlefields in a chariot drawn by panthers to conduct the slain to their appointed places in Valhalla. While Freyr was progressing by direct route into Frederick, the feminine form was slower in becoming Frederica. There are records of such queer deviations as Frithswith, Fridwid and Frithesanta in the Eighth century.

The saintly daughter of the lord of Oxford bore the name of Frithswith and lived in a little cell at Thornbury, and had curious adventures which are portrayed in a window of the cathedral at Oxford. She was also patroness of the university and cathedral. The cumbersome name of Frithesantha was borne by the wife of Geoffrey Lutterell in the Fourteenth century.

Frederica is purely an English invention, though Portugal and Italy had adapted it intact. The French call it Frederique and the German Fridrick.

Onyx is Frederica's talismanic stone. It will guard her from lovers' quarrels and assures her of a sweet, lovable nature. Thursday is her lucky day and 1 her lucky number.

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Mother's Cook Book

GOOD THINGS FOR OCCASIONS

Every task wrought out in patience brings a blessing to the doer; Joy comes to the waiting worker. But eludes the swift pursuer.

THE olive is such an appetizer and adds so much zest and flavor to many dishes that it should always be found on the shelf.

For garnishing dishes one may cut into a queen olive with a sharp knife and keeping close to the stone, pare in a spiral fashion. This will leave the olive still shapely without the stone.

For canapes olives are indispensable. Cut eight rounds of bread and spread with softened butter. The rounds should be about two inches in diameter. Toast them lightly before spreading with butter. Prepare a paste, using six shrimps chopped fine and then mashed with three tablespoonfuls of mayonnaise. Have ready one-fourth of a cupful of stuffed olives, chopped with eight capers. Over the toasted rounds spread the shrimp paste, then the chopped olive mixture. Garnish with a slice of stuffed olive and serve at once.

Zwieback. Zwieback is often not obtainable and a recipe for it will be cherished by many.

Take a yeast cake softened in one-half cupful of warm water, two tablespoonfuls of sugar, and mix well. Add flour to make a thin batter, about half a cupful. Set aside to rise in a warm place, covering well with a cloth. An hour later, when bubbles form on top, add two more tablespoonfuls of sugar, two tablespoonfuls of melted lard, two well-beaten eggs, cinnamon and salt to taste and two cupfuls of flour or a bit more. Beat well, cover and let rise again in a warm place. When light make into two small loaves and bake in a hot oven fifteen minutes. Take from the oven, cool, cut in half-inch slices and bake until brown on both sides, in a hot oven. Keep air tight. Fine for babies and convalescents.

Cheese Salad. Break a cake of cream cheese into pieces and mash to a paste with two

Has Anyone Laughed At You Because

You are fussy about the way folk handle books!

"Don't be an old fuss!" This is what the bookish and sometimes the bookish hurl at you. Never mind! You really love a book and you can't stand being a witness to its mutilations. Books mean something to you—probably the laughers couldn't stand seeing you hurt their field glasses, or their tennis rackets, etc. A book is a marvelously contrived thing, going through hundreds of processes between the brain of the writer and store counter. You, owning it, appreciate it, and appreciation is jealous always of deprecation. Books are one of the greatest of man's possessions and as such deserve a little more than casual care, especially by book-lovers and collectors!

SO

Your get-away here is:
At the worst—you are over-"fussy" over something worth being "fussy" about.

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Nellie Maxwell

Canada's National Flag. The national flag of the Dominion of Canada, of Great Britain and of the British empire, is the Union Jack, in which are combined the crosses of St. George for England, St. Andrew for Scotland and St. Patrick for Ireland. The Union Jack is the only flag that may properly be flown from Canadian flagpoles. It is the only flag that regularly flies from flagpoles on the parliament buildings, Ottawa; the legislative buildings in provincial capitals; the custom houses and postoffices of Canada and all Canadian citadels, armories and public buildings.

MEN YOU MAY MARRY

By E. R. PEYSER

Has any one like this proposed to you?

Symptoms: The sweetest little mustache you ever saw. Seems to be the most obvious thing about his little figure (except maybe his condensed trousers turned up a little above two feet). Every one wonders, who has any imagination at all, how he can twirl the wee, downy thing, until you look at his super-sensitive hands, lovely hands—wasted on a mere Man (?). He adores golf, knows all the polo players—by name. Would love to join the cavalry troop, but, really, dancing and his job take all his time. Go to war? "You bet—if the United States goes to war again; you bet he'd kill a man in a minute without moving an eyelash!"

IN FACT

He is Most Killing. Prescription to future bride: 100 cents' worth of sense of humor daily.

Absorb This: MUSTACHES DO NOT PROCLAIM THE MAN.

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Marriage Register of the Abbey

The marriage register of the abbey—the Collegiate church of St. Peter at Westminster—which the duke of York and his bride signed on their wedding day is a record of curious and unexpected contrasts. It contains, of course, many names of the famous and the great, but has almost equally numerous signatures of those of humbler sort. This is due largely to the fact that not only members of the body collegiate but their servants can claim the right to an abbey wedding. As the privilege of an abbey ceremony is not one that is too readily accorded, it may easily arise that a peer fails to secure it, while the handmaiden of one of the collegiate clergy and her bridegroom may have no difficulty in arranging their nuptials in the central church of the empire.—London Times.

ONCE IS ENOUGH



Take a yeast cake softened in one-half cupful of warm water, two tablespoonfuls of sugar, and mix well. Add flour to make a thin batter, about half a cupful. Set aside to rise in a warm place, covering well with a cloth. An hour later, when bubbles form on top, add two more tablespoonfuls of sugar, two tablespoonfuls of melted lard, two well-beaten eggs, cinnamon and salt to taste and two cupfuls of flour or a bit more. Beat well, cover and let rise again in a warm place. When light make into two small loaves and bake in a hot oven fifteen minutes. Take from the oven, cool, cut in half-inch slices and bake until brown on both sides, in a hot oven. Keep air tight. Fine for babies and convalescents.

A LINE O' CHEER

By John Kendrick Bangs

A JULY THOUGHT

IT SEEMS but yesterday the brand new year came by. I wonder not. And now, alas, the year half gone, we've reached July. It is so hot. But rather 'tis not hotter than it is. With over-speeding Time upon that six-Ling wheel of his A-whizz!

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