

SCHOOL DAYS

OH BOY! LOOKY HERE, ED! LOOK AT THE BIG WHITE SPOT ELDON'S GOT ON HIS SECOND FINGER! WOULD YOU BELIEVE IT?

FIR GOSH SAKES! LET'S SEE.

AW EL-DON!

WHAT OF IT? WHAT'S IT MEAN?

THAT'S RIGHT, UNLESS YOU KNOW!

WHO IS SHE, ELDON?

TEND LINE AND DON'T KNOW!

THE FAITH O' MEN

THE BOY'S LINCOLN

By DOUGLAS MALLOCH

LINCOLN, I love you most for this: I never knew a boy to miss: The glory of your story. He Could be the boy you used to be, In his imagination. You Were one he understood and knew. Though history was often dim, You were no mystery to him. With you, because he understood, He worked the garden, cut the wood, Or drove the wedges for his sire. With you he lay before the fire And saw strange fancies in the blaze, The dreams God grants in boyhood days. Or on some little journey took Along some well-beloved book. He had the bruise, the blow, the fall, Yet had a mother through it all, A second mother, wise and kind. Yes, every boy could somehow find Himself in Lincoln, could behold Within himself the boy of old. Could hear his voice, and touch his hand, A boy a boy could understand.

Lincoln, for this I love you best: You struck a spark in boyhood's breast And lit in boyhood hearts the fire Of high ambition, that desire (What flags are folded or unfurled) That yet must somehow save the world.

For, if a lad could be the lad That Lincoln was, if boyhood had That common kinship, knew the truth Of Lincoln's dreams in Lincoln's youth, Yes, felt his pain and lived his joy, If Lincoln was another boy, Then boyhood, making manhood's plan, Could think of Lincoln as a man— Could dare to dream his dreams, and know.

A boy may rise, however low To any heights, however high. If he, like Lincoln, dares to try, Lincoln, for this I love you most: That boyhood loves you. Men may boast, But this is greatness. And today, Whatever orators may say, In this your greatest greatness lies: I see your dreams in boyhood's eyes. (© by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

SOMETHING TO THINK ABOUT

By F. A. WALKER

RESENTING DISCIPLINE

WHEN young men or young women, in the performance of their routine duties in the office, behind the counter, or "on the road," grow presuming and self-important, it is safe to predict they are riding for a fall.

People of this type, afflicted as they are with an overwhelming sense of superiority, take strange delight in "showing off"—in removing the shutters before anything is put in the windows.

In this gross display of egotism they unwittingly exhibit the limply-woven and haphazard stuff of which they are made.

It cannot be said that they are all inefficient or incapable, but they do lack in their make-up the sturdy, essential substance upon which to build solidly.

This regrettable thought of self dominates their weak mentality until it becomes an integral part of them, and governs in a large measure their mannerisms, their intonation of voice and their haughty attitude towards those whose good-will and good opinion they should strive to cultivate.

This spirit of foolish pride, sad to relate, is becoming alarmingly noticeable among striplings just stepping on the threshold of real endeavor.

They rail against discipline, because they imagine it stamps them with a sort of commonality, indicative of their lowly position.

They have been so tried among the inconstant squalls and criticisms of their employers, so often urged to conform with rules and regulations intended for their betterment and the advancement of the business interest of the firm, that the whole world seemed forever scolding and calling them "to attention."

In this hapless mood they become disloyal, and like Tom Sawyer, explain: "Ah, if my 'boss' could only die temporarily!"

All of which is wrong, and which they themselves know is wrong.

The advice is for their good. It is intended to lift them from the rut and put them on solid ground where they can run the race in proper form, and take later in life their rightful place among the winners.

There is nothing so hot-headed, so plausibly foodhardy in the verdant youth of today as this growing inclination to resent discipline. It's the best disciplined, the willing to be guided, the faithful followers of their leaders, who win the big prizes of life, and rise step by step to wealth and fame. Think it over.

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SAWS

By Viola Brothers Shore

FOR THE GOOSE—

THE woman that really knows life has got a smile in back of every tear and a tear back of every smile.

It's no good cryin' to the teacher, the doctor or the judge.

You can overindulge yourself weepin' just as much as laughin' and it's worse for your looks.

FOR THE GANDER—

Tellin' a woman anything about love is learnin' a porpoise how to swim.

The guy that climbs up the ladder might look more important, but an awful lot depends on the feller holdin' it at the bottom.

Go in' after them ain't the on'y way of gettin' women. But it's the best that's been discovered to date.

(Copyright.)

Mother's Cook Book

We shall advance when we have learned humility; when we have learned to seek truth, to reveal it and publish it; when we care more for that than for the privilege of arguing about ideas in a fog of uncertainty—Walter Lippman.

ALL GOOD THINGS

THE following is a dessert which will be wholesome for the children:

Fig Ice Cream Junket.

Make a custard with a quart of milk, a cupful of cream, a can of condensed milk, one tablespoonful of vanilla, a half cupful of sugar, and one crushed junket tablet dissolved in a tablespoonful of cold water. Warm the milk to lukewarm and mix all the ingredients; let stand in a warm place until thick. When cold, freeze, and when partly frozen add a half pound of chopped figs, which have been cooked with one-half cupful of sugar and three tablespoonfuls of orange juice. Finish freezing.

Fig Ice Cream.

Scald one quart of milk, add three teaspoonfuls of cornstarch mixed with a little cold milk and cook until thick. Cook slowly fifteen minutes. Beat the yolks of four eggs, add a half teaspoonful of salt and one-half cupful of maple sirup; beat into the hot mixture and cook until the egg is set. Add two cupfuls of hot cream and let chill; add one teaspoonful of vanilla and begin to freeze. When half frozen add one-half pound of chopped figs cooked until tender in boiling water, then mix with half a cupful of maple sirup, a little grated lemon rind and two tablespoonfuls of lemon juice.

Flemish Carrots.

Cut prepared carrots into thin slices and cook until tender in a little boiling water slightly salted. For one pint of carrots, melt a tablespoonful of butter, add a cupful of chopped onion, and one-half teaspoonful of sugar. Cover and cook until yellow, add one cupful of beef broth. Simmer twenty minutes and sprinkle with parsley.

Graham Cracker Cake.

Cream one-half cupful of shortening, add one-third of a cupful each of honey and sugar, add the beaten yolks of two eggs, one cupful of milk, two and seven-eighths cupfuls of rolled cracker crumbs mixed with three teaspoonfuls of baking powder, one-half teaspoonful of cinnamon, and one-fourth teaspoonful of salt. Add the stiffly beaten whites and bake in two layer tins about twenty minutes. Put together with jelly or jam filling and cover with chocolate icing.

Nellie Maxwell
(© 1927, Western Newspaper Union.)

How It Started

By JEAN NEWTON

"SOUR GRAPES"

"DID you hear Smith say he would not take a western man's manlyness? Sour grapes, I say!"

So frequently in common speech we hear this phrase used with reference to a person who tries to depreciate something which he cannot have. The expression comes to us from one of Aesop's fables, "The Fox and the Grapes."

According to this story, which has been traced back to the collection made by Paedrus, the ancient Greek, a fox was strolling on a hot summer's day through an orchard full of luscious grapes. He saw, high upon a vine, a particularly ripe and delicious looking bunch, just the thing to quench his thirst.

He drew back a few paces and made a jump for it, but just missed it. Two or three times more he tried without success. Then he turned and left them, sneering: "Those grapes are sour!"

And so in our speech today, when people pretend to despise something that is beyond their reach, we think of old Reynard in the fable that is thousands of years old, and say, "Sour grapes!"

(Copyright.)

GIRLIGAGS

"Modesty," says Pondering Ponzelle, "is a varietal; its only determining factor being that it starts where 'style stops.'"

THE YOUNG LADY ACROSS THE WAY

The young lady across the way says the appendix must be of some use in the human body or it wouldn't have been put there and she supposes the same thing is true of gall stones.

(© by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

Probability

"What will the traffic problem be five years from now?"

"Oh, we'll commute from the parking spaces to the office."

ALLIE BAA'S SPRINGTIME

Allie Baa sat in a corner of the room wondering.

Here it was the springtime and every one was getting new clothes or getting fixed up in some way or other.

The garden was all being dressed up. It was beginning to look so nice and neat with the earth all soft and dark now looking so ready to help along the roots of the flowers.

The garden had looked rather forlorn for a while. In the winter it had been very pretty.

The snow had come and covered it and the big snow mounds where the flower-beds were in the summer had given the snowy scene a look of tiny hills and valleys.

And then there had been more and more snow and the garden had been filled with snow people.

There had been a snow man with eyes of coal. Splendid eyes they were. They were looking so fine and piercing in their white background.

Then he had carried a stick and had a pipe in his mouth. He had not been alone in the garden. There had been a whole group of little snow boys.

They were each about half his size and none of them had pipes in their mouths, but under their snowy arms they held some bark from the trees which was supposed to represent school books.

Then there had been a few snow animals. It had looked like a very fine snow village there in the garden with all its snow inhabitants.

And there had been several snow houses and a snow fort and a flag pole, too.

Mrs. Cucumber Green was the playmate of a little girl as many of you know. She had chosen the name some time ago—when it had been summer and the name of Mrs. Cucumber Green had sounded so nice and cool.

Allie Baa was Mrs. Cucumber Green's rag doll child. She was a darling rag doll child with a rag body and face, and her face had had features painted upon it which were a little bit worn now owing to having been kissed so much.

But Allie much preferred being loved the way she was and having so much wonderful affection from her dear mother, Mrs. Cucumber Green, than having a face with outstanding features.

Yes, Allie Baa had been taken out in the winter, all wrapped up with a warm hand-knitted sweater and scarf and cap.

But now it was springtime and Allie Baa was wondering if she wouldn't be getting something new for the spring.

Of course Allie Baa didn't expect very much. Nor did she expect anything actually new.

But she thought how nice it would be to have a new bit of ribbon tied around her neck or a new bit of silk to wear over her shoulders.

She thought perhaps that would not be impossible as she knew there was an old chest filled with odd pieces of silk and ribbon which often went to help decorate Mrs. Cucumber Green's family.

Some doll children might have gumbled about their mother. For Mrs. Cucumber Green was not good at sewing nor did she care about sewing.

So when she dressed up her children she did it in quite an odd manner—a bit of ribbon added here or some other little gay touch. It was only when Mrs. Cucumber Green's mother had time to do a little extra sewing that Allie had a actually new clothes.

But knowing that her mother, Mrs. Cucumber Green, did not like to sew Allie was never hard on her clothes.

And then, as Allie was wondering, along came Mrs. Cucumber Green and said:

"Allie, my darling child, it is the springtime and you must have a new scarf."

And she tied around Allie's neck a handsome scarf of pale green from the old chest—a true springtime color; and Allie felt very happy. Indeed, as her mother kissed her and said:

"Oh, my darling, how too adorable you do look!"

Astonishing Information

Teacher—Do we eat the flesh of the whale?

Scholar—Yes, ma'am.

Teacher—And what do we do with the bones?

Scholar—We leave them on the side of our plate.

Daddy's Evening Fairy Tale

By MARY GRAHAM BONNER

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Albert Rooke Makes His Comeback

Wins six-year fight for health. Now well and strong at 60. Husky as ever, he praises Tanlac

At 1830 West 39th Place, Los Angeles, lives Albert A. Rooke, a respected citizen with 38 years of active railroad experience. He tells of a very interesting experience.

"About seven years ago," says Mr. Rooke, "my stomach and liver went back on me. It was a most distressing experience. Nothing seemed to agree with me; I lost all desire for food. A sound night's sleep was out of the question, so I rose each morning tired and peevish. Then constipation developed and made life a continuous misery. I lost weight and could hardly drag myself around a good deal of the time. After six years of that I was all in. Along came the 'flu' when I had no resistance left. That was about the last straw. Nothing seemed to help me."

"On a friend's advice I tried Tanlac, and that certainly did help. I soon began to get refreshing sleep again, to eat with old-time zest. The distressing stomach and liver troubles disappeared. Briefly, Tanlac put me on my feet, with all my old-time vigor and enjoyment of life. I put on weight and after five bottles was as well as ever in my life. That was a year ago. I'm still in fine shape, as you see. Few men of 60 are as well as I am, thanks to Tanlac."

Tanlac is nature's own tonic and body builder, made from roots, herbs and barks by the famous Tanlac formula. Try a bottle—it may do for you what it did for Mr. Rooke. Your drug-gist has it. Over 52 million bottles sold.

Figure of Speech

"He gives his orders with an iron hand." "Do you mean he uses the sign language?"

To Have a Clear, Sweet Skin

Touch pimples, redness, roughness or itching, if any, with Cuticura Ointment, then bathe with Cuticura Soap and hot water. Rinse, dry gently and dust on a little Cuticura Talcum to leave a fascinating fragrance on skin. Everywhere 25c each.—Advertisement.

Lesson in Lasso

"What's the baby crying for?"

"We're playing rodeo an' he doesn't know why we rope him."

"DANDELION BUTTER COLOR"

A harmless vegetable butter color used by millions for 50 years. Drug stores and general stores sell bottles of "Dandelion" for 35 cents.—Adv.

If you look important, get a job that suits your looks. Nine times out of ten that procedure will work.

Cole's Carbolsalve Quickly Relieves and heals burning, itching and torturing skin diseases. It instantly stops the pain of burns. Heals without scars. 39c and 60c. Ask your druggist, or send 30c to The J. W. Cole Co., 127 S. Euclid Ave., Oak Park, Ill., for a package.—Adv.

The dinner gong and the dinner ring are not always synonymous.

Opportunity

"Dear, shall we see a show to-night?" "Yes, I've lots of things to tell you."

Sure Relief

BELLANS FOR INDIGESTION 25 CENTS

6 BELLANS Hot water Sure Relief

BELLANS FOR INDIGESTION

25¢ and 75¢ Pkgs. Sold Everywhere

Real Estate Brokers! Earn \$1,000 Monthly selling Rio Grande Valley Income Grapefruit Properties; write BANTA AND GILES, Owners, Astor Building, San Antonio, Texas.

PISO'S for Coughs

Quick Relief! A pleasant effective syrup. 35c and 60c sizes. And externally, use PISO'S Throat and Chest Salve. 35c

Those who say that life is a burden always make others tired.

It's easy to fool a man who has no faith in human nature.

Children Cry for

Fletcher's CASTORIA

MOTHER:—Fletcher's Castoria is a pleasant, harmless Substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Teething Drops and Soothing Syrups, especially prepared for Infants in arms and Children all ages.

To avoid imitations, always look for the signature of *Wm. H. Fletcher*. Proven directions on each package. Physicians everywhere recommend it.

No Credit

Mr. Slow Pay—If this floor paint works, I'll owe it all to you.

Clerk—Pardon me, sir, but our terms are cash.—Good Hardware.

It is merit alone that counts most in every man's worth today.

Firmness, gone to seed, is obstinacy and obstinacy makes deadlocks.

Acid stomach, heartburn and nausea are corrected with the use of Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills. 572 Pearl St., N. Y. Adv.

Life without love would be as useless as a lamp without oil.

Genuine BAYER ASPIRIN

Safe Accept only "Bayer" package which contains proven directions. Handy "Bayer" boxes of 12 tablets. Also bottles of 24 and 100.—Druggists.

Aspirin is the trade mark of Bayer Manufacture of Monacochimische of Salzigloch

SAY "BAYER ASPIRIN" and INSIST!

Proved safe by millions and prescribed by physicians for

Colds Headache Neuritis Lumbago
Pain Neuralgia Toothache Rheumatism

DOES NOT AFFECT THE HEART